

Redeemed by the Blood
by
Mrs. E. S. Duff

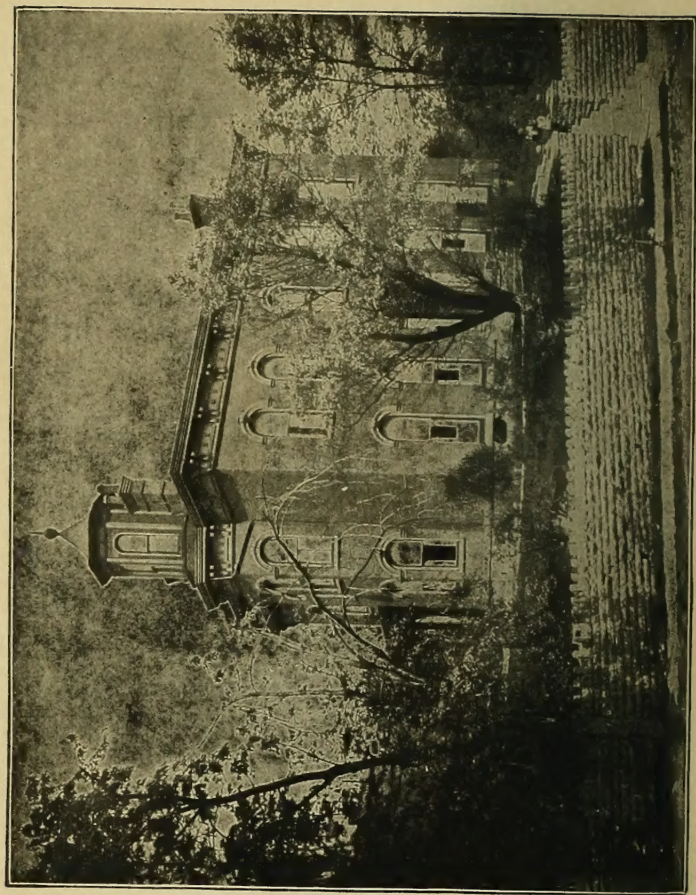
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RESCUE HOME.

Redeemed by the Blood

BY

MRS. E. S. DUFF,

Matron of Hope Cottage, Cincinnati, Ohio.



"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the saints in light:

"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son:

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."—Col. 1:12-14.

OFFICE OF "GOD'S REVIVALIST,"

MOUNT OF BLESSINGS,

Cincinnati, O.

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DEDICATION.

To Him who gave His life a ransom for many, and to the saints of God's Revivalist Family whom He has washed in His own precious blood and given a spirit of prevailing prayer and a desire to lift up the fallen, is this book humbly and lovingly dedicated.

INTRODUCTION.

This book has not been written for the pleasure-loving, thoughtless public, but for the purpose of warning fathers and mothers and helping them to realize the importance of training their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord: to warn the daughters and to show them the many devices wicked men in co-operation with the devil, have planned for their destruction: and to awaken sympathy for the dear girls, many of whom have not willfully chosen the life of sin, but have been deceived and betrayed into it by those whom they loved and implicitly trusted. Mother Duff, the authoress, has avoided all sensationalism, giving only the true burning facts as experienced in the lives of some of the girls of Hope Cottage. She has told only what she believes will glorify God and prove that the tender, loving Christ, who forgave the Magdalene of His day and sent her away rejoicing, is still the same. We send it forth praying that it may have a wide circulation and find its way into the homes of many, proving a blessing and benediction to everyone who shall read it. May God abundantly bless Mother Duff and her co-laborers in their work of love for Him.

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“MOTHER” DUFF.

A PLEA FOR THE FALLEN.

There are many to sing of the blameless,
Of those who are undefiled;
I plead for those who are fallen
On the mountains bleak and wild.

For those who have slipped in the darkness
Of earth's polluted ways;
Who have slipped and lost their foothold
And suffered all their days.

I plead for the sinful outcast
Whom Jesus died to save;
Oh, child of His love and mercy;
I pray you be strong and brave.

Brave to follow the Master;
Strong to love as He's done
To go forth alone if need be,
To bring back the erring one.—*Selected.*

CHAPTER I.

A Retrospect.

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."—HEB. 7:25.

We feel it due the Revivalist Family to give a short sketch of the lives of some of the Hope Cottage girls whom they have been helping, since Hope Cottage is the only home belonging under God to the Revivalist work.

I want to begin with a short account of God's dealings with my own heart. He blessed me with early

Christian training. I was raised in the church, and was saved from a great deal of worldliness that otherwise might have come into my life, for I wanted to do many things that I was not allowed to do and to go many places that I was not allowed to go, and to associate with people that I was not allowed to associate with. So I don't know how much the Lord saved me from through this judicious restraint, but I praise Him for all the known and unknown blessings.

I can't remember the time that I was not hungry for salvation, but wasn't hungry enough to leave the well-spread tables of worldly pleasure that I might come and feast on the bread of life, of which Jesus said if we should eat we should hunger no more. The Lord had to let a great test come into my life, and bring me to a point of decision. I came to where two roads met, and I had to take one or the other. To take the right road meant to make what I considered the greatest sacrifice of my life. The alluring way seemed to lead to perfect happiness, promising everything that the natural human heart could crave, but it led away from God. The other seemed to lead away from earthly friends and home and happiness, but unto God. I realized that my decision would settle my destiny for eternity, and I said that owing to my early training (on the divorce question) to take the step meant for me to give up my hope of Heaven, and I added, "Could you ask me to do that?" The reply was, "No, for beyond the sunset's radiant glow

there is a brighter world I know." So the Lord helped me to decide between what promised to be a heaven on earth and the real Heaven with Him throughout eternity. I have since learned it is one of Satan's illusions to believe that disobedience to God can bring us even a temporary heart satisfaction, and that those joys we seek outside of God's will, soon turn to the bitter tortures of remorse.

I prayed and the Lord helped me. My heart was longing then for God, but I didn't understand that He was trying to win and woo me to Himself. I longed to get away from the world. It had lost its attractions for me. I thought of the convent and of what a beautiful life it would be to be hid away from the world, and alone with God. I hadn't learned then that we could be so hid away with Christ in God that the world might sweep around us with its dazzle and its dreams, but we should no longer envy its vanities and pride, and that we could be alone with God and shut up in communion with Him in the midst of a busy life. Well, praise the Lord, I entered a convent while pursuing the vocation of every-day life, for just one year from this time I was blessedly saved. Hallelujah! In my case the labor of getting me ready to yield to God was a long and tedious process. I made it so. I had had a taste of something that was good when a child, and I never forgot it. It was while reading "The Dairyman's Daughter;" that I first got a hint of the existence of something better than this world can give, and

I wanted it. So, at twenty-five years of age, my hopes were about to be realized, but I wasn't yet quite ready to yield, and the Lord in His loving kindness and tender mercy laid the hand of affliction on me in August of that year, and I was brought down to the very gates of death. I lay prostrate for months, and I promised the Lord that if He would raise me up I would serve Him anyway, whether I had any experience or not. I had been waiting all these years for a big Christian experience to begin with.

I asked Him to raise me up before all the protracted meetings were over in the fall that I might have another chance to attend a revival service. That was just what the Lord was getting me ready for, but I didn't know it. So by the first of October I was able to be up, and the last of the protracted meetings of the season was announced to be held by the Cumberland Presbyterian church of the town. They had engaged an evangelist to conduct the services; he was of the Moody School, and knew God. He was the first evangelist I ever heard. I was able to attend the third service that was held, and the Lord certainly gave him the message for me that day. I kept crying "Yes" to God, as I sat quiet in my pew. I counted the cost and accepted Jesus by faith. Hallelujah! I didn't know anything about testimony meetings, but I thought I should like to have the opportunity to make a public statement that would explain my attitude so my worldly associates would know that I had given

them up. I thought that taking this stand would be a great help to me in the separation from the world that was to take place; but there was no opportunity to testify. The evangelist, however, was invited to hold a prayer meeting at my next door neighbor's that afternoon, and I went. He shook hands with everyone and asked them if they were saved. My faith began to waver and I prayed silently, saying, "Now, Lord, help me to know what to say before he comes to me, for I don't want to deceive anybody, and most of all I don't want to be deceived myself." When he came to me, God enabled me to say, "Yes, by the grace of God I am His child," and with that confession He opened the windows of Heaven on my soul, and I didn't have to wait for an opportunity to tell it, for it just told itself, and everything else had to give place. From that day I walked and talked with God. For six weeks I hardly knew how I lived. Heaven seemed more real than this earth.

I need have had no fear of my worldly companions seeking my society. Redeeming love was my theme from morning till night, and my friends became uneasy about me for fear my mind might become unbalanced, and they sent me away to the country for a period of isolation; but I was not alone. Hallelujah! He was teaching me the deep things of God. He separated me completely from the world. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you,

and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." He brought me out that He might bring me in. His plan was to lead me straight through to Canaan by way of Kadesh-barnea, but I was so slow to understand. I thought that consecration meant doing some great and impossible thing, so like the Israelites of old I entered not in on account of unbelief. I did not understand spiritual things then as I do now. So the Lord dealt with me according to the light I then had. Now, under the illumination of the Holy Ghost I look back and understand God's dealings with me in a way that I could not then understand.

So, ten years later He again led me up to the crossing of the Jordan, and there was just one thing that had to be left behind that I insisted on taking over to Canaan with me, and that kept me out of the blessing; but ten years later on the last Thursday in May, 1898, about ten o'clock, A. M., I obeyed marching orders. Leaving everything behind and surrendering everything ahead, I followed our great High Priest, before whom the waters parted, and I went over dry shod. Hallelujah!

"Is not this the Land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

"I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years;
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.

**"Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way ;
But the Spirit led unerring,
To the land I hold to-day."**

My wanderings were spent in the wilderness of affliction, and my prayer was, "Lord make me whole in soul and body." In some way I had a spiritual intuition that the soul-health must come first and I wished it so, and when the affliction had wrought its work and the Lord saw that I had come to a place of surrender He took me through the period of consecration, which lasted about a week. When I was through everything was surrendered to God, and I could say with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." I had given up will, reputation, home, friends, time and the little means He had entrusted to me. Hallelujah! I had the witness of the Spirit to my consecration. I knew that everything was yielded up to God and the peace that passeth understanding came into my soul. The struggle was over. I did not know enough to ask Him to baptize me with the Holy Ghost, or to sanctify me wholly, or to give me a clean heart; but my prayer was that I might be wholly the Lord's. He was faithful and showed me what it meant to be wholly His, and what it would cost, and He enabled me to meet the conditions and receive the blessing. Praise the Lord! The following morning at about ten o'clock, while sitting alone in my room and meditating on the wonderful dealings of God with my soul, lost in quiet

spiritual communion with God, the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon me. Words cannot express it. He introduced Himself. I had no doubt in regard to the identity of my Guest, and I was ready to exclaim with Jacob, "Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Like Moses in the presence of the burning bush, I realized that I was on holy ground. Instead of having been ushered suddenly into the presence of God, God came in the person of the Holy Ghost to make my body His temple. "For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." (Acts i, 5.) I hoped that no one would come into the room to disturb the unbroken communion and the holy quietness of that heavenly atmosphere. I thought I could never condescend to talk of common things again, and that I must devote my whole time to the Bridegroom of my soul.

"Many beauteous names Thou bearest,
Brother, Shepherd, Friend, and King,
But they none into my spirit
Such Divine support can bring.
Wilt thou have this precious 'Ishi,'
Bridegroom of thy soul to be?
He, the fairest of ten thousand,
Waits in love to welcome thee."

He began to teach me from that hour. (John xiv, 26.) He taught me to expect the soon coming of Jesus. I thought perhaps He would come that night, and should not have been surprised at immediate transla-

tion. I am still looking for His appearing, but though He tarry I know that He will surely come. He showed me the condition of the world and of the churches, and the burden was so great that I had to ask for relief. I couldn't bear it. I felt as if I were carrying the whole lost world on my heart. He taught me about Divine healing. The power of God came on my body in the night, and I thought the Lord was about to take me home to Heaven. The spiritual ecstasy was something beyond description, and I thought that condition of soul attended the death of the sanctified; but He spoke to me again, and said, "This is not death. It is Divine healing. Now, your body is healed." And I was healed from that hour. Hallelujah! I have been going for God ever since. At this time I had never come in touch with the Holiness people, but the Holy Spirit had been talking to me about my life-work, and I felt that I must have an opportunity to study the Word. I had heard of the School at Nyack, N. Y., and was asking the Lord to open up the way for me to go there when He put me in touch with this work at Cincinnati. It was on this wise: A traveler was reading the Revivalist, and when he left the train he left the Revivalist in the seat. A woman picked it up, looked at it, thought it good, and took it home with her. I was visiting in the city where she lived, and she gave me the address, telling me it was a good paper. I wrote the address down on the fly-leaf of a book. The Holy Ghost had been directing my reading, and He awoke

me one night and told me to send for "Christ Crowned Within" and the "Life of Harrison the Evangelist." I said, "Lord, I have never heard of either book, and don't know where to get them." He said, "Send for the Revivalist." I hunted up the address, and when the paper came I found both books advertised in its columns. At that time dear Brother Knapp and his co-workers were praying for a home for this work. The Holy Ghost awoke me in the night, and told me that I should get a check for a hundred dollars in a few days, and to send it to Martin Wells Knapp at Cincinnati, Ohio, to help buy a home for the Revivalist. The check came in a few days and I made it payable to Brother Knapp, sent it on and told him what the Holy Ghost told me. In reply he wrote me that they were praying for a place of that kind, but nothing had opened up yet, and asked what he should do with the money. I told him to keep it, for I knew I had made no mistake. And from that time on the money began coming in for the purchase of the Bible School property. Hallelujah!

When the school opened the Lord opened up the way for me to come, and I was registered among the first arrivals. The Holy Ghost had been talking to me about going to work among the lepers of India, and I thought that preparation for that work was what I was coming to the Bible School for. When they talked to me about going to the Rescue Home I was afraid of getting out of Divine order, but the Lord made it

plain to me that I should go, and I went with the understanding that when the Lord opened up the way for me to go to India I should be free to go. That contract holds good today, but the Lord has kept me so busy that I have never worried Him about my going as a missionary, but have just left it all with Him. My will is the will of the Lord. Hallelujah! While studying the commission of the disciples during the first term of school the Lord showed me His plan for His disciples of today. He says in Matt. 10:9-10, "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves for the workman is worthy of his meat." And He made it plain that He wanted me to put the little means He had given me into the work of the Lord and trust Him to supply my needs. He showed me just what sum to ask for the property, and who the purchaser would be, and it came about just as He had said. I have been so interested in my part of the contract that I haven't had time to think or pray much about His part; but He has never forgotten it. Bless His holy name! Every need has been supplied for spirit and body.

He has given me a great love for the work, and when the girls get saved I rejoice with the angels, and when they reject Jesus I weep over them as He wept over Jerusalem, saying, "How often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not." We go on sowing the seed, for He says,

“Sow thy seed in the morning and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether will prosper this or that, or whether both will be alike good.” He promises that some seed will fall on good ground and will bring forth some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold, and we have proved it true. Praise the Lord! He says again for our encouragement, “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” And again that we are to sow beside all waters, and that we shall reap if we faint not. By His grace and help we mean to be faithful unto death that we may be able to say with St. Paul, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only; but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

THE GATES WILL OPEN WIDE

I've heard them sing again and again,
Of the gates that stand ajar,
Of a sunny clime and a golden place,
And a sinless land afar;
But when I see my Savior come,
I'll enter that land of love;
I know the gates will open wide
To the shining courts above.

A welcome home at the golden gates
By a band of angels bright;
Does there for the ransomed spirit wait,
As it enters the land of light;
We may not know the joys untold,
Or the bliss of the other side;
But when we come to the gates of gold,
I know they will open wide.

The sinner's Friend, as He reaches down,
With a Savior's wondrous love,
Prepares a mansion, a robe and crown,
In the shining courts above,
Will gather His flock into the fold,
To the fold beyond the tide,
As we near the gates, the gates of gold,
I know they will open wide.

The beautiful gates wide open stand,
My soul it is dressed in white;
I am ready to go at God's command,
To dwell in Heaven's light;
The beautiful gates are open wide,
The Savior will come for me,
Already the veil is drawn aside,
My home by faith I see.

—Selected.

CHAPTER II.

The First Girl in Hope Cottage.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes. The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."—Ps. 119: 71, 72.

The Lord had laid the rescue work on the hearts of dear Brother Knapp and his co-workers. The students and teachers often found those whom they thought they could rescue if they only had a place to which they might be brought where they would be separated from old companions and temptations. Especially did they meet such cases in the "O" ward in the City Hospital, and when they talked to them about giving up the old sinful life and giving their hearts to God, they would meet with the oft-repeated answer, "Where could we go? What should we do? We have no lodging place except the place of sin from which we came. We are not strong enough to work. We have no working clothes, even if anybody would take us." These and similar pleas so wrought upon the hearts of the workers that they finally found expression in prevailing prayer for a Rescue Home.

Often Brother Knapp went out to look at places advertised for rent on Mount Auburn, but when the owners found that the house would be used for a Rescue



JULIA—FIRST GIRL IN HOPE COTTAGE.

Home they wouldn't rent ; they did not know what the "Home" would be like and were afraid to risk it.

A large square two-story brick building stood across the street from the Bible School with a large placard in front—"FOR SALE"—and the Lord wanted us to see it, but we hadn't the faith to ask Him for anything like that. But you know He says He will do exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think, so He wouldn't let anyone rent to us, because He wanted us to ask Him to give us a place. We finally saw the point, asked the Lord, and He gave it. Hallelujah! The owner asked \$10,000.00, but prayer was offered that the Lord would incline his heart to let us have it for less. He said he could not sell it for less, but he would give \$2,500 on it, which brought it down to \$7,500.00, for which all praised the Lord. The contract was sealed, and the purchase money to be paid in three installments, 1903, 1904 and 1905.

While the Home was being prepared God was preparing hearts and getting them ready. The matron and missionaries were being trained in "God's Bible School." A sinful girl in Columbus, Ohio, was getting sick and tired of her wicked life and was longing for something better. She had a real desire to give up the life and become a Christian. She expressed this desire to a man with whom she had been living and it was arranged by him for her to come to Salvation Park Camp-meeting. They both thought she might get saved in that length of time.

The Lord brought a missionary in touch with this

girl and she told her of the "Rescue Home" that was to be opened here during the Camp-meeting. She hadn't solved the problem, but expected after the Camp-meeting to go back to her suite of apartments in a house of sin. The Lord did not wish her to do that, and she wasn't strong enough to work. When she heard of the Home she saw the way opening for her, and she disposed of her nice furniture which she had been years gathering around her, (almost giving it away to her land-lady), sending her piano home to her sisters. She began to make preparations to come to Hope Cottage. The missionary staid with her about a week, helping to get her things ready, for she didn't have many things suitable to wear in Hope Cottage. With the missionary's help she soon got a very neat plain wardrobe ready; and, burning every bridge behind her, bidding good-bye to the old life forever, tarrying not in all the plain, but escaping for her life and never looking back, she arrived in Cincinnati during the first days of the Camp-meeting. She soon gave her heart to God and learned many lessons of faith, obedience and trust.

The Home was dedicated and we moved in with Julia, for she it was. There was also a young girl from the City who had been in sin, and a poor drunken woman who came to us during the Camp. The latter was a well educated Catholic, who had shut herself up in a Convent at three different times hoping to conquer her appetite for drink. We opened the Home with the three inmates, but an injunction was served

on us and the Home was closed. We had to move out, but after a couple of weeks waiting on the Lord we decided to move in and risk the results. When we were preparing to move back Julia said she didn't feel worthy to go over to the Home, because she wasn't sanctified. She felt that she ought to be cleansed from all sin and made every whit whole before going into her new home, the Lord's house. But she had to first learn lessons of separation and consecration that she little dreamed of.

Her life had never been a very bright one from her babyhood. Her father was a drunkard, and among her first recollections was that of her mother hiding the children away out of sight, fearing lest he might seriously injure or kill them in his drunken frenzy. She never thought of herself nor spoke an unkind word to him. She was only a step-mother, too, but a Christian, praise the Lord! Julia was early taught about Jesus and was saved at fifteen, but the hardships of a drunkard's home forced her out to work at that early age. She went out to wash for people. It was in a country place where heavy tubs had to be lifted and water drawn from deep wells. She soon broke down at that and then she was permitted to go out to do general housework, which she considered a great privilege, as it was not so hard as washing. Then, too, she got a glimpse of the sunshine and plenty in other homes.

She sought comfort for her sad heart, but as is

often the case, it was the wrong kind of comfort; she began to imbibe the poison of the sensational novel. The girls that she read of seemed to be living in a different world, in which there was little said about work; whereas drudgery was about all she had known in her short life. They always seemed to be having what the world calls a good time, plenty of company and fine clothes, and nothing to do, but to entertain and to be entertained. She heard that there really was a class of girls who lived that way, and not being strong to work, she was tempted to try it. If the curtain had only been lifted and she could have seen the broken hearts and wrecked lives, the sin, sorrow and suffering that afterward come into her own heart she would have recoiled from the very thought of such a life. As it was poor Julia was caught in Satan's trap and drank the bitter dregs. From the day of her initiation she decided that she could not live that life without something to deaden the sensibilities and drown the shame, so she soon learned to drink. When she had drunk until that didn't seem to have much effect she tried drugs. By this time she was aroused to the fact that unless something was done she should soon be in her grave.

At length she thought she had found an avenue of escape through marriage; one whom she had known in sin proffered marriage. She had been picturing a quiet home with someone to love her and care for her with all the old sinful life and habits left behind.

His intention was quite different. He planned to marry one versed in the ways of sin that she might support him, so that he would not have to work. The marriage took place, and Julia soon realized that her sin and sorrow had increased a hundred-fold, now her cup of suffering seemed to be indeed full. If the money wasn't in the drawer to pay the rent and the coal and gas bills Julia was beaten and often driven out into the streets at night to find shelter anywhere she could; she would hide away somewhere fearing that the policemen might find her. Finally she escaped from him for her life into the street in her night clothes, fearing neither policeman nor anything else; went to police headquarters and begged protection. They took it in hands and gave him so many hours to leave the country or go to the workhouse for an indefinite length of time, so he left.

During this time Julia had attempted suicide twice by taking morphine, but in her unconscious condition a stomach pump had been used on one occasion and warm salt water on another until her stomach was relieved of its contents.

She had two girl friends who had rooms in the same house of sin; these three in their poor, miserable way tried to help each other. Carrie was a beautiful girl with big brown eyes; she had a good education and came from a nice country home, but she fell into sin. Soon her health began to fail; she became languid and indifferent; they noticed she had a hacking cough

which soon developed into hasty consumption. She had no money to buy food or to pay rent and Julia took her into her rooms and waited on her, and it was left to poor Nell to look after the finances.

Carrie, by this time was very low, and the big brown eyes seemed to grow larger and larger. Julia saw that she was near the end, and without Carrie's knowledge or consent wrote her mother of her condition, and the mother and sister came. They were so dazed over the condition and surroundings they didn't seem able to do anything. Imagine a timid country woman with her accomplished daughter in a sporting house in a city at midnight; they seemed to be scared, and slipped away without any arrangements being made for the burial.

Julia had talked to Carrie and told her that she ought to try to make some preparation for death, but she had said she would die as she had lived. Then Julia sent to the mission for some of the workers to come and see her, but she told them she wouldn't ask God to receive her when she had spent her life in sin, so the missionaries couldn't help her. The once beautiful and bright Carrie, who might have been an ornament in any home, and then have gone to live with Jesus, had gone down into darkness and despair without any hope; she died as she had lived. Julia had a little money laid away for a rainy day, and she got Carrie a shroud and coffin and sent Nell with her remains to her country home.

Then Julia and Nell were so lonely they just lived together. Julia noticed that Nell was becoming peevish and fretful and her appetite was gone; she noticed, too, that same hacking cough, but Julia thought that Nell had been so strong that she might get well, or, at any rate, live a good while. To their surprise her decline was more rapid than poor Carrie's, she didn't live half so long and died an awful death; her soul went out into darkness to meet its sins at the Judgment of the Great White Throne. It might have been so different, for Jesus died for Nell as well as for you and me!

There are others, even now, who are dying in these places with no one to point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Julia says she believes they might both have been saved if there had been some one to tell them just how to repent and believe on Jesus, but they thought there was no hope.

In the meantime the Lord was getting Julia ready to obey the command, "Come out and be ye separate saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord, and I will walk with you and be in you." She has done this, and though she is a great sufferer, she keeps in close touch with God. She has much of the precious Word of God stored away in her mind and heart, and has memorized many of the beautiful old hymns. When she is too nervous

to read she can go over those precious promises which she has stored away in her memory, and those old songs full of Gospel light and love, and have a little meeting in her own room with just the Lord and herself. Sometimes she gets very homesick for Heaven, saying that unless she could get well and work for Him, it seems it would be better to take her home. He knows best, and one of her favorite songs is "God's Anvil;" and another, "How Firm a Foundation." She was very much encouraged when the doctor told her that her lungs were affected. She thought she would surely be going home soon. When she is feeling very bad she sings, "It will all be over soon." Sometimes she is so nervous that she can't pray, and then she says she just trusts.

She had prayed much for her former laundress, and the kind old colored woman came all the way from Columbus, Ohio, last summer to see her. How Julia enjoyed telling her all about her new life and happiness, since the Lord took the burden of sin off her heart, and gave her His Spirit! She enjoys the visits of friends from "God's Bible School," too, who sometimes come over and encourage her in the Lord.

Since she was saved she has had a great burden for those whom she knew in sin. She is weak and nervous, and her prayer list grew so long that she could hardly hold them all in her mind; she told the Lord she could scarcely get through her prayer list any longer, and that she should have to drop some of them.

She felt that would be hard to do, so she thought if she could only pray one time more perhaps the Lord would save those girls. So she began with renewed strength and zeal; her faith increased and the Lord poured out His Spirit upon her and gave her the assurance that He would do the work. Bless His name! Since that time it has just seemed like foolish talk to ask the same thing over again, so she just thanks Him that He is going to do the work, and is praising Him that she has learned how to diminish her prayer list, i. e., by praying through, rather than by dropping some out.

She has the pictures of the missionaries and native converts which she has cut out of "God's Revivalist" framed, and prays for them every day. When I don't get time to read the "Revivalist," she can always tell me how the missionaries are getting along.

Sometimes for her testimony she recites this song; she is not strong enough to sing much.

"Shut in! Oh, no, my sisters! Only led away,

From dust and toil and turmoil, and burden and heat of day,
Into the cool green pastures, by waters calm and still,

I here may lie in quiet and do my Father's will.

"Earth's angels come around me with faces kind and sweet;

We love to sit together and learn at Jesus' feet.

We talk of sacred duties, of crosses in the way;

And they go out and bear them while I lie still and pray.

"No, not shut in my sisters, the four walls fade away;

My soul goes out in gladness to bask in glorious day.

This wasting suffering body with weight of weary pain,

Can never dim my vision, nor soul with grief restrain.

"I wait the rapt'rous greeting, or rather ent'ring in
To mansions bright, eternal that know no pain, no sin.
I'm only waiting, sisters, till the Father calls, 'Come home;'
Thus wait with lamp bright burning, until 'he Bridegroom
come."

A RESCUE HOME MIGHT HAVE SAVED HER.

Alone, alone with wandering tread,
Drifting where darkening shadows creep,
Alive to woe, to sorrow wed,
Oh, if she could weep—could weep.

Gone, gone are tears as hope and love
And home—exchanged for paved street;
At her despair the clouds above
Unite with dripping curbs to weep.

As sobbing night with wings of gloom
Around her, dank, chill curtains sweep
The midnight sounds from out death's womb
The knell of one too hurt to weep.

Drifting deep down her shattered mind
Swiftly outstrips her aching feet
In her blind haste a place to find
Where mangled heart will cease its beat.

Passing far out on bridge of sighs
Above the turbid current deep,
Hark! From below, as last hope dies,
The heavens with troubled waters weep.

Deluded child of sin and shame,
Not stilled thy heart of sorrow deep;
No, no; upon its endless pain
Eternity will vigils keep.

No, not allayed the heart of pain,
Nor now at rest the stone-cut feet;

Instead, around with storm-fierce flame
Hell's fearful tempests ever beat.

Oh, turn bruised feet to Him who came
At early morn from Olive's brow
To save from stones a child of shame;
His blood alone can save you now.

Turn, weary feet, to paths like them
Christ laid for her from temple door
By saying, Neither do I condemn;
Go, go, dear child, and sin no more.

—From "*Gathered Sheaves*."

The foregoing poem was written from a true incident which took place recently, that of a poor, lost girl who, "drifted out on the pier in one of our great cities, and after kneeling a moment to offer a blind prayer, flung herself wildly to death and destruction beneath the dark waters below."

REDEEMED BY THE BLOOD.

ON THE STREET.

"On the street, on the street."
To and fro with weary feet;
Aching heart and aching head,
Homeless, lacking daily bread.
Lost to friends and joy and name,
Sold to sorrow, sin, and shame;
Wet with rain and chilled by storm,
Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn.

"On the street, on the street."
Still I walk with weary feet;
Lonely mid the city's din,
Sunk in grief and woe and sin;
Far from peace and far from home,
No one caring where I roam;
No kind hand stretched forth to save,
No bright hope beyond the grave.

"On the street, on the street."
Late I walk with weary feet;
Oh, that this sad life might end!
Oh, that I might find one Friend!
One who would not from me turn,
Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn;
Oh, that I that Friend could see!
He would pitying look on me.

"On the street, on the street."
Might I here a Savior meet!
From the blessed far-off years,
Comes the story of her tears;
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
Heard the words of love He spoke—
Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"

—W. L. Hastings, from "*Bible Songs of Salvation and Victory*."

CHAPTER III.

"Praying Mary."

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

On Saturday afternoon, December 11th, the missionaries found a hungry, tired heart in the House of Detention, and as there was no charge against her (she went there for a place to sleep), they brought her home with them. She was so tired and weary that she just came and fell into the arms of Jesus, and He gave her rest—rest from the burden of sin, just as I threw myself across the bed a few evenings ago in perfect abandonment, I was so exhausted and the nerves and muscles relaxed, and I was rested. Praise the Lord.

Mary was married at the age of fifteen to a drunkard, and after a few years they parted. Up to that time she had lived a moral life, in a small country town, but now came to this city that she might get better wages. She fell in with bad companions, and learned to drink and she soon went down. She could not keep a place to work and continue to drink, and that is how it was that she was wandering on the street that Saturday night.

It seems that her spiritual appetite has never been satisfied. The more she goes to Church the more she

wants to go. The more she prays the more she wants to pray; and the Lord has answered so many prayers for her that she has the simple faith of a little child. She had only been here about two weeks when our Christmas Convention opened, and oh, what a feast for a hungry heart! She drank it all in. I think it was to Mary something like we older Christians expect the dawn of the millennium to be with us.

We sometimes have fast days on Thursday and go over to the Tabernacle at five o'clock in the afternoon, so on Sunday evening during prayer, Mary asked the Lord to put it on Brother Standley's heart to appoint another day of fasting and prayer. When he made the announcement a few minutes later he said he thought we had better fast and pray on Thursday, and Mary was happy. But she got sick before Thursday came and she said something in the morning about going to Church, and I said, "Mary, I don't think I should go if I were you." I forgot all about it, and Mary went off up in the attic to pray and asked the Lord to cause me to let her go. She came to me later and said, "Mother, don't you think I am well enough to go tonight?" and I said, "Oh, I suppose you can wrap up well, and it will not hurt you." Then she told me how she had prayed for Brother Standley to appoint the fast, and then had to pray that I would let her go. One night two of the girls ran away and Mary prayed so that in some way



PRAYING MARY.

the Lord would separate Dora and Hazel, and in a short time we got a letter saying that Dora had gone to her home; then Mary thanked and praised the Lord again. Recently one of the girls, who had been with us only a short time wanted to go down into the city and hunt up some people and get some business settled up, and we were almost afraid for her to go. Mary prayed that she might not be able to find that person she wanted to see; so when she came back she was disgusted with the whole thing. She had not seen the party, and no longer wished to do so; and Mary thanked the Lord again.

Sometimes we are called out of the prayer room before the service is over, and this was the case on the morning of which we speak. Mary was telling me about it after it was over. She said, "Mother, ——— didn't pray right this morning; she prayed mad at some things that had been said about her, and went out of the room, and I talked to her about it, and told her she ought to go back and pray again, and she did and prayed all right." We had been coveting Mary for a Christian worker, and I told some of them that I thought if she had tact or wisdom enough to get people to pray right, she was a pretty good worker already.

One day Mary heard that we were going to get her a place to go out and work, and she came to me and said in the most pathetic way, "Mother, you are not going to send me out to work, are you? I do not

want to go." She works most all the time in the Home, helps to cook, but she did not want to leave the Home, and I said, "Of course, we will not do that," and Mary praised the Lord again.

The girls all know that she has salvation, and she is a great help and blessing in the home. In her quiet, prayerful way she helps the girls to gain many victories that they are scarcely aware of. For instance, yesterday morning one of her room-mates was not feeling well, and thought she would not get up. Mary did not come and tell the matron that Melissa was not going to get up, and that she did not think there was much the matter with her, but said, "O, I would get up and stir around a little and maybe your bad feeling will wear off; sometimes I feel bad when I first wake up, and after I get up I feel better." That was about all she said, but while she was dressing she was praying and asking the Lord to help Melissa, and she had not been in the kitchen very long until Melissa came in with a smile on her face, and said, "Mary, you must have prayed for me; I feel so much better." Truly, "men may be too little for our great matters; but God is not too great for our small ones."

There is a wonderful difference between praying for people and praying at them. On the same morning another of the girls told Mary she was not going to Sunday-school, for her dress did not just suit her. Mary did not come and tell the matron that Bertha

was not going to Sunday-school, and that she had no lawful excuse, but she said, "Oh, Bertha, I would go to-day any way; your dress is no worse than it was last Sunday, and it may be that Mother can fix it before another Sunday." That was all she said, but while she was lacing her shoes and getting ready she was praying, and Bertha got the victory over the dress and went. It was all done in such a quiet way that Bertha hardly knew who helped her.

On last Saturday we told the girls that we should like for them to write a little testimony telling what the Lord had done for them, and Grace, one of our youngest children went to Mary and told her she did not know what to do, for she had backslidden so many time, and she did not know how she could write anything that would help anybody else unless she had real victory in her own soul. It was after supper, and Mary told her to come into her room, and they would pray. They prayed until the lights were out at half-past nine. I do not know how much victory Grace got, but the Lord blessed Mary so that she was praying all night in her sleep.

On a certain fast day and evening prayer meeting a great volume of praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful way He had led us and supplied our needs in times past went up to God. The needs of the work were also spread out before Him; the payments that were to be met in the next month, the Revivalist and publishing interests, the needs for the Bible School,

the last payment to be made on the Rescue Home the first of May, the great need of a Children's Home, and the Camp-meeting grounds to be arranged for. As Mary saw the great burden that was being carried for the work, she said she would fast and pray for a month, doing without her evening meal. If she does, something is going to happen; some one is going to be troubled in their dreams; some one is going to loosen their grip on their purse-string; some one who has been robbing God in tithes and offerings is going to bring all their tithes into the storehouse and get a blessing to their own soul.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts."

((She did fast and pray, and the way in which God answered is now a matter of history and is told elsewhere in this book.)

The following letter shows one of the ways in which He answered:

"Dear Sister Duff:—

"Inclosed is a check for \$10.00. I want you to use \$5.00 to help meet the payment due on Hope Cot-

tage, the 30th of April, the other \$5.00 is for 'Praying Mary.' " In reading the letter to Mary we did not get much further, we were interrupted by her praises and thanksgiving to God, so we said we would just kneel down and thank the Lord good. Mary expected the Lord to answer and touch hearts and send in the means, but to answer in such a personal way was really a surprise, she said, "Lord, I never asked for anything for myself; I never once thought of having a cent to give, and here I have \$5.00. Mother, you just put it all in to help to pay the debt; I don't want a cent of it for myself." Praise the Lord. She could truly say with the poet, "One hour of such blessing repays us for all." If every one who contributes to this work gets such a blessing as Mary did there are going to be lots of happy folks by and by; and why not? "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Malachi 3:10.

If Mary keeps true to Jesus she will some day walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, but not because she has no place to sleep, for there is no night there. Hallelujah!

We have the same number of Marys in the home as were standing near the cross at the crucifixion. There was Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Mary, the wife

of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. The subject of this sketch we call "praying Mary," and expect the Lord to give her many spiritual children. Mary, who is mentioned in a "Midnight Experience in Hope Cottage," often calls herself Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ cast seven devils. Then there is "patient Mary," the wife of a gambler, who expects to go back and win him for God. We give her this word of cheer as she starts out on her mission of love to-day, "Be not weary in well-doing, for ye shall reap if ye faint not."

She is a nice dressmaker, but drink had robbed her of her husband and broken up her home; she was found in the House of Detention by the missionaries and brought to Hope Cottage and was blessedly saved. She said she had been hungry so long, but did not know what was the matter. She told me last night that she would like to come every Thursday and sew for us at the Home as a free-will offering, and go to prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

One of the girls who was working out gave me a nice dress pattern and Mary made it for me. It looked so neat and plain, that I thought, Oh, how we need sanctified dressmakers! We had a dressmaker in the home once that did not get saved; she would not meet the conditions. She did some sewing for us and she just could not keep from fussing things up; they did not look pretty to her without it. How much we need sanctified taste!

CHAPTER IV.

Jubilee Day.

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—PHIL. 4: 19.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Sunday, May 5th was one of feasting on the Mount of Blessings and was called Jubilee Day on account of its being the celebration of the lifting of the mortgage off of the Rescue Home, in answer to prayer, and so many of God's Revivalist family coming up to the help of the Lord.

First, in the Sabbath School at 9:30 we feasted upon the beautiful lesson of "The Vine and the Branches," then followed a blessed Communion service. After prayer, Brother Standley read a few verses from the 11th chapter of 1 Cor., beginning with the 24th verse, and spoke impressively of the danger of approaching the Lord's table unworthily, with anything in the heart against a brother or sister, and anything that had not been straightened up and made right with God. God's presence and power were felt in this service.

Long before the time of the opening of the afternoon

service at 2:30, people began gathering on the "Mount of Blessings." From different parts of the buildings, the students could be heard praying, and in other parts some singing, and the very atmosphere of victory surrounded the entire place, all because our God had wrought marvellously for us.

Truly, "God's Bible School" and "God's Revivalist" are well named, they belong to Him, without reserve, and He has full control. The General Superintendent, the Holy Ghost, was on hand from the opening morning service until the closing one at night.

Before the time for the service to begin, several of us were gathered on the steps of the Rescue Home, and as we sat there and thought, "What hath God wrought!" our hearts were filled with His praises, and we could not help but weep and give Him all the glory. Oh, He is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God!

At 2:30 when the service opened in the Tabernacle, the very presence of God was there, and hearts felt it from one end of the house to the other, and the smiling faces and tearful eyes, and the waving handkerchiefs, as we sang the first song, told how hearts were touched and moved by the Spirit of God. We felt in our hearts that God was pleased. Victory was in the prayers and songs that followed. Brother Standley then preached from the following text, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts." How well we realized it was not by might, unsaved

men had not helped us; it was not by riches, but it was by the Spirit of God working upon the hearts of "His great Revivalist Family" to send in the means to lift the last note. How we praise Him and give Him all the glory! As Brother Standley stopped preaching, the students and people were shouting the praises of God, and the boys and congregation marched through the side door, down the yard of the Bible School and across the street into the grounds of the Rescue Home. The Home in its almost completed new dress of drab paint and brown trimmings, and over the door the large sign "Hope Cottage," surely looked an inviting place that day. The brother whom God had touched to fix up the Home had done his best, and it was a credit to God and to himself.

The people kept crowding into the grounds, and still they came, a large crowd! It was about half past three in the afternoon. The sun had almost faded from the front of the grounds and left the people in the shade. On the front steps, with radiant faces were Sister Storey, Mother Duff, Sister Payne, and Brother Standley, and Sister Standley, and as near as they could gather around them, standing or sitting, was the congregation from the Tabernacle. O, how we praised God! At the opening song, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" the Holy Ghost came down in power, and some of the boys in the crowd began jumping and shouting, and waving their handkerchiefs. The sweet old hymn mingled with the shouts of praise brought

out the neighbors. Thus, we were able to declare before them what God had wrought.

After the song, Brother Standley prayed a blessed prayer, a prayer of thanksgiving, praise, and victory, and God honored it and sealed it to hearts. He thanked God that the mortgage had been lifted off our souls, that He had saved and sanctified us, and set us going for Him. He thanked Him for the Home, and that when men rose up against us, and said that no such place could be on Mt. Auburn, God defeated their plans and said, "buy," and now He had sent in the money for the last payment. He thanked Him that it had indeed proved a "Hope" Cottage to hearts from which hope had died. There is no hope outside of Christ, and that is the foundation of the Home, Christ Jesus, the Savior from all sin. He thanked Him for the girls who had been in the Home in the past, for those there at present, and for those that we are expecting in the days to come. Oh, it is wonderful what God can do! He thanked Him for the love, cooperation and prayers of all "His Great Revivalist Family" scattered throughout the earth. He thanked Him that when the bills were due on the Home, He had sent in the money to meet them and now that in the presence of the people, we were able to stand there and tell what God had wrought, not by might nor power, but by His own Spirit, and like as in the temple of old, he prayed that God would, with His own glory, seal the burning of the mortgage. He prayed that

as the mortgage was burning, God would fit a special blessing to every one who had prayed one prayer, who had sent of their means, or sacrificed, or had in any way, shown their love and interest in the Home, and we believe that He did it.

While he prayed, the deep heart "Amen's" and sobbing voices told how really grateful hearts were to God, and how the people were worshipping and adoring Him from the very depths of their souls. When he finished praying, Sister Storey took the mortgage in her hand, held it up before the whole congregation, then opening it out, laid it on a tray that Brother Standley held in his hand, then she struck a match to it, and the mortgage was burned to ashes. As the mortgage was burning, God answered as in the temple of old, and the place was full of His glory. Some hearts that were not right with God that hour got under conviction, unsanctified believers got under conviction, and those who were walking on with Him, step by step, praised and adored, and in their hearts crowned Him Lord of lords and King of kings.

Oh, it is wonderful what God can do! "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And if His Spirit is upon us, there is no such word as defeat, but a continual going on from victory to victory and from glory to glory, until we shall meet in the air, and sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

After the mortgage was burned, Mother Duff took charge of the ashes. She expects to put them in a

little glass urn and keep them on the mantel in the parlor of the Home, and when visitors and the girls in the future shall come there, and ask, "What do these ashes mean?" we can tell them that it is a memorial of what God has done; that they are the ashes of the mortgage that *God paid*, and they will know and realize what our God is able to do.

Sister Storey then read with unction the 124th Psalm as follows:

1. If *it had not been* the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say;

2. If *it had not been* the LORD who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

3. Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

4. Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

5. Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

6. Blessed *be* the LORD, who hath not given us *as* a prey to their teeth.

7. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

8. Our help *is* in the name of the LORD, who made Heaven and earth.

Then she spoke, saying it was truly God who was on our side, that He was pleased with us. When God laid it on Brother Knapp's heart and the hearts of others of His children to open a Rescue Home for women who were down in sin, we tried all around Mt.



THE URN.

Auburn to rent a building, but they refused everywhere, because no one wanted such people for neighbors. Property could be rented for saloons and brothels without any trouble, but no place in which to take the poor victims of these places when they were sinking in the depths of sin. There was no sympathy, no helping hand extended; the people tried in every way to defeat God's plan, but He overcame them by His own strong hand, and delivered. When we could not rent, He told us that we could purchase, and sent in the money for the first payment, and gave us property right across the street from "His Bible School." They had refused us this property before, and at one time they asked ten thousand dollars for it, but God so moved on their hearts that they let us have it for seventy-five hundred dollars, and we praised Him and gave Him all the glory. She spoke of how many girls had been saved and sanctified in the Home and were now scattered in different places living for Jesus, and that some even have calls to the uttermost parts of the earth; others have been saved and sanctified through their lives and testimonies, and thus the great chain of influence and work for Jesus is going on, and we shall never know what Hope Cottage has accomplished until we all stand around the judgment Throne to receive our rewards there. We know they will magnify His Name and praise Him throughout eternity for being redeemed by the Blood.

She also spoke of how God had told us to go out

into the highways and byways and compel them to come in that His house might be full, and that God had said the drunkard and the harlot would enter in to the kingdom of heaven before the moral men. If the moral and the rich do not want salvation, there are hungry hearts everywhere with outstretched hands and pleading faces, crying, "Come help me!"

As Sister Storey closed, she said she wanted to thank all the members of the congregation there who had wept and prayed, and given for the note. She said that it was a jubilee indeed, not only in the Home, but in our hearts, and that she wanted the whole "Great Revivalist Family" to praise God with us, and give Him all the glory.

While the mortgage was burning, it seemed that almost every one in the whole congregation was sobbing or praising God; one united volume of thanksgiving and adoration to Him who had redeemed us and made us heirs to Himself forever.

Brother Standley then asked Mother Duff to say a few words. Dear Mother Duff, how we thank God for her! One of God's chosen, a real mother to every sin-sick, weary, tired, worn girl that comes into that Home; never too busy, never too tired in any hour of the day or night to advise and counsel and tenderly win, and point them to Jesus, and then rejoice at seeing them saved and sanctified. She spoke as follows:

She said she wanted to thank God first of all that

the mortgage was off of her own soul. Down in her Virginia home she had plans of her own and wanted to have her way about things, but God broke them up. She did not know that she could find peace and rest in Him, but He had changed her life, saved and sanctified her, and called her to this work, was blessing her in it, and she praised God for His wonderful salvation.

She said some few weeks ago, they were so anxious to clean up the house, and the girls scrubbed and cleaned and worked, but the wall paper was torn and soiled, the wood work had the paint rubbed off in a great many places, and scrub as they would, which they did until some had the skin off their knuckles, yet, it did not look very inviting. But the girls were so glad that God was touching the hearts of His children to send in the money to meet the payment, and that the Home was going to be free, sanctified wholly unto God, they would have done anything to have fixed it for Him. There were handles off the doors, keys lost, locks broken, window cords broken, things needed a general repairing. But just like God always does, He touched the heart of a brother who was to have a twelve days' vacation during the year, to ask for it beginning the first of May. God heard and answered, touched the hearts of his employers to let him off at that time, and instead of taking a rest away in the country, he with his wife came down to the Home, don-

ned their old working clothes and began fixing up things.

Julia's room was transformed. The wood work was repainted a pure white, light wall paper put on, and every thing made to shine. Then they took the parlor, the wall paper, old, cracked and soiled, the wood work blackened and scratched, was transformed; a delicate cream paper put on the wall, the wood work repainted white, the chandelier bronzed, and all so changed that it doesn't look like the same parlor. And still they are at work. The wife stands on the ladder and holds the paper while her husband puts it on; and not a cent of cost to the Home. They are giving their money and their work as a glad, free-will offering to Jesus, while a number of other friends are furnishing the paper for different rooms.

But this was not all, the Brother who was doing this, put on the knobs, fixed up the window cords, and the other little things in good condition, and when he went on the outside, he would look at the house and say, "That looks bad; it would be so nice, if it could be painted all over." He has not any great amount of money, but somehow, as he would walk around the house and look at it, I just felt that it was on his heart to have it fixed up outside, also, and the first thing we knew, God was talking to them both. They went down town, purchased a light drab paint with brown trimmings, and began on the outside at their own expense.

Then Mother Duff told how we appreciated the pray-

ers, love, and cooperation of "God's Revivalist family," and how we thanked Him for laying it on their hearts to send in of their means. As she talked, the congregation laughed and cried, shouted and sobbed. Every one enjoyed it, and praised God in their own way, and He was honored and magnified.

Mother Duff also, told how God was opening up the outside work, and how she thanked Him for the precious helpers He had given her, co-laborers in Jesus, and how they prayed and worked together. Then she told how some of the girls had thought that Sister Payne had a nice time going out so much, but recently she had been taking different ones with her, and when they came home, they had changed their minds. and you could hear them praying for Sister Payne. They did not know that Sister Payne walked and walked, wept and prayed often weary and worn, but without a thought of her own comfort, only that she might help some one to find Jesus, and that she might bring some girls into Hope Cottage.

After Mother Duff spoke, the congregation sang with streaming eyes and waving handkerchiefs, "Hallelujah I'm Redeemed." But instead of stopping after the third verse, they sang the chorus over and over, and the longer they sang, the more God answered, and some got so happy they could not contain themselves, and shouted and praised God, while some sat and wept and others laughed. But in almost every heart, there was joy, and we somehow felt there was joy in Heaven.

Ah, in so many movements and in so many places, the human gets in, and they get somebody in charge who gets the glory, but in "God's Bible School," we purpose that He shall have the glory. We are jealous that He shall, and we feel that He glorified Himself Sunday afternoon, and a little of His glory, He gave us in our hearts, and made us feel that He was smiling on the work.

Then Sister Payne talked for a few minutes. She thanked God for the way in which He had called her to the work, and how He had led her and blessed her, and how He was so verifying His promises to her daily, keeping her in perfect peace and victory. She also, praised Him for the prayers, love, and co-operation of His "Great Revivalist Family," and for saving and sanctifying so many of the girls, and for giving them victory. She said she was encouraged and felt that God looked forward in the future, and He knew where hungry hearts and broken spirits were, and that He was going to send them there to find Jesus, and that she believed He was going to send out many of them to the uttermost parts of the earth to those who sit in darkness to proclaim the "glad tidings."

She praised Him for lifting the mortgage and for the way He heard and answered prayer. She said that while sometimes some of the girls go back into sin, yet God was saving and sanctifying so many that their hearts were encouraged to look up.

When Sister Payne finished talking, Brother Stand-

ley again said a few words, thanking God that in answer to prayer, He had touched hearts and had given us the Home, and how wonderfully He was leading and giving victory on every line. There was never a time in the history of this work when God's power and His hand was more manifestly upon it than at the present, the very Shekinah, the peace that passeth all understanding, rests in the halls and in the rooms.

While he talked, the power of God rested upon him, until he felt like shouting and praising God, and suggested that we have a real Hallelujah march of victory. Our God had heard and answered, and we had a right to shout and praise Him; and so amid shouts and praises, the beating of the drum, and blowing of cornets, and the singing of "Victory," the girls leading, almost all of that large congregation, two by two, marched around the house and came out on the other side; down Young street to Ringgold, down Ringgold to Highland Ave., up Highland to Channing, and up Channing back again to Young, and around up into the Bible School grounds.

At the sound of the drum and cornets, the people ran from several blocks away. People in the windows, people on the side-walks, and they said all along the line, "What is this that has come to the Bible School?" and all along the line of march, the boys and girls would answer, "Our God has heard and answered us." Thus, we were able to tell to the world that our God is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God.

It only reminded us of that march we are going to take when we all walk up the golden streets with palms of victory; but somehow, we do not feel that we can ever praise and adore Him any more on that Day, then we did, as we walked those streets. We feel like asking His whole "Revivalist Family," when they read what the Lord hath wrought, as one family and one band, to send up their voices in praise and adoration to God, for what He has done, for what He is doing, and for what we expect Him to do in the future.

The meeting broke up with shouts and praises to God on "God's Bible School grounds," while others stayed over in the Home and sang and prayed. It was one of the most blessed days we have ever had on the "Mount of Blessings" up to the present time. God answered in every particular. It was precious the way He answered in sending in the means. We asked Him for the note, but He says when we are walking with Him that He will do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and He did, for instead of that amount, God sent in almost \$4,600. The note was paid and the interest on the same, making a total of \$1,533.34, and as previously stated in God's Revivalist \$2,210 will be applied towards the property note, due July 11th also we are compelled to make some repairs on the Rescue Home and one side wall must be rebuilt, at a cost of about \$500. We are believ'nig God for the means to meet the whole amount that is due on His

Bible School property, and to then give us a ten days' jubilee service.

We want every one of you as members of "God's Great Revivalist Family" to join with us in prayer. We are praying and believing. It is wonderful what God is doing for us these days. The God of Heaven is hearing and answering, giving peace and victory in our own souls, and victory in every department of the work, in the missions and the slums, in the Bible School and the Revivalist Office *Victory everywhere!* There is no defeat. Through Him, we shall do valiantly; through Him, we shall overcome every obstacle; through Him, we shall go on conquering and to conquer; through Him, we shall ride over the heads of our enemies, and we will praise Him and give Him all the glory.

We feel like asking the whole "Revivalist Family" to join us in singing:

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball;
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

For He is worthy, He has gotten Him the victory by His own strong right arm. He has glorified His Name among His people, He has vindicated us, and He has the glory.

PRAISE SERVICE AT HOPE COTTAGE.

On Monday morning, May 7th, Brother Standley asked me to go over to "Hope Cottage" and take the testimonies of the girls, as they were going to have

a little praise service among themselves at morning worship. I did not know what a treat the Lord had in store for me, but went over and took my place quietly in an adjoining room with the door ajar, without their knowing I was there, so that there might be no restraint upon them. I am sure if the many members of "God's Revivalist Family," who have so nobly contributed to the support of "Hope Cottage" with their prayers, tears and means, could have been in my place that morning and heard what I heard, you would have been greatly blessed, and would have praised God as you never did before for these blessed havens of rest for weary, sin-sick souls. The Spirit of the Lord was upon the little meeting in a most blessed way, and the testimonies were given with deep emotion, the utterances of praise and thanksgiving being interspersed with sobs and tears that brought before me the blessed promise, "A broken and a contrite spirit, O, God, thou wilt not despise."

The first voice I heard was Mother Duff's, who led the way by giving her own testimony, a part of which was as follows:

"I praise the Lord this morning for His goodness and mercy, and the wonderful way He leads me. When I see people hesitate about surrendering wholly to the Lord I think, Oh, they do not know what they are missing. If I could only say something that would open their eyes: if I could only get them to see how good the Lord is. Our souls are never satisfied until

the Lord satisfies them. When we miss something around the house we search until we find it. When we are away from God we have lost His spirit out of our hearts, that is what is the matter with us, and we can never be truly happy until we come back to Him. Some people seem to be happy, they have fine houses and fine turnouts and fine clothes, and they seem to have a good time, but away down in their hearts there is something that is unsatisfied, and they will never be happy until they get the Spirit of God in their hearts. I praise the Lord that He can satisfy the longing soul. I just feel sometimes like praying to the Lord to make folks hungry. I got so hungry that it seemed just like I was starving sometimes, and I could truly say, "As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O, God." Before I knew anything about this sanctified life I used to imagine a happy life, and what a relief it would be to have no pride in the heart, no striving for social position, or money or fine clothes or any of these things that the world is running after. I imagined a little humble home somewhere where I would be free from all these things. I did not know much about God, but He was trying to teach me, and I am glad that the life I was longing for the Lord has made real to me; it was the sanctified life I was hungry for, but I did not understand it then. The Lord has delivered me and set me completely free from these worldly things, and He will do it for every

one of you. Suppose you were going out to do general housework. You would not want a lot of lace and finery and shoddy silk to do service in. That is the way with us when we go into the Lord's service. We are going to be His servants. He wants us to be neat and tasty and have suitable clothing, but He does not want us to look like the world and have a lot of dowdy things. I just praise the Lord that if we are willing to give up to Him we will not want these things. I praise Him for salvation. Now let us hear from others. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

"I feel like praising the Lord this morning that He has picked me up out of sin and saved my soul, and set my feet on the solid rock. God saved me two years ago the 17th day of May, and I have been in this way ever since. I have not had a thought of going back. When souls have once been saved I wonder what they can see in sin to go back to. Praise God for real salvation in my heart. I sought sanctification and thought I had it, but the 20th day of last July, praise God I settled it forever. I am glad that when I am away from the Home and do not have Mother Duff or Sister Payne or Sister West, I have the Lord. I know God's promise is true. "That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never no never forsake." He gave me that promise one day when I was out at work, and when the air seemed thick with devils. I expect to go on with Jesus. Some day I will mount up on wings and go with

Him to live forever. I feel like I cannot praise Him enough for what He has done for me.”—Della.

“I have so much to praise God for, more than anybody else it seems. I thank God for something real in my heart. It is growing brighter outside these days, and it is growing brighter in my soul. I thank God this morning that He ever saved me from such awful sin. I just thank God that five months ago He picked me up out of the dirt and showed me the light. I did not know at first what it was to carry burdens like Mother Duff and Sister Payne do, and I wondered how they could pour out their hearts for other souls, but thank God, I know how to do it now. At the opening of the Convention the “old man” died and I saw Jesus, and I expect to meet Him face to face some day. I thought yesterday when we were having the jubilee, and there was a jubilee in my heart, what will it be when we get up there? O glory to God this morning for full salvation, for free salvation. I am going all the way. I praise Him for lifting the mortgage off the Home, and I praise Him for lifting the mortgage off my heart and sanctifying me. I praise Him for the Rescue Home. I love the Home. Little trials and tests come up, but I look up to God and say. ‘Your grace is sufficient.’ Yesterday when Mother Duff told us Brother Standley might call on us to speak in the Tabernacle, my heart shook, and I went up in the attic and got down on my face and

said, 'Lord, I promised You I would go all the way; this is not going all the way if I hesitate to testify when You want me to,' then I felt ready to testify if I was called on. I am saved, sanctified and going to serve God."—Mary.

"I feel like I have a whole lot to praise God for. He took away my sin. A year ago I had backslidden and was going down into the very lowest of sin. Two weeks before I came to the Home I was under the influence of drink and going down town with a quart of whiskey under my arm. O why won't people leave sin when they know it is dragging them down to the lowest depths of hell! God help us to get more established in Him. I praise God I know He saves me now. He sanctified me four weeks ago last night and I am doing the best I can, and I know He is going to teach me. I love to pray and I love to praise Him, and some day I will meet Him face to face. He is preparing me to go out from this Home and be true to Him. I am so glad I confessed before God and before people. There are some things that almost broke my heart to confess, but I did it and I am going all the way with God. I love to do His will."—Rose.

"I praise the Lord this morning that He ever saved me. When He picked me up out of sin I did not know anything about God, but bless God He saved me from tobacco, and cocaine and whiskey, but there is one

thing more I want and that is to be sanctified. I want to be free from inbred sin. I used to be untrue. I used to tell lies to my husband. I am saved and I want to be sanctified.”—Sarah.

“I thank God for bringing Sarah here. She forgot to sign her name to the letter and I came near putting it in the waste basket, but I read it over and said, ‘there is a hungry heart,’ then I found the number on it and just addressed my letter to ‘The girl that wants to come to the Rescue Home,’ with the postoffice and number, and she got it all right.”—Mother Duff.

“I am glad this morning for what the Lord has done in my heart. I am so glad He ever brought me to Hope Cottage, that He ever picked me up out of sin. I had a father that loved Jesus, and I believe it was through his prayers that I am saved. I am so sorry that I ever backslid. I want you all to pray for me that the Lord will really sanctify my soul because I know He can do it. I feel so thankful to the Lord for what He has done for me, and I just feel determined to go all the way with Him. I have repented of everything but I feel pride in my heart, and I want inbred sin taken out. I just praise Him for the burning of the mortgage, and that the devil’s mortgage is taken off of my soul. I am so glad the Lord has showed me I could not make my own plans. When Brother Standley asked them to shake hands yesterday in the meeting and testify to each other I was glad I could say I was saved.”—Belle.

"I praise the Lord for what He has done for me. I have only been here three weeks today, but it has been the happiest three weeks of my life. I was on the road to hell and destruction, but praise the Lord for the day I came to "Hope Cottage." I am on the right road, and I want the girls all to pray for me. I hope the Lord will keep me true whether I am outside of the Home or inside. I do not want to cause Mother Duff one minute of trouble. I praise the Lord for bringing me here. I am on the right road and mean to go on."—
Dora.

The next testimony was given by a woman whose hair is plentifully sprinkled with gray, and whom they call "grandma." She had been a slave to drink, and a few weeks ago when the weather was quite cold, and she was under the influence of liquor, some of her relatives threw her out of doors, and poured buckets of cold water over her. Some of the Bible School boys found her lying in the street, all bruised up, and shivering with the cold. They got a carriage and brought her to the Home, with the muddy water dripping from her clothes, as wet as if she had been dipped in the Ohio River. She professed to be saved while at the Home, but was overcome by the craving of liquor and slipped off one morning. In a few days God brought her back and she asked His forgiveness and also Mother Duff's, and the Lord saved her. She testified that the desire for drink was all gone, and told how grateful

she was for the Home and for Mother Duff and for all that has been done for her.

"I want to praise the Lord this morning that He sent me to Hope Cottage, and saved my soul. All my sins are blotted out. Jesus is dearer to me than any earthly friend. I am on the altar for sacrifice or service. He has taken all desire for sin out of my heart. I have had enough of the world; I got really sick of it; I am going all the way with Jesus. The devil has no claim on me at all."—Edna.

"Praise the Lord I am saved and sanctified. I am going all the way with Him."—Esther.

There were a few other testimonies that I could not hear very well, but could only catch a few words now and then. One was from a dear young orphan girl who was blessedly saved at the Tabernacle last night. She told how she poured out her heart to God and He saved her and she had been so happy ever since. We saw the light come into her face when the work was done. Praise the Lord!

Mother Duff's gentle counsels, and kindly admonitions were sandwiched in between the testimonies, and at this juncture she told the girls about the stenographer being in the next room, who had taken their testimonies, and said, "We will now invite her in." The person referred to went in and was wonderfully

blessed in telling how much she had enjoyed the meeting and how much she loved Jesus and we had a real hallelujah time of crying and rejoicing together, and God and Heaven and the angels seemed so near. It seemed as though the girls could not get through testifying, and Dora sat with the tears streaming down her cheeks and said last night she could not sleep until 3 o'clock for joy, and the words that kept ringing through her soul were "Hallelujah I'm redeemed."

Another was all broken up, wept much and prayed for forgiveness, and said she was going to trust Jesus. She had been an actress and was almost a physical wreck from the use of morphine, came very near dying in one of the hospitals, and attempted to take her life three times. She has been brought through much sorrow and has not fully learned how to trust the future in God's hands. Pray for her. We believe she is going to go through with the Lord.

We then went to Julia's room. The members of "God's Revivalist Family" know who Julia is,—the Hope Cottage invalid. It is always an inspiration to go to her room. Found her confined to her bed, but happy and trustful. The room looked very inviting with its new dress of paint and paper and fresh draperies. We began to read the mottoes on the wall, and found many cheering messages, such as, "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" "The Lord is thy keeper;" "By faith ye stand;" "Kept by the power of God;" "Ask and it shall be given you." Julia

called my attention to the one at the end of the bed and said, "That is what I am doing," and we read "Rest in the Lord." She began at once to talk about the Scripture, and said when she felt tempted to be despondent she would repeat God's promises, and that some days she has committed to memory as many as fifteen verses so as to repeat them correctly and give the references. She then repeated from the 10th to the 18th verses of the 6th chapter of Eph., beginning "Finally brethren be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." She also repeated seven verses from the third chapter of Col., and gave Psa., 66:20 as a verse of special comfort to her. It is, "Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer nor His mercy from me." Julia used to feel like the Lord was going to take her to Heaven and exulted in the thought, but now she believes He is going to raise her up to preach His word and work for Him, and she is getting well stored with the precious Word. We could not tarry long, but came away feeling refreshed and blessed and encouraged to press on for God and souls.

CHAPTER V.

Faith Honored.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—Ps. 37: 4.

Minerva came to Hope Cottage, Sept. 27, 1903, with a little girl two and one-half years old.

When she got into trouble the first time she hoped by an exemplary life to succeed in living it down; she got a place to work in a private family and lived very quietly, cut off from all social life, her whole heart wrapped up in the little girl, Lillian.

Eventually she grew restless under the social ostracism and having met a man who professed to love her, she trusted him and was led astray the second time. Then she felt there was no hope for her; no one, not even God would forgive the second offense; she hoped to live down the first because it was the first but now all hope was gone. She felt that her people must not know for they would not forgive; there seemed to be nothing for her but to give her baby away and take the little girl and bury herself and it among strangers. She felt that she could not part with both children. Thank God! His thoughts are above our thoughts and He had a better plan for her.

Minerva waited on Him and found that He was full of tender mercy and loving-kindness and would for-



MINERVA.

give even her if she would come to Him in the right way; as soon as she learned how, she did this and trusted the Blood to cover her sin. Then she began looking on the bright side, for though she realized that she might never be restored to the confidence of her loved ones nor be able to command the respect of the world, yet she could be a child of God and walk before Him with a perfect heart; so she just turned over the tangled skein of her life to Him and left it, and He began to work. Bless His dear name!

She could not leave a little helpless baby on the cold mercies of the world because the mother-love had come into her heart; and she must nurse it until the proper time to take it from the breast; and before that time came she loved little Paul too much to part with him and no one who knew him could blame her.

Then she heard the promise that God would give her the desire of her heart, and the desire of her heart next to pleasing Him was that she might be able to keep both of her children. Different offers came from people who wished to adopt Lillian and raise her as their own; and we would talk with Minerva about it, but she always broke down and cried and hoped that the Lord would enable her to keep them, saying she did not care how hard she had to work just so she could keep the children. Then there came a letter asking for a boy baby. The folks would educate him, as they wanted to raise him for the Lord, and we thought that might be just the thing for Paul, but the

mother said, "I hope to raise him for the Lord and I believe He will help me, I do not see how I can ever give him up," and the big tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Finally we quit saying anything about Minerva's giving up the children and she stayed with us about thirteen months; she was never any burden in the Home; was always busy, but so gentle and quiet, never making a disturbance in any way.

There never came any stories that Minerva did "so and so." I remember one time when we had to reprove one of the girls for some misdemeanor, she said, "Well, all the girls do it," and we enquired, "Does Minerva?" "Oh no, of course, Minerva does not." Minerva was looked up to as the mother in the nursery and the other mothers said, "We do not know what we shall do now that Minerva is going, we all thought we had to mind her."

It was some time before Minerva got sanctified; she hesitated about trusting the children to the great loving heart of God. How the Lord must pity us in our little narrow conception of His goodness! She was afraid He would take the little darlings away from her, so she had to learn the lesson of saying, "Thy will be done."

Just as soon as she had learned this lesson the Lord opened up a beautiful home for her with her two children. The Lord works in such a natural way. Sometimes we would get letters for girls and would

say we had a blessedly saved girl with two children who was handy and knew how to do all kinds of work, but the two children always stood in the way.

Last fall when the Bible School opened, two sisters came from a beautiful country home in the state of New York. The family had grown up, some were married, some gone into business, and some away from home at school, so the father and mother in the old home needed some one to keep house for them. The two girls had seen Minerva Sunday after Sunday in the meetings at "God's Tabernacle" and had been attracted by her bright face and neat appearance and none the less by the sweet little children; Paul by this time was in short dresses and just as dainty as he could be. I will have to stop right here and tell you about His picture. Just a few days before he was to go away, brother John Knapp brought his kodak over and we took Paul out in the yard and threw a rug down for him and got a snap-shot.

When Minerva would leave her room to go about her work she would close the door and leave him to play on the floor, and when any of us opened the door, his face would brighten up like a sunbeam and he would put his little hands down and look up to get the direction and would never stop until he had reached our feet; then he would be so close he could not look up and see us and he would coo in a sweet prattling way to let us know that he had arrived; he didn't

cry, but laughed as much as to say, "I know you will take me up." Why cannot we have the faith of a little child and come to the feet of Jesus with smiles instead of tears, saying, "Jesus, I know you will take me, for You promised."

To return to my narrative, the girls wrote to their parents and told them about Minerva and the children, and they said, "Yes, send them on, we are lonely any way." We wept over the necessary parting, but thanked the dear Lord through our tears, got them ready, and bade them God-speed to their new home.

Judging from the letters we get, God's blessing rests upon them; it is a home with a sanctified father and mother and a family altar. There is a great orchard full of fruit. (We had a sample of it last Thanksgiving, and Minerva said, "We must put in sweet apples, because Mother likes sweet apples." They were fine.) Paul and Lillian helped in the apple picking; Paul's work being to sit in a big apple basket and laugh and clap his hands and have a good time.

When I think of the cows, the chickens and all the home comforts, it makes me almost hungry for a little taste of country life again. Sister Payne and I went down to the workshop of "God's Bible School," a few days ago to look for some pieces that could be used for quilting-frames. We went through the stable on our way, and just the smell of the hay took our minds back to romps in the large mow, as we



"I KNOW YOU WILL TAKE ME UP."

hunted for the nests hid away in lone nooks out of sight and how we would stop to pet the patient old family horse as he reached up his head for another mouthful; and we are glad that these children, as these lines are written are being raised up in the pure atmosphere of the country.

Minerva expected the Lord to provide a home for them and I imagine I hear Him say, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it done unto thee even as thou wilt."

The following is a personal letter from Minerva:

Dear Mother Duff:

I have been waiting and waiting for a letter from you all, but as I have a chance to write to you today I won't wait any longer. I know how busy you all are. I get really homesick sometimes for the good meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Wood are away today, and they told me if I didn't do anything else to take care of the children, but I got my work all done, praise the Lord. I would like to hear from Orpha. If you have an old letter will you send it to me? I read in the Revivelist that there was just one more payment to be made on the Home. I send \$1.00; it will help a little.

And Mother, this watch-guard I intended to send you Christmas, but couldn't get it, so I will send it now. I will never forget Hope Cottage. I am still trusting in the Lord. I know His way is best. How I would love to see you all. Give my love to all the girls at home; they are my sisters, the Lord bless them. Give my love to Sr. Payne and Sr. West and Sister Madge;

tell Sr. Madge to write to me. Lillian can say John 3:16 as well as I can, and has learned two or three other verses, and talks most every day about going to Mother Duff's. I read "A Midnight Experience in H. C.," and it seemed just like I had had a letter from you or heard you talk. The Lord is so good to me and the children, He gives us everything we need, bless His name. Good-bye, and God bless you all.

Lovingly,

Minerva.



LILLIAN.

REACH AND TAKE.

A white-faced wreck upon the bed she lay,
And reaped the whirlwind of her yesterday.
Before her rose the record of the past,
And sin's dark wages all were due at last.

A gentle messenger of peace was there,
Who kissed her brow and smoothed her tangled hair;
And, in the tend'rest accents, told of One
Who died for her—God's well-beloved Son.

"No power could ransom such as me," she cried.
"No cleansing stream my crimson sins could hide
For souls like yours there may be pardon free;
The Son of God would never stoop to me."

"I bring a gift of love," the listener said.
"This dewy rose of richest, deepest red.
Will you not take it? Have you not the power?"
The trembling fingers reached and grasped the flower.

"My sister," said the giver, "just as I
Held out to you that rose of scarlet dye
God offers you salvation from above,
Through Jesus' precious Blood—His gift of love

"Reach out and take it without doubt or fear."
"Is it so simple?" sobbed the girl. "So near?"
"Ay, nearer to you than myself He stands,
Eternal life within His pierced hands."

"So simple, Lord?" she moaned. "Nothing to do,
But reach and take eternal life from You?
I take it, Lord!" And, lo, the dying eyes
Were radiant with the light of Paradise!

O, death triumphant! Victory complete!
To-day she worships at her Savior's feet
Lost one, God offers you for Jesus' sake
Eternal life. Will you not reach and take?—*Selected.*

CHAPTER VI.

Station House Scenes.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. 6: 23.

Coming to the last cell we saw five young women. Glancing at them our eyes were attracted to one leaning against the bars. Her face was dropped low in her hands and partly hid by her soft, black hair, and with her wine-colored silk dress she looked strangely out of place. As we came closer she raised her face and looked for about one moment directly into our eyes. No word was spoken. Suddenly, like a flash, she threw up her hands as if to shut out the past, and with a half sob, half wail, said, "Oh, I was once pure and clean like you!" She covered her face with her hands. The past was before her. Rocking back and forth, and sobbing, she told her story. Ah, what scenes, what terrible heartaches God looks down upon!

She lived, until five years ago, with her father and mother in a little town near Cincinnati. A pure, innocent girl, she gave her heart, her life into the keeping of one "who promised to cherish and protect." But soon after the wedding day passed she began to realize that her beautiful dream was vanishing. Her husband became meaner and meaner. Blows, curses, deprivations, and misunderstandings became her daily life.

Finally, goaded to despair, three years ago she got a divorce from him. It was then, in the hour of her awful trial, the enemy assailed. Some women professed friendship and gave advice. She listened, heeded, and one day opened the house where sin has since held full sway. Here she sat today in prison with five girls who were inmates. In the morning a quarrel had arisen, and the porter and one of the girls were shot, he so badly he cannot recover, but she not so seriously.

Raising her hand, she said: "You see that girl" (pointing to a tall, black-haired one); "she had a beautiful home in this city. Her father is respected; but her mother died years ago, and here she is with me." Pointing to another she said: "She has only been in sin two months. Oh, if I had never led her on!" Then came that intense pleading: "Pray for me, pray for me. I was once saved; once a Sunday school teacher. I know the way. Oh, I long to be pure again." Asking if we could pray right there, the whole crowd kneeled, and such sobbing! The fountains of their hearts were broken up. The girl whose home was in this city was near the front when we began praying, but she arose and noiselessly stole to the back of the room, and, kneeling, pressed her face convulsively against the bare floor. Oh, the pictures before those girls' eyes! Who knows but mother, father, sister, brother came before them, pleading, oh, so lovingly, so gently, for God, for home, for purity? When we arose from our knees the

keeper of the house promised faithfully to give up her life, to begin anew, to make the girls leave her; and they promised to go to their homes. Asking another if she purposed leaving that kind of life, she said, "Just as soon as I can pay my debt I will go home." Instantly the keeper turned to her, and, calling her by name, said: "You owe me no debt. I forgive everything. If you will go with these sisters now I shall be glad."

Asking her if the life was what she thought it would be when she went into it, she pressed her hands so wearily on her head, and said: "If anyone desires to know sorrows, burdens, weariness and cares too heavy to bear, let that one go into sin. Ah! no, no; I have had no rest of soul or body; afraid to shut my eyes for fear of trouble; afraid night and day."

She pleaded with us to go to see the porter dying without Christ in the hospital. He could have saved his life if he had run, but he gave it to save that of the girl.

THE "BLOOD" WAS HER ONLY PLEA.

On a cold Sunday in the early part of winter, we went to the House of Detention, as was our custom and told the "story of the Gospel" to the women behind the bars, prayed with them and tried to point them to Jesus.

We asked some of them to come to the Home but there was one that we did not invite. She was so old and had been in sin so long, and had been a Catholic

all her life. She had kept a little market stall, but the few pennies she made were spent for drink and there was nothing left to buy clothes so she was very thinly clad; standing in the cold on the streets she would soon become chilled and depended on drink to keep her warm, so the next thing she would be drunk on the street, picked up by a policeman, taken to the House of Detention, and from Police Court sent to the Work House; that was her life.

When the officers of the Police Court heard that Loftis was at Hope Cottage they had a good laugh over it; she seemed such a hopeless case. Her face was so disfigured from fighting that if you saw Loftis once you would never forget her. Now, do you wonder that our faith that day did not reach out for her? We thought that of course she would go to the Work House, and we told her that when she got out again we would give her a warm wrap instead of the little thin shawl she was wearing. She told us where her stall was and Orpha told her that she would go and see her there, but in her work in the slums she never saw Loftis any more until one cold night in January she came uninvited and knocked at the door of Hope Cottage.

She was cold, and sick, and tired. Our beds were all full and cots had been put in the hall and they were all taken and as there was no more room in the upper hall, we made her a bed down on the floor, in the lower hall, and every morning she thanked the Lord for her good bed and breakfast.

The first morning in prayer service she prayed to God to forgive her sins and she was seen praying so much, that one of the young girls in the Home said, "Mother, I believe those are Catholic prayers Loftis is saying." "Well," I said, "the Lord sees her hungry heart and she wants to be saved, and I believe some of her prayers are going to get through." She was able to go over to the Tabernacle service on Sunday and went to the altar and claimed pardon through the Blood and seemed to be satisfied from that time that Jesus had forgiven her.

She was in a few days confined to her bed. She had been bitter in her heart toward those from whom she had received harsh treatment but after she was saved she said she forgave everybody. She gradually grew worse and we sent her to Christ's Hospital where she had every attention, and testified up to the last that she was saved, and never asked for a priest to anoint her for death, but said that she was ready and trusting in Jesus.

One Sunday afternoon when we were at the House of Detention we had a telephone message that Loftis was dying; when we reached her bedside she seemed so far gone that I did not know whether to speak to her or not, but took hold of her hand and she opened her eyes and said, "Oh, it's Mother!" I said, "Loftis, you are very sick." She said, "Yes, but I am ready; it is all right." When I started she said, "Give the girls my love and tell them I am going home today or

tomorrow." I thought her mind might be wandering and I said, "Are you coming back to Hope Cottage?" She shook her head, looked and pointed upward, and said, "Up yonder." And she went early on the morrow. I thought if Jesus could receive poor Loftis after the life that she had lived and take her to Heaven, our faith ought never to stagger at anything. Surely "the Blood" was her only plea.

CHAPTER VII.

The First Baby in Hope Cottage.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.—
1 PET. 5: 7.

One wet, gloomy day in August, there came a very helpless little party of three to Hope Cottage. They were Germans; the first one to attract my attention was the mother, very old and feeble, her form stooped with the burdens of many years. There was an air of refinement about her as though she had seen better days. (We afterward learned that she was well educated in her own language though she could not speak a word of English.) The clinging grasp of the hand, the tremor of the voice, the tear stained cheek, and the appeal for help in the very expression of her countenance all told the story of great need. By her side stood a pale, thin, delicate girl, with pinched features holding a wee baby in her arms.

The story was a very pathetic one; the mother at one time had a very comfortable little home in her native land, but sickness, death, and reverses of fortune had swept it away and had landed them in this country almost penniless. The mother, though old could do nice bits of sewing, such as darning fine lace, mending delicate fabrics and darning the house linen, and some plain sewing, and often got that kind



FIRST FOUR MISSIONARIES.

of work to do among the wealthy class. But as time wore on her eyes became more dim and her hand less steady, and the income began gradually to fall off. The daughter had been taught manicuring in the hope that she might be able to earn a livelihood, but she was not able to have an office and no one would go to their dark, stuffy little room in the tenement house. She was not sufficiently well dressed to obtain an entrance into the houses of those who patronized manicurers. Poor Eva presented a very nice personal appearance when properly dressed; was of pleasant address and could sing very nicely and play the guitar; but she was one of those unfortunate ones, who never seem able to get along in the world. Poor helpless Eva's very helplessness appealed to us and we learned to love her very dearly.

She had never been free long enough from the care and burden of wondering where the next meal was coming from, and how the rent was to be paid, and how they were to keep the wolf from the door, to have any real pleasure in life.

In this continuous strain to make both ends meet, the crisis came when the mother was taken sick; the last family relic which had escaped every former "hard time," was sacrificed now, and before the crisis was over, poor Eva had sold her virtue. Is it any wonder?

Agur prayed that he might not be so rich that he would have the temptations of the rich, nor so poor that he would have those of the poor.

We drop the curtain over the period that intervened, save that 'twas said that she had not had sufficient nourishment during this time, hence her weak and emaciated condition. The mother's request as it was translated to us—for Eva spoke English fairly well—was, that she might obtain food and shelter for the daughter and little one. When she learned that her request was granted, it seemed that there were not avenues of expression enough open to her to enable her to manifest her gratitude. She rose to her feet and bowed very low many times, covering our hands with kisses and wetting them with her tears. Eva had found a place of rest, where she need not go hungry to bed any more. Now she must be taught to come to Jesus that she might find rest from the burden of sin and eat of the Bread of Life of which Jesus said, "If we eat we shall hunger no more." Hallelujah!

Her temporal distress had been so great that it was difficult to arouse any deep interest in eternal things; but when she heard that Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," I fear she was almost tempted to follow Jesus for the loaves and fishes at the first. In time she realized her lost condition, and sought and found Him in the forgiveness of her sins and seemed to be really happy in the new-found Friend, who could supply every need for spirit, soul, and body; she had real faith and trusted Jesus and almost every morning in our family prayer service, she would ask

Jesus to take care of "mudder" and baby. We were enabled through some money in the poor fund to see that her mother did not suffer while Eva was with us.

With peace and rest of soul, nourishing food for the body and comparative freedom from care, Eva improved rapidly, and when the time came that she thought she ought to go back and help her mother, she went courageously to battle with the world again, saying, "People will be more good to me now, they be sorry for the little baby." Our hearts ached, as we thought, "Poor Eva, you do not know the world yet, they will be all the harder on you on account of the baby."

We trusted the Lord for her, but did not know how He would help her. Bless His near Name, He knew just how. There was a German farmer who needed a wife, and like Isaac of old, he wanted one from among his own people, so the Lord had a Rebecca at the well. When Eva told us of her new hopes her countenance lighted up and we suspected that a vision of plenty, stronger perhaps than that of a happy fireside had flitted through her brain. Imagine Eva milking her own cows and Jenny Lind drinking warm milk with the foam still fresh on the top of the cup. (He owned a neat little farm of 40 acres.) Think of her going to the garden and gathering vegetables in abundance, or coming from the orchard with a basket full of apples and gathering fresh eggs for breakfast.

One day in happy anticipation of the future, she was counting her prospective blessings and said, "I

will have a husband for myself, a home for my mudder and a fadder for my baby." We told her she must not be selfish even in her happy anticipations, but must also think about what she could do to make a happy home.

To make a long story short, Eva got married and it was not very long till money was sent for her mother to come, and Eva's hopes were realized; she had a husband for herself, a home for her mother and a father for her baby. That was the way Jesus provided for Eva. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

Out on the mountains wild,
Lost ones are straying,
Far from the fold of the Shepherd so kind;
Dangers surround them now,
Storms fierce are coming,
Forth to the rescue, the lost ones find.

Far in the land of sin—
Far they are going—
Down to the gulf of the bad and the lost;
Gathers the darkness now,
Death sure is coming
Forth to the rescue and count not the cost.

Hear you the mothers call—
Dear ones are missing,
Think of the woes that their hearts ever bear;
Demons deride us now,
Souls, they are groping,
Quick to the rescue, all dangers to dare.

Oh, if they roaming far,
Come back no never,
How can you meet with your Lord in that day?
Chances to save them now,
Love vast is giving
Forth to the rescue no longer delay.

Know you, Oh, brother, dear,
Each soul so precious
Jewels shall shine in your crown of delight,
Angels entreat you now,
Time fast is passing,
Forth to the rescue for lo! comes the night.

Selected.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Cords Were Cut.

"He hath sent me . . . to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—ISA. 61 : 1.

Sarah is the daughter of German parents, who had a dairy farm, and she drove the milk wagon into the city every day, getting up at three o'clock in the morning to get everything ready. She married at twenty-two and after a few years separated from her husband; then she commenced to drink and from that went into sin. She was several years in a sporting house, thus her body was wrecked and she became an invalid.

She came to the Home about two years ago and gave her heart to God; but is such a sufferer (cannot get faith for healing) she longs to go home to Heaven. She is very industrious and cannot keep still when able to be up at all. She has been our head cook when she was able to be in the kitchen and is always kind to the sick, and looks after the little babies, and knows just what to do for them. She is never more happy than when she can get time to go up to her room a little while and have a word of prayer. She is very patient in her suffering. She never claimed sanctification until a few months ago, when we were all surprised to see Sarah go up to the altar one evening and pray very

demonstratively. She had always been so nice and quiet, and with her everything must be just so.

She reminded me of my first bed of verbenas. I drove down stakes and tied them all up straight and nice, "just so," but they did not seem to do much good; I got discouraged about them, and was showing them to a friend and asking her advice about them, and she just laughed when she saw the bed, and said, "Just cut your cords and pull up your stakes and let them go free. what they want is to get down in the dirt, then they will take root at the joints and spread over your bed and bloom until frost," and they did.

What Sarah needed was to get the cords cut and the stakes pulled up out of the way so she would be free. Well, she did not pray that way very long until something happened, and when she came to, she found herself lying flat on the floor where she had been shouting all the time unconsciously. She said that her first thought when she became conscious was that Sister Storey had knocked her over, but she felt the glory in her soul and continued her shouting. I think she shouted nearly all night. Praise the Lord! "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

NO MISTAKE.

On the evening of the 27th of April we went into the chapel to meet a woman who had just arrived from Michigan, and when our eyes rested on the physical

wreck before us, the first thought that flashed through our mind was, "The missionaries have made a mistake in sending her."

She was about thirty-eight years of age, and for fifteen or twenty years had been a drunkard and morphine and cigarette fiend. Of course, her health was gone; she was emaciated and a nervous wreck, and in total spiritual darkness, but she had a little will power left and she just put that over on the Lord's side and said she would forsake all sin and give up all those bad habits and trust the Blood of Jesus to save her. She said she would trust Him to take her through, either by taking away the appetite for those things and healing her body or else by fitting her for Heaven and taking her home.

No doubt you have already anticipated what came to pass. She was gloriously saved, and the appetite for those things taken away. She had tried to quit using them once before but the ordeal of suffering was such that she gave up the struggle. This time she had Jesus to help her, and she astonished herself by getting along so nicely; no illness, only prostration, and then there followed a period of convalescence, during which time we feared the old appetite might return, but we did not fully appreciate the skill of our Great Physician.

Orpha was in the Bible School at the time. (The Lord bless her; she always had faith for hard cases), and she would manage to come over every day and

spend some time encouraging May by talking and praying with her; she would take her out to the little park near by in the afternoon and read to her. May finally reached a place of trust where she could stand alone with Jesus. Bless His dear Name! Her health returned and she began to help with the work in the Home, and we found that she could make herself useful in so many ways that we coveted her for the Lord's work. The way opened up for her to work her way through the Bible School and she gladly took advantage of the opportunity. She has since told us that sometimes when we would be getting places for the girls to work she would go off and pray and ask the Lord to keep us from sending her out yet. It all seems so smooth to read about; but there were many penitent tears, confessions, restorations, and very hard battles were fought and victories won, and we have long since decided that the missionaries made no mistake in sending May to Hope Cottage.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

Those who have had good parents, home, and friends know nothing of the thick darkness that enveloped Lizzie's life. It was doubly dark, for she was both temporally and spiritually lone and desolate. Had she gone on unchecked to the Judgment, it could never have been said to her, "Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things," for the temporal gloom of her life was only second to her state of soul-

night, and she was verily destitute of all comfort. "But now she is comforted," "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," hath shined in her heart, "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Her own way of expressing it is, that she has passed out of hell into Heaven. Praise the Lord!

Her conversation and life in the home led the girls to say often, "Mother, she reminds me of our Lizzie who has gone to Heaven"—she of whom you read in a later chapter. Her early life also reminds us of the other Lizzie, for she, too, was born in Ireland and was left an orphan so early that she can scarcely remember her parents. She was put out among strangers who did not care for her; they did not send her to school at all, so she cannot read or write. Though a woman now, she has the timid, shrinking manner of one who has had occasion to be afraid of people, and after hearing her life history we are not surprised at this.

When she was sixteen she was sent to live with an uncle in this country. Her aunt was not kind, so at the end of a year she ran away and with another girl came to Cincinnati. She got work and soon married, but it was a union prolific of sorrow and suffering. Twice during the sad years that followed she attempted suicide. Her husband was a drunkard, and the first time he came home under the influence of liquor she did not understand; when she found she could not

arouse him, she thought he was dying and called in the neighbors. They told her he was drunk. Poor child! She little dreamed of the woe and anguish that were coming into her life through that cruel curse. It was poverty, rags, cold, hunger, curses, kicks, and blows for seven long years until death came to the drunkard's home as an angel of light to her and took him away. Alas! in the meantime she, too, had learned to drink. It came about in this way: One evening, after having had nothing to eat for three days, in desperation she took her two little children and followed him to the saloon. Hoping to shame him, she said that if he drank she would; but the threat did not move him, so she said to the man at the bar, "Give me the same." She did not know what to call for; but the devil is ever ready to serve out his goods at a hint, and when she set the glass down and went home with her two little children she was dead drunk.

From this experience she learned that drink deadens the sensibilities and temporarily effaces sorrow and hunger. She became a drunkard, and in consequence the children were put in a convent. She was born a Catholic, but you could not say she was brought up in that faith, or any other, for she had no training and knew no more about God than does a heathen. She is thirty-four years old and was never in a church in her life until she stumbled into the Bible School Mission on George street one evening as she was on her way to the Ohio River to end her life. As she passed down

George street, hastening to her doom, she heard singing and thought it sounded sweet floating out on the evening air, but she was under the influence of drink and passed on. However, a stronger influence than the drink demon followed her. The precious Holy Ghost laid hold of her and almost unconsciously she retraced her steps. She stood before the glass front for awhile, looking in upon the bright, happy faces that contrasted so with her own anguish. Seeing some vacant chairs near the door, she slipped in, intending to see what it all meant. She heard one after another testify to the saving power of Jesus. She listened wonderingly as some told of deliverance from a drunkard's hell or a harlot's den. She thought, "Is it possible that any of these bright, happy people were ever like me?" Presently some of the workers found her sitting there so forlorn and lonely as if she had no part nor lot in this matter. They invited her up to the front and gave her a good seat; she sobered up and went to the altar. There they told her she could have the same salvation they had, and as she saw how happy it made them, she was glad to do just as they told her. She had confidence that since they had gotten through to God they knew how to guide her aright. Thank God, that night a ray of light burst in upon her benighted soul!

When the service closed they asked her if she had anywhere to go, and she told them she had not and that she was on her way to the river to end her life

when she found her way into the Rescue Mission. She was brought to the Home and there was real gratitude in her heart for its shelter as she shuddered in recollection of the muddy Ohio, which had come so near being literally death's dark stream and her Rubicon of eternal woe.

Her faith is so simple and childlike that it touches our hearts, and her only lament is, "Why didn't I know it sooner?" When there is an opportunity she never fails to testify to what God has done for her soul. She gets up at night and kneels by her cot to pray; in fact, she says she prays every time she awakes. She talks little and we did not know what was in her mind; but evidently she was haunted by fears of the time when she must again go out into the cold world that had been so cruel to her. On her first Sabbath in the Home she saw how the girls who have gone out to service come back to go to church with us. She saw the hearty welcome they receive, and that they are cheerful and happy, for it is just like coming home. She was encouraged by this and cried for very joy and said, "Mother, when I go out to work, may I come back and go to church with you, too?" We thanked God for Hope Cottage, which He is making so "homey" for these homeless ones, as we answered, "Yes, but we want you to stay in the Home for awhile first and learn more about God." She said she feared she must soon go, as the Home seemed so full. She saw the girls making beds down on the floor. We assured her there

would be a way provided, and as we wondered "how," we remembered there's always "room at the top"—in the attic. Those who will really go through with God are too scarce to be turned away when they do come. How we bless His Name that He ever sent us to these broken-hearted girls "to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God."



DELLA.

CHAPTER IX.

Cannot Be Spared.

"Kept by the power of God through faith."—1 PET. 1:5.

There came to Hope Cottage about two years ago a tall, handsome girl of twenty-two. She came from a distant state. Like the wise men who had heard of Jesus and had seen His star in the East, she had heard the story of the Gospel and was hungering to know more about the Master.

She could remember something of the pure innocent life of childhood, and had longed that those days might be lived over again, or that she might live anew with different surroundings, but she thought it scarcely possible for her hopes to be realized. It seemed just like a tantalizing dream, too good to be true.

She had no Christian father or mother to watch over her and guide her steps in the path of virtue and choose the proper environments and atmosphere in which her young life might bloom into womanhood, sheltered from the chill frosts and beating storms of this cold world. Instead she was thrust out by those who had the care of her and her sister into the very atmosphere of the pit. These little girls were put into a life of sin when Della was only fourteen, she having no more to do with it than your little daughter had

when you placed her in a boarding school at that age. They grew up in that gilded house of sin, but Lula being more frail and delicate faded away like a flower. About this time they were found by a little band of Christian workers who tried to tell them of the better life, but there was no home to which they could invite them. One was sick and the other didn't know how to work and they didn't know how to make a start for the better.

About that time a holiness mission opened up and the little band of workers seeing that Lula was failing fast went to the mission and told the story to the sister in charge. She visited her and pointed her to Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; she kept going and praying until Lula was gloriously saved and rejoiced daily in her new found Savior's love, until Jesus took her home to Heaven washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

Della promised her that she would give up the life of sin and would give her heart to Him who had so gloriously saved her sister. This she did by the open grave and while there was weeping at the funeral there was rejoicing in Heaven among the angels over the new born soul. Hallelujah! Of course she didn't want to go back to the house of sin, so the saints of the little mission sent her to Hope Cottage.

She walked in the light and consecrated herself to the Lord and was sanctified and has been blessedly

kept by the power of God. In hard places she has stood as true as steel, never wavering or faltering. After staying in the Home a few months she went out to do house work, and on Thursday and Sunday afternoons we might confidently look for Della to come in and we were just as glad to see her as she was to come. It does our hearts good to have the girls come home and have a good time together when they have been standing true in hard places, often without a word of encouragement from those around them.

Afterward Della left us for a distant state, where she lived for awhile in a worldly family (church people at that). Often when Della had hurried through her morning work that she might get off to church she would receive orders for a fashionable company dinner of several courses. By the time it was served and everything washed up and put away, the day would be gone and she as tired as at the close of any week day because her work had been just as hard. O, I tell you there are people who are calling themselves Christians who will have to give an account of the way they treat their domestic help, breaking the fifth commandment. Read Exodus 20:8-11. May the Lord help us to sound a note of warning.

She said sometimes she was tempted to give up but the Lord had put something in her soul that the inconsistent lives of professing Christians could not cheat her out of. She said when she had a very try-

ing time the Lord would give her some precious promise or verse of encouragement in the words of some gospel hymn. When she came home she brought fifteen dollars of her hard earned money for the Home. I do not think I could have taken it for myself unless my needs had been very great, but it was for the Lord, and I remembered that He has said it is more blessed to give than to receive. We remembered the time David longed and said, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that it at the gate! And the three brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: but David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord, and said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it." We felt that Della's spiritual life had been in jeopardy while earning this money, and we praised the Lord that He had preserved her and we just poured out the money at His feet.

Della has been a great blessing and help to us in Hope Cottage this spring. When she saw how busy the workers in the Home are she just went to work to be a burden bearer. She took charge of the sewing room, and did any errands she could do for us. While there have been many calls for help offering good

wages, it seemed that we could not spare Della, and she would say, "Now, Mother, if you do not want me to go, it is all right." And I haven't seen any chance to spare her yet. The Lord bless her, and richly reward her for her self-sacrifice.

"Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy Blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
'Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow.'"

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

The Shepherd looked out from the heavenly fold
To the mountains far away,
And He said, "I must leave the ninety and nine,
The lambs of the flock that are always mine,
And go seek the one that's astray ;
For the wolf is fierce, and the nights are cold,
And my lamb cannot find its way back to the fold."

Then the sandals of peace on His feet He bound,
And He took the staff of prayer,
And His smile was full of pardon and grace,
And the light of Heaven was in His face,
And a crown was set in His hair ;
But ah, little child, 'twas a crown of thorns,
And His hands and His feet were all bleeding and torn.

Yet He toiled all day over rock and stone
To seek for the erring one,
Till He came to the garden of Bitter Pain,
Where the blood-sweat dropped from His brow like rain
As the night of wrath came on.
For He knew that the river of death would be
Close, close by the side of Gethsemane.

But, the Shepherd of love went on His way,
And passed through the flood so cold,
Though the stream ran deep and the waves rolled high ;
For beyond He could hear the lost lamb's cry,
And He brought it back to the fold !
And thou, little one, are the lamb He did love ;
*Twas for thee the good Shepherd came from above.

—Selected.

CHAPTER X.

Young Girls That I Should Love to Keep and "Mother."

"The good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."—JOHN 11:11.

We were writing to a friend about a young girl that we should like to get a good Christian home for, where she could fill a daughter's place in the family.

We went on to tell her something about the child's life; there was a separation between the father and mother when Irene was just large enough to talk plainly, and the father kidnapped the baby; the mother finally got possession of her and put her in a convent, and she remained there until she was fifteen years old, when she made her escape by climbing up on the top of the outside wall, but could not get down; some laboring men passing by heard her cries for help and rescued her by means of a ladder and concealed her for several hours until they supposed the policeman had given up the search; they took her then to a man whom they thought could help her, and he got her a home. Two years later the mother asked God's Bible School students to pray that she might find her daughter, and one day Irene walked into "Hope Cottage."

I closed my letter by saying that if I had a home

I should just like to take her and educate her and give the Lord a chance to make something out of her. Then I thought of others I should like to take and train for the Lord; there is Mamie, only fifteen, who is an orphan. She used to live in the country home of some relatives in Missouri. She has a brother who is a soldier, and he wrote them that he, being now married, could offer Mamie a home, and that he should like to take care of her. They thought that very nice, and that probably he could do more for Mamie than they could; so they got her ready and sent her away. She was just a child and unacquainted with the ways of the world, and when she arrived she did not find a quiet home, but a home full of soldiers. The brother's wife was a bad woman who just wanted Mamie to train her in vice. She was doing this, but Mamie was rescued and sent to Hope Cottage. She is saved now and bright and happy as a child should be.

Then there is Grace, who is still in short dresses, and is not yet fifteen, who needs a mother's care all the time.

Our hearts are burdneed as we think of these children going out into the world with no one to look after them. They really need a mother's care now as much as when they were little tots.

Then there is Maude, who is an orphan, and has never known what it is to have a happy home and a mother's love. We should just delight to make a



SISTER PAYNE.

SISTER WEST,

MOTHER DUFF

happy home for Maude. Sixteen-year old Edna has such a knowledge of the Word of God already that the girls say she is going to be a missionary.

Incorrigible May who is only about sixteen has become as meek as a lamb under the transforming power of Jesus. As an illustration of her frankness: One evening during the city campaign she was carrying a banner with this inscription, "Salvation will save you from lying." Some one who knew what May's besetting sin had been called her attention to her banner-message and she replied, "Oh, that is all right; it is what salvation did for me."

Then there is Margaret, who is also an orphan, and often when found crying, and asked what the trouble is will say, "I was thinking about my mother." She was missed from the table a few mornings ago, and one of the sisters went to see if she was sick, and found her on her knees beside the bed, sobbing like a little child, and it was the same touching plea, "Thinking about my mother!"

Another is seventeen-year-old Gertrude, with her little baby, when she needs a mother's care herself. Gertrude had been under conviction some time, but had never gotten through to perfect victory, and one cold morning during zero weather she sobbed all the while we were reading the morning lesson, and finally said, "Mother, I can stand it no longer; I must go to the attic." She had heard many of the girls speak of getting the victory in the attic (prayer room).

I said, "Gertrude, let us kneel right down here, and we will pray with you." "No," she said, "I must go to the attic." I said again, "Why not go upstairs to your room; all the girls are here in the chapel now." "No," she said, "I must go to the attic." I feared she would take cold, but she did not have to stay in the attic very long until the victory came, and she was shouting the praises of God with a countenance radiant with happiness.

She went out to work a few days ago, and in talking about her plans, she said, "Now, Mother, if I can not get along with the baby and the work, I am coming back." I said, "Of course, you may, my child," and she went away hopeful to battle with the world, her little baby in her arms.

Dear Belle is one who started to go all the way with Jesus without first counting the cost, and when she heard the admonition given to His disciples of old, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple," she was almost tempted to turn back, but remembering, too, that He had said, "No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," she determined to press on. She soon met another obstacle in her path, in the way of confession and restitution. At this point many turn back, but Belle overcame, and reached

"The fountain filled with blood.

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

Where sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Lola was a little girl with a joyless childhood. Her mother always whipped and abused her. When she was twelve years old she allowed her to marry a man of thirty-eight, who was a veritable scoundrel. He deserted her, and then she tried to live with her married sister, but amid curses and cruelty her life became such a burden that, when only fourteen, she decided to bury her woes in the Ohio River. On the way she left a little note of farewell for a girl friend. Someone picked up the note and read it and immediately set the officers on her track. She was arrested on the river's brink and brought to jail. One of our missionaries found her there and brought her to Hope Cottage. She soon gave her heart to God, and her life was an inspiration in the Home.

She went out into a private family to do house work, but yielded to temptation and went down again. She was then sent to the House of Refuge. She lived such a quiet, exemplary life there that the superintendent encouraged her to try to do some missionary work among the other girls, but she said, "I am not right in my soul, and cannot help anyone else." She was under conviction and became so despondent that they were uneasy about her. On a Saturday one of our missionaries went out to see her, and Lola asked the superintendent to let her come home with her and spend Sun-

day at Hope Cottage. She did so and made the opportunity count, for she repented and came back to God. She went back to the Refuge a different girl and really ready to do missionary work among her companions.

And last is little timid, shrinking Geneva, in short dresses, whom the devil had in his clutches, but who was rescued out of the snare of the fowler, praise the Lord! For a long time her mother feared to have her return to her lest she be led off by former associates, but after continued testing she at last said, "It is enough, come home."

I started out by saying if I had a home I should like to gather these young girls in and mother them, but by the time I gathered in these and others whom I should want, it would be a Rescue Home after all. Thank God for His Hope Cottage.

CHAPTER XL

Incidents by the Way.

"Farther on, yes, ever farther;
Count the mile-stones, one by one;
Jesus will forsake us, never;
It is better farther on."

Many are the milestones that mark our journey from earth to Heaven. As we note the changes in Hope Cottage, we are reminded that we are traveling on the lightning express.

We have learned to expect nothing else but that our family will be continually broken up. One of the hard trials in connection with this work is that of separation. We realize that the girls must go sooner or later, and know not what awaits them, save that a cold, pitiless world will never forgive. We so long to keep them and shield them from every heartache; but we are so glad that we have a loving Father, and that we can commend them to His care, who notes even the sparrow's fall.

One morning we were called downstairs to see someone in the parlor. There sat an old, white-haired man. With great self-possession he told us his errand. His daughter was out in sin. Would we try to find her? He gave us a letter to give to her "from her father," and asked if we would be gentle with her. When we

told him that we should treat her as our own sister, he could bear up no longer, but his strong frame shook and the tears came in spite of himself.

One dear girl came to us, and said she wanted to get a home for her baby where it could be boarded while she went out to work. Her story was a sad one. She was a beautiful girl, but got into trouble. The author of her trouble married her and took her to his father's home. To prevent suspicion, he persuaded her to go to the Home of the Friendless, telling his people she had gone to her home on a visit.

She was to give the baby away and come home. But when the baby came, the mother-love predominated over the dread of disgrace, so the husband deserted her and she came to us heart-broken. She was a Catholic, but got blessedly saved. The Lord opened the hearts of her husband's people to receive her, and while she came seeking a home for the baby, she received the Spirit of God in her heart and a home for herself, too, going away happy in the love of God.

We teach the girls that if they will "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," all temporal necessities will be added unto them, and some of them are learning to claim this promise.

One of the girls sent some copies of the Revivalist home. They circulated them, and one fell into the hands of a man whose daughter was an "outcast," and who was not so much as allowed to come home for her

clothes. The Lord used something in the paper to touch his heart, and he said, "Mother, I want you to gather up Maggie's clothes. I'm going to try to find her, and invite her back home."

The neighbors could not understand how the reading of an article in a paper could bring about such a change. They did not know that God had sent home an arrow of conviction to that heart, and it had done its work. Glory to His precious name!

A MIDNIGHT EXPERIENCE IN HOPE COTTAGE.

At about 10:30 on the evening of the 22d of February, the door bell rang, just as we had gotten snugly tucked away for the night. On opening the door we found the saddest looking spectacle we had ever behold in human form. I think that Nebuchadnezzar while eating grass with the oxen, and wet with the dews of heaven, with hair like eagle's feathers and nails like bird's claws, could not have presented a more disreputable appearance than did this poor, drunken woman at the door.

The streets were a slush from the recent thaw; she had fallen in mud holes until she was as wet as if she had been dippen into the Ohio River. Her clothes were half off, her skirts dragging in the mud, her hair dishevelled, her hands and face as black as the Cincinnati soot, and she was begging for something to eat. At first I was so shocked at the sight that I did not know how to get her a chair that she might rest,

as she left her mark on everything she touched. I saw that I could not manage the case alone, and I would not arouse the missionary, who was so tired; so I called to my assistance Irish Mary, who had recently been saved from drunkenness herself. We brought her something to eat to stop her cries for bread. She ate ravenously. I do not know how long she had been without food. While she was eating we began to plan some way to get her to bed. The rooms were crowded and all the available space in the halls taken for cots, and two mattresses were laid down on the chapel floor; but we thought of a straw tick that someone had left with us after Camp-meeting. It had been stored away in the attic, so we made the bed up there on the floor of a little hall-way leading to some dark closets. Then we brought her up, or rather Mary did, and I followed, wondering what Mary would do next. She took her begrimed clothing and when she had gotten the last piece walked to the window and threw it on the roof saying, "When I make a fire in the furnace tomorrow I will put them in." Dry clothes were put on her and she was put to bed. Next morning Mary brought her down to the bath-room, and after a warm bath, saturated her hair with a solution to kill the vermin; sat down under the sky-light and combed it out, and came down to me about noon with a shining face saying, "Mother, I shall bring her down to dinner. You ought to see her; she looks like a lady."

I thought that is the way we come to Jesus, in our

filthy garments of sin, and if we trust and obey Him, He takes them away, washes us in His own Blood, clothes us with the garments of salvation and the robe of righteousness, the wedding garment that we may go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

Since this episode Mary has been devoting her time to her new charge, telling her how the Lord saved her from drink, and praying with her. On last evening, just before our Thursday night prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, I saw her take the shoes off her own feet and give them to Emma to wear to the service.

Throughout the whole experience there was no fault-finding on Mary's part. She did not say once, "It serves you right, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," but was very compassionate. In her prayer in the chapel she said, "Jesus, you know what you saved me from, and last night while I was working with poor drunken Emma, I saw nobody but Mary Sinex; it was just like I used to be, and you saved me, when there was nobody so low as I was; and I thought if we could get Emma clean and sobered up you could save her, too."

CHRISTMAS AT HOPE COTTAGE.

As the angels celebrated the birth of our blessed Savior with praises to God and a joyful greeting to men, how much more should our hearts rejoice with holy hilarity and our voices ring with joyful greetings. So Christmas in Hope Cottage was a joyful time. Jesus

had so recently come into the hearts and lives of so many of the girls that it meant so much more to them than it ever had before.

As the wise men brought their gifts and laid them down at the feet of Jesus, we wanted to give some little love offering to the girls in His Name, remembering His words, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Now, I shall tell you how the Lord supplied the money for our Christmas cheer, but in order to make you acquainted with the donor I must give a brief retrospect. About two and a half years ago the missionaries from Hope Cottage, found behind the prison bars, seemingly one of the most hopeless cases that has ever come to us. She was about thirty-five, but ten years of sin had done their work on spirit, soul and body, and the demon of drink seemed to have complete possession. She afterward told us that there had been times when she did not draw a sober breath for months. The missionary talked to her about the Savior of sinners, prayed and appealed to the police judge to let her come to us instead of sending her to the workhouse as he had been obliged to do over and over again. She came, and soon saw there was hope for even her. When she fully realized this, it took no pleading and persuading on our part to induce her to give up her sins and yield her heart to God. She jumped at the chance as a drowning man catches at a straw, she laid hold of the cable of God's



CLARA BELLE.

truth and was gloriously saved. But it seemed that her poor wrecked body would always prove a hindrance to her earning an honest living. She got little help through medical aid; for years it had been hospital and work-house, and *vice versa*, until she was as tired of one as of the other. However, as she walked in the light and obeyed the Lord, He had compassion on her and gave her back her strength by degrees. She stayed in the Home for several months and then went out to work. On account of her affliction she had to take a very humble place, but she was so faithful that she gave perfect satisfaction wherever she went. Sometimes she would break down and have to come back to the Home for a little while, but always kept the victory in her soul. She surrendered all, was sanctified and has stood true as steel for two and a half years. She is a member of the Apostolic Holiness Church of Mount of Blessings, and is living in the home of one of our leading evangelists; we are blessed by the letters she writes us. In her first one she said, "It is a nice country home, so quiet, with plenty of time and room to get alone with God, and I can use the horse and buggy to go to church and Sunday-school." She appreciated room to pray because in Hope Cottage there is only one little prayer room, but while with us she spent many hours there on her knees. She often sends us money for the Home. Just before the holidays a letter from Clara Bell brought us \$5.00 and the message, "Get the girls some-

thing for Christmas, I should like it to be Bibles." So we got each a nicely bound "Testament and Psalms." Another of our girls gave us a contribution for the same cause, and one in whom the Lord has put a great big heart said, "Here is \$1.00, I do not know what you can get with it that will go all around." We have learned to make \$1.00 go a good ways, and the Lord has given us favor with a wholesale house here, but we were almost surprised ourselves when we had gotten a nice present for each and had a little left for dainties.

We wanted to have time for a little family praise service without missing any of the meetings of the Convention, so we told the girls we would have no supper on Saturday evening and would take that time to celebrate the birth of our Savior, and that when they heard the piano they were to assemble in the chapel. In their minds celebrations had always been associated with feasting instead of fasting, but when they came and found the array of paper bags filled with "goodies" they realized it was to be a feast after all. Then we had a spiritual feast of prayer and praise and could sing from the heart,

"We're feasting on manna from heaven,
We're eating the good of the land;
We're drinking the wine of the kingdom,
The best that our Lord can command."

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

He touched her hand, as He only can,
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son of man.
And the fever in the throbbing temples
Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,
And the lips that had been so parched and burning
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.
And the eyes where the fever light had faded
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,
And she rose and ministered in her household,
She rose and ministered unto Him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine!
So beautiful to arise and serve Him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine,
It may be the fever of restless serving,
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in the future days.
Or it may be fever of spirit anguish,
Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down,
Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted,
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown,
Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;

Whatever the tempest, His voice can still.

There is only joy as we seek His pleasure,

There is only rest as we choose His will.

And some day, after life's fitful fever,

I think we shall say, in the home on high,

"If the hands that He touched but did His bidding,

How little it matters what else went by?"

Ah, Lord! Thou knowest us altogether,

Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;

Touch Thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,

And so shall we minister unto Thee!—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XII.

The Blood Cure.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

"They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick."—LUKE 5: 31.

Ella had a nice home and excellent prospects; she also had a good musical education and was gifted. When she played the piano the music was so soft and sweet that we soon learned to recognize Ella's touch.

She contracted the morphine habit and became a wanderer. She took the drug in such quantities that it sometimes threw her into a kind of delirium and she would occasionally be found wandering on the streets at two or three o'clock in the morning; the policemen would pick her up and send her to the City Hospital or House of Detention. We found her in the latter place. Her parents who are Catholics had given her up; they did not know where she was. She came to the Home and gave her heart to God, and we will let her tell the rest of her story in her own words. She wrote the following letter to one of the girls after she left Hope Cottage.

March 7, 1905.

Dear Sister Inez:—

Your letter received. I am so glad to hear from you.



GROUP OF GIRLS—TAKEN IN 1905.

I should have written to you some days ago. I think of you every day, and I also remember how very sweet and kind you were to me while I was at Hope Cottage. Our precious Savior is with me all the time; He is guiding me safely all the way. Sister, I find it pays to be right with God. I fully intend to keep very close to Jesus. I feel like a new person; when I think of the past it seems as though I had been asleep or in a trance, but now I am wide awake, trusting in our Father.

Inez, since I came away from Hope Cottage I realize what a blessed place it is, and how grateful we poor sinful creatures should be to God. Just to think we were so deep in sin and would not listen to His pleading, He loves all of us and wants us to come home. I mean to His home in Heaven when we are called from earth. God has placed dear, good, self sacrificing women in Hope Cottage for the spiritual welfare of so many poor souls. It seems to me we do not appreciate these blessed women and what they do and have done for us.

I am afraid I grieved Mother in asking her to let me come home, because she wanted me to stay there. I am sorry because I am afraid I burdened her because Mother knew I was not well, and I think she thought I might resort to the old habits; but no, thanks be to Him who cured me! I cannot help thinking how good the Lord is and how little we think of Him. We cannot praise and thank Him too much. I cannot express my

real gratitude on paper for the way the Lord cured me of using such a drug. I am cured now forever. Whenever I think of it, I just quiver, I hate it.

Sister, dear, I will tell you how the tempter tried to get in his work: I have been suffering with a severe headache, I do not mean just a little pain, but a very severe headache, I tried my best to bear the pain so my folks would not be annoyed. My brother Willie saw I was suffering; he did not say where he was going, in fact, I am used to his going out after supper, and I did not pay much attention to him. He soon returned and brought with him a package of headache powders and said, "Here Ella, I went over and got some powders," I looked at him for a second, he then noticed that I did not want them; he said, "Well, don't you want them?" I said, "No, Willie, don't you know they contain morphine? Take them back and get the ten cents you paid for them, and give it to me and I will go to Hope Cottage and buy some tracts." He did not seem to understand me, I explained all to him; I could see at once his heart was touched, I said to him, "Jesus has cured me of using the degrading drug, and I never even want to look at anything which contains morphine."

You see, Inez, how the tempter used my dear brother in order to make me sin and grieve our Savior. My brother burned them in the grate and then went down in his pocket and gave me twenty-five cents to buy tracts with, so now when I come over, I shall buy some tracts and send them to some of my friends who think

all they have to do in order to be right with God is to live a moral life. They often say, "Oh, well, I do what is right, I don't harm any one." They have much to learn, I will send them tracts and give them a shaking up. I was once in the very same way, but now I know the true way, which is blessed, happy, and peaceful. Inez, I just could use a whole writing tablet writing to you, and praising our Father.

I was so sorry I could not be over to have my picture taken with all of you. I have never left the house but once and that was to telephone to Sister West in regard to the picture. If I did not have the Lord, I would be out every day and commit sin because I would try to see how attractively I could array myself, and you know it is a sin to be vain, but now I am satisfied to remain at home. Mamma has been quite sick; she is better now, and I have been making her go out every day; she goes too, and when I have finished our work I have a little prayer meeting all by myself.

Inez, tell Belle our prayers were answered; my folks are so good to me; they never mention the past. I did not see my brothers the night I came home and I tell you I was afraid of them the next morning at breakfast, so I stayed in bed until I heard them leave for work. I prayed the Lord would soften their hearts before night and He did. They know I mean to do what is right. Mamma is so kind to me; I really don't deserve it.

I am so glad to know Belle, Mamie, and Maude are

sanctified. Poor Mamie, I felt burdened for her as she is so young and has had so many temptations, that is, I mean before Sister Osborne got her. I trust she has given herself to God, and that she will obey Mother and Sister Payne. I want to come to prayer meeting so much. I am coming as far as I know now. I also hope that from now on, I will be able to be with all of you every Sunday in the Tabernacle. I am sorry to hear of your heart trouble; it is not at all pleasant.

Every morning I look at the clock every now and then, and I think, "They are all at prayers now," and something just seemed to say, "They are praying for you," I am so thankful, I hope they will always pray for me. I am on the victory side. Inez, we should be so thankful for Hope Cottage, and to those whom God has placed there to help save souls. If you were out in the world and then pictured life at Hope Cottage, it would be appreciated more. I want to come and see you all, I love every body in Hope Cottage, I am burdened because I think I have worried Mother. I believe the Lord really wanted me to go to mamma; He seemed to tell me so; mamma was pining; now she is better and were it not for her being so lonesome, I would come right back to Hope Cottage.

Mamma and my stepfather cannot praise the Holiness people enough. Inez, please tell Sister Payne I am so grateful and I love her and Mother; tell her I am on the victory side; give my love and best wishes to everybody in the Home, tell them to keep close to Jesus; it

pays; and now, Inez, persevere to the end. I am so glad we are true friends and it is all through Jesus. Inez, mamma gave my clothes to the Salvation Army. I guess she thought I would never come home, now I have to get new ones. I shall be over and if I do not, I shall have a little service at home. I will say good night, and pray for me. I am,

Your sincere friend,

Ella

OUT OF THE RANKS.

Out of the ranks they have fallen
In the terrible march of life;
Some were unfit for the conflict,
And all unused to the strife;
And others, in dire temptation,
From their places fell away,
Suddenly, sorely wounded, by
The foes that in ambush lay.

Out of the ranks they have fallen—
Ah! little it matters how;
Enough, that weary and wounded,
They lie by the wayside now;
Or wander with stumbling footsteps,
With none to pity or care,
Nor even a former comrade
To ask them "how they fare."

Out of the ranks they have fallen;
And only the Lord can tell
How oft 'tis the innocent suffer
For those who deserve it well.
He judgeth the poor and oppressed,
And the tempted and tried ones, too,
Who, sinned against rather than sinning,
Ask pity today from you.

I plead for them, brothers and sisters!
I plead in His own dear name,
Who for us, "outside the city,"
Once hung on the cross of shame!
Who, His whole lifelong was an outcast,
And hast pity and love today
For the lonely and lost and straying,
And those who are "out of the way."—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XIII.

Wronged.

"Fear not; for I have redeemed thee."—ISA. 43:1.

How little we dream or know of the suffering, breaking hearts all about us! We jostle them on the streets, we meet them in the stores, in the homes, but they are incased behind a smile and light words. But, beloved, meet these souls alone in their rooms at night, see them lie on their faces crying in agony; watch them tossing their hands in despair, in darkness too thick and black for human help, and your own soul will cry out to God for help and aid for them.

Oh, so often we have been made to feel a thrill of suffering and sorrow too deep for expression; yet this came simply in listening. What must it have been to the wronged ones!

In a country home God sent to father and mother three daughters and two sons. They were careless and happy and free. The neighbors loved them, and knew they were trained in "the fear and admonition of the Lord." But one day the shadows fell. The sun had gone down in their lives. With bated breath and breaking hearts they said "good-bye" to the children's best earthly friend, and mother went to join the "welcoming committee."

The eldest sister kept the little home; but there came a day when father and brother thought they could have a better chance in the city. The brother was in partnership with a widower of about thirty, handsome, with a will of iron and a magnetism about him that drew people into his power. They trusted him, and when the boarding-house was opened he was welcomed as one its inmates. Although the girls were among strangers, they soon became acquainted, and had the confidence and respect of all their neighbors. Thinking they were saved, they entered the church, and became identified in all its work.

From the time of this man's coming into thier home, by his little acts of courtesy and kindness he won their friendship. As the days passed on, one of the sisters awakened to the fact that he had won her heart. He made love to her, and she, of course, believed it to be true, and expected to marry him. She loved him with all her clinging nature. She trusted him implicitly. Then came a time of awful temptation. She was under his influence, her love pleaded for him, and she yielded. From that hour her purity and womanhood were trailing in the dust. When alone she would abhor herself, and cry out for release; but she seemed like a little bird that had been charmed by a snake, and even though it is horror-stricken, yet is unable to break the spell, and slips into destruction.

No one knew of her wrong; but suddenly a great pall fell on the home. The shadows were as black as mid-

night. There was no ray of comfort. The youngest sister, the baby of the home, was in disgrace. She had been betrayed by the man who professed to love and was engaged to her sister.

Then came the story. He had made love to each of them, and won their confidence, and fairly charmed them; but, as he desired, each had kept the secret of her love, so that they knew nothing of the other until the shame and sorrow came. He had wronged them each, and when the day of reckoning came he was gone, and they were left to face the world. O, beloved, the horror, the shame, the disgrace of that hour! No one but the great God can tell the suffering, the pain, the agony of those days. There was no one to love, to lift up, to point them to Jesus. Mother was in Heaven, father was bowed and broken-hearted, the brother was carrying a pistol, seeking the life of the man who had thus wronged them, while friends stood aghast and talked and wondered. It was then Jesus came; yes, He, the precious, merciful Savior, He was touched with their sorrows. He stooped and put about them the great arms of His love, and rested on His breast the aching, weary heads. The balm of His forgiveness came into their souls, while His Blood washed away the stain of sin, and they became His children.

God put us in touch with the eldest, who is now sanctified wholly, and has stood as true as steel for three years. God is using her, too. To Him be all the glory.

**“POLISHED MANNER, SLICK TONGUE, AND HEART
AS BLACK AS HELL.”**

In a small country village in Arkansas lived a thrifty little family, busy with the ordinary duties of life, never dreaming that the devil was plotting to destroy their home and happiness and bring them down in sorrow to their graves, and that their fifteen year old daughter, just blooming into womanhood, was the enemy's target; that his agent, in the form of a well dressed man with a polished manner and slick tongue and a heart as black as hell, was even then, being entertained under their roof.

To screen his business (for he was a procurer for houses of prostitution), he had taken the agency for some legitimate business.

The father kept a small boarding house and he often came and took his meals with them and in that way became acquainted with the daughter and soon began paying her marked attention. Finally he proposed that they slip off to a neighboring village and get married just to play a trick on the family, but she refused, saying that if she were ever married it would be at home, for she could never deceive her parents. So he changed his tactics and began to ingratiate himself into the favor of the parents. As they were simple, plain, unsuspecting country people, he completely won their hearts, and they had a nice little wedding and gave him their pure little girl, as they

thought, to love and cherish. They bade her goodbye with their blessing and many wishes of joy and happiness in her wedded life.

The newly wedded pair left, as she supposed, on their bridal tour for Birmingham, Ala. On their arrival, he took her to what she supposed to be a nice hotel and they were taken to their room and made comfortable. He soon excused himself to go to the depot to have their baggage sent up, and she was left alone to a fate worse than death.

I can imagine her feelings as she sat there for hours in the loneliness of the room, in a strange house, and among strange people; probably at evening she thought of the children playing on the lawn at home, and that it was now about the time she used to bring the cows in from the pasture, and go to the barn to hunt for fresh eggs, and make preparations for the evening meal. No doubt the picture of her father and mother at their accustomed places at the table, and the children hungry from their romp in the fresh air, all came before her as she sat at the window listening for the footsteps that never came.

At last there was a knock on her door, and a woman, in some kind of evening dress came in, but not being accustomed to the ways of the world, she did not know yet but that it was all right. Her visitor found her with eyes all swollen and red with weeping. She asked what was the matter, and the child told her that her husband (?) stayed so long, and she was so lone-

some all by herself. The woman might have broken the awful news by degrees; she might have asked her to come down to the parlor and see the other girls, and walk around in the halls, and get a little exercise; as for a little country girl to be shut up in a room for several hours alone, would be almost more than she could bear under ordinary circumstances; but she sent the dart like an arrow to her heart, saying, "He will never come again; I have just paid him for you, and now you belong to me, and I want you to dress in these clothes and come down to the parlor." She was frightened and wondered what it all meant, but was afraid not to obey, and the truth never dawned on her until she went down to the parlor and got into conversation with the men; and then she sat and cried, not knowing that that was the worst thing she could do; as it marked her as a new girl. In her ignorance, she did not know that there was any way that she could ever get out; and after she did find out, the thought "that she was not fit to ever go home," and that "she could never tell them the story," made her stay there.

To make a long story short, she became hardened in sin, and stayed in that house for three years, and came out a physical wreck. Some missionaries in Birmingham found her and sent her to Hope Cottage; but she was in such a diseased condition we had to send her right on to the hospital, and the examining physician was very cross that we had brought him such a patient; but he did not turn her away. Praise

the Lord! She got blessedly saved and stayed with us some time, until she was well and wanted to go out to work.

TWO HAPLESS ORPHANS.

(The following article was published in a Memphis Journal in 1897).

"At 161 Union Street there are two little orphan twin girls between seven and eight years of age who are homeless but not friendless. There is a pathetic little story connected with their history which is exceedingly touching. Some years ago a worthy Irishman, the very picture of Scanlan, settled among the mountains of Alabama with his bride, a rosy-cheeked dark-eyed French girl. In time two little girls, Mary and Martha Bryant, came to bless this home.

"The father died and the mother, a frail flower, faded away and died in a hospital when the babes were ten months old. There were no relatives that could be found, and Mrs. F—a kind hearted mother, the wife of a well-to-do mechanic, took the children and kept them all these years until last week when she too, died and left these little ones motherless a second time. They are beautiful children and exceptionally smart. They have the curly, golden hair of the father, and the dark eyes of the mother, together with her rosy complexion. They have been well brought up, and have been christened in the Episcopal Church. If there is any one who would like to have these lovely

children to brighten their home, they may be secured by furnishing satisfactory reference for the god-parents and assurance that the children will be reared properly in a Christian home."

The children were adopted the second time in the family of Mr. and Mrs. W——of Memphis, Tennessee. They were reared and educated as their own daughters but when they were about eighteen years of age the second foster mother died, and a foster uncle who was loved and trusted, started Mary on the downward road, and at the age of nineteen she became a mother.

Her foster father then arranged to send her sister and herself to a Catholic convent in St. Louis, Missouri, but they were rescued by some workers in a little Holiness mission and Mary was taken to their own home and cared for as a sister. She was taught the way of salvation and soon repented with godly sorrow for sin which worked out repentance unto salvation not to be repented of. Living in a sanctified family, who had the kind that worked in the family relation and put folks about them under conviction, and attending these missions, she soon felt the need of a clean heart. She saw that she needed to be sanctified wholly that her life might be consecrated to God, so yielding up all, in perfect abandonment to God, she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost which sanctifies the heart.

Then the Lord laid His hand on her for service. People tried to persuade her to leave the little humble home of the missionaries, but His call and His spirit



MARY—ONE OF THE TWO HAPLESS ORPHANS.

were upon her. She had a good musical education and the Lord needed her in the little mission and on the streets to preach to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. So she, like Moses, chose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Evening after evening she might be seen with the faithful little band preaching on the streets and going into the highways and hedges seeking the lost, and later in the evening at the little mission playing the organ and singing the gospel songs, testifying, praying and preaching Jesus. She read about Salvation Park Campmeeting in the Revivalist and wanted to come but had no money, but as she prayed, the Lord opened the way for her to come to Hope Cottage and she arrived a few weeks ahead of time, and was here ready for the campaign in the streets of the city.

In the meantime Orpha had been praying that the Lord would give her somebody from the Home to work with her, and when she met Mary, she said, "Now it may be that this is the girl You are going to give me." We say, "Who knoweth whether thou are come to the Home for such a time as this?" and, "It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

GLADYS.

Gladys was born in a humble home and of Christian parents, but was left an orphan at twelve. She found a home with a married brother, whose wife was unkind to her. At thirteen she ran away from this home, in short dress and pinafore. She found her way to the station and boarded the train with just thirty cents in her pocket. When the conductor came around to take up the tickets, the little girl in the sun bonnet had none. She had never thought of a ticket, and perhaps did not know that one was required. She presented the thirty cents and told him she did not know where to go, but had started out to find a home. He had a friend who wanted a nurse-girl, so he took her there. Thus she found a home with a family of Jews. She lived with them for four years, and while there met a man who won her affections. Socially, he occupied a station above her, but promised to marry her, and she believed him. She fell sick at this juncture. In the place where she lived there were no hospitals with charity wards, and after months of sickness and delirium she found when convalescent that he had paid her hospital bill. Thus by his kindness he won her confidence, and never suggested anything wrong, but said that his people opposed their marriage, so they would go to Denver, Colorado, and be married there. She went away happy-hearted, fully trusting the man who had won her heart. To her surprise, when far away

from friends and home, he told her that he could not marry her yet, but would love her and take care of her until the time came that he could do so. She fell into this trap set by Satan and lived with him for four years. At the end of that time they returned to the East. Turning her face homeward, her mind reverted to her childhood, and a longing to again hear from home caused the tears to flow unbidden. She decided to write to her brother, who had long since mourned her as dead. She wrote and learned in reply that her brother was no more, but that his dying prayer was that God would find his little wandering sister if she yet lived. To him she was ever the little girl in short frock and pinafore, ignorant and innocent alike of the ways of the world. This news melted her heart, and she told her betrayer she must leave him. She had long since ceased pleading with him to marry her; but away down in her heart there was a ray of hope that he would do so when he found that she was really about to go; but his heart was hard, and no doubt ere this some other motherless child has fallen a victim to his devices. "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth, . . . how long shall the wicked triumph?"

When she left him he gave her a little money; she used this to come to Cincinnati, rent a couple of rooms and furnish them for light housekeeping. She secured a place to sew for — Cloak Company, and lived a clean, moral life. While in sin she had formed the morphine habit; this she gave up and in her own strength tried to

live an upright life in every particular. One day a sick girl came along and begged to be taken in. Gladys remembered the time when she, too, was homeless and friendless so she complied out of pity. In the course of events a fight occurred in front of the tenement house in which they lived, and a man was seriously injured. All the occupants of the tenement were arrested, the case was continued and they were sent to jail. Gladys and the sick girl were among the number. Some one paid the bond of the latter, but Gladys had no one to help her, so she told this girl to sell a piece of the furniture and bail her out, but she awaited bail in vain. Eventually the trial came off, she was discharged and went back to her rooms. She found them empty, everything had been sold or taken. She sought the girl out and desired an explanation with the result that the quondam friend called a policeman and told him that Gladys was a sporting girl who had come there to raise a disturbance. She was arrested and sent from Police Court to the Work House.

It was while there that she heard of Hope Cottage, and wrote asking us to come to see her. We took the letter to the Judge of Police Court and he turned her over to us. She came to the Home one Saturday and on Sunday morning she was gloriously saved in the Tabernacle during Sunday-school. She first tried straightening up in her own strength and that was hard. Now He has straightened up her heart and she finds it easy to go on in victory in His strength, and is just bubbling over with praises to God. When I told

her I wished to write a little sketch of her life but should only use her first name she said, "Use it all if that would make my story a greater warning to other wandering ones." "The way of transgressors is hard," but "He preserveth the way of His saints."

THY FATHER'S CHILD.

'Tis thine own Father's child,
Who hath wandered away,
O'er the mountains of sin
That delectable day,
So entrancing to some,
That from home and from God
They have wandered afar,
Thorny paths they have trod.

'Tis thine own Father's child,
One for whom Jesus died,
Think of Calvary's mount,
Of thy Lord crucified,
Shall His death be in vain,
For this child of His care?
Go and bid her come in,
God's rich blessing to share.

'Tis thine own Father's child,
Thro' the darkness of night
Struggles wearily on
Seeking some ray of light.
"As ye do to the least,
Ye have done unto Me,"
Go and seek for the lost,
And sin's captive set free.—*Sel.*

CHAPTER XIV.

A Father to the Fatherless.

"Thou art the helper of the fatherless."—Ps. 10: 14.

Hallie was left an orphan at a very early age and had to go out among strangers to find a home and earn a livelihood. She had no mother to plan for or help her off to school, or to tuck her snugly in bed, and kiss her good night and wish her pleasant dreams after her evening prayer had been said. Her part was to toil for others that they might have the advantages that she was denied, consequently she had to work very hard, often making a field hand, for she lived in the country.

She did not know many people, did not have many friends, but trusted those with whom she had found a home and the father in that home who should have watched over her as tenderly as his own young daughter was the author of her shame. When she realized her condition she could only wonder what would become of her, her troubled brain could plan no avenue of escape.

If she had ever heard the pathetic story in song,

"Some mother's child, tarnished, defiled;
Strayed from the old home away,
Loved ones are there, pleading in prayer,
Praying for you all the day,"

it would have brought no comfort to her heart. There

was no home in the first place, and no parents to whom she could go and pour out her sorrow and of whom she could ask forgiveness and no loved ones to plead for her in prayer.

There was one who had been kind to her, and who had occasionally walked home with her from her work, and sometimes carried the heavy pail of water from the spring at the foot of the hill. There had sprung up a hope in her heart that some day he might make a little home for her where she might have some of the love bestowed on her that she had seen come into other lives, so her heart turned to him but she could not tell him anything like that, if she did that would put an end to all her fond dreams.

But the time came when something must be done, so she went to a sister of this friend and poured out the sorrow of her heart to her, and she, not knowing what to do, took the brother into her confidence and they arranged for her to come to Christ's Hospital, but she, not being a hospital case, was sent to Hope Cottage, and that is how we came to know Hallie, whom we all learned to love so well, and who learned to love Jesus so much.

When she heard of His great love for her, how He would forgive her and love her still, it just broke her all up. It was not hard for her to come to Jesus, she had no one else to go to; no one had ever loved her like that, to forgive her and love her still, and she did not hesitate to give Him her whole heart. When she



HALLIE.

learned that He required a surrendered life, that He might sanctify the heart and make it a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost; she gladly surrendered all and He sanctified her wholly; hallelujah! Soon the sunshine of heavenly love shone out through her countenance, for had she not found a Friend to help her in her time of trouble? She was so glad to cast all her care on Him, who careth for us; as soon as she learned that it was her happy privilege to do so, and she has never betrayed Him who has done so much for her.

We had some young girls in the Home at the time that were unsaved and they tried her sorely; but she never lost the victory. She was so happy that I do not think she ever suspected that they meant to tease her. She loved every one so much that she could not harbor a suspicious thought of any one else. She stayed in the Home six or eight months, and one bright morning in May we walked down to the car line together, to see one of the girls off who had been in the Home about the same length of time. This girl was going out of the city to a home the Lord had opened for her and her baby. The tears were rolling down Hallie's cheeks as she said, "Mother, I feel like it might be my time to go next and it almost breaks my heart to think about it." The time came about two months later, when one of our missionaries was going to her home in the east for a rest, and took Hallie and her three month's old baby to live in the home of one of the little band of saints there.

How she did enjoy the fellowship of the saints!

She was working for small wages but while she was there, about nine months, she put about \$35.00 of her own earnings into the work of the Lord, besides collecting nearly \$500.00 for the Holiness church they were building. We asked her how she managed to do it. She said, "Well, people gave "Elmer Duff" and me all the clothes we needed and then I had my money for the work, and as to the collection, I just prayed as well as worked and the Lord gave me the money."

The brother and sister with whom she lived were called to India as missionaries, and when they broke up housekeeping to go, Hallie came back to Hope Cottage for a short time. Then the Lord opened the way for her to have a real home; a sister who came to Camp Meeting last summer from Ohio, took her home with her, and has been a real mother to her; and the little Holiness Church three miles distant, is the Bethel of her soul.

She was powerful in prayer; we have seen her travail for souls until she would seem exhausted physically. She was hungry for a greater knowledge of God's Word, and I think there was not a time during her last stay in the Home that she was not ready, notebook in hand, when the bell rang at half past three for the Bible class in the Tabernacle.

We heard recently from one who lives about ten miles from Hallie's home, who had never seen her, but had heard of the life she was living there and they wanted a girl from Hope Cottage. Praise the Lord!

"Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men."

Our latest news of Hallie comes through the sister with whom she has been living. She says, "I know it must give you great joy when you hear of one like Hallie who keeps true. Just think what her life was and might have continued to be, had it not been for Hope Cottage. Yes, she is married. We gave her a nice wedding. The ceremony took place at four o'clock in the afternoon in the presence of about forty of her friends. She was married by a Holy Ghost minister to a Holy Ghost husband and I truly believe they will lead a holy, happy life."

HOW BABY FOUND A HOME FOR HIMSELF.

Luretta became an orphan so young that she had no recollection of her parents. She seems to have had no relations and found a home among strangers, where the father of the family wrought her ruin. When she was about to become a mother she was sent to this city. After the birth of the child she became insane and was in the City Hospital for weeks, receiving treatment. While there, she heard of the Home and when discharged she came to us with her little skeleton-like baby. It was so emaciated that its pitiful appearance haunted one who had once seen it, reminding them of the famine waifs of India. To our surprise, it lived and grew, but never became plump while with us. We soon realized that the mother who was weakened in mind and body could never raise the little fellow; she realized this,

too, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would open up a Christian home for Arthur. The Lord answered, and Sister Payne, our missionary, boarded the train with her little protege, followed by many prayers and after a half-day's travel, reached the town where she was to meet the foster-mother, and placed baby in his new home, about two and a half miles in the country. We feared they should be disappointed, as baby was yet pitiful looking, but they were delighted instead, and said, over and over again, "He is going to be our very own!" So he had a warm welcome, was tenderly kissed and fondled, snugly wrapped and carried in loving arms over hills and valleys to the quiet little country home which was henceforth to be brightened by his presence.

Weeks and months rolled by, and we occasionally heard that baby was much loved and was doing well, but one day a sad letter came saying, the home was broken up, and that we should have to come and get baby. Sister Payne again boarded the train, but, when she reached the little country home found it deserted. She was told that the foster-father and baby were at his mother's a mile and a half away, so guided by a neighbor woman, she walked over the hills, and on arrival found the sweetest, plumpest, little fellow, with a golden curl on his forehead just like the picture. She looked at it in amazement and could scarcely realize it was the same baby. Its little wardrobe was soon gathered together, and then came the leave-taking. The foster-father had just come from the mines and was all



THE BABY THAT FOUND A HOME.

grimy and could not take baby in his arms, although he cried to come, seeming to realize that it was a time of no ordinary importance. As Sister Payne would be in town over night he decided to clean up, take the train and come in to say goodbye. He missed the train and walked three miles to hold the baby in his arms again and give it a parting kiss. He said baby's leave-taking was one of the hardest trials of his life. It would have been hard on baby too, only he was looking for him to come back right away. He rested awhile contentedly in Sister Payne's arms as she waited in the hotel sitting room; but the faces were all strange and "papa" failed to put in his appearance. Presently a man and wife came into the room to attend to some business. Baby jumped and cooed, but failed to attract the attention of the man in question who was about to leave the room. At this juncture, baby lifted up his arms and voice, puckered up his little mouth and cried, as if his heart would break. The man's attention was secured at last, and he took baby. Then the missionary explained that she noticed on his part a marked resemblance to the foster-father which accounted for baby's conduct. No persuasion would induce baby to leave his new found friend, but on the contrary he just nestled closer, so the gentleman carried him out on the porch. The wife came in presently saying, "I think the fascination is mutual, and that he enjoys baby as much as baby enjoys him." He then came in with his new encumbrance in his arms and said, "I suppose

you wouldn't part with baby again." [We need not have done so if we had a Children's Home.] She replied that we should have to do so sooner or later. Then the wife said, "We have often talked of adopting a baby if we could find the right one, and I believe we have done so (or rather, the "right one" had found them), and now I am just waiting for my husband to decide; as for me, I want this one."

They were to pray about it and decide later, so the missionary took baby to give him his supper and make him ready for bed. As soon as this was done the new foster-father *sent for him* and he himself rocked him to sleep, so baby wasn't homeless a single night, but in a few hours won his way to the hearts of new-found friends and *found a home for himself*. Since Sister Payne's return we have had letters from the new foster-parents saying, "We think he is the sweetest and best baby that ever lived." So you see Arthur is not only attractive at first sight, but improves on acquaintance. *Having been successful in finding a home for himself*, he evidently means to endeavor to keep it through his good conduct. Pray that he may not only "be good" now as an innocent baby, but that as he grows older he may let Jesus make him just what he ought to be at heart.

Homeless now was baby Arthur,
But a stranger could not see
That he had a single trouble,
For he was so full of glee.

He had caught a glimpse of some one
That he thought was papa dear ;
And his face lit up with sunshine,
'Twas his way to say, "Come here."

But the stranger did not notice
Baby Arthur's coaxing smile ;
He was talking with some people
And was busy for awhile.

Soon he finished all his business
And was just about to leave,
When the baby started crying,
For his little heart did grieve.

Then the stranger took the baby
Up into his great, strong arms ;
And the baby nestling to him,
Felt secure from all alarms.

While the baby there was resting,
Now so happy, and content,
God the Father up in Heaven,
Ministering angels sent,

Causing strange and deep emotions,
And the man's mind wandered back
To the little country farm-house
Where he'd always felt a lack.

Never was there childish prattle
Wakening the silence deep ;
Never good-night kisses given
Lulling little ones to sleep.

Then the baby looked up to him
With that rosy dimpled face,
He was now no longer homeless,
In one heart he'd found a place.

While the cooing and the smiling
Both played an important part,
Yet it was the little tear-drop
That so touched the stranger's heart.

While this one dear little baby
Found himself a loving friend,
Yet there are so many orphans
Whom none shelter and defend.

So we're praying to our Father
That He'll give a Children' Home,
That these little friendless darlings
Shall no longer have to roam.

Pray about it brother, sister,
Just ask God what you should do,
And perhaps the Lord will whisper,
"There's a part in this for you."

The above poem was written by Stella Wood, a Bible School student, when hearing the story of little Arthur.

TO THE RESCUE.

As we journey by the wayside,
Rushing onward to and fro,
Oh, the many we may rescue
Fom the path of sin and woe;
Sad and lonely, heavy-hearted,
None to heed their plaintive cry,
Can we leave them thus to perish?
Can we pass them coldly by?

They are thirsting for the water,
That their souls may drink and live;
They are longing for the comfort
That a better life will give;
Hear the pleading voice of mercy,
Bending now her loving eye,
Jesus will not leave them friendless,
He will never pass them by.

Once He journeyed by the wayside,
Praise and glory to His name!
Richest blessing, sweetest comfort,
Filled the soul where'er He came;
And the poorest of the creatures
That to Him for refuge fly,
Tho' a heartless world forsake them,
He will never pass them by.—*Sel.*

CHAPTER XV

Hungry Hearts.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

A saved and sanctified girl who had been doing general housework in a family in Cincinnati, went on a visit to S———. Like her Master, she was on the alert for an opportunity to do good, and when she heard of sickness in a certain family she offered her services to help care for the sick. As she sat up at night, or busied herself in the sick chamber, redeeming love was her theme, and as a result Oshea, the daughter in the home, got so heart-hungry that she confided in the sister, telling her all about her trouble. She had been led astray through promise of marriage; the little baby died and she was disgraced, heart-broken and ready to give up.

When the sister told her about Hope Cottage, she was ready to lay hold of the opportunity as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and said, "Oh, would they let me go there?" When told that we would, as that is what the Home is for, she didn't wait to write, but came right on. She was a seeker from the time she arrived, and came through the second day singing,

"I heard the blessed story,
Of Him who died to save;

The love of Christ swept o'er me,
My all to Him I gave."

Then she hungered for a clean heart, met conditions
and took up this strain,

"I plunge beneath this fountain,
That cleanseth white as snow ;
It pours from Calv'ry's mountain ;
With blessing in its flow."

She was soon out working for Jesus. We were almost astonished ourselves at her stirring testimonies. One evening in particular, we were late for the street meetings; when we reached the Mission the last band had gone out. We had just a few of the young girls with us; the others had gone down earlier. Brother Standley said, "Well, I have no permit for you; but go over on Plum street; I think it will be all right." We had no musical instrument with us, and no one especially gifted in song, but we had the God of Israel and He gave us a blessed meeting, although our going out was something like that of David with his sling and stones. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon Oshea and she sang as I had never heard her sing before; she seemed to throw her whole body as well as spirit into it. We had a good crowd and three held up their hands for prayer; two of these went with us to the Mission, went to the altar and were saved.

When Hallie came home for Camp-meeting she told us that she was soon to be married and that she wanted Oshea to take her place in the family that had furnished her such a sweet home; so Oshea went. We

thought she would go straight through and did not provide her with extra money for lodging on the way. By mistake she failed to take a through train, and on her arrival at F—— she was surprised to learn that she should have to wait there till next morning. She felt her helplessness in a strange place and with very little money in her purse, but she relied on God and asked Him to help her. A brakeman standing by offered to take her to a safe lodging, but it proved to be a saloon, and she said, "Oh, no; I can't go in there." She then started down the street, hoping to find a cheap, respectable place, and upon seeing a kind-faced woman standing in the doorway of a grocery she felt impressed to inquire of her. When this woman learned that she was on her way to Mrs. C——'s, she said, "Why, I know Mrs. C——; come home with me and I will take care of you." Only a few people in F—— know Mrs. C——, but God really answered her prayer by directing her to one of them.

The following is an extract from a letter by Mrs. C.:

"We have for neighbors two dear old people who are saved and sanctified. They are so burdened for souls that they, too, want a girl full of the Holy Ghost and faith, who knows how to pray and shout and sing and testify to what God can do for poor sinners who will give up sin and let God have His way with them. Oshea is a precious girl; we love her dearly and will be a real father and mother to her."

You see that Oshea's life is not what it used to be.

We give God all the glory for the transformation. "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

"HE HEALETH THE BROKEN IN HEART."

Lucy was one of our dearest girls. She had been carefully reared in a Christian home and her remorse of conscience was all the greater. She not only carried the burdens of her own disgrace and that of her family, but also that of having brought reproach on the Name of Christ.

Before girls are convicted of sin their sorrow is not godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of, but it is the sorrow of the world which worketh death. Sometimes we feared for Lucy's life, unless her sorrow became godly sorrow, which would work out repentance. She wept all day and sobbed herself to sleep at night; we talked with her and prayed with her, hoping to get her eyes off herself and her friends and on God. One evening we became alarmed about her condition and were afraid to go to sleep and leave her alone, so we asked her to come and sleep in our room. As she had not yet gotten to a place where she could pour out her heart to God, we just encouraged her to pour it out to us, and she talked nearly all night, giving vent to her pent up sorrows.

She was betrayed under promise of marriage, and hoped up to the time she left home that that promise would be fulfilled, but the time came that something

must be done, and she left, heart broken, for *Hope Cottage*. I shall never forget our first sight of Lucy! We were called over to the "Bible School" to see a girl who had come to us. When we entered the room there sat Lucy, with swollen face and big blue eyes red with crying (a sight that became familiar enough afterwards) and the tears were rolling down Sister Standley's face in sympathy. However, the time came when Lucy's countenance changed and there was not a brighter, happier girl in *Hope Cottage* than she was. When she was saved she became a blessing to our souls.

She thought it would kill her parents to know of her trouble and she felt it would kill her to have them turn against her, but the time came when she thought it best to confide in her sister. If she were cast off her parents were never to know what became of her, but the Lord was working and answering prayer, so the sister forgave her and was only sorry that she had not known before so she could have helped her to bear her sorrow all those weary months.

That opened the way to break the sad news to the parents, who had trusted Lucy so fully that they rather leaned on her to help them carry their burdens. After the first shock was over, they longed to have Lucy come home, that they might have her with them during her trouble and comfort her, who had so often comforted them when they were cast down. Lucy left us a very different girl; she had given her heart to God; her sins were under the Blood; her parents had forgiven her;

her sisters loved her, and she was on her way home, praise the Lord!

“And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.”

AGNES.

How this name, which means “chaste,” ever came to be applied to her I know not. Denied a father’s protection through sin and a mother’s love through death, she was, indeed, doubly orphaned. The mother died in the hospital when Agnes was born, and the father, of course, never recognized the little one, so she was taken by some of her mother’s relatives. They died and she found a home among strangers.

She was quick and amiable and when quite young could help much with the children and the house-work. They were kind to her, and as it was all the home she had, she loved and trusted them. The husband was a professed Christian and superintendent of the village Sunday school. Agnes attended the Sunday school to help care for the other children and to be taught of God. When she had been with them for four years the man who should have been her protector proved

her seducer. Then the time came that she must leave the place that had been her home and the people who were her only friends. How sad that only friends so often prove false friends! As she planned and devised ways of escape her throbbing brain and aching heart must have appealed to the Friend of sinners, for He sent an evangelist that way. Praise the Lord, some are going out into the highways and hedges and out-of-the-way places! The evangelist circulated some copies of the Revivalist and one fell into Agnes' hands.

She was so overjoyed at this open door that she did not wait to write and ask if she might come to the Home, but made her way across the country for fifty miles to the railroad station and after travelling all day and night arrived at Hope Cottage. She was so overcome with gratitude over the warm reception, that she sobbed like a child when we kissed her and sent her off to a comfortable bed to find the physical rest she so much needed.

On the following morning the breakfast bell rang at seven o'clock, as usual. Agnes came down to the dining-room along with more than twenty other girls. All stood and sang a verse or two of some familiar hymn and Sister Payne was called upon to ask a blessing upon the food. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon her and she prayed until the chairs were turned into altars. Girls became more hungry for God than for food, breakfast was forgotten and for two and a half hours wave after wave of glory swept over us until

several of the girls were swept into the kingdom. At half past nine we were ready for breakfast, with the exception of some who had so recently eaten of the Bread of Life that they forgot the temporal. Agnes was among the number and now her name is no more a misnomer, for her heart has been cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb. She said, "Now, Mother, you can write them of my safe arrival and that I have found not only a temporal refuge, but have anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest."

AN INCIDENT OF JUBILEE DAY.

After the wonderful service of the day, Myrtle, a new girl, rather timid, and only a child in age, who had been in the Home but a few days, asked me if she might see me after supper. And what do you suppose her request was? "Mother, may I go to the altar tonight?" She was so hungry that she wanted to seek God, but she had not been with us long enough to realize that girls like her were privileged to go to the altar in the Tabernacle service. She went to the altar and was sweetly saved, by Him who has said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

I do not remember that she lost the victory more than once while in the Home. Then a little trouble arose among the young girls (she is about sixteen), but they soon repented and asked each other's forgiveness; God forgave them and they went on their way rejoicing.

When she went out to work, I thought her scarcely strong enough, but she wanted to go and help for a few weeks in a hospital where she had once been very kindly cared for. She found the work hard, but when cross words were spoken to her by the other "help" she did not get mad, but instead asked the Lord, in a little silent prayer, to please help her.

One Sunday evening she came in while we were having a little service in the chapel and blessed our souls by her bright face and testimony. In it she said that she prays with her room-mates every evening; that a short time ago she would have staid away from prayer-meeting if she thought she would be called on to pray, but now she is ready to pray anywhere, and sometimes the supernitendent of the hospital does call on her to pray in their services. She spoke of never having been perfectly free until the day we buried poor Lizzie. As she came back from the cemetery the Lord seemed to speak to her in a special way. Like Lizzie, she, too, was a lonely little orphan; but she isn't lonely any more since the Comforter has come.



MYRTLE.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool."
—ISA. 1:18.

In the early part of the war, one dark Saturday morning in the dead of winter there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two-and-twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty; had been, as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face;" but, alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that terrible word—*fallen!* Once the pride of respectable parents, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the only life history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best of society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood; and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found, in manuscript, the "Beautiful Snow."

Oh! the snow the beautiful snow.
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing—Flirting—Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening fun;
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by.

It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And e'en the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!
How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Halling each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by:
Ringing—Swinging—Dashing they go.
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;

Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street,
Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snow flakes from Heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth on the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to die.

Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father—Mother—Sisters—all,

God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
Of all that is on or about me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.
How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again.
Fainting—Freezing—Dying alone.

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again,
Groaning—Bleeding—Dying for thee,

The crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
"Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my weak prayer?
O God! In the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

"And without shedding of blood there is no remission."

"But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—HEB. 9:22; 1 JOHN 1:6-7.

CHAPTER XVI.

A New Master.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51 : 7.

A few years ago death entered a little home in Ireland, and the father and mother were taken, and the home broken up, and orphaned Lizzie was sent to the Catholic sisters in St. Louis, who got her a home where she lived for two and a half years. Then her new home was broken up by death and Lizzie was adrift on the world. She finally landed in Cincinnati minus health, hope and innocence. Homeless, penniless, friendless and sick, she was directed to the Bible School Mission, where she was told about Hope Cottage. When she found that she could really come she could not be prevailed on to wait until the service closed at the mission. She seemed to be afraid that something might happen to hinder her coming. So the sister in charge turned the meeting over to someone else and brought her to Hope Cottage. Could she have had the protecting shelter of a Rescue Home when her own was first broken up by death, her career might have been different. The devil has his gilded houses of sin and when a girl gets into trouble he has his landladies, who open their doors and invite them in, and this is the kind of home that was opened to poor Lizzie.

She at first seemed timid and afraid, as though she had not been accustomed to kindness, but soon learned to trust us, and her heart overflowed with gratitude. She came to Jesus like a little child, who, too tired to play, just gives up all of its toys willingly and lets mother tuck it into bed with a "God bless you" and a good-night kiss, dropping off to sleep to dream of happy days to come. Lizzie seemed to be so tired of it all that she did not want to hold on to a single gilded toy; she only wanted the kiss of pardon, that the heavy burden of sin might be lifted off her troubled heart and she might be ready to lie down to sleep with bright anticipations of the bright, happy home that Jesus has gone to prepare.

When we register the girls, we always take the address of some friend to whom we can write in case of sickness or death. Poor Lizzie said, "I have no friends. In case of death, if you could just get me buried it would be all right." That is just the way the devil does. He robs one of everything, so they haven't even one friend to mourn their miserable death. But Lizzie has a new Master now; she has found a friend in Jesus, who is everything to her. He has given her a good home, and has promised to take her to live with Him some day, if she is faithful. Hallelujah!

We thought that with kindness and care she would soon get stronger, and we took her case to the Lord definitely for healing, but did not seem to get the faith for her and she grew weaker every day. Sometimes

she would get up and come down to the morning prayer service when she did not feel like it, saying she wanted to hear Mother pray. Jesus had taught Lizzie how to pray, too. One evening we were standing around the supper table singing praises to God, as is our custom before thanking Him for our food and asking Him to bless everyone who contributed anything to it; especially those who have denied themselves that our needs might be supplied. While we were praying, Lizzie fainted and fell unconscious to the floor. The girls carried her in and laid her on the bed, and she was not able to get up again.

Next morning she said, "Oh, Mother, wasn't it good that I was saved last night; I might have died?" Her childlike faith and trust almost put us to shame. We took her to Christ's Hospital in a few days, and there she met with the same kindness and gentleness she had received in the Home. The first time we went to see her she asked us to pray for the sick one beside her, saying, "She is so sick, and she asked me to pray for her, and I was so sick that I couldn't pray." The doctor told her that if she would just be patient and quiet he thought he could cure her. She replied, "I believe you can, for Mother prays for you every morning." She has her little Testament on the table by her bed, and while her eyes are too weak to read much it is a great comfort to her, and when read to her she will listen with all the eagerness of a child. The last time we were there we read Matthew 8, which tells of how Jesus

helped everyone who came to Him in trouble. When we had finished reading we said, "Now, Lizzie, doesn't it look like we can trust Him for everything?" She said in tears, "Yes, I tell Him about every pain and ache and just how I suffer, and ask Him if He will not just come and take me home." When she read in the Revivalist how the Lord has saved some of the girls from sin it encouraged her heart. She says the story of her life always followed her everywhere she went, but that it never blessed anybody.

We trust that God will spare her life and enable her to make its closing chapters such a blessing that the old record of sin and woe will sink into oblivion. We thank God it has done so, in so far as His record goes, for He says, "I will forgive their iniquities, and I will remember their sin no more."

Since writing the above, Lizzie has gone to be with Jesus. We visited her often as she lay in the hospital; her heart was full of praises and thanksgiving to God for His goodness to her, and was also grateful to the nurses and doctors, who were so kind. She was so afraid of causing extra trouble that she would seldom use the bell to call the nurse, but would say, "She will be in soon; she never forgets me." At first she longed to get well, and looked forward to the time when she could come back home. It had been so long since she had had a home and friends that she fully appreciated both, and longed to get back and get ready for Camp-meeting. We told her that everything would be ready

if she were able to go; but when we saw that she was not going to get well, we asked her how it would be if, instead of coming back to "Hope Cottage," Jesus should send for her to come to that Home that He had gone to prepare for her, and her face lighted up at the thought, as she replied, "I should just love to go; I should be glad if Jesus would take me tonight." We went on to Camp-meeting, telling her that we should be back to see her, the Lord willing.

We received a telephone message one evening saying, "Come, Lizzie is very low," and when we reached her bedside she said, "Mother, I couldn't die without seeing you. I wanted to tell you that everything is all right—that I haven't a care; I am ready to go. Tell the girls to be good and true and never go back, but to meet me in Heaven." We visited her several times as she lingered on the borderland, but too weak to talk, and on the night of the 28th of June she slipped away to Heaven. Her body was brought to the Home, and we told the undertaker that we wanted the simplest funeral possible, that we did not want any carriages, but would go on the street car; and did not want any shroud. Loving hands went quietly through trunks and wardrobes, one contributing one article and another another until she was robed in pure white, symbolical of her blood-washed robes, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Flowers were gathered from the beds in the yard and arranged by loving hands.

Sister Storey held the funeral service; she had been strangely drawn to Lizzie ever since she met her one evening at the altar in the Tabernacle and she opened her heart to her just like a little child and told her a little of her life, and that she was saved in "Hope Cottage" and now wanted to be sanctified wholly; she wanted a clean heart; she tarried until her soul was satisfied. At the funeral the Lord met with us and gave us a blessed little service and our hearts felt closer drawn to Him as we thought of His love and tenderness and could almost imagine we heard Him say, "Her sins which were many are all forgiven." Hallelujah! Her loneliness had so impressed our hearts that as we turned away from the lonely grave in the cemetery it all seemed in keeping with her life and the thought of loneliness followed her even beyond the pearly gates, as I thought of her standing alone and looking over the balustrades of Heaven waiting and watching for some one from "Hope Cottage;" but we know that there is no loneliness there. Hallelujah!

Soon after she was laid away some one sent her a beautiful motto through the mail with these words, "My God shall supply all your need," and we said, "Yes, thank God, every need has been supplied." We hung it up on the chappel wall, hoping that the story of the manifestation of this promise realized in Lizzie's life might encourage some one who had been robbed of everything while serving the same hard master that Lizzie had served, to leave his service forever and

choose the good Master that she had chosen, for He says, "You cannot serve two master's," "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Once while she lay sick in a hospital, the madam of a sporting house while visiting her girls, found Lizzie, and giving her her address told her to come to her when she got well, and she would give her a good home and good wages; unsuspectingly, Lizzie just stepped into this net spread to snare her, never dreaming that she was entering a gilded house of sin. But we praise the Lord that one day these same doors of sin which opened to receive her, closed behind her forever, and she entered the door of "Hope Cottage" that she might prepare to enter the pearly gates.

GO LEAD THEM TODAY.

O pity the erring ;
How little we know
Their moments of anguish,
Their burden of woe ;
O think of them kindly ;
God's creatures are they ;
To Him, their Redeemer,
Go lead them to-day.

From those who have wandered
Why turn we aside ?
There's hope for the erring,
Since Jesus has died ;
Go lift up the fallen ;
God's message obey ;
To Him who will save them,
Go lead them today.

O rescue the erring
From sin and despair ;
They need our protection,
Our kindness and care ;
Go plead with them gently ,
God's lost ones are they ;
Go bring them to Jesus,
Go lead them to-day.

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XVII.

The Cup of Sorrow.

"He hath sent Me . . . to bind up the broken hearted, . . . to give unto them beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—ISA. 61:1, 3.

Emma staid at home with mother whom she loved so well, and took care of her and the home while another sister filled a position of trust in a neighboring city.

When Emma was to be married her sister sent her the money to buy her wedding clothes and planned to come home to the wedding. She had always been a good quiet girl and was loved and respected, but the tempter came to her in his subtilty and she proved untrue to him who loved her and expected to make her his wife. She could not face her trouble nor could she explain things without implicating others so she slipped away.

The money that her sister had given her to prepare for the happy wedding day was used to carry her far away and help her to turn her back on everything and everybody that she loved, and prepare for the saddest event of her life. Insted of happy anticipations of the new home and the new life that she was so soon to have entered upon with the one whom she loved, she was trying to crowd out of her mind the awful prospect

of loneliness, separation, shame, and suffering that opened up before her. She could not bear for those who loved her to witness her sorrows so before she left home she always stole away to take her cries in private. One of the children who was just beginning to talk was much with her, and began to habitually lisp, "Poor Emma cry." After she left when the child saw anything of hers she always said, "Poor Emma cry."

Her story is one of the saddest we ever heard. She was so quiet and calm you never would have suspected her heart was breaking. She knew she had done wrong and she wanted to bear all the suffering and all the burden alone. She was one of the most difficult cases to lead to Jesus; she had no mercy on herself and expected none from others; she did not see how God could pardon one who had been so sinful.

Later, when her child was perhaps six months old, she let her people know her address, and they, ignorant of her sin, telegraphed her to come home to the funeral of one of the family, but this did not move her. She loved them dearly, but felt that her going would only increase their sorrow. We loved her; it seemed that our hearts went out to her as if she *had been our very own*; we, too, saw what she was suffering for her sin. When she got her eyes off of her sorrow and the sorrow she had brought to other hearts, she began to see how she had sinned against God and broken His commandments and that He could not help her until she repented and became more sorry for her sin against

Him than for anything else. She began to seek pardon and when she sought Him with all her heart, He was found of her. Praise the Lord!

When God forgave her she began to hope for the forgiveness of those at home, so she wrote to them, making a full confession. They forgave her and her mother told her not to give little Meredith up but to bring him home. So one bright day last fall, we bade them goodbye, probably never to see them again till we meet at the coming of the Lord, when "goodbye" shall have become an obsolete word. Thank God! Emma is one of "God's Revivalist family" and we believe her name is not only on our mailing list, but is also on the Lamb's book of life. To Him be all the glory!

ANNIE.

Annie went out to work, as a nurse girl, when fifteen years old, and battled along and lived a moral life for several years. Finally she went to work in a restaurant and began going to the theatre and other places of worldly amusement. She went down, was not strong enough to resist sin as wave after wave of temptation swept over her, and she came to the Holiness Camp from the Home of the Friendless on the 18th of June, 1903, with her baby a few weeks old. She was the picture of despair as she told us the pitiful story.

She had been to different places to try to find a resting place until she should be strong enough to go to



ANNIE.

work, and everywhere, she said, the baby cried so they could not keep her, and she looked as though she were perfectly exhausted—and the baby was still crying. We tried to encourage her, and she told us that she was a Catholic, but we assured her that we never turned anyone away on account of their church relationship and that we thought we could help her. She soon became interested in her soul's salvation, and went out to Westwood to Salvation Park Camp-meeting one day, and was gloriously saved; she never doubted it.

She stayed with us about eight months, and we loved her and her little Raymond very much. She was very conscientious, and if the least thing went wrong during the day, she would fix it up before she prayed. She was living in the 23rd and 24th verses of the 5th chapter of Matthew, and then when she did pray, the Lord would bless her abundantly. She also lived in the 14th verse of the 6th chapter, and the Lord forgave her; she kept prayed up. She had found her new life so sweet that she was afraid to go out of the Home for fear she might backslide, and we did not urge her; but one day she made up her mind that she would try it, and she got along beautifully and was a great blessing in the home, helping with the work and at the family altar and with the children. When she got them ready for school, she would take them away and pray with them, asking the Lord to help them to be good. She let her life shine so before others in the home life, that a neighbor wrote us asking if we could send her a girl,

that she had a daughter who was unsaved and she thought if she could get a girl like Annie she might be the means of her salvation.

Then her father, who lived in the country, wanted her to come home. He had never been willing for her to come before. He was old, and was not saved and very poor, and Annie said she knew it would be a hard place to stand; that she would have to suffer privations and hardships and self-denial, but she thought it might be the means of getting her father saved. She said that perhaps the Lord was giving her that opportunity to help him, and she would make the best of it. She had to work out in the field and suffer many things, but she did it all for Jesus. She was open and above board with everything; she could not bear deception or covering up things, and one of the young men of the neighborhood called on her quite often. She was afraid it did not look just right under the circumstances, and decided to call on his mother about it. She told her the circumstances under which she had come home, but that the Lord had forgiven her, and the mother said she thought it was all right, as her son was a Christian himself. Then Annie said, "I beg pardon; he told me a positive falsehood, and I do not know how anybody could do that and be a Christian."

We had letters from her recently, reporting perfect victory through the blood, and saying that she feels her work is about done there and she hopes soon to be

able to come to Cincinnati and take a place to work where she can attend the meetings at the Tabernacle.

A girl came to us yesterday, and after staying one day and night, she said with tears running down her cheeks, she thought she ought to go elsewhere, as she was a Catholic. The poor child had nowhere else to go, but felt that she might be a disturbing element in our happy home, and we told her that we should be glad to have her stay with us; that we all had to come to God through the atoning merits of the same blessed Savior, whether Catholic or Protestant, and that unless we repented we should all likewise perish. We thought of that other Catholic girl who came to us two years ago and was blessedly saved and had stood true under such trying circumstances, and we trust we shall be able to lead this one to the same precious Savior who said He came to heal the broken-hearted and set the captive free.

"THE OIL OF JOY FOR MOURNING."

Josie, like Nettie and others, came to Cincinnati to get away from home and hide her shame. A deaconess found her at the depot and brought her to Hope Cottage. She had cried until she could cry no longer. Her parents had warned her against the young man, but Josie was headstrong and thought him all right and that he would marry her; like many others she hoped to the very last, then in despair, she ran away not knowing where she was going. She turned to God speedily

when she realized that He would forgive her and give her another chance. That He would do this seemed too good to be true, but she believed because He said so, and she was not disappointed.

When she got salvation the Lord gave her "the oil of joy for mourning and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness." She was changed from a cloud to a sunbeam. I once heard a preacher say that since he had full salvation his face had spread an inch in width; I know there was a marked difference in Josie's; she reminded me of a child forgetting its trouble, and laughing before the tears were dry on its face.

Since she has been at the Hospital she has been like a sunbeam in the ward; everybody likes Josie; they believe in her religion; it is the kind that helps other folks. She came out to the Home in great glee one day, saying she had a little name sake at the Hospital and wanted something to give it for a present; she did not look as if she expected to be disappointed either, and I thought of Him who said, "If earthly parents know how to give good gifts to their children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." How differently we sometimes come to ask gifts of Him, looking as though we had lost every friend, and did not expect to get anything we asked for. Well, Josie had confidence in us and we would have searched Hope Cottage from attic to cellar rather than disappoint her. "Be-

loved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God, and whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

I was asked once if Josie had made any arrangement for a baby's wardrobe and I said I had not heard of any; that I thought she was out on the faith line; but in some way Josie heard there had been some preparation made for her and she came down to see (it is only a short distance) and I can testify that the longitude of her smile increased visibly as she carefully looked through the contents of the box. I was reminded of Christ's command, "Therefore, take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." If we would just trust Him as Josie trusted us we should find a supply for all of our need."

When we go into the ward we always find Josie's Bible and hymn book lying in some convenient place where she has just left them if she is not there herself. She always meets us with smiles, telling us what a good time she is having, and how good every one is to her. She has no idea of giving up her little baby girl, but is planning to take the best care of her. When I last saw her she said, "It will not be long now till I can go home to my mother." When we

visit her at the Hospital we never find her on "Grumbler's Ave." She lives on "Hallelujah Street."

She loves the "Bible Songs" and sings much in the ward. Sometimes Miss Pierce does not get around to their ward to read and pray with them as is her custom; and she says to Josie, "I know if I do not get around you will have prayer." Josie says she used to say prayers before she became a Christian, but the difference in her prayers then and now is, that she really means it now. Does it not pay to get Jesus in the heart? Her circumstances are not changed; that is not what makes Josie so happy, but it is because she has Jesus in her heart and He is helping her through her troubles. The Lord knows how to deliver the penitent as well as the righteous out of their trouble. Hallelujah!

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

Once she was pure as the sunbeam,
My noble, affectionate child;
The idol of all who beheld her,
Though apt to be thoughtless and wild.
My cares were made light by her prattle,
Her presence turned winter to June,
But alas! for my fond expectation,
My visions are vanished too soon.

Oh, who could have tho't that my darling
Could have fallen so soon and so low;
From the heights of her lofty ambition,
To the depths of dishonor and woe;
Oh, God if there's power in Thy mercy,
Restore my lost child to my arms,
Tho' her sin be as crimson or scarlet,
She still to her mother has charms.

Tho' far o'er the mountains of folly,
Thou hast roamed with companions so wild;
I love thee as dearly as ever,
My own precious prodigal child;
My home and my heart's true affections,
Are waiting to welcome thee still,
Come back to thy Savior and mother,
And peace will thy troubled heart fill.

I cannot but love thee, my darling,
Though sinful and fallen thou art;
The memory of days now departed,
Is breaking thy poor mother's heart;
Thy Savior still waits to be gracious,
Thy mother still waits to forgive,
Come back from thy wanderings, my daughter,
And a life of usefulness live.—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

Prodigal Daughters.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

One night about eleven o'clock, just as we were in the act of turning off the electric light in the hall, some girls came up to the steps and opened the door. It was some of the Bible School students who had been down to the evening service and had found a poor girl in the mission.

She was weeping bitterly, and this was her story: She got into trouble, left home, and came a stranger to Cincinnati. She was walking the streets, not knowing where to go, when she stopped a passer-by and asked if he knew where she could get a night's lodging, she was a stranger and had no money. He directed her to the "Bible School Mission," which was only a few blocks away, saying, "They will help you." She met a little boy going that way and told him that she had nowhere to go and he pitied her, because he said he had no home either, so he went too, and sat down beside her in a back seat.

The Bible School girls saw her crying bitterly, and went to her and she told them her trouble; they tried to cheer her up, telling her that they would take her, to a good home, and also of the love of Jesus in pre-

paring a haven of rest for her outcast soul. We had no accommodations but a cot in the hall, but she was so glad to get that and to think that it was without money and without price, otherwise, she could not have had it.

We talked together for a while, and through her tears and sobs she told me the same sad story that I have heard over and over again. I tried to comfort her, and we prayed, and went to bed about twelve o'clock, committing her into the hands of Him who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE TRAMP REDEEMED.

A party of workers from the Bible School were on their way to hold a camp meeting and while they were waiting at the station for conveyances to take them out to the camp ground, a girl who presented a very disreputable appearance, walked into the station. She asked one of the sisters for money to take her to a neighboring town. They talked with her, and found that she was just traveling around from place to place. Had she lived in the city she would have been called a street walker; as it was, she was a road walker. They invited her to come to camp-meeting; she readily accepted the invitation, but they had some trouble in getting the driver to take her in; her appearance was such that he did not like to have her along, but they insisted and he yielded. When they reached the camp

ground they got her tidied up and she helped them about the work, and when meeting closed they brought her to Hope Cottage and she got salvation.

Her father was a drunkard and had often driven her away from home, until she finally went away and stayed; she was only sixteen, but was overgrown, and looked to be older, though she was childish in manner. She stayed with us about six months and went back to her own neighborhood; got a place to work about six miles from home and I think has been in that home ever since. She writes to us and always reports victory; about the last letter we had from her, she spoke of "grazing in the sweet clover fields," and not in the fence corners either. Hallelujah!

She kept writing to her sister about being saved until the sister became heart hungry. The sister had always been a moral girl, but knew nothing about salvation experimentally. The father being a drunkard, their home was different from the homes that were about them, so she went out to service, desiring to provide for herself, as she felt she could not lift the burden that was crushing her mother's heart or put clothes on the little children's backs by remaining at home. It was about this time she received her sister's letter; she did not have money to attend a ten days' convention or camp-meeting, so she wrote to know if she could come to Hope Cottage for awhile. She came and was so hungry that she just ate from Father's well-set table until her soul was satisfied; she stayed

with us about two months and when the time came for her to leave, she said she believed it would please the Lord for her to go home and help her mother bear her burdens, and try to get her father saved instead of going out to work for herself. Salvation takes out the selfishness. Praise the Lord!

VENA.

Vena never had any school days. She is fifteen and cannot even read and write. In the mountains of Kentucky she was reared, or rather grew up "wild," a stranger to care and kindness. The order of the household was kicks, curses and drunkenness from the grandmother down to the youngest member of the family. Before she was fifteen she had been married and deserted. She came to Cincinnati and got a place to work in a laundry, but there are traps set for working girls in our cities, and Vena was an easy victim. She was led off into the wrong crowd by a girl who worked at the same place. After six weeks in sin she was disgusted with it and ready to give it up, and Mrs. Si Hu, the wife of a Chinaman, brought her and another girl, Bessie, to the Home. She did not tell them where she was taking them, but said she would find them a good home. When we explained that it is a Home provided by the dear Lord for sinful girls who wish to get saved and fitted to go out and live pure, holy lives, she broke down and wept, saying, "Oh, that is what I want. I don't know what Bessie means to do.

but I will stay." When she found that Bessie would not stay, she cried and pleaded with her, and was really burdened that Bessie would not give up and get saved too.

Some of the girls took her to their room and prayed with her, and she was gloriously saved on the evening of her very first day in the Home. She rang out God's praises through the house until bed time, and has never since doubted her acceptance with Him. We expected to keep her in the Home for some time, and one of the girls volunteered to teach her. When their housework was done, you could usually find them down in the yard under a big tree busy with their books. However, our plans for keeping Vena were changed, when the Lord opened up something for her that seemed better. A dear old couple in Ohio, who are saved and sanctified, wanted a girl to take as their own daughter, so we sent her to them. Vena's new home contrasts with her old one as light with darkness; but best of all, in her own heart-life "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

A WARNING TO GIRLS.

We close this chapter with a sketch of a prodigal who was reared in a Christian home of love and refinement. She undertook to earn a livelihood by teaching music. This took her away from home and she began to associate with the "fast set." This set is rightly named, for they travel the downward road so

rapidly that unless rescued they soon land in the brothel. Even in the "fast set" the downward career has a comparatively small beginning. They find they are considered prudish if they do not accompany the crowd in late drives or excursions, and that they must allow some familiarities in order to be popular. Then if they refuse wine they are targets for the ridicule of the party. Girls who begin by wearing net or lace yokes to the ball-room and theater, sometimes end by wearing tights behind the footlights. The crucifixion of modesty is a gradual process. Girls in the "fast set" are not votaries of lust at the start, but rather of vanity, allowing a little looseness of conduct for the sake of the popularity and admiration which they crave.

Let me say here by way of parenthesis, that I trust the story of these lives that have been plucked as brands from the burning, will not lead anyone to condone sin or think it a slight thing for a girl to deviate from the path of virtue. While some are being rescued and the Blood avails, thank God! yet the greater per cent. of these girls never get to God. Thousands are slipping from Christian homes, from Sunday schools, from church choirs, and from high society, down, down to despair and eternal damnation.

As an example of one of the "little things" of which we need to beware; one of our girls, who had been an actress, but through the use of morphine had become unfitted for the stage, earned a support by posing for

some artists in the city. When she left the Home she went back to these artists and told them that she had become a Christian and could not sit for that style of picture again. They said they were glad of her decision, and would respect her wishes and give her work of another kind. While making this call she wore a thin, gauzy India silk waist, so flimsy that the only protection her body had was the underwear which she wore. One of the artists, an unsaved man, said, "But what about this dress you have on now? To my mind it is much more suggestive of evil than the bare neck and arms. It looks as if it were especially designed to allure. The other looks innocent in comparison." Then the tears came into his eyes as he spoke of his own little girl of eleven who had died, saying, "I don't know much about religion, but I know so much about sin that had she lived she never should have gone out dressed in that style."

To return to the girl about whom I began to write. Life in the "fast set" led to something worse, and she drifted to this city, sick, homeless and friendless. One evening she wandered into the George Street Mission and as they sang, "She was once as pure as the snow, but she fell," and "Your mother is praying for you," her mind went back to her childhood home; her heart was melted by the story of the Gospel, and she went to the altar. She came to the Home and the burden of sin rolled away. The house was crowded, so we made down a bed on the chapel floor. As she is likely to be

disturbed there, she gets up about five o'clock and resorts to a private corner of the yard, from which you are likely to hear her voice in prayer if you go to one of the north windows. At last she is restored to the faith of her childhood's home. "Verily I saw unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."

THEY MISS YOU.

Do they miss you at home? Yes, they miss you,
With the deepest and fondest regret,
Your chair by the fireside is vacant,
Your place at the board waits you yet.
The pillow your head used to rest on
Is smoothed by a mother's fond touch,
While the tears, dropping softly upon it,
Say, "We miss you, we miss you so much."

She dreams of her sunny-faced darling
Who knelt years ago by that bed,
And she hears once again, "Now I lay me"—
Can't you feel her frail hand on your head?
Your picture speaks to her heart daily,
Your school books—she treasures them yet,
And she kisses the toy you once fondled;
For a mother's heart cannot forget.

They miss you at home; yes, they miss you,
When the toil of the day being done,
They kneel round the altar together
And pray for the wandering one.
And their empty arms ache so to clasp you,
Oh, dear one, wherever you roam,
Your home is so cheerless without you,
Don't you hear their loved voices say, "Come."

Oh, you who have wandered from virtue,
In the by-paths of sin gone astray,
Whose briar-torn feet are so weary,
Oh, turn your face homeward today.
A Savior is waiting to welcome,
And "mighty to save" all who come.
Like a Father He pities and loves you,
Oh, dear wand'rer, no longer then roam.—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XIX.

How the Lord Helped Some of the Girls Out of Their Troubles.

"And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. 50: 15.

MAY.

May was a young girl in her teens. She had a Christian father and mother and a comfortable home in a country village and knew nothing experimentally of city life and the ways of sin.

She met a stranger who made a favorable impression on her, and he proposed that they elope; she consented and they came to Cincinnati to be married, as she supposed. Instead he placed her in a sporting house; he was a procurer and had sold May to the madam. May did not write to her home folks and they were heart broken. They probably imagined that some horrible death had befallen her, or that she might be some where sick and suffering without a mother's tender care. The suspense was worse than death.

They had a family altar and reached May by way of the Throne; they were old people; I think May was the baby; and I imagine I can hear the father's trembling voice pleading in prayer for their lost child.

In answer to prayer, May came to Hope Cottage, and

when we wrote them the good news they gave praises and thanksgiving to God, saying, "*We knew the Lord would answer.*" She was saved, and after a few months went home to her friends.

NETTIE.

Nettie came to us in trouble. Her only thought was to get away from home and bury herself out of sight; she felt very miserable separated from all who loved her. To make her trouble known to them meant to become an outcast; she planned to give the baby away, but her mother-love would not permit her to desert it in its helplessness.

She gave her heart to God and was blessedly saved and sanctified. Since she left the Home she has been in some hard places, but the testimony of those with whom she lived is that if anybody were ever sanctified Nettie is.

She is frail in body. She went out to service in the country one winter and had to occupy a cold room; the exposure brought on tuberculosis. After this she felt she could never live to rear Willie, so she asked the Lord to provide for him.

She next went out to service in a family where there were no children, and their hearts were drawn out to the little curly-haired boy, who was now eighteen months old. Mother and baby were both taken sick and sent to the hospital. Willie was able to come home to us first. Mr. C——, their benefactor, often came to see him. On these occasions I had him bathed and



NETTIE.

dressed and brought down to the parlor and would just leave them alone to enjoy each other. If I chanced to go in I would find Willie on his knee rumaging pockets and taking possession not only of his person but of his heart also. When he went away he always left Willie well provided for. We thought we saw the hand of the Lord in it all, as Nettie's health was failing so rapidly, and sure enough we one day received a letter saying that if the mother would sign away her right, giving up all claim on little Willie, he would take him and do by him as he would by his own. This meant that he would be carefully reared and educated, for the man is prosperous in business.

No one but a mother can understand the struggle that took place in her heart. We felt it to be the Lord's will for her to give him up, as it had been a subject of prayer for some time; so Nettie said, "Mother, write the letter and I will sign it and trust the Lord to help me." She went about the task of preparation very quietly, with a look of tenderness and resignation that seemed to say,

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
That looks not out upon a bright tomorrow,
But on a tempest which His hand hath stilled."

Only the Lord and Nettie knew all about the heart-tempest that His grace subdued as she washed and mended the little garments and carefully packed up the toys. And when the little party went out of the

Home next day a casual observer would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary, for the Lord strengthened the mother's heart and enabled her to forget self for the sake of the best interests of her child as she committed him into the hands of God.

MARIE.

Little Marie came to us in trouble. She was in her teens and was small of her age; still braided her hair and had not put on long dresses; she looked like she ought to be at home and have a mother's tender care and goodnight kiss; but there were other little brothers and sisters on whom she must not bring disgrace; so she found a refuge in Hope Cottage.

She was with us several months, and when Elizabeth Duff (her baby) was about five months old, little Marie left for her home. She could not take the little one with her and several efforts had been made to get her a home, but when the test came, Marie could not give baby up. She wished to take her home with her, but the parents were not willing on account of the other children.

After grieving over it until she was thin and pale she decided to give her up. The conditions were that Marie must not know the baby's address and could never come to see her; but could occasionally hear from her through others. The foster-mother did not wish to have the little one's affections cling to its mother. While considering it, Marie hung around me with tears in her eyes and said, "Mother, I want you to go with

me; I want you to see the lady, and I am going to ask her if I may not see the baby in case of her death." But when the time came she could not part with baby, so she left her in a "Home" temporarily, hoping that some day she may be able to have her back again. (It is for just such little, pure, innocent, helpless ones as Elizabeth, that we so long for the "Children's Home." Keep praying, and God will answer.)

JULIA.

Julia is a young country girl, who was taken off the street of an Ohio town and sent to us. The high cheek-bone, straight black hair and piercing eye made us think of an Indian, and her unsophisticated ways deepened the impression. She is not at all lazy, and so when she sought the Lord she did so with all her might and heard from Heaven.

She told us that when she went out to work she wished to be sent to the country, as she longed to enjoy its freedom once more, so arrangements were made for her to go to live with a couple of old people in Ohio. Her clothes were packed and lunch was prepared, but we were loth to say good-bye, for we love Julia. One of the young girls followed her about with tearful eyes and insisted on her taking most of her own ribbons, mottoes, and other little treasures as keep-sakes, and said, "Mother, I wish they would take us both."

When Julia wrote back to us telling of the fruit, nuts and fish and of a host of other temporal blessings, and, above all, of the dear ones who had received her

as their very own and would send her to school and give her advantages she had never before enjoyed, we rejoiced at what the Lord has done for her. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

EVELYN.

Evelyn was a well educated girl from a home of refinement, and when she got into trouble her first thought was to hide away where nobody would ever know, and she came to Hope Cottage. She was with us about six months, but was saved during this time. Then her mother-love went out to her baby, Alice, and though she had been a very proud girl, she was now willing to bear reproach rather than part with the little one. Arrangements were made for her with a friend in a distant state and she entered upon her new duties. She remained with the friend about a year, when the Lord took little Alice home, where there would be no disgrace associated with her presence. Then Evelyn wanted to work for Him who had done so much for her, and a field of labor was opened to her in one of the Florence Crittenden Homes. She writes us letters of triumph and victory.

IDA.

Ida was another who, strange to say, stepped into one of Satan's traps, and afterward left home thinking she could never face loved ones and friends again. She soon found Jesus as her Savior and Sanctifier, and lived a happy and victorious life in the Home, proving true under many peculiar trials. She had

prepared herself to teach, hoping to help her parents in a financial way; of course, this trouble put an end to her fond dreams along that line, for the present at least. When her boy, Paul, was about three or four months old, they wrote for her to come home, as her parents needed her. Some changes had taken place which left them alone and they were old, so Ida returned to them. Her heart was full of love, peace and joy. He gave grace enough to keep her sweet under the shadow which sin had cast over her pathway. She has since lived a happy, contented life, shut in with her parents and little Paul. May God bless and keep them!

BESSIE.

Bessie came to us with a little boy about eighteen months old, saying that her husband had deserted her. She wept many bitter tears and was often at the altar, but never seemed to get victory in her soul. If we had not known that God is true and faithful and that He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," and that if we "confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," we might have thought Him a hard Master in this case. Her weeping and praying was so common in the chapel service that when it was omitted little Albert would sometimes take her a handkerchief and put it up to her eyes, saying, "Cry, mamma; say, 'God.'" Bessie

failed to get victory that would last. She sometimes promised the Lord that she would make things right; then He blessed her, but when the test came she would back down and, of course, would lose the victory out of her soul. At length, about six months after she came into the Home, she confessed that she had deceived us and that she had never been married. That falsehood had kept her out of victory all these months, but when she met conditions, and trusted the Blood, God proved faithful. Hallelujah! We learned to love them very dearly, and little Albert won our hearts completely. In his prattle he called the Bible School boys, the "glory boys," and we thought it a very appropriate name; he became so fond of his "glory boys," that he joined the band himself. I remember on one occasion Brother Stalker was preaching; he had just begun and everything was perfectly quiet and Albert said in a loud, clear tone, and with real unction, "Well, glory!" Everybody smiled, and Brother Stalker said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou hast perfected praise."

Albert's mother is married now and lives within walking distance of the Home. Nothing pleases us better than to run in and see them a few minutes when we have time. Albert is large enough to come to Sunday school and has firm faith in Jesus. His mother is not very strong and a dear sanctified sister goes in sometimes and helps her with the washing and ironing. Albert is very fond of sister M—, and was

one day praying that the Lord would send her in; he was scarcely off his knees when he heard her tap on the door; he almost danced with delight over the quick answer.

WAS IT FAIR?

When the roses of summer were budding and blooming
And the yellow wheat 'neath its burden of gold,
The Prodigal Son came, world-weary and tattered,
To the home where his footsteps had echoed of old.

And they clung to his garments with tears and caresses,
Till the cup of his welcome ran over with joy,
And the flowers of love and forgiveness were woven
In a blossoming crown for the Prodigal Boy.

When the icicles hung from the eaves and the branches,
And the winter winds moaned round the dwellings of men,
Forsaken and homeless, the Prodigal Daughter
Crept back to the home of her girlhood again.

But they turned her away in the storm and the darkness
To the icy-cold winds with their chill, piercing breath,
And the pitiless curses that followed her footsteps
Were fierce as the tempest and cruel as death.

CHAPTER XX.

Exiles Restored.

"But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—
ROM. 5: 20.

Emma D. was poor in this world's goods; but in some way she got money to come to Hope Cottage from a distant state. Her brothers would not allow her to stay at home after she got into trouble; they said if she stayed they would leave.

Her parents were old and she was not very strong and she knew her brothers could do more for her parents than she could, so she begged them to stay and she left. She was very sad and cried a great deal; she did not know but that she had said farewell forever to the dear old father and mother who had looked forward to having her with them in their old days when they should need her so much. We felt the Lord was bottling up her tears, for they were not tears of rebellion, but came from a broken and contrite heart, and sure enough, it was not long before her heart hunger was satisfied.

We often had occasion to walk softly through the upper hall because Emma was on her knees beside her bed. She claimed sanctification through the Blood and grew rapidly in the torrid zone of God's love.

Sometimes He would pour out His Spirit upon her in the chapel service, and she would pray with such power that we felt that she had prevailed with God.

She was at the Hospital several weeks, and when visiting her we would more often find her on her knees beside her cot than anywhere else. The baby died while she was in the Hospital, and when she came home she said she wanted to go to her father and mother just as soon as she was strong enough and the way opened for her to go. The money for her ticket, about \$35.00, was given directly to her in answer to prayer, not a cent of it came out of the rescue fund. Her brothers relented and became willing for her to return, so the Lord arranged her home-going.

She writes to us and always reports victory; she walks two or three miles to Sunday school and church, and last fall she wrote us that her father intended to go with her in a covered wagon to attend a holiness camp-meeting, and they were going to take their own provision and camp in the wagon. I thought, "How good God is to arrange for meetings where the poor can go and feel perfectly at home." She sent us nice checked gingham aprons for Christmas presents with texts worked in cross stitch on them. God grant that at the marriage supper of the Lamb she may be presented to the heavenly Bridegroom in raiment of needle work.

May the Lord bless Emma as she picks cotton, and give her many precious lessons.

He gave me a spiritual lesson from the cotton bole when I was in Texas last winter. The bole before it opens represents the heart that has not responded to the knock of Jesus, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3:20. The open boles represent the hungry hearts waiting for the laborer to come and gather in the harvest. John 4: 35. "Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." When it is gathered in it is not ready to go out and bless the world, but has to go through the process of ginning, which takes out the seed (the inbred sin) and then it is ready to be sent out on its mission of blessing. "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

There had been an early frost that year that had injured the cotton crop so there were thousands of dollar's worth of cotton left in the fields that never would open. It was sold for a pittance to those who would open the boles in order to get the cotton out. This is tedious work and makes the fingers very sore; so the fields were not crowded with workers; this reminded me of, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." The slum corps is not very large; the field is not crowded, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

The following announcement appeared in a late Revivalist:

Moral, Okla.—There will be a Holiness Campmeeting two miles west and one mile north of Moral, Okla., beginning July 15th.

There will be two meals served on the grounds, morning and noon, at twenty cents each. Five and ten cent lunch at 5 o'clock in the evening. Free straw; bring bedtick and blanket.

Everybody welcome. We ask the prayers of every member of God's Revivalist family for this meeting for the salvation of souls, sanctification of believers, and healing of the sick.—Emma Dudley.

You see Emma is not going to confine her labors entirely to the cotton field this summer, but she has helped to launch this pioneer camp at her own home. God bless her labors whether in camp or cotton field. The following is a letter from her:

Moral, Okla., July 15, 1905.

Dear Mother Duff:—I have not forgotten you, and am still trying to live close to Jesus. I send you one of our camp-meeting circulars. I wish you and Sister Payne could come. Your board should not cost you a cent. May God bless all the old girls and new ones, too. I read the Rescue Editions with tears and praises to God. The Lord provides for me.

As ever, yours for Jesus,

EMMA DUDLEY.

MINNIE.

Minnie, an orphan eighteen years of age, came to us in the Spring of '93, an almost hopeless case, a physi-

cal wreck and presenting a very distressing appearance on account of disease having settled in her eyes. She had been reared in the mountains of Kentucky among a rough element, and she went away from home to visit some relatives and met with a girl who took her to a sporting house. She was so ignorant of the ways of the world and of a life of sin in a great city that she thought it was a place of amusement. She had been accustomed to the mountain banjo music and dances, and she thought a sporting house was something on that order; but when she found that she was in a house of prostitution, strange to say, she stayed, I don't know how long, or what influence was brought to bear upon her; but in the course of time she became so dissatisfied and cried so much that the madam sent for a missionary to come and take her out, and she was sent to Hope Cottage. Her heart was hungry and she soon got salvation.

She had to spend several weeks in the hospital, and I have never forgotten her joy on being able to return home; it seemed that there were no ways and means sufficient at her command to express her joy and gratitude, and we just knelt in the chapel and she poured out her heart to God in praises and thanksgiving amidst her tears and sobs. She was of a very affectionate disposition, and by her childlike simplicity, faith and love she won our hearts. When her health was restored and salvation had lighted up her coun-

tenance and she had tidied up in her personal appearance, she was pleasant to look upon.

When the time came that she felt like she ought to go out to work, we wondered what the child could do; but there was a call for a girl to go for a few weeks to stay with a woman who had had typhoid fever, but was convalescent, and just needed some one to look after the children through the day and wait on her a little, and we thought Minnie might do that, and she was very anxious to go. By the time her two weeks were up she had gotten another place to work, and wanted me to go and see the place, which I did and found it all right, and Minnie stayed a long time, until her uncle came and took her home.

The lady is an invalid and we sometimes go to see her, and she says to us, "Oh, if I had Minnie back! I loved that girl." But Minnie is married now; has a Christian husband and a nice home, and since her marriage into the family, her brother-in-law and sister-in-law have both been saved. She has sent us two girls to the Home this summer, and the missionaries there (Portsmouth, O.,) write us that Minnie is doing good work for the Master; she is weeping and praying over the erring ones and trying to lead them to Jesus, and when every other plan fails she tries to get them to come to Hope Cottage. "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. . . . And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

THE DIAMOND "IN THE ROUGH."

A diamond "In the rough"
Is a diamond sure enough;
For though it may not sparkle,
It is made of diamond stuff!

Of course someone must find it,
Or it never will be found;
And then someone must grind it,
Or it never will be ground!

But when it's found, and when it's ground,
And when it's burnished bright,
That diamond's everlastingly
Just flashing out its light!

O worker in the slum corps,
Don't think you've "done enough"—
The worst girl in the "dive" may be
A diamond in the rough!

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XXI.

ORPHA.—One of God's Trophies Redeemed by the Blood.

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."—1 PET. 1: 18, 19.

One Sunday afternoon in Sept. 1902, the missionaries of Hope Cottage went to the House of Detention as was their custom to see the prisoners and tell them of Jesus. In the extreme end of one of the cells lay a woman on an iron cot who had not sufficiently recovered from her drunken stupor and miserable feelings to pay any attention to what the missionaries were saying to those who had come to the front of the cell. The matron unlocked the door (an unusual thing) that they might go back and talk with her.

They found her shivering with cold, and one of them took her jacket off and put it on her. She afterwards said this act of kindness together with the words they spoke, their prayers, and their bright faces all touched her heart. At times she had longed for a better life, but did not know how to take the first step. The missionaries told her of the Home and asked her to come to Hope Cottage. She did not promise; she did not know what it would be like. When she went before the



Оргпа.

Judge of the Police Court, he postponed her trial and sent her to jail without bail; during that time the Lord dealt with her in answer to prayer and she was so deeply convicted that she decided to turn her back on sin forever and give her heart to God.

When she was brought before the Judge the second time, she requested him to send her to Hope Cottage, not knowing that the Judge had already arranged for this with the missionaries, and she was a little surprised when they stepped up and took her by the hand and called her "sister." If the veil could have been lifted and they could have looked down the vista of time for only two and a half years, would they not have given her a warm hand-shake and a hearty "God bless you?" They took her as a "sister" by faith and the Lord made their reckoning good and made her a real sister in Christ. Hallelujah! What a true sister she has been! The Lord bless her!

This is the way that Orpha came to Hope Cottage; but perhaps I had better tell you how she came to be in this trouble. It was through disobedience to God, of course. She was an only daughter in a happy home, with a Christian mother, who often talked to them of Jesus and told them how he had saved her, and prayed that one of her sons might be a preacher. I wonder if the curtain has swung back an instant and she has had a glimpse of Orpha preaching in the slums, (Her mother went to Heaven when Orpha was about sixteen, and home never seemed quite the same

to her any more). She sought pleasure outside, got into bad company, and at twenty was betrayed under the promise of marriage. Her grandmother took care of her during this trouble, and when it was over kept the baby.

Orpha often frequented dance halls, and ball-rooms, seeking happiness. One evening at the dance she met a stranger who told her charming stories of city life, with fine positions and good salaries. He said if she and her girl friend wanted to go, he would escort them and see them to a place of safety.

They felt a little uneasy going to strange city without knowing just what they were going to do, but a carriage was sent for them and they were taken to the depot. Upon their arrival in Cincinnati they were taken to what seemed to be an elegant home and were met by a matronly woman, who took them into a nicely furnished parlor. Girls began coming in dressed in a loud way and all seemed to be on familiar terms with the man who had been so nice to them. Then it dawned on them that they "were in one of those gilded houses of sin," "they had been sold," "their escort was a procurer." They wanted to get alone and were assigned to their room where they talked it over. The madam came in and insisted on their staying for a few days, promising them that no one should see them. They agreed to stay, and before their few days were up, they were informed that they "were missed from the outside world, and were branded for life." They realized that they

could give no satisfactory account of those few days to their friends, nor convince them that they had been in such a place and yet without sin. Their next step was to bid good-bye to home and friends and everything that was good and pure, and enter a life of sin with its deluge of sorrow, suffering, and shame.

The downward career was step by step. When she yielded to her first temptation she did not expect to become a prostitute. Girls, heed this danger signal!

It was almost five years before the drink, drugs, and dissipation began to tell much on Orpha; but after that time she went down very rapidly, and it was at the end of ten years of sin that we met her in the House of Detention. She was blessedly saved in less than three days after she came into the Home, but while working in the laundry one day she lost her temper, and said a bad word; then she became discouraged, for she thought she would never do anything like that after she was saved; she expected to be good everywhere. If she had known the plan of salvation as perfectly as she knew it afterwards, she would, no doubt, have confessed her sin, asked God to forgive her, claimed victory through the Blood, and sought the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire to sanctify the heart, taking out the anger and enabling her to live the victorious life that she believed the child of God out to live. On the contrary, she ran away that night and revelled in sin for six months longer.

We saw her twice during that interval; once the mis-

sionaries glancing from the car window, saw her on the street. They rang the bell, got off, and overtook her and tried to persuade her to come back to the Home, but without success; however she came to the Home one evening much under the influence of drink, and we did our best to keep her, but she left about midnight. On this visit she gave us \$10.00, saying she wanted to help along with the work, so we laid it away thinking that when she got sober, she could return it to its owner; but Orpha left, and this money was on our hands. We put it in a box and marked it "stolen money." It lay in the drawer for several months, and we finally put it into the "Poor Fund."

Orpha went on in a perfectly reckless way, suffering many things. Often in the House of Detention, before the Police Judge (she was arrested eight times in one month), and in the Work House until the devil finally overreached himself, she rebelled against such a master and withdrew from his service forever. It was in March, after an absence of six months that she returned to the Home and to God. I do not remember the particulars of her return, save that she had a bruised face, and was sadly bruised in spirit also.

When Thursday evening came, she first thought she would not go to the prayer-meeting on account of her black eye, and then the thought came that this might be her last opportunity and she had better lay aside her pride and go. She went and came back under such awful conviction that she could hardly live. She went

down in the cellar to arrange the furnace for the night and was afraid she should never get back alive. She came to my room and said, "Mother, I must get saved tonight, or I shall die, I cannot stand it any longer." We knelt down and she began praying, and it did seem at times that she might die under the awful agony and burden of sin; but it was not long, bless the Lord! until the burden rolled away, and the whole catalogue of sins were blotted out to be remembered against her no more forever; the glory of God came into her soul; she was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Hallelujah! She expected salvation to transform her heart and life, and it did. Bless the Lord! She had been groping in darkness so long that when the light broke in on her soul, she knew that she had passed from death unto life.

We only refer to the sin side that the power of God may be magnified in the salvation of souls. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Orpha was in such a nervous condition that we knew nothing but the power of God could quiet her and we looked to Him for help. She had a high ideal of a Christian life, although she knew nothing about sanctification. She thought to be a Christian one must live above sin, and be perfectly straight and conscientious in every detail of life, and many times even during the first weeks of her Christian life, she would be grieved to see girls who professed to be saved, do and say things that were wrong, and would ask them how they could do

those things and be saved. She spent much of the time in the little prayer room at the top of the house with her Bible; she wanted to learn what wages her new Master promised to give for faithful service; when she found that she was really the child of a King, she began at once to appropriate the promises. She reminded me of a child gathering field strawberries, who, upon finding a big red cluster, would cry out with delight. I remember she came in one day saying, "O, Mother, I am going to be healed; I am not going to be nervous any more, just listen." She had found a rich cluster of promises. In a short time she went with one of the missionaries back to the old haunts of sin to tell them what Jesus had done for her. She talked to them in the saloons until the people wept with her under the power of God; she did not have much time for social visiting; she spent her time alone with God. When Camp Meeting of 1903 closed she was invited to spend some time with some saints at Fair Haven, Ohio. When she arrived a revival service was in progress and the Lord used her in a blessed way there. One woman came a long distance to get instructions as to how to teach purity. Orpha told her the only way was to get a pure heart and then she could teach it. On her return she went over to Belfast, Ohio, to Camp Meeting and the Lord blessed her there in the work and we began to realize that the Lord had called Orpha for His own work.

She was taken with typhoid fever about midsummer, she did not want a physician; she said she was in the

Lord's hands and if it was His will to heal her, He would raise her up. All through her illness she never lost her bearings; she could always locate herself on the Lord's side; she would so exhaust herself in prayer that we had to pray for her and not with her. We had hoped she would be able to go to the Bible School when it opened in September, but she was not strong enough, so she made a visit to her brother. The Lord blessed her life and testimony there. When her brother resented what he thought was disrespect to her she consoled him by saying: "They do not understand; when I have had time to prove to them that my heart and life are changed it will be all right." She came back for the Christmas Convention and entered the Bible School; was gloriously sanctified and the Lord opened up the Scriptures to her. She grew rapidly in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and He used her some in the city mission work.

One morning during the Camp of 1904 the Lord poured out His Spirit upon her and she took the platform and preached for an hour or more with great power and the altar was crowded with seekers. The Lord blessed her wonderfully as an altar worker; she really travailed for souls until they were born into the kingdom of God. After the Camp Meeting closed she became one of the workers in the Home.

Sister Payne, our missionary, went home for a little rest. She had been in the Lord's work for three years without a break, and was much exhausted and needed

quiet. Orpha took the city work in connection with the Home, and was also a great help in the Home. This work brought her in contact with policemen who used to arrest her; she always went well supplied with tracts and Revivalists, which she never failed to give out. Our workers go to the House of Detention on Sunday, then to Police Court the next morning and ask for any whom they hope to help. Orpha often went to Police Court, not as a prisoner any more, praise the Lord! but as one for whom the prison doors had been opened. She now pleaded with the Judge who used to sentence her, for some of the poor girls whom she hoped to rescue from sin.

I must say to the honor of the Court that they respected Orpha as much as any missionary that visited their court room. The matrons in the House of Detention who had so often locked her up, welcomed her with smiles. I remember one time she had occasion to go into the matron's departments with a policeman on some business, and the matron was so shocked that she turned pale, thinking that Orpha had backslidden and was in the hands of the policeman, although she did not look like Orpha used to when she was brought in; there were no marks of dissipation, on the contrary her face was bright and cheerful; she was well dressed and looked every whit a lady. All praise and glory to Him! She almost always met some one in the prison whom she had known in sin, and some with whom she had been for-

merly locked up in that same cell. The desire of the prisoners generally is that you plead with the Judge that he let them go; but her desire was that she might plead with the Judge of all the earth that He, for Jesus' sake would pardon them and set the sin bound prisoner free.

Sister West, one of the teachers in the Bible School, also helped us in the Home during vacation, doing whatever her hand found to do; the Lord bless her! When school opened she had to return to her work, but by this time Sister Payne was at her post again so Orpha was free for the slum work, which had laid so heavily on her heart. She knew almost every den of vice in this city and was given access to them. She went day after day and night after night laden with tracts and Revivalists, into dance halls, theatres, wine rooms, saloons, beer gardens, barrel houses, river front, and everywhere she could get an entrance, until she had literally sown the places down with full gospel literature, her prayers ascending as mist to return in showers of blessing to mature the harvest.

The first fruits have been gathered already. Praise the Lord! Fannie Clifford, who was her landlady for the first five years of her life in sin, is in the Home now. Other landladies have sent for her to come and talk with them. On her way to the slums one night as she passed a mission, she thought she would go in and testify. When the opportunity came she got up to testify and the Lord poured out His

Spirit on her as she walked back and forth and exhorted and praised the Lord, saying, "People said there was no redemption for Georgia Cline, but praise the Lord He has redeemed me from sin, and washed me in His own blood. Hallelujah!" The mission had a glass front and the passers by would stop and look in and listen. As soon as Orpha was done talking a nice looking woman came in and went up and spoke to her. It was a girl she had once known in sin, who had since married a saloon-keeper. She had been watching Orpha but could not just place her until she had called the name she had taken while in sin. She told Orpha she wanted her to come out to her home and see her husband; he was so troubled; some woman had been going into his saloon from time to time, leaving tracts and papers and talking to him until he was not the same any more. He had come home a few nights before and asked her to pray for him, but she didn't know how to pray; he said, "Well, let us get down together and try to pray any way," and they did. Orpha knew what woman it was who had troubled him and driven him to his knees.

When she went to work in the slums, she asked the Lord to give her some money, especially for restitution, Ex. 22. and Lev. 6:1-7, for when in sin and drinking she often went to a restaurant and took dinner and left without paying. She would leave the saloons too, without settling for what she had ordered, and if there was any loose money around would pocket it, and

when she sobered up, she could not remember where she had gotten it.

Sometimes when she went into these places to tell the story of Jesus, they would say, "Well if the Lord has done for you what you say He has, you ought to pay your debts," and she would reply, "Of course, I ought, do I owe you anything?" So she paid off old scores from a few cents up to several dollars and never had to pass a single saloon where an old debt hindered her from getting the gospel message to them.

She went into one place where she had stolen money and was witnessing for Jesus and begging the girl to come away. The saloon-keeper thought he would try her, so he left some money where she could scarcely avoid seeing it and went out. When he returned his money was untouched, she had not even seen it, she was not looking for money but for diamonds in the rough. She would never have known of the circumstance had they not told her afterward.

She found another saloon keeper who used to sell her drink, dying of consumption, without any of the comforts of life. She got fresh bed linen and a warm comfort and put up a stove and got him something to eat, and then she talked to him about his soul. She went to see him several times and prayed with him and tried to lead him to Jesus, but he soon passed away and eternity alone will tell the result.

"Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether

will prosper, this or that, or whether both will be alike good."

She kept going into the saloons and warning the girls, for almost every saloon in Cincinnati had a sporting house attached, with a sitting room on the first floor. In one place she warned them that something would happen if they did not repent; in a short time the saloon-keeper was shot down dead in his tracks as he stood behind the bar.

She warned them in another saloon and said she felt like she was delivering her last message; and it was; she knew the man behind the bar well; she told the girls she knew just how miserable they were for she had roomed over that same saloon for two years and she begged them to come out. In a short time a murder occurred in the sitting room of that saloon, which led to the closing of all houses of prostitution in the city, kept in connection with saloons. In consequence there were for a time from forty to sixty girls per week in the House of Detention. We talked to some of them, who said in tears, "Oh, Orpha warned us to come out, and begged us to do so, but we would not." Some of these were girls who had never been arrested before and thought they never would get so low as that. Others had just gone out for the evening and their parents had no thought that they were in places of sin; they were weeping bitterly, and saying, "Oh, it will kill my parents. I am ruined and they are disgraced forever." In less than a month after this reform move-

ment there were two Sundays in succession when there was not a woman in the House of Detention, and the two succeeding Sundays there was only one. We verily believe that it was in answer to prevailing prayer, and to God we give all the glory.

Orpha had told us that her work was done for the present in Cincinnati and she believed the Lord would send her to Chicago, but she had no idea how He would do it. His way was to lay it on the heart of a brother and sister in the Bible School to support her to work in the Chicago slums. We did not want her to go at first; we thought the Lord could use her more here among those she had known; but before she went away we felt that it was the Lord's will and bade her God-speed.

This brother and sister brought her over a hundred dollars' worth of tracts and literature and sent it by freight for her to use in the Chicago slums; the brother says that he used to go squirrel hunting, and never could bring down any game without a good supply of ammunition. The time came for her going away and she was up at 4 o'clock in order to get through her work, for she had to make two or three trips to the city; when night came she was very tired and I thought she would have to retire early, to get a good night's rest and be ready for traveling early in the morning; but the girls kept going into her room and she prayed with them until nearly twelve o'clock. Early the next morning she was off for Chicago, and that is how Orpha left Hope Cottage.

The Lord gave to her and the girl who is her fellow-worker a room in the beautiful home of a sanctified sister and they went to work, first in the saloons, and she told them her experience; the saloon keeper told her if that story was true just to go and tell it all along the line, and others would follow in her footsteps and she took his advice and went into a hundred saloons before she stopped. She met a man who used to be Fanny Clifford's piano player; she told him what the Lord had done for her and that Fanny was saved and the great tears rolled down his cheeks. One man whom they met in the slums walked out seven miles to the Home, gave up his whiskey, tobacco, and everything else that he had to give up, and got blessedly saved.

The Texas boys went to Chicago at this time to assist Brother Hodgins in a revival and Orpha temporarily stopped her slum work to help in the meeting. The sister with whom she found a home had a worldly daughter and she got gloriously saved.

The Lord has called Orpha to Africa when her work in this country is done.

I add this letter in which you have in her own words an account of some of the victories God is giving in His work.

Chicago, Ill., March 10, 1905.

Dear Mother Duff and family:

Greetings to all in Jesus' name.

The Lord is with us and giving wonderful victory. Praise His name forever! We are having beautiful

bright days in which to work for the Master and He is opening doors in a wonderful way. He made it clear to me the first of the week to search the sporting districts for girls, so we started out Monday without a fear, knowing He was going before us.

We have been going in the districts where the "first class" houses are, all this week; we find the doors standing wide open and hundreds of girls leaning out of the windows trying to get a little fresh air and sunshine. These real spring days make them hungry to get out of their cages. We have given out papers and sermons in almost every house, leaving a Rescue Home card in each place. We walk right into the parlors before they realize what is coming, and God gives us a message that interests them, and *there the landlady stands*; it seems that God just closes her mouth till she is speechless. He has truly verified His promise to me, "I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." To Him be all the glory. After all we know that we amount to nothing, it is the Spirit that deals with their souls. We feel the need of every one's prayers in this work; I am so glad it is all His work and we can trust it all to Him, knowing that He will get glory to Himself out of it. We may not be able to see so much with these our natural eyes, but by *faith* we see a great work being accomplished. We have prayed in many of these places where the girls all wept and afterward thanked us for even thinking of them.

I preached for ten minutes in a barrel house to over

four hundred men. They laid aside their cards and set their beer glasses down and crowded around trying to catch every word. I had permission from no one but the Spirit; the proprietor came from behind the bar and stood with his back against the door, and no one could come in or out; it seemed that he did not want the meeting disturbed. Hallelujah! Oh, it pays to mind the Holy Ghost! He will make a way where there is no way.

The people are beginning to know us, and many are glad to see us. We have won the confidence of some by refusing to accept money. They cannot understand that part of it. Many saloon-keepers ask us to come again, saying we bring sunshine with us; and they feel better for having seen us.

Some have lost all hope for themselves; I tell them I got to that place, and after hearing some of my experience, they feel encouraged, saying they believe more than ever that there is something in salvation. Pray that God will give me boldness to tell it just for His glory and to help others and give them courage. There is no chance of my settling down and getting nice; God makes me tell it wherever I go. Some would say, "Never tell your past," but God makes me tell what He has saved me from, and I will obey God if everybody else gets ashamed of me. I never realized in my life what it means to follow Jesus as I do these days. It is truly "the lone way." It sometimes brings a sense of loneliness that makes one weep, still it is blessed.

I would not go any other way for all the world; it is the only way that satisfies. I feel today that I am truly a "pilgrim and a stranger, having no continuing city here, but seeking one to come."

Rest assured that you have my prayers. I know you must have your hands full; the Lord bless and keep you in perfect health. It will not be long until we come again, bringing our sheaves with us. The Lord bless and keep you. Hope Cottage is *very dear to me*. I pray for you daily. Orpha.

While the Lord was putting it on Brother Standley's heart to open up the city campaign before Camp-meeting, He was talking to Orpha in Chicago, and she felt that she must come to Cincinnati before Camp-meeting opened, though she didn't know why; but the Lord did not want Orpha to miss as good a thing as the city campaign. She had walked the streets many a night for the devil, and after she was saved she went alone when there was no one to go with her and trudged the streets from saloon to saloon and preached Jesus; and now that the Bible School was going to turn out in full force, He wanted Orpha to enjoy it, and she was just in her element. I think she would rather preach on the street than to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem for the same length of time, and the more she marched and the more she preached and the more she prayed, the more she wanted to preach and pray and shout. She has not stopped yet, and there is no sign that she is going to stop. She would almost

frighten us more timid ones with her reckless daring, and she would say, "Well, I was bold for the devil, and now the Lord has shown me that I must be bold for Him."

One evening while waiting on a prominent corner for our street car, the throng was surging past, and Orpha was just as busy passing tracts, when a policeman touched her on the shoulder and told her that she must not pass hand bills on the street, and she replied, "This is the Gospel that I am handing out, the Gospel that saved me," and continued just as busy as she could be while talking. He watched her awhile and going up to her again he said, "Now, I don't want to arrest you, but I am going to, if you don't stop that." "Well," she said, "you have arrested me many a time, but you never arrested me for anything like this; but the next time you do, it will be for doing something of this kind." She said, "Do you remember Georgia Cline?" and he looked at her in astonishment and answered, "Yes, I remember the last time I arrested her; she said it would be the last time, that she was going to reform." "Yes, I said that a great many times," said she, "but I didn't do it; but God *transformed* me, and that *reformed* me, and that is why I am doing this," and away she went at her work, while he said, "Well, just go on," and our scare was over, as we had had directions that if anybody was arrested, we should step into their tracks and go on with the work whatever it was, and pay no attention to the missing one, and we

were just afraid that we should be scared if a policeman were to tap us on the shoulder.

When we got near the neighborhood of the corner for which we had a permit, we would stop along and sing, and Orpha would talk awhile, and then invite the people to come and go with us down to the corner where the meeting was to be held; but in the meantime such a large crowd would gather that she could not move them, and then she would go to preaching, no matter where it was, and we would be anxious and say, "Orpha, this is not the corner, and the policemen are coming," but none of these things moved her, neither counted she her life dear unto herself, that she might preach the Gospel that had saved her and which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and her motto is, "How can they believe except they hear, and how can they hear without a preacher," and one that will take the Gospel to them on the street?

On one particular evening, I think she preached about half a dozen sermons from as many texts and made an altar call at the close of every sermon. She would preach and exhort and invite, and if no one came, as the Bible School boys say, she would "pour it on" again, and if she could not get them that way, she would put some one else in charge and slip out and go into the saloons and on the outskirts of the crowd and do personal work; and if she could not get folks through to God in the crowd, she would take

them up to the Mission and there help them to pray through.

They soon saw it was useless to get a permit for any certain corner for Orpha, for they were just as apt to find her in one place as another. She seemed to forget all about her corner. I think she must have scorned the corner offer and claimed every foot of land on which the soles of her feet trod. She seemed to be at home everywhere. Marking out a boundary line for Orpha would be as futile as proscribing a fire fly. About the time you think you have it, light will shine forth in the most unexpected place.

We were once holding a street meeting in front of our Rescue Mission on George street. A poor, sinful girl was listening from a window at the top of a neighboring building. She not only listened, but wept, and Orpha made an effort to reach her, but the saloon-keeper had locked the door leading to the stairway and she could go no further. She continued to talk to her from the outside, throwing her the life-line from the street as best she could. The girl seemed to appreciate it and expressed her gratitude by throwing a two dollar bill to them from the window. May God find an entrance to this hungry heart. Locked doors are no barrier to His Spirit. Praise His name!

One evening we went up to the Mission after the street meeting. Some of the girls from the Bible School had charge of the meeting that night, and there was a drunken man at the altar, so drunk that he

didn't know what he was doing. He had torn his handkerchief into shreds, had torn off his collar and tie, and was just scattering things when Orpha came in. I have heard of handling people with gloves off, but Orpha unconsciously began to roll up her sleeves and went at it. She recognized him and knew something of his crooked life and told him a few things and prayed. The Lord sobered him up in just a few minutes, and as soon as he got to the place where he said he would give up his sins, she told him to pray, and he went at it, and was soon saved. I have heard of the Lord sobering up people suddenly in answer to prayer, but had never seen it done before. We have a wonderful God. Praise His holy name!

A few evenings ago, she was preaching on the street when a messenger came for her to go to a saloon. She said, "What do they want with me?" The answer was, "The saloon-keeper is sick and wants you to pray with him." Orpha used to drink in his saloon, and he drugged her drinks, kept the police force continually on her track and always did everything he could against her. Someone who knew all this said, "After the way he always treated you, I don't see how you can go to his saloon and pray for him or care anything about his soul." However she welcomed the opportunity of doing good to a persecutor and went, and about the first thing he said was, "Georgia, I didn't treat you right, and I want you to forgive me." "Oh," she said, "that is all right; I am glad the devil made it hard for me. I got

tired of his service. He overreached himself in my case. What can I do for you?" "Well," he said, "I want you to pray for me." She answered, "I will be glad to do it. Can I pray here and now?" "No, I want you to go down to the Mission to pray." Then she asked if he were going with her, when he replied, "No, I can't go. I went down there one evening and heard you talk; but just look at my feet all swollen until I cannot walk," and he was coughing so that he could scarcely talk. She said, "You are going to die." "I know it," he said. (He had whiskey consumption.) She said to him, "You know I came back two years ago and warned you faithfully, and have warned you since, and I knew the Lord wasn't going to let you go on much longer, and now your time is short; but if you would truly repent, the Lord would save you. He saved me. You know it was the Lord that changed my heart and life." "Yes," he said, "I know it," and he asked her to come back. The next time she went he was glad to have her kneel right down in his saloon and pray for him.

Last night at the Mission a stranger came up to the front to speak to those in charge of the meeting and inquired for Orpha. They told him that she was there, and looked her up. She recognized a saloon-keeper whom she used to know in sin and whom she had faithfully warned and exhorted after she was saved. He had gone out of the saloon business, but was still working for the devil along other lines. He

said, "Georgia, I have come to tell you that I am tired of sin, and I settled it yesterday that I would give it all up, and I went to tell M—— that I was going to give up a sinful life and beg her to give it up too and to go to the Rescue Home, but when I reached the place the house was raided and they were all locked up, (and Orpha said, "I guess the Lord is getting her ready; that is the way He got me ready") and I want you to go to the police court and see Judge Lueders if he will not pardon her and let you have her. If he will, make it plain to her that I am done with sin. I just turn her over to you. ("Yes," said Orpha, "and I will turn her over to the Lord.") I am going to the hospital to get straightened up in my body." Then she told him how he would have to get straightened up in his soul, and he said he meant to do it.

Orpha brought this girl to the Home, but she yielded to temptation, slipped off and went down to the city one evening and hunted up this man. She had to go to the Mission to find him, and he said to her, "M——, I am done with the old life; I mean to get right with God. Go back to the Home if they will take you in again." And she did come straight back. Thank God the revival spirit is abroad in this city. The sporting house madams are sending for Orpha to come and see them.

Oh, the Lord is working on the hearts of the people, and where they are not yielding, His judgments are falling.

"He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

It has been said that the book of the Acts of the Apostles has never been finished, but that the recording angel is still working on it, so if the remainder of Orpha's life is not written down here, I feel sure that it will be written in the book of remembrance. "And they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." Malachi 3:16.

CONCLUSION.

A rescue mission and a rescue home are both necessities in rescuing the perishing, and how we thank God that He has supplied us with both! Now, when poor girls come to us from the streets, missions, hospitals, police court, prison, or work house, we can receive them with open doors as well as with open hearts. Praise the Lord! I might have added, "or when they come to us from respectable homes," for they often do so. All the sin, sorrow and heartaches are not confined to the slums by any means.

In closing, we extend a loving invitation to all who are really tired of sin and want to lead a new life to come and prove the power of the redeeming Blood. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

"Through all the depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound."

"So we go through the streets and the by-ways,
Preach the Word to the many or few,
As we say to each weary outcast,
There's redemption thro' the Blood for you."

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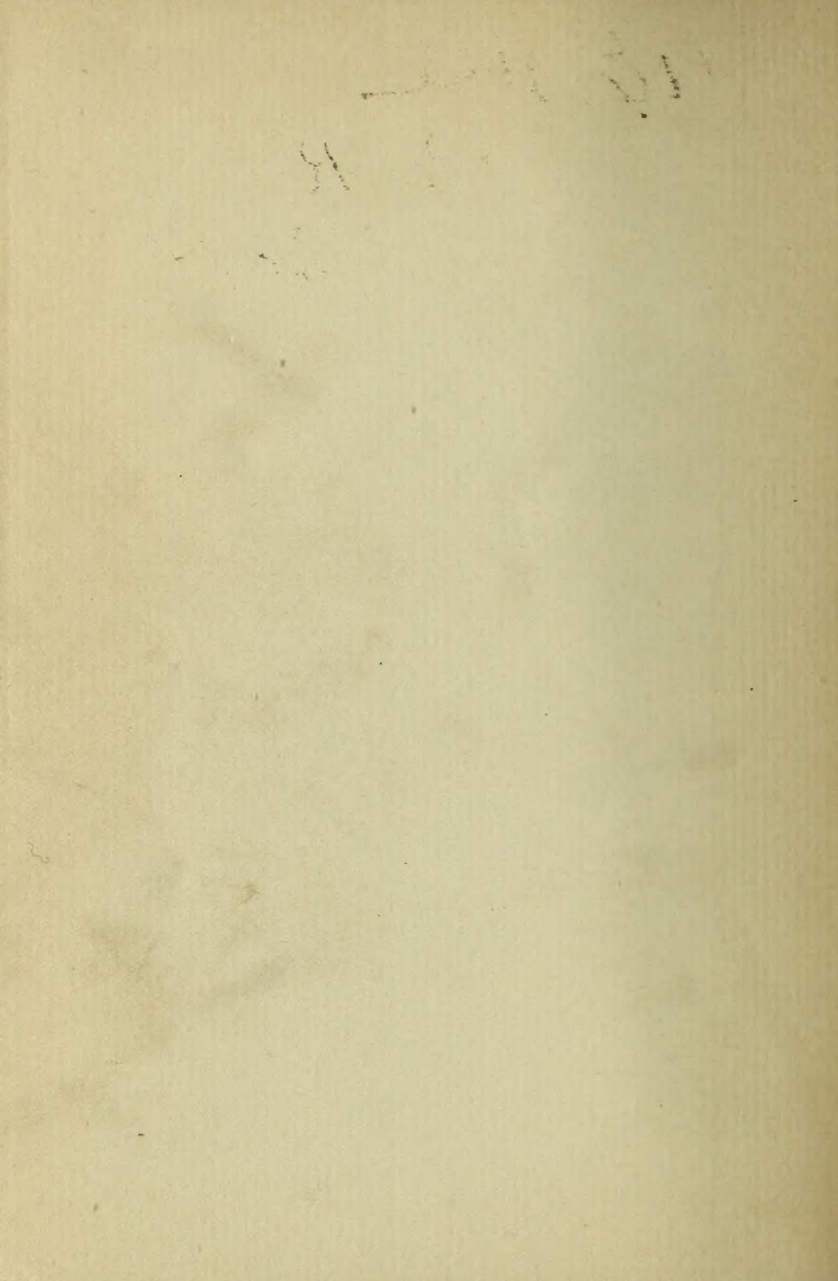
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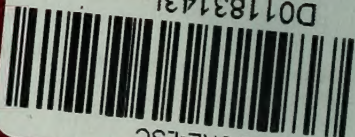
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