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RECORDS OF MODERN MIRACLES

By Emma M. Whittemore

From The Printed Publication Titled:
"Mother Whittemore's Records
Of Modern Miracles"

Edited by F. A. Robinson
Toronto, Canada

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DEDICATION

To Miss C. B. Grunert, whose cheerful co-operation and unfailing friendship brought joy to Mother Whittemore and to the Editor

* * * * *

GRAPHICS WITH THIS PUBLICATION

Mrs. E. M. (Mother) Whittemore = hdm0788a.jpg

Mr. Sidney Whittemore = hdm0788b.jpg

Mrs. Whittemore in Uniform of Salvation Army = hdm0788c.jpg

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Mrs. Whittemore In the Garb Worn to Visit Slum Dwellings = hdm0788f.jpg

Delia, the Bluebird of Mulberry Bend = hdm0788g.jpg

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PREFACE

On several occasions before her "homegoing", Mother spoke to her friend and our friend, Dr. F. A. Robinson of Toronto, regarding the publication of the stories and records that she had personally written. It is a great joy to us to know that one in whom Mother had such confidence and with whom she had so often and so gladly labored has put these reminders of her incessant and greatly-blessed labors into book form. Some of the material was incomplete and hurriedly written, but Dr. Robinson at great trouble has gathered the complete facts and presented them with fidelity and devotion in memory of the one with whom we know he was so happily associated in the highest of all service.

Many friends have asked for this book and we trust it may help to continue the work to which our much-loved little "Mother" gave so unstintingly of all she possessed. In this third edition we are very glad that "Delia the Bluebird of Mulberry Bend" has been reprinted. To the regret of large numbers of Christian workers it has been out of print for several years. Its amazing record of God's redeeming grace will we are assured continue the widespread blessing of former years.

Louis R. Whittemore
Minnie Whittemore Gibbon

* * *

General Evangeline Booth, a great personal friend of Mother Whittemore, says: The "acts" of God's modern apostles are no less thrilling, no less vital, no less God-glorifying than when He was here in the flesh.

The Christian world will welcome this book. May it open a real "Door of Hope" and inspiration to many a discouraged saint and many a despondent sinner!

* * * * *

THE EDITOR'S CHAPTER

Frequently during the last few years of her life, Mrs. Whittemore expressed her desire to have printed the records and stories for which many of her friends had asked. She wished I might find time to revise considerable manuscript and put a lot of "scattered notes and memos into ship-shape." And now after home-going her wishes have been carried out.

Several pages of the manuscript and some paragraphs were incomplete. Having heard many, if not all of the stories from her own lips more than once, and having several times visited and conferred with her immediate relatives, it has been possible to supply that which was lacking. Some of the phraseology is not her own; the message is.

Emma Mott Whittemore, widely known in many lands as the founder of the "Door of Hope", was the daughter of a much esteemed and prominent lawyer, H. A. Mott, Esq., and granddaughter of one of New York's most famous and wealthiest surgeons, Dr. Valentine Mott. She was reared in a home of affluence and refinement. Often she would tell of how thoroughly she was shielded from what is known as the shady side of life and how her sensibilities were shocked when its horrors were revealed to her.

In spite of the repulsiveness of much upon which she had to look, she never once failed to carry out what she believed was God's purpose for her life. To be personally associated with the classes that came to be her chief concern was at first almost unendurable to one brought up as she had been, but she knew from whence grace and strength sufficient were to come. Before she came to be known as an angel of mercy, she was often greeted by a volley of oaths, especially in penetrating to the slip-trap dives where, as she used to say, "all that was needed was the scratch of a match to make one think they were in the lower regions." Day by day and night by night she was seeking the lost. That search took her where she had to see and hear that which nothing but divine love could have endured.

She discovered that Satan was no respecter of persons. In one dive was a British General's wife, in another a well-known minister's daughter, in another the only child of a Supreme Court Judge; there were girls from all ranks of society and from many lands. Sin had beckoned to them with jeweled fingers and smiling face. Now the jewels had gone and the mask had fallen and they could see the hideously-leprous face of vice.

All that and much more this courageous and loving and sensitive soul discovered. In the interests of some friendless and scorned girl, she entered many a courtroom where nothing but the grace of God could have caused her to go or to have remained. In commenting on a particularly revolting case which had for weeks been portrayed in all its lurid horror in scores of dailies, one New York evening paper said of Mrs. Whittemore, "In all this lamentable affair, this brave, tender,

broadly sympathetic Christian philanthropist is the only person who appears in an absolutely serene and uncensurable light."

Speaking of her addresses at one of his Conferences, Dr. Wilbur Chapman said, "Whenever she spoke, Mrs. Whittemore moved the great audiences as I have rarely seen them stirred . . . She has probably been instrumental in saving more fallen women than any other one person."

Although she carried more burdens than most people and had often passed through deep waters, she ever kept her face toward the day-dawn. Her heart was the dumping-ground for the sins and tragedies of those who knew she was a friend of the broken-hearted and it was well that she could see the humorous side of things. How she would laugh in her delightfully merry way as she told the story of a reporter who called at the Door of Hope about midnight shortly after Delia's death! The lights had been turned down and one of the girls who had a severe cold happened to be in the hall when he knocked. Her hair was in curl papers that stood out like horns. Thrusting her head out quickly on account of her cold, she said in a sepulchral voice, "You can't come in here tonight." Before she could bang the door, the reporter was at the foot of the steps. He ran for his life along the sidewalk, believing he had seen a ghost. He never returned.

What never-to-be-forgotten talks she had with her hosts and hostesses! Often would the writer beg of her to retire when long after midnight she was still narrating incidents revealing the great power and tender love of her Savior. She never seemed to weary when there were those who would listen to the Good News.

We differed on certain Biblical interpretations, but we were absolutely one as to the centrality of the Cross and the inspiration of the Bible, and we happily toiled together knowing that we had a Savior great enough for all the problems of man's sin.

Our minor differences in interpretation did not lessen the writer's appreciation and love for one of the truest women he has ever met.

While he has had to condense some of Mother Whittemore's stories and records, he has in no case felt justified in trimming her message to fit his convictions. He has recorded what he knows she wholeheartedly believed.

Heaven's Morning Breaks

While Mother Whittemore was speaking in St. Paul's Church, Perth, Ontario, on September 29th, 1930, word was received that her son Harry, who had been seriously ill for many months, was in a dangerous condition. She was urged to return to New York at once. Bravely and with unusual power she gave what turned out to be her last message in Canada, and left for New York that midnight. Although no definite word had been received of her boy's death, she felt he had gone ahead and during the journey spent much time in prayer and meditation.

She never fully recovered from the shock of Harry's death. Then there was additional anxiety shortly afterwards because of her younger son Louis' serious illness and operation. For days the doctors were uncertain as to the outcome. She visited the hospital for four weeks.

While on one of her ministries of mercy, she took a severe cold and a few days later double pneumonia developed. On Monday, December the 29th, she said to the nurse, "Jesus is waiting for me and I do want to see Harry." The fact that she had reached New York too late to see him alive caused her to think especially of her recently-departed boy. A little later she seemed to be seeing things invisible to others and calling the same faithful nurse asked: "Don't you see my son, nurse? That is Harry!" To Mrs. Gribbon she also said wistfully, "I do want to see Harry; you understand don't you?"

On Wednesday she was in a state of coma and until Thursday there were only occasional moments of consciousness in which she spoke a few broken words. On Thursday morning (New Year's Day), she was conscious. When she opened her eyes and saw Louis she mentioned his name. It was his birthday and it seemed as though she were trying to speak especially to him. He bent lovingly over her and told her of all the dear ones who were in the room. She repeated their names as he mentioned them, -- daughter, and daughter-in-law and grandchildren. At 10.15 p.m. she entered the Home toward which she had for so many years been hopefully journeying.

Her letters to be read by members of the family after her death asked that the funeral be "quiet and private, and not sad." Outside of the immediate relatives, including the Rev. Uel Anderson, her foster son, there were only a few personal friends present. The service was conducted by her pastor, the Rev. R. A. Brown of the New York Glad Tidings Tabernacle, and by the Rev. F. A. Robinson of Toronto, Canada.

From Commander Evangeline Booth's lengthy telegram read at the funeral, two sentences may be quoted:

"For a lifetime dear Mrs. Whittemore has stood upon a thousand battlefields against sorrow and sin. The example she has left us of Christlikeness is deathless."

* * * * *

01 -- FROM GAJETIES TO GOD

A Child's Arresting Words

"The God of our fathers hath chosen thee that thou shouldest know His will and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of His mouth." -- Acts 22:14.

At the age of fifteen upon uniting with the Church, I was really desirous of living a strictly Christian life, but, through making the sad mistake of thousands, I followed Christians more closely than I followed Christ. Within a few years I began to drift into worldliness. The world crept into my heart with its fallacious attractions and snares.

For a brief space after marriage, things seemed as if they would be different, but the appetite for an unceasing whirl of excitement asserted itself and a more or less fashionable and careless life followed. With my husband I became fascinated by social gaieties that almost crowded out any desire for religious activities. The deflection was so subtle that the depths into which we actually fell were not realized. We were not what we had promised to be nor what the Church should have expected us to be. Our friendships were mainly with those who sought worldly pleasures and that always means a decline in spiritual health.

It was not until some time after breaking one of the lower vertebra of the spine through a terrible fall downstairs that deep concern took possession of me for our welfare. This concern was probably created by the weary days and nights of awful suffering. I had long hours for reflection.

Although not a confirmed invalid, there were months when I had to be carried upstairs and down and during those twelve long years, I can truthfully assert that never, even when comparatively well, did an hour pass without pain. One memorable day, when alone with Him and after I had solemnly promised to dedicate my whole life as never before to His service, God miraculously healed me in answer to believing prayer.

A few years before this long-to-be-remembered occasion, I was standing before a long mirror in my library awaiting the arrival of the carriage that was to take us to a certain place of entertainment. Although physically unfit for such festivities, I almost forgot my sufferings as I stood admiring my beautiful costume. At that time I possessed some very beautiful diamonds which had been given me by my parents. If one wore pearls, it was then the fashion to sprinkle pearl dust over the hair, or if diamonds were worn, diamond dust was the ornamentation. My costume on that particular night was unusually striking and attractive. Woman-like, I was turning and twisting before a long mirror in my library. I was almost lost in admiration of the beautiful dress and the sparkling diamond dust. Everything had been carried out to satisfy my foolish, whimsical notions. As I stood there taking another look in the glass, my eyes caught the expression upon the reflected face of my little son. Turning around with a smile of gratification, I asked, "Well, and how does your mamma look tonight, darling?" He left his chair and quietly pointed, first to my bare neck, and then to my bare arms, and exclaimed with a rather shocked expression and wide open eyes, "O mamma, dear, you're not going that way, are you?"

"What way?" I asked quickly.

"Why, mamma," again pointing to my neck and arms, "you're not dressed."

Surely from childish lips nothing ever took much deeper root in a mother's heart than did my darling boy's words that evening in mine. Although the plan for the night's entertainment was carried out, the anticipated pleasure all vanished. Those two words positively haunted me. "Not dressed! Not dressed!" Even the revolving of the carriage wheels as we journeyed to the reception hall seemed to echo the little lad's words. The same voice uttered itself in the midst of all the gay commotion that followed. Louder than the laughter; above the music of the orchestra; more penetrating than the merry voices of the dancers; and all through the subsequent hilarity of that night were those two words, "Not dressed!" They reached my innermost heart and could not be drowned

out by the ceaseless hub-bub. For many days thereafter the influence of that dear boy's utterance rested upon me.

One afternoon I rather unwillingly consented to go to hear the Rev. Henry Varley of London, England. He was preaching in New York and was to lecture at the Y.M.C.A. on 23rd Street. As I had previously been informed that he was a converted butcher, I felt quite indifferent, for such a man would not be likely to have anything to say that would interest me. Then, too, when the friend whom I had promised to accompany called for me, I was not ready. Why should I be ready? Rain had been falling for hours and who would think of going to a religious service when it was raining! It would be positively dangerous to one's health! However, the friend felt it was no wetter rain than many others through which we had gone to social functions and so I was compelled by her insistence to hurriedly get ready.

A divine hand was in it all. Arriving late, the only seat procurable for us was in the gallery. Mr. Varley's text was 1 Peter 2 :24 -- "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." My attention was attracted at the beginning of the meeting rather to the preacher than to what he was saying. Gradually, however, a great awe took possession of me, for in various ways the two words of my little boy were being emphasized through all his address.

My head dropped lower and lower, as tears of mortification and regret blinded my eyes. Somehow I was catching glimpses of the Christ who was so lovingly seeking to draw my attention from the world with its tempting sounds and dazzling sights to His own glorious self. The preacher's searching and sometimes scathing words were awakening me to see my worldliness. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Varley gave an earnest invitation to any who had wandered from their Lord and desired to return, to linger for a short time. I am inclined to think that those were days when such invitations were more profoundly solemn than they are today. A deep hush and reverence pervaded the place. No persuasion was necessary to cause me to follow a few others down the stairs to the room appointed for conversation and prayer. I would not have dared to do otherwise.

Looking somewhat nervously around, and not wishing to be recognized, to my great delight and astonishment I saw my husband remaining for the same purpose. Up to that moment he had been ignorant of the fact that I was in the building, and I had not the slightest thought that he would be present. But a gracious God had convicted both of our hearts to such an extent that we felt compelled to tarry.

Very low did we bow before Him that afternoon as we each endeavored to form firm resolutions to live a different life. It was not until the next Sunday, however, that those resolutions were in reality carried out.

* * * * *

"Return unto the Lord . . . for ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace."-- Isaiah 55:7,12.

Miss Kelly, who had persuaded me to go to the Varley meeting in spite of the rain, called again to invite us to go with her to a meeting at 316 Water Street to see Jerry McAuley, the so-called "Living Wonder" of the Fourth Ward. My husband rather reluctantly consented and it was with the distinct understanding that upon no consideration would he take his wife down into that locality more than "this once".

Never can that night be effaced from memory. From the time we got off the car at Roosevelt Street, each step opened up some new horror. The night was very dark and the narrow streets were dimly lighted. Curses and oaths, quarreling and fighting were on all sides. Policemen seemed to be using their clubs upon the slightest provocation, and we saw several poor, wretched women dragged off to the Station House. Vulgar and vicious people were everywhere.

At last the door of the Mission was reached. It had formerly been a little old dance hall, but had been converted into a place of worship. It was very much crowded with sin-bedraggled people and vile smells! We were compelled to go far forward by Jerry's gruff and imperative call, "Come up here, the whole three of you back yonder and sit down." We had not been accustomed to that kind of treatment and at that time knew nothing of the great heart that lay behind Jerry's rough manner.

As we waited for the service to begin, my husband whispered condescending words about the "poor creatures" around us. They constituted an almost sickening sight. As the meeting progressed, however, God got such possession of him and later on of myself also, that we were both held in painful silence as we were convicted of our useless lives. We no longer felt superior to the "poor creatures" around us but actually hung our heads in shame. Then God's Spirit convinced my dear husband that some of these "poor creatures" had something to say to us both if we were willing to listen.

What a gathering it was! After the singing and praying, Jerry read a few verses from the Bible and followed it by a simple but heart-searching explanation of the passage. The strangely moving story of his own conversion was told in the graphic way that never failed to touch hearts. Immediately thereafter the meeting was thrown open for testimonies. No urging was necessary to get the people to take part: three, four, five, were on their feet at the same time, followed in quick succession by others. All were so earnest and so full of gratitude to God for saving them and for keeping them day by day amidst sorest temptations that no one could help being deeply impressed. We knew that these people were truly transformed and possessed the genuine thing and not the veneer that characterized some professed Christians in the social circle that engrossed our time and thought.

Greatly overcome, my husband rose to his feet and to my astonishment requested prayers from the redeemed men present. He was such a stiff Presbyterian and had been so very conventional that I could scarcely believe my own eyes. He put his hand to his face to cover his emotion and I saw a tear trickling through his fingers. In spite of my worldly spirit, he had never appeared nobler or braver in my eyes. I could not let him stand alone. I arose and stood by his

side. Jerry turned his piercing eyes on us and said in a loud and almost fierce voice that made me start, "Did y' mean it, both of y'?" We gave a nod of assent. Yet there were conflicting emotions! We were both strangely affected but I know my pride rebelled at the thought of being brought back to God by a thief, even though he was converted. "Then, if y' did, come and kneel at this bench!" As he spoke, he pointed to an old worm-eaten and none too clean bench. I have often wished since, that I had tried to procure that bench. In a few moments there were kneeling about us river-thieves, drunkards, gamblers and abandoned women. We had gone there to see Jerry, "the Curiosity" of the Fourth Ward, but surely we were successful competitors for that title that night. It had always been our custom to dress for evening dinner and when we decided to go to see Jerry, we had slipped on our outdoor garments, never dreaming we might have to remove them. But the hall was so crowded and had become so hot that we simply had to lay them aside. What curiosities we must have been, attired as we were, in that motley, ragged group.

Around us were scantily-clad, unclean, vicious looking men and women. At last we were kneeling close together in one long line. Jerry started at one end, "Pray, brother. Yes, y' must. I can pray till the breath leaves my body, but that won't save ye, ye must pray yourselves." Many of the petitions were suggested by Jerry. The majority were "God be merciful to me a sinner

It never entered my head that Jerry would ask me to pray, and my thoughts were on my husband. What would he say? He used such good English. I had always felt proud of him at social functions when he was called on to speak. I knew that his prayer would be strikingly different from the others.

At last Jerry came to us. He placed a hand on each of our shoulders. I looked up. A tear was zig-zagging down the cheek of the man we thought so rough. It fell between us. It was a holy tear shed by a man who yearned to have others accept his Savior. It spoke more loudly to me than any other words could have done. He asked Mr. Whittemore to pray. Slowly the words came to his lips, but they were not the words I had anticipated. They were the words the poor blear-eyed drunkard at his side had just stammered out: "God be merciful to me a sinner." In a more tender tone Jerry said, "put in 'for Jesus sake.'" I have always said that those three words are God's cover of love, hiding away all our sins.

Suddenly the Spirit began witnessing with ours that we were acceptable in His sight through the blood cleansing power of Jesus. Wanderers we had been, but the seeking Shepherd had found us! We arose with a determination, born of God, to henceforth live for His glory. From that night I date the giving up of a worldly life.

As the days grew into weeks, such an intensity for souls was experienced that it seemed almost impossible for us to keep away from the place that we were to have visited "only once". Though we were ever perfectly conscious that the folly and disobedience to our God had been all blotted out and forgiven, the memory of those wasted years could not be effaced. More than once that memory was used to keep us in our right places, and through the promptings of the Holy Spirit, it encouraged absolute surrender to Him to whom we had formerly been so disloyal.

Prior to going down to 316 Water Street, and a short time after that awful accident on the stairs, my heart had grown very hard and cold toward God. I felt that He had allowed the fall and

the painful injuries that resulted. Sometimes death seemed preferable to the life of agony that was little less than a cruel mockery. Then again, when my suffering abated for a day or two, a reckless spirit would spur me on into foolishly spending the little strength I possessed, by endeavoring to gratify the thirst for worldly amusements. Being possessed of a powerful will, no matter what the cost might be, things were often attempted that greatly aggravated my particular difficulty, and harmed my physical health in general.

Thus, it was not surprising to some who were well acquainted with this characteristic determination, to hear of our frequent attendance at the Mission. Day after day it was necessary for me to spend many hours lying on my couch in order that I might be able to endure the long trip down to Water Street in the evening and to bear the strain that the meeting involved. Sometimes, however, months elapsed during which it was absolutely impossible to attempt any such work.

* * * * *

03 -- DAUGHTER, BE WHOLE OF THY PLAGUE

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." -- Gal. 3:13

Although the Lord wondrously and repeatedly met the faith of Jerry and his wife in my behalf for bodily relief, and strength was graciously given me for numerous emergencies, it never dawned upon my mind to trust the Great Physician for my own complete healing of the body, as I had done for complete salvation of the soul. Several years later, however, I was deeply impressed by the recovery of one of the members of our church, whose case had been diagnosed as incurable. Then very simply and in direct answer to prayer, I was led to consider the possibilities of entire restoration for myself.

We say that facts are stubborn things, but even though a deep impression was made upon others who knew the particulars of the above mentioned facts, yet it was fully six months before I could bring myself to actually seek Divine Healing. My antipathy to such a thought had been very great, principally on account of some, who, while professing to be cured, gave no practical evidence of healing.

The lack of knowledge of God's Word upon any truth often robs one of much that is just within reach, and if we would become more occupied with the Word than with the inconsistencies of people, the Holy Spirit would delight in unfolding to us the mysteries and wealth of our Father's love and provision for His children.

Occasionally the nature of the peculiar difficulty, which produced so much suffering, would loom up before me in such a way that it seemed as if it would be actually asking God to break a law of nature to effect my cure; especially as after several examinations I had been informed that nothing but the knife would bring relief.

One of my physicians, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that "As far as this world goes you can never be well again."

And now I must go back a little in my experience. About six months before, prompted purely by curiosity to hear Miss Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, give an account of her recovery, I accompanied a lady friend to one of Rev. A. B. Simpson's services. Very skeptically did we listen to Miss Judd. Being in a critical mood, neither of us received any special benefit from her and we left before the meeting was over, rather pitying the deluded people who remained to hear such an incredible narration.

For weeks after that meeting, if anyone alluded to Divine Healing in our presence, we regarded them pityingly if not scornfully, and ridiculed their ideas. With the coming of spring, a deep hunger for God occupied my thoughts and in an unmistakable way I was actuated to go to the 23rd Street Tabernacle, where the truths of Divine Healing were faithfully and persistently taught. Many testimonies were given concerning this subject until something seemed to compel me to set aside my opposition and admit that those who professed to have been healed in answer to prayer, appeared to know the Lord in a more intimate way than had ever been my privilege.

A few conversations with Mr. Simpson followed in which he endeavored to prove that I might confidently look to God for healing as I had done for pardon. Prayerfully did this man of God commit me to the Source of all strength. Fearing to become unduly influenced into believing as he and his followers did, I finally decided to shut myself alone with the Lord for a time, for I keenly realized the seriousness of it all and how much might be involved.

For four days the Word was searched and through the operation of the Holy Spirit Himself, Gal. 3:13 was illumined by the glory-light to my soul, -- "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Searching for other passages, the whole category of that which was included in the curse, was revealed to me: sin, sickness and anything else unclean or that could defile the body. A ray of divine intelligence shone into the very depths of my being, causing me to exclaim with joy and certainty: "Oh! It's all in the Atonement! The wonderful gift of His love! It provides not only forgiveness of sin, but healing for the body. All that is required for Spirit, Soul and Body is there! Surely no sickness would have visited this earth unless sin had first existed, and only through the violation of God's laws, knowingly or otherwise, does sickness, the consequence, follow. Our God, indeed, is a Triune God and has a triune blessing for those who are willing to accept it! What a blessed revelation it was to me! And it seemed so simple and so easy to be attained!

At the close of the fourth day alone in my room, my body was definitely committed to God for healing; and, though I did not for a few days actually realize my desire, yet that night by faith and in the attitude of praise He enabled me to claim healing upon the authority of His Word. He showed me clearly that it was not so much a matter of feeling which was required to prove His faithfulness as of believing.

A few days later I got right off my bed with a determination to believe God for complete deliverance. The very next evening when preparing to retire, I was led to get into a certain position which was heretofore impossible without intense suffering. I arose with only a bruised sensation down the spine. There was none of the terrible agony previously experienced when such a thing was unconsciously attempted.

The joy was so great that tears of gratitude began to flow down my face until I could not refrain from exclaiming: "O Lord, I'm healed! I'm healed!," Quickly came the thought to bend over again, and losing sight of faith, healing, in fact of everything but God, and while in the attitude of praise, the floor was actually touched with my hands and I arose perfectly whole. There was no ache nor distress. I can never fully describe that moment, but I know that I had such a conscious sense of more of the incoming of Christ, that gratitude, holy laughter and awe filled my being. He seemed to definitely invite me then and there to breathe in His Presence for body as well as for soul and spirit; and by that inbreathing to receive grace for all He might require me to do.

* * * * *

04 -- FROM TIMIDITY TO TRIUMPH

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." --Hebrews 13:5.

After three months of delight in testifying to the blessed truth of my healing, a call was made upon my former doctor. Upon hearing the details of what had actually taken place, he joyously exclaimed: "God alone has done this! It is wonderful!" Before leaving his office I remarked how some skeptical people and even friends had stated that sheer will power had been mainly responsible for my physical change. He threw his head back and laughed disdainfully and said: "Why, Mrs. Whittemore that is absurd! An absolute impossibility! There was no human power capable of helping you outside of an operation which, as you know, we talked about more than once; the suggestion that you are well through sheer will power is absolute nonsense."

The operation was either to have the injured vertebra removed altogether, or rebroken and reset. It had become united to the other portion of the spine in an abnormal way and in this abnormal condition had become ossified. The surgeons were perfectly frank about the uncertainty of the result, because of my bodily weakness, and so it was not easy to give a ready consent to an operation. Hence the reasonableness of the delay.

How thankful I now am that the ordeal was postponed and that by God's grace it became unnecessary. The cure was wrought by God alone and hence to Him is all the glory! Man had no part in it. Often have I thought of Romans 3:3 -- "For what if some did not believe. Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?" That verse was given me after a little season of unrest in being powerless to convince several friends of the willingness of our Lord to care for their bodies. I could not but ask them why they wished to rob the Lord of the glory in the matter of this recovery they knew perfectly well that if man had effected the cure, the world itself would not be sufficiently large to contain his praises: why should I not seek to glorify the Great Physician?

Probably no one rejoiced more than Jerry and his wife when the fact was made known to them that I was actually free from pain. Both felt that it was now more than ever a positive duty on my part to overcome all my former timidity in connection with public speaking in order to let as many as possible know what had been so graciously wrought. For a few years I had been in the habit of giving very occasionally a brief testimony in the Mission, but it was always a matter of great embarrassment. Even in attending a sewing society, I was so timorously silent that if the

necessity arose for me to ask for a spool of thread, great beads of perspiration would form on my forehead. I dreaded uttering one word before a group, even of women.

Just before this healing took place, I had requested Jerry never to call upon me to speak again. He had more than once made me very nervous by unduly prolonging a testimony service and by repeatedly looking in his appealing way in my direction so as to give me a chance. If I did not respond, he would state in his blunt, crude manner: "We haven't heard from our Sister Whittemore tonight." Naturally that added to my confusion and temperature.

The very night on which I made my final request not to be called on, I had a strange experience. Upon opening my Bible for a message when retiring, these words at once attracted my attention: "They have mouths to speak, but they speak not." That night God showed me clearly that He had no thought that His children should be speechless. How heartily they laughed when I told them the following evening of my request not to be asked to speak, then of the verse that was the first to catch my eye. We all felt certain that through united prayers the Lord Himself allowed a deeper conviction than ever to fasten itself upon my heart regarding the necessity of using my lips in proclaiming His truths.

A day or two later before a large audience, the first public account was given regarding the healing referred to. In a state of great trembling and with a feeling of faintness that was only overcome through Christ, I continued the somewhat lengthy narration. My dear husband often told me I did not know how to "abridge" anything. Upon taking my seat and wiping the moisture from my brow, the Holy Spirit in the silence of my heart spoke gently concerning the possibility of taking complete victory over this man-fearing weakness, so that His Word and message might be boldly given for His glory as He should open up the way. The matter was there and then settled and I left the building praising God for full victory and promising from henceforth to place myself at His disposal and to speak whenever and wherever He gave the opportunity.

How little we know ourselves! Very shortly after the above service, I experienced that fact to my own humiliation. My husband, as a thank-offering for my wonderful recovery, held services every Sunday afternoon at a long-shore place not far from our summer home. Though I always attended and played the little organ and led the singing, my husband and others undertook to do the speaking. On this occasion it was impossible for him to be present.

Upon arriving at the pleasure grounds where the services were held, to my great consternation, not a familiar face could be seen. Eagerly I watched and waited, but in all that crowd of pleasure-seekers, there did not seem to be one of our usual helpers. The congregation increased until quite a number were close to the small organ in front of the tent. With considerable concern I at last ventured to remark that for some reason or other none of the workers had arrived.

Rather nervously I proposed that we should sing a hymn or two. We sang awhile and still no speaker arrived and my temperature was rising. Finally, getting a little more courage, I managed to ask if there were a Christian present; if so, would he kindly lead us in prayer. There was no response, and the silence which followed added further to my confusion. At last, with a desperate effort and trembling from head to foot, hardly daring to look into their faces, I suggested that all might bow in silent intercession for a moment or so and then audibly repeat the Lord's Prayer.

The instant my eyes were closed, the inner-sight was fixed on Jesus, and with great gentleness He seemed to reprove me for lack of trust. He brought to my remembrance the fact that a few weeks previously I had committed myself to Him for mastery over all timidity that would interfere with my service in His name. The devil seemed to be mocking me concerning the failure but God had the ascendancy and enabled me to rely on His power, and oh, dear reader, if upon perusing these pages it finds you in a similar condition, let me positively assure and convince you, by your rights in and through Christ, that you too may obtain freedom. He is no respecter of persons and what is accomplished for one is equally the privileged possession of any other willing soul.

During the stillness which followed, obedience and strength were received to attempt speaking for the Master. I felt that even if I were to break down utterly and become a subject for ridicule, I would attempt a word for my Lord. Finally I opened my lips in prayer. At its conclusion I detected a rather surprised look on some of the faces near me and nervously clutching the hymn book I gave out the first number that caught my eye, without any knowledge of what the words were. The chorus had in it the line "He will carry you through." Each time these words were sung, divine vitality seemed breathed into my being and I realized more and more fully that it was not I but Christ who was to do the work. We sang all the stanzas and repeated the chorus several times. Then with a silent "Lord help me" I pulled a little Testament from my pocket and opening it quickly, my attention was arrested by the verse upon which my eyes fell. John 3:16 stood out in bold relief.

By the time I had read those wonderful words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," it seemed as if Someone stood by my side pouring into my ear what should be uttered. It was delightful to speak it out.

That hour was one of the most remarkable of my life. With every word given to me, my soul was lifted up in holy amazement and gratitude. By manifestation and actual certainty that could never be doubted, I was convinced that what by faith had been claimed -- victory over fear in public -- was now mine in actual possession and for all time, for what God gives He never takes away if we are in His will.

During the talk, in the hush of His mighty Presence, the people were held so still that one could almost have spoken in a whisper and have been heard all over the grounds. Upon taking my seat, two gentlemen arose, one testifying to the love and power of Christ and the other leading in prayer. They evidently had been restrained by the self-same Spirit from taking active part earlier in the service in order that the opportunity so divinely appointed might be mine.

From that day, thousands upon thousands have been addressed without the slightest fear or trepidation and from that hour also, my faith became greatly strengthened to trust more fully for everything.

The first public service, after being so divinely liberated, was held in Bridgeport -- and a most wonderful meeting it was! A sense of freedom from the bondage of fear gave great liberty in

the Lord and it was very blessed to let Him work through the words He gave. To this day the fruits of that meeting are still apparent for the Kingdom.

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05 -- RECEIVE THY SIGHT

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and today and for ever." -- Hebrews 13:8.

Many tender memories cluster around the city mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter. The story of one family might prove of blessing to some Who read these lines.

One day at the close of an afternoon meeting, I was invited to visit a very poor home. The father had been sitting in darkness for over two years, having become completely blind through excessive drinking. His home on an obscure side street had only a few odd bits of furniture. It was cheerless and wretched. The mother was weakly and overworked and the children were greatly neglected and were often near starvation. Then in a state of intoxication the father had one night stumbled into a small mission hall and had been led to Christ. The home became transformed and the once poor heart-sick wife came into a new joy. But the evil effects of heavy drinking resulted in the husband's loss of sight. It seemed particularly hard, coming as it did, after his conversion. Yet he had borne it with true humility.

Friends earnestly requested me to go to this home and converse with him and have prayer concerning Divine Healing. When I called, he was seated in a corner with hands clasped and head bowed. We talked of the all-sufficiency of God and after seeing the simplicity of his faith, it was a delight to enter upon a subject so dear to my heart. I asked him if he had his sight again, would he be willing to fully consecrate it to God. Without hesitation he replied: "Aye, that I would." "Mr. Lotty," I asked, "after all God has done in leading you to Him and in caring for you these past months, don't you think you could trust Him to give you back your sight?"

"Oh!" he said, hesitatingly, "I-I never thought, ma'am, of the like of that." We were silent a moment and then I quoted a few verses of Scripture, ending with "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever." It was touching indeed, to look upon those wide-opened but sightless eyes as the head nodded at the promises and claims of the Word of God.

At last he straightened himself into a more upright position and said with a quiet persuasive questioning, "Why couldn't He, sure enough?" After repeating the passage quoted, he lingered over two words -- "The s-a-m-e f-o-r-e-v-e-r. The s-a-m-e f-o-r-e-v-e-r." The tone was one of great solemnity.

"Oh, Mr. Lotty," I replied, "He could and He will. Let us kneel down and ask Him." In a few words of prayer such faith was granted me that it became fairly easy, according to the Word, to lay my hands on those blind eyes and take, in the name of Jesus Himself, what was desired. We covered the request with His dear Name and gave thanks upon the authority of Mark 11:24 -- "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I cautioned him not to get discouraged nor to take one backward

step. I pointed out that if he truly believed that God had accepted our request, then he was not to ask for healing again, but to restfully and gratefully claim his privileges through Christ until the reality was manifested in the sight for which we were trusting. "By His stripes we are healed." He promised to be true.

The very next day, sitting in his usual position on a small cane chair with arms folded and head slightly bent forward, he was aroused from his reverie by the conversation of some boys just outside his window. It was evident that one boy had opened the window and had thrust in a few loose sheets of paper. When describing what occurred, he said, "I gave a start and rose up, for a flash of something bright seemed to shoot across the room. For a few minutes I staggered and then things took shape before me, and oh, Mrs. Whittemore, I saw! Going over, I picked up those stray pieces and found they were handbills, and after a little I deciphered what was printed. My heart got so excited like, ma'am, I just hurried to the table and grabbed up the small Bible that Miss B___ has read to me so many times. She's been so good to us and always read and prayed when she came. But I couldn't make out a word in the little book, the type was too fine. I remembered that we had a big old family Bible somewhere, so I started to hunt for it. I found it under a lot of papers. I was fairly trembling all over by this time, I was so worked up like, and then, as I opened it and looked for awhile, the letters seemed to form up before me and ma'am, you can't imagine the great joy that came as I found that I could once more actually read. I got right down on my knees and my! how I thanked Him. The next day I started at my work, so I did."

This and much more was told me by his own joy trembling lips. Although I had been almost immediately informed of this miracle of faith, it was six weeks before I was able to visit him. When with my own eyes, I saw this once blind man making a pair of shoes, readily plying his needle back and forth, I was over-powered with gratitude and filled with adoration to our God.

The man had previously only heard my voice as we did not meet until after he became blind, so he did not know what I looked like, but he was expecting me that afternoon. My friends and I stood quietly watching him from the doorway. Suddenly he became conscious of our presence and glancing in our direction, he immediately came forward and grasped both of my hands. Then he broke down completely. Unable to speak, he kept wiping away the tears with his old tick apron. When I got control of my voice, I suggested that we all kneel for a moment before the Restorer Himself.

We shall never forget the blessedness of those moments. Quietly we talked things over. That evening he and his wife gave a most glorious testimony before many who had known of his blindness. From that time the man grew in both spiritual and physical health.

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06 -- LOVE'S CONQUERING POWER

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. "John 13:7.

One evening I spent some time alone with God earnestly inquiring of Him, "as He would be inquired of," what was to be done with my own wonderful healing so graciously given. Most

earnestly did I desire to know what would be most to His glory. Suddenly the girls on the street came to my mind so forcibly that it was not difficult to almost imagine I could hear the tramp of numberless feet going straight to perdition. Something innate, however, caused a shrinking from it all, for up to this time I had ever felt such a loathing for anything bordering upon impurity that I never could tolerate a wicked woman. I always gave plenty of opportunity to the other workers to labor amongst them rather than to get into close contact with them myself. Thus it appeared almost impossible and even repellent to think of yielding to the suggestion which had entered my mind. Even though grateful for all I had received, I could not for an instant refrain from saying: "Surely, Lord, it cannot be for me to mingle with those I have so decidedly scorned and despised? Oh! anything but that!"

A deep hush of shame settled upon my heart, and in the stillness which followed, He caused me to realize that there was in my heart a serious lack of love for such a class, and in great gentleness He gave me distinctly to understand that though He does not hold one responsible for traits not naturally possessed, He does hold one responsible for not accepting His unchangeable love. The Holy Spirit then brought to my remembrance "With God all things are possible," and clearly showed me that if I was disobedient to this call, I should miss large opportunity of service and blessing.

Finally all opposition became dissolved in that great Love. Arising from my knees with a heart full of adoration and praise, I prayerfully assented to His wishes, surprised only that He should deign to take one so unworthy to carry out His Will in this special line of service.

A few days later a lady interested in rescue work joined me in prayer and we started out in the late afternoon with a holy desire created by God, to carry some ray of light to those who in the darkness of sin were stumbling along, ignorant of the fact of His pardoning and compassionate love. Both were novices but both went forth in faith that God would use what was placed at His disposal. Many tracts were distributed, and then as night grew late, the way was opened for us to visit not only the gilded and well-furnished palaces of sin, but dance halls, gambling dens and the foulest sub-cellar.

The horrors we witnessed nearly overpowered us. Often after such nights of tramping the streets, have I dropped upon my knees as I reached home and in tears cried out, "Oh! Lord, I cannot, I cannot see these fearful sights again! It simply breaks my heart." Then I could almost hear the pleading, compassionate voice of Jesus whispering: "Be still and know that I am God" and in that sacred stillness, when every thought was held in divine subjection, comforting promises for the work came quick and fast. Before arising I could feel the divine force impelling me to go steadfastly onward as He might lead.

Rebuffs? Yes, we encountered many of them, but as we became acquainted with God and His methods, they ceased to have much weight. Oh! worker, turn a deaf ear to insults! Be blind to the scornful look! Penetrate into the sinners' hearts! They may be desperately vile but extend to them unceasingly the message of God, even if it should be seemingly rejected. If communicated continually in God-given love, those poor bruised victims will perceive the Christ-like persistency and will find the way of escape from their sinful paths.

As an illustration of this, I was standing one day in the parlor of a house that it would not be profitable to describe. A young girl of sixteen was in the ungodly group that frequented the place. Pretty in face and elegantly though scantily dressed, and deeply dyed in sin she stood smoking a highly-flavored cigarette.

Upon approaching her and uttering a few kind words, she laughed rudely and tossed her little head as she deliberately puffed a mouthful of smoke into my face. This was her only reply. For a moment I was almost suffocated. She laughed loudly at the effect the smoke had on me. Praying for guidance, a conversation commenced. Seemingly it merely amused her and was an invitation to her to become bolder and more insolent. Every few seconds she laughingly blew more smoke into my face, and replied saucily to whatever was said. When she came to the end of her cigarette and was about lighting another I felt impelled to place my arm around her and said: "Child, you have treated me most rudely and you know it. You've laughed, sneered, and ridiculed almost everything I have attempted to say, but tell me dear, tell me truly (pointing to her heart), is there any laughter down there?"

An amazing transformation took place. With a half smothered sob, she glanced nervously around to see if she were observed by the Madame of that awful place, who sat but a short distance away. Seeing that the Madame's attention was elsewhere, she answered in a sort of smothered whisper: "Oh, no, ma' am, God knows there is no laughter nor happiness there! How could there be?" "You poor child," I replied, "tell me the honest truth. Would you do differently if you had a chance?" An almost incredulous and surprised look akin to fear was upon her face as she quickly answered, "Indeed I would, but I can't, I can't." She shook her head as she said despondently, "I wouldn't be let."

"Well, my dear, you shall have a chance," was all I could say, as I drew her close to my side. Still fearful of being discovered in serious conversation, she nevertheless expressed such gratitude that I discovered God had made it possible to reach the heart that had at first seemed fast closed to everything good. Jesus became very real, and the difficulties that seemed insurmountable to us were not to Him. Ere many days the poor child was liberated from the fearful life she had been leading.

In another place of the same type not many streets away, I stood a few nights later behind a screen with a friendless girl quite young in years. In various ways I tried to gain her attention and confidence but she impudently resented all my approaches. I prepared to leave her, thinking to give one of the other workers a chance with such a terribly exasperating individual, when I was divinely checked in my course -- and how I thanked God later!

My seeming inability to accomplish what God expected was only the more reason why I should draw largely upon the inexhaustible supply so graciously extended through Christ. Lifting my heart in prayer, I turned again and with a look of loving pity I asked this mere child if her mother were acquainted with the fact of her being in such a place. At once her tears began to fall and the first look of interest was manifested. After a moment of silence, she tried to brush the tears away and said as she lifted her head sadly: "No, my mother has been dead for five years. I wouldn't have wanted her to know. No never!" I laid my hand upon her shoulder and with tenderness asked: "Haven't you a brother or someone else to care for you?" At this she turned her

eyes to my face and tearfully answered, "No, I haven't seen a soul I care for or who cares for me since mother died." Placing my arm around her, I kissed her cheek and said: "Is it possible, you poor, poor child, that you have no one to love you and care for you?"

She began sobbingly to tell me how she hated that awful existence, but had felt as thousands of others have felt that once having slipped, there was nothing but the downward path. So the poor girl had continued hopelessly on. Before twenty-four hours had passed, provisions were made for her escape and she gladly commenced a new life in a community where she found the shelter of a Christian home.

These instances are simply given as illustrations of how "Feelings lie buried that grace can restore."

The girl on the street may seem so hardened and so blunted in sensibilities that it appears next to impossible to reclaim her. But this is one of the greatest fabrications the devil has yet invented to keep women who call themselves Christians, from attempting any efforts towards the salvation of the wandering girl. I have seen the most degraded re-made by our blessed Lord so that they became charmingly genteel. In the early years of the work our records showed that less than twenty per cent. failed to respond to Christian influences. Let us learn never to despise nor despair. Some girls fell again and again after we thought they were safe, but a loving welcome back each time they fell ultimately resulted in the manifestation of His redeeming power.

When everybody else turned with loathing from the poor fallen girl, the Door of Hope welcomed and comforted. The cruel criticisms which are sometimes uttered in their hearing by their own sex often have a very depressing tendency and crush out what little hope might exist and a recklessness bordering on despair is created. One hears the outcome of it all from their own lips in such harshly uttered questions as "Who cares? Who cares whether I'm living or dead? What's the use? No one would trust me now, anyway! I might as well finish my fling! I'm done for, anyway."

Surely no other work requires more constant waiting upon God for guidance than this, but when there has been divine preparation, one may be assured of the companionship and blessing of the One who tenderly said, when others had cast out, "Go! and sin no more". Unforgiving men saw only the sin, but the Savior saw her possibilities and would release them from sin's handicapping power.

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07 -- THE BEGINNINGS OF A WIDER WORK

"My heart trusted in Him and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth." -- Psalms 28:7

The work to which the Lord had called was started thus. After conversing with numbers of girls whose cases were similar to those already cited, it became evident that something more than an occasional kind word was required. If ultimate results in reclamation were to be attained, there must be a loving nurture that was impossible when contacts were only occasional.

When a woman is "down", as the expression goes, she is down; and it seems as though the world intended she should stay down. Almost every door is closed against her. We felt that in some very practical way such women must be enlightened as to the possibilities and fact of complete deliverance of, and from sin. They must know of their positive right through the redemptive qualities of the blood of Jesus to once more regain their respectability. Therefore, it became most imperative to open a Home where, all entering would be so shielded and trained as to enable them to regain their womanhood.

He showed me very clearly that if a Home was to be opened, it must be strictly a Faith Work. The thought, which appeared so emphatic was not mine, and I argued and reasoned against that method. It appeared from a human standpoint a somewhat fanatical way of carrying on any undertaking.

Was it not remarkable that the very two things to which I had always been personally so positively opposed -- a work among the women of the street, and a Faith Work -- should be the very things through which God desired to be especially glorified in my life!

After much prayer and laying aside former thoughts, the matter was finally settled. With divine assistance a decision was formed to let the failures of others become so sanctified to my heart as to cause a greater reliance upon Him no matter what the circumstances. There immediately followed such a consciousness of God's approval upon this conclusion, that though I did not know where the money would come from, I stepped forward unafraid.

The very next day a lady placed at my disposal several hundred dollars for such an undertaking, but upon conversing as to how she desired the Home to be sustained, I discovered that she desired it to be by the usual appeals for monthly contributions and collections. I at once felt compelled to decline the gift, stating that if I ever founded a Home, it must be sustained without such methods.

I was shown conclusively and simply that I must trust Him and Him only for the required means. Before arising from my knees in my prayer room, I asked that He would, during the next twenty-four hours, send some special token of His love to emphasize what He had through His Spirit communicated to me. That very afternoon a letter arrived from Miss M. T. C. an old school friend who knew nothing of my perplexity. It read as follows:

Dear Friend:

Please accept the enclosed \$100.00 for whatever work is most upon your heart at this time. Don't refuse it, as I feel sure God prompted the sending.

Yours lovingly, Mary

The victory was gained! I was assured of the rightness of the step taken. From that very day in most unlooked-for ways, small gifts were sent in, many of them anonymously. And though the sentence I am now writing is added many years later, I have never yet solicited a cent.

It all meant so indescribably much to me, for never before had a dollar come to me unsolicited, and the very consciousness that no words of mine had prompted the sending of a single cent made it all the more of Him.

Then something occurred which brought me sorrow of heart. A very wealthy old gentleman was conversing with me one evening and asked me what I delighted most of all to do for the Master. Naturally he was informed of this attempt at Rescue Work. Just for an instant, I almost lamented inwardly that I was not able to beg; there seemed to be such an excellent opportunity for getting a financial lift. Before the interview had closed, however, through a little hinting which I tried to convince myself was not out of order, he presented fifty dollars for the reclamation of women.

Somehow, the joy I had experienced over other and smaller amounts previously given, was denied me, and for nearly two years after that evening, not so much as ten dollars was added to that which I had already received, and which had been placed aside for a Home.

Becoming at last greatly discouraged and seeing no prospects of a Home being opened, the Devil endeavored to convince me that some mistake had been made concerning "my calling" toward this special class.

Whilst under this sort of depression, I foolishly wrote the first donor stating that I hesitated to retain her one hundred dollars any longer as there seemed no prospects of opening a Shelter for girls. I requested that it might be placed in a Mission for men. I was made fully aware soon afterward that if God alone had been fervently inquired of at the beginning of this special discouragement, the actual trouble would have been promptly revealed.

It all came about in this way. I soon discovered that the Evil One's tauntings had something to do with the depression of that special afternoon. It was so like him to get me to do a thing and then to mock me for doing it, as, for instance, when the hundred dollars had actually gone, he reminded me how I had promised upon its reception to trust God.

Struggling for mastery over numerous conflicting emotions, the Lord was then sought anew in earnest prayer. In the quiet of that hour, God brought before me the remembrance of how that miserable fifty dollars had been obtained. There was the root of all the trouble! He showed me unmistakably that the hinting business was an unworthy way. He convinced me that as the fifty dollars was the outcome of hinting, it had met with His displeasure, and because of my disobedience, He could not afford to let His blessing rest upon the gift nor allow other sums to be added to it. Therefore it must be returned.

Though it was somewhat humiliating after keeping it so long in my possession, I dared not turn away from such promptings. The grace sufficient was supplied. Finally a letter was written to the giver and he permitted the money to be placed in another direction as his personal gift.

That afternoon, Sophie, my nurse, who had been in our employ for years and was a most earnest young Christian, came into the library with a China Apple Bank in her two hands and her

whole face lighted up with smiles. "Oh, see, Mrs. Whittemore, my bank broke open today, it was so full". I was not greatly interested and manifested that fact in my reply: "I do not see anything remarkable about that." "But," she added, "don't you know what I have been saving my money for, for all these three years?" "Why no," I answered, "How should I, child?"

Coming over to my side she poured the contents into my lap saying: "Why, it is all for the Home you are going to have some day for the girls of the street."

Never shall I forget that moment. Fresh courage immediately arose in my heart, and my entire being was filled with praises to Him who had prompted the gift. From that very day the money began to reach me again from different directions, as it had in the beginning when I trusted God. No more efforts did I make to secure money, nor did I ever seek to accumulate funds for "a rainy day". The Lord takes care of rainy days as well as of all other days. "Day by day the manna fell."

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08 -- THE GAIN OF LOSSES

"Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious." -- 1 Peter 2:7

And now came a most remarkable experience. Various small amounts of money had been received in answer to prayer and in addition quite a sum had accumulated which from time to time had been personally set aside to add to these voluntary contributions. Unexpectedly a great pressure was laid upon my heart for a certain missionary movement in the city. It was so great that I was led to pray earnestly for it, though in absolute ignorance of any special need there might be.

Finally the desire came to assist in whatever way was possible. Upon inquiring again of the Lord, I was impressed with the urge that the entire amount which I had on hand would be required for that work. But the longer I reasoned about it the more such action seemed impossible. How could I touch a single dollar of it? The burden of indecision pressed heavily. In the middle of the night I again urgently sought to know His choice in the matter. In a few moments I was most emphatically led to see that the whole amount was required.

And yet I hesitated. I endeavored to dismiss the whole thing from my mind, but only troubled sleep followed. I prayed to God for His willingness that I might be obedient to His voice, and I at last felt able to say, "Take it, then, Lord, take it."

Feeling much impressed to give this money at once to the President of the Missionary Society, I arose early and hastening through my breakfast immediately sought him. Upon presenting it to him, he inquired regarding the amount. When the information was given to him, he at first positively refused to touch it, except as a temporary loan. To this, I told him I could not conscientiously consent. I explained how hard a time the Lord had had in gaining my assent to His thought.

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully, after listening to my story, "my heart is deeply touched indeed, and I cannot, in fact, dare not now refuse it. In the Master's name, it is accepted and it is surely His offering, for until ten minutes before you came, I had not the faintest idea from whence this money was to come. The amount you name to the very cent is needed to meet an obligation of great importance at ten o'clock this morning.

Oh, how my heart was lifted up in gratitude and praise! How often have I learned that it is always well to let God select what He desires for one to give or to do; no mistakes will then be incurred and no regretful steps will need to be retraced. If I had followed my own judgment, only a comparatively small donation would have been given and the amount would have been insufficient to meet the requirements.

It was not long after this, that following a walk in the streets one night with my husband, I was most clearly shown of God that He desired to have definite action taken at once. We had visited a number of disreputable resorts and my heart was heavy and burdened as we dragged ourselves home in the early morning. It came to me with overwhelming conviction that there must be some suitable place opened that might prove as His beckoning finger of love to these sinful and hopeless ones. So many of them felt that every hand was against them and that they were shut out from any possible hope of a different future.

Accordingly, the following day, while endeavoring to ignore the comparatively small amount I had on hand (\$324.00), but desiring to obey these divine promptings, a small apartment was selected in the upper part of the city that we might have at least a few rooms to which outcasts might be brought. Two days later, however, when the final arrangements were to be made, the landlord absolutely refused to lease rooms for such a purpose.

That same afternoon, between the sessions of the Christian Alliance Convention, Mr. Simpson asked me how matters were progressing. Explaining the situation and adding that my intention was to put an advertisement in the newspapers and thus seek to get what was required, he requested that no steps should be taken until after seeing him.

Later in the afternoon a friend and myself entered his office. He informed us that the night previous for several hours he had been in silent intercession for the entire movement. He concluded by saying that during this season of prayer, his house on 61st Street, which had just been decorated and papered in order to rent or sell, kept so repeatedly coming before his mind that he was finally satisfied it was God's thought that I should have the building free of rent for at least six months.

It all seemed so stupendous and wonderful. With sincere gratitude I was about to express my thanks, when he quickly checked me by simply saying: "It is the Lord and it is just like Him". Yes, surely it was! Why shouldn't we trust Him?"

On the following morning, I went up to 61st Street, and taking down the "To Let or For Sale" sign, I placed it on the floor and knelt upon it and by faith claimed the house from cellar to attic for this work. As soon as it was rumored that a Home was to be opened for straying girls, most discouraging letters were received containing all sorts of criticisms. Nothing could ever be

accomplished with such characters; they were "worse than useless"; so wrote some of our professedly Christian friends.

It was rather disquieting to say the least, but God led an entire stranger to me, dear Mrs. Hastings, of Boston (widow of the Rev. Dr. Hastings), to send words of cheer and encouraging accounts of what even small efforts could bring to pass. The message came just at the right moment and I felt that no time should be lost in bringing to fruition our God-given hopes.

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09 -- HOW A NAME WAS GIVEN

"She shall rejoice in time to come." -- Prov. 31:25

A few days later a young woman, who had been living a reckless life, was convicted in one of the Missions and one of the workers brought her to the Christian Alliance Convention. After prayer had been offered in her behalf, she gave very decided manifestations of reaching out for God. Sitting by her side in a little room an endeavor was made to bring her to a better understanding of all that was involved. Suddenly she clasped my hand and begged me to accept some furniture she possessed. "Please do", she begged, "just as a thank-offering for God's goodness to me". Feeling it might be a momentary impulse, I urged her to quietly consider the matter for a couple of hours and then if she felt positive that God desired it, I would gladly accept her offer.

Before evening, feeling assured this was His thought, she gave me directions how to obtain it, and it proved sufficient for the furnishing of three rooms. After purchasing many other absolutely necessary articles for the new Home, there was a sudden realization of how little money was on hand towards the completion of the remaining requirements. But He was sought again and faith was granted to procure what was necessary, regardless of expense, regardless of everything but Himself, who is the Provider of all our needs (Phil. 4:19).

Everything was at last in readiness, except a dining-room table and a door-mat. The table I had purposely deferred purchasing until after the public opening of the Home because there was to be an auction sale the next day in a house nearby and we felt sure one could then be obtained more reasonably. In order, however, that no one should know that we did not possess such a table, we borrowed one for the occasion. It was brought in just before the service of dedication began.

Another dilemma had been to find a suitable name for the Home. Many propositions had been made but nothing seemed to satisfy. One night upon retiring, I talked earnestly to the Lord about it and asked for His suggestion. The next morning I was awakened with these words ringing in my ears, "The Door of Hope, The Door of Hope". I did not know where these words were, nor indeed did I remember that they were in the Bible at all, but I took up the Book of books and read in Hosea 2:15, "And I will give her vineyards from thence, and the Valley of Achor as a Door of Hope; and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth". What a choice! Surely it was the Lord's very own. Could any name be more appropriate or of greater significance? Thankfully it was

accepted and we all prayerfully claimed that the Home might indeed prove a Door of Hope to thousands.

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10 -- OPENING OF THE FIRST HOME

"How great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee." -- Psalms 31:19.

On December 9th, 1887, after much prayer I felt led to use the words of David (2 Sam. 7:27, 28), "For Thou, O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, hast revealed to Thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house: therefore hath Thy servant found in his heart to pray this prayer unto Thee. And now, O Lord God, Thou art that God, and Thy words be true, and Thou hast promised this goodness unto Thy servant." These words came to us all with singular power. Surely it was of the Lord's very building.

I do so thank Him for ordering everything as He did. Having more time in those early days, many poor girls were visited. What an education it was! God was preparing me to be the better equipped for all that in His name was to be done. I was getting an insight into the girls' innermost sorrows, as probably it could never have been possible if my own inclination had first been carried out, namely, the establishing of a Home, before being properly prepared to understand this particularly difficult class.

Endeavors were lovingly made to enter into their trials and griefs while conversing and praying with or amongst them. There is a beautiful passage in Isaiah 45:2,3: "I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight, and I will give thee the treasures of darkness." The words were brought to my attention while studying the Bible in connection with this special line of effort. I believe they were divinely given at the very start for encouragement as well as to show the workers' position -- following in His footsteps -- not leading. Then the promised reward, rough places smoothed, crooked ones straightened by that same Hand of Love: every obstacle met and overcome for one specific purpose -- SOULS.

Many a time have such truths been verified with singular power, spurring me on to greater activity for their salvation. In dealing with such girls my experience has invariably been that a kind look, a warm pressure of the hand, and Christ-like compassion often recalled days of purity and home. Unless one can prove one's interest through actions as well as words little, comparatively, will ever be accomplished in rescuing these poor girls. Often they are far more sinned against in the beginning of their downfall than willingly entering a wild life of shame. In the majority of cases, too, they are more cruelly censured than they deserve.

In talking with such, it is quite unnecessary to expatiate upon the sin that binds them or to dwell upon the enormity of it; the awfulness of it all is their daily experience.

After a service held downtown one afternoon, I saw a most dissipated young girl entering the hall. Impulsively I hurried over to her and pleaded with her to leave her evil life. The

terribleness of sin was dwelt upon for a few moments and then desirous, perhaps, of making a more decided impression, the horrors of hell were depicted. I was suddenly halted by a sharp blow on my arm. The girl, having thus checked my speech, said with a bitter emphasis: "That's enough; that's enough about sin! Look here, I could tell you more about sin in five minutes than you could tell me in five hours!" Before recovering from my surprise at being so abruptly interrupted, she continued with trembling tones, as she dropped her voice: "And you needn't talk to me about hell either, no, you needn't; for I-am-in-hell-now", and then she burst into tears. Later on she gave her heart to the Savior and became a witness of His goodness and love. Probably she could have been won for God sooner if only someone had used divine tact.

During that brief interview the eyes of my understanding were divinely opened to the fact that the part of the worker was to endeavor to utilize every moment, when face to face with the sinner, not so much with their sins as in the lifting up of Jesus and giving the Word direct. The quicker one is caused to look to Him, the sooner is the possibility of escape from sin revealed. Our business should not be so much with the sinner's sin as with the sinner's Savior; nor is it helpful for any worker to dissect sin or to too closely investigate the career of the sinner. It is apt to cultivate a morbid sense of curiosity which is not conducive to the glory of God. When, however, we hasten sinners to the Savior, they learn with joy that He is able to take all their sins away.

"He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free."

In the summer of 1889 at the Christian Alliance Convention, I was solemnly set apart for this Special Work which had been so strangely laid upon my heart. From that time I became more particularly united to the Lord in complete consecration, for I came somehow to feel that a most personal covenant had been entered into -- a covenant that could never be revoked.

On the 25th of October, 1890 (the anniversary of our wedding day), everything being in readiness, the dedicatory service of the first Door of Hope took place at our new headquarters, No.102 East 61st Street. Dr. A. B. Simpson delivered a brief and impressive address, explaining the nature of the work. He closed with heart-stirring words of encouragement and with praises to God for the possibilities of such a glorious undertaking among the fallen ones. His daughter sang a beautiful solo composed by her father.

Drs. Spinning, Wilson, Hadley, Merritt and other prominent Christian workers, including Mrs. Jerry McAuley and Mrs. Prindle, took part. I was also privileged to make a statement. Dr. Simpson solemnly dedicated the Home to God as the "Door of Hope" for the fallen and outcast. No one present would soon forget his closing words of compassion.

All who attended felt the Divine Presence through the power of His Holy Spirit during the entire service. Thanksgiving and praise to the great and bountiful Jehovah Himself overflowed from all our hearts.

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When all our visitors had gone, Miss Anderson and I knelt in earnest supplication, mingled with many notes of praise, that, as everything was now in readiness, girls who were in need of help might be forthcoming. This prayer was soon answered.

Upon returning to my own home in the early evening, I asked the Lord if He would send me before I retired an unsolicited "earnest" towards the purchase of the house itself. Before dinner was over the bell rang and there was handed in a check for \$50.00 to be used for this purchase. The donor explained how she wanted to get it into my hands at once: she trusted that the house might some day become the property of the Door of Hope. This gift was all the more welcome because we realized that she knew nothing of our desires and prayers. This completed the happiness and comfort of my heart and touched us all deeply, as we recognized again the forethought of God in arranging this token of His approval.

The next amount for the same fund was \$250.00. It came in a remarkable way. A few days after the Home was opened and while speaking in a large church in Boston, I felt impelled to ask prayers for one who was far from God. The entire audience bowed their heads in silent intercession for this person's salvation, and we claimed it upon the authority of one of my most treasured passages: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark 11:24). Just as we were closing our united petition, a gentleman in the rear of the auditorium prayed aloud that as a seal to this, someone might be prompted to send a gift towards procuring the building for the work. This request took me by surprise, as it was wholly unexpected and seemed to me quite out of place, especially following the quiet hush of our heart-yearnings for the salvation of a soul. But strange though it may seem, before twenty-four hours had passed, a letter was forwarded to me from the very party for whom we had been interceding. It contained \$250.00 and expressed a desire that it might be used towards purchasing the house that the Door of Hope now occupied.

The third offering was from my matron, Miss Anderson, to whom I had felt led to give a small sum of money some months before, thinking it might be personally required. Upon coming to New York she had started to live a faith-life for herself, and I desired to see that some provision be made for her needs. Although appreciating the gift, she positively asserted that God wished her to return it for the Home. It was accepted, but with a sincere prayer in my heart that it would be returned to her in some special way. Oh, what blessing followed! In less than forty-eight hours from a most unlooked-for source, she received more than double the amount.

The second morning after the dedication of the Home a letter was received from a poor needy girl. It was written in prison and read as follows:

Dear Mrs. Whittemore

Hearing you had opened a Home for poor street girls, I write from my cell to ask if there's a possibility of receiving me. I am tired of sin and sincerely want to do right. My father had me recommitted, as I have so disgraced my family, and oh, I am so miserable, so very miserable. I can't get out unless he consents. Won't you please see what you can do for me? For God's sake give me a chance!

Yours truly,
Elsie O____
Oct.26. B____ Prison.

Taking the train that day to the town where her parents lived I found that the father had left his home on a business trip. One of the sons was conversed with, but he gave little hope of gaining the father's consent to having the girl released. Upon returning to New York, an appeal for the daughter's forgiveness was carefully written. The father replied, stating briefly that if I desired to take the responsibility of removing his disowned daughter from prison I could, but as far as he was personally concerned, he had not a shadow of a thought that there was any possibility of her reformation. She had so terribly and repeatedly dishonored his name that he had lost all confidence in her promises.

We succeeded in getting the poor child discharged, and after arriving at the Door of Hope, she unburdened her heart. Poor little Elsie! in spite of her wrong-doing and prison life she was still dainty and pretty. Probably this attractiveness had been one of the main causes of her ruin. It hardly seemed possible that time and time again she had been picked out of gutters and hallways and disreputable haunts, so fearfully intoxicated as to have to be carried to the police station.

When only fourteen years of age, she had met a villain who, through lying and deceit, had passed himself off as a person of title. Without much difficulty he had won the child's affections and through various deceptions had finally gained her consent to marriage. He succeeded in coaxing her to run away, thinking that the parents, upon being informed of their whereabouts would relent and take them both into their home and thus give him access to some of their possessions. But there was no relenting. The dishonored family gave a severe reproof and informed the "Count" and their daughter that the door was shut upon each of them and from that time neither of their names would be mentioned in that home.

Journeying from place to place, they at last crossed the Atlantic and settled for a brief season in Paris. By gambling and other evil pursuits he eked out a livelihood. As long as money held out, except for the consciousness of the anger of her parents, the child-wife was apparently happy. Not many months elapsed, however, before she learned at the hand of her husband to sip the wine cup. It was some time before a taste for alcohol fastened itself upon her. Then, often in moments of remorse, it was resorted to with the desire to forget the past. At other times she drank to produce the wild excitement that filled many of their nights.

One day she awoke to the fact that the supposed Count was only a sporting gambler. By degrees her idol was dethroned. Matters grew steadily worse until the diabolical awfulness of all she was compelled to endure would be too shocking to put into print.

Her sad, sad experiences were enough to make anyone recoil with horror. Six times she attempted to leave this wretched specimen of humanity, but upon each occasion he discovered the attempt and she was compelled to return. At last, reaching her native land, she was far removed from his brutalities and breathed easier.

She hid herself away in an obscure rooming house for a few days but when the little money she had was almost gone, she found starvation staring her in the face.

After many a weary attempt to obtain work and being almost exhausted and disheartened over repeated failures and ill-health, she expended for liquor her few remaining cents. Then followed a succession of wild and reckless attempts to financially improve her condition. The descent was rapid as she fell lower and still lower. Repeatedly was she dragged off to the Lock-up. The refinement of former days entirely disappeared. Each time she was arrested, her history, or a portion of it, would be published, thus dragging her whole family before the public.

That, in the main, was little Elsie's story. In less than a week, the little girl-wife not only truly repented of her past, but actually opened her heart in a most simple way to God. We greatly rejoiced over her acceptance of Christ, for she gave evidence that through the efficacy of the Blood, her sins were washed away. Day by day she grew in His grace.

Several months passed, during which time she attached herself to us all by her winsome manner and at last God provided the dear girl with a position in a lovely Christian home. Some time later she became deeply attached to a man of unblemished character and true Christian stability.. Her former husband had been reported as dead two years previously and no contradictory report had reached us.

She came to me with joy and yet in great distress over this man's love for her and asked for my counsel. When I found their hearts seemed to be truly united, I could not but feel that it was of the Lord, for under the protection of such a man all the more quickly would her regained womanhood become established in the eyes of those who had despised her and who still doubted her sincerity. For the securing of her future happiness, I urged her to tell the man of her choice about her past life.

"Oh, Mother Whittemore," she cried, throwing her arms around me, "I can't, I can't! Why, I would rather die first. Please, don't ask me to do that!! We knelt in prayer for guidance and as lovingly as possible she was shown that any concealment would become a "living death", for it would mean a constant suspense lest the truth regarding those dark and wicked days should be forthcoming from other sources.

At last she gained the victory and one evening made the confession, and he, in his noble-hearted way, simply placed his protecting arm about her saying, "Elsie, I love you, dear, all the better for being so honest and brave, and what God has forgiven I have no right to denounce or disclose." And so the matter was settled.

After their marriage they moved to a place not far distant from New York. No one suspected what she once was. To our great joy not long afterwards her father and mother relented. In God's good grace she became reinstated in their affections and up to the time of writing, she has been loved, honored and respected by the entire family and her downright sincerity has won the admiration of her former acquaintances.

A few years later, God permitted me the very great pleasure of dedicating a Mission which Elsie was instrumental, with others, in opening. With thankful interest have I watched her career and as a first fruit of the work; to God be the glory.

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12 -- "I WILL! BE THOU CLEAN."

The second-comer to the Home was also used in bringing much blessing to us. One evening in the 32nd Street Mission, Mrs. McAuley leaned over and whispered: "A Madam of one of those gilded dens near here has sent today for someone to take a very sick girl away and do something for her. Could she go to the Door of Hope?" I shook my head, answering quietly, "It would never do to let such a girl come to the Door of Hope: in her condition she would probably die." I had learned how superstitious the girls are and I felt it might prejudice others whom we wished to reach. We could not afford to run such a risk.

As these objections flashed through my mind, just as suddenly did it occur to me, that I had not asked the Lord what He desired. Silently a request was lifted from my heart and as silently came the gentle reminder: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of . . ." Before the verse was finished I eagerly leaned forward and grasping Mrs. McAuley by the hand, said, "I'll take her myself". With a look of real relief, she said: "God bless you. Suppose we go to see her at once." Slipping quietly out of the meeting, we hastened to the place of evil a few blocks off and found the girl dying of tuberculosis. She had been sorely neglected and had been subsisting for over six weeks on beer, her stomach resisting all food. She was a pitiful sight and our hearts were sickened and sad. Once she had been the most attractive girl at many a New York ball. People would actually wait to see her leave the building and enter the carriage. It was worth waiting to be able to gaze upon her beauty and upon her elegant garments.

At first she positively refused to leave the wretched place in which we found her. She impatiently informed us that she was "too sick to be bothered". "What did it matter now!" She did "not want to go anywhere". Seeing that attempted persuasion was only exciting her, I knelt by the bedside saying: "No matter, dear, we did not mean to vex you. I'll just have prayer before going." Such a wave of divine tenderness swept over me that I could hardly articulate what I wished to be conveyed to her heart. Before I arose from my knees, she stretched forth her wasted, white hands and nervously clasping mine, said with tears in her eyes: "I'll go!"

She was brought up the next day on pillows in a carriage. She had scarcely been placed upon the comfortable bed when she began to wildly cry, "Beer, beer; I must have beer"! The physician, who accompanied her, beckoned me aside and argued that though as a rule he disapproved of prescribing beer, yet in this case he could see no alternative. He felt compelled to order its use.

After a moment's thought, I positively refused to furnish it, not only because opposed to any sort of liquor, but because of the other girls. I considered them as precious in God's sight and needing salvation fully as much as poor Vangie herself. If these girls knew that beer was in the house, the temptation might be too strong for them to resist.

Seeing how determined I was, the doctor withdrew, saying somewhat gravely: "Then you must take the consequences."

A few minutes later a Mrs. Kinney, a true woman of God, came in. Noticing my distress and upon being informed of the cause, she pressed my hand sympathetically. Leading her quietly into the reception room, I said: "Oh, Mrs. Kinney, can't you unite your faith with mine and just trust God to deliver that poor girl from this cursed appetite?" Confidently came the answer. "Yes, we shall ask Him and He will do it." We knelt with great assurance and claimed the victory. A worker stood at the door as we arose from our knees and informed us that the girl had fallen asleep. Upon awakening, she stated that all longing for opium and beer had disappeared.

After a few days the light dawned and she gladly accepted her Savior. Very shortly afterwards, through the witnessing of God's spirit, she began to rejoice at being set free from the thralldom, which, for so long a time had held her. From that hour she thought no more of opium, morphine or alcohol.

Her parents, residing in a distant city, were informed concerning her whereabouts; but the father felt most keenly the disgrace occasioned by her fall. He wrote that she had dragged down his name so low that he felt he could not, even though knowing of her very critical condition, overlook it.

Her story was too long and too terrible to be printed in full. She had left home when scarcely sixteen. She was very willful and high-strung, but of a most affectionate nature. She wrongly imagined that things were not likely to be pleasant for her after her father's second marriage and was prejudiced against her step-mother without any valid reason. Coming to New York, her beautiful face -- for she was once one of the most attractive blondes the city knew -- attracted much attention amongst the class with which she mingled. Her downfall was very rapid, however, and occasionally the father would hear concerning her behavior. Once the newspapers had bold headlines of how Vangie was the belle of Billy McGlory's last scarlet ball in Armory Hall. It all had a tendency to harden the father against God, and more than once was he heard to curse his child.

His Christian wife, the step-mother, upon reading the letter sent to the father, immediately came to the Door of Hope and with gentle love, ignoring the past, endeavored with us to minister to our invalid up to the last.

About a week before the dear child passed away, at her very urgent request, I made a trip to a city in Pennsylvania. Arriving at her father's house I found that he was away. After some quiet reflections a letter was written in much prayerfulness and left for him. Arriving home at a very late hour and yet feeling much impressed with the necessity of waiting upon the Lord concerning the letter written, I asked two friends to join me in intercession. For over an hour we held the whole matter before Him in believing prayer. The very next afternoon the following communication was received in reply:

Dear Madam: November, 20th.

I was much pleased to receive your letter, and I write to say that my mind has become changed toward my child, and instead of a father's curse, I can now send her a father's blessing.

Tell her, as I hope to be forgiven some day, so do I forgive her. I am not a Christian, but have always endeavored in the past to bring up my children in the right way. Give her my love, and although I may not come to see her, I trust we will meet in another world and be happy together once more.

Tell my wife she can remain as long as she is of any help to either you or my child. God bless you.

Respectfully,
J. A. B.

With grateful tears flowing down her white face, this letter was eagerly listened to by dear Vangie, whom we had all come to greatly love. A few days elapsed and we believe that in answer to our earnest intercession the father's heart was so changed by God that he left home without further urging, and seemed as eager to clasp his long-lost darling in his arms as she was to once more rest her eyes upon his face.

It would be difficult to give an accurate description of the scene which took place in the sick room after he crossed the threshold. Vangie's thin arms were outstretched and with a pathetic look upon her radiant but wasted countenance, she cried out: "Oh, papa, is it true? Is it true? Do you really forgive me?"

Quickly she was folded in his strong arms and with tears coursing down his face, he assured her that his forgiveness was complete.

On Thanksgiving morning, a marked change was noticed, and one could plainly see that her end was near. Contrary to my usual custom in praying daily that all-sufficient grace be supplied to meet the day's need, I was led to ask, as I knelt by her side, that an abundant entrance might be granted when the summons came and that all through the intervening hours a foretaste of Heaven should be experienced.

Whilst thus engaged, her father who had held her hand for hours, became so convulsed with grief that I offered up a brief petition in his behalf. Fearing he would disturb her, I arose and taking him by the hand led him into the hall. He was trembling, and during a few words of earnest conversation, he looked at me with an unuttered but perceptible yearning. Tears trickled down his cheeks as I said: "Mr. B., this is Thanksgiving Day and if ever a father had great cause to return thanks to God, you surely have. See what He has accomplished for your child! Why not thank Him by giving Him your heart? He loves you."

He listened attentively, and then clasping both of my hands, he said With much emotion: "I will, God helping me. Yes, I take Him for my God." Vangie was immediately informed of the good

news and her soul seemed overflowing With glory as she endeavored to express her gratitude. From that time on she did not want him to leave her for a moment.

The next few hours she occupied in giving various commissions and in leaving loving messages for former friends. I remained by her bedside, for I knew the home-going would not be long delayed. After resting a little she lifted her arm and lovingly placed it around my neck. In a most caressing way she patted my cheek, saying: "Oh, Mother Whittemore, may our Lord God bless you!" I promptly replied, "Yes, He has blessed me, dear, and through you; I thank Him for ever letting you come here."

In a moment or two she began to quietly pray in a most touching manner for one of her former comrades in sin. The words came slowly and brokenly for her strength was well nigh spent. It was the last deep yearning for another wayward soul. I asked her if she had any message for the girls with whom she formerly associated.

The very brightness of heaven seemed to beautify her as she replied: "Oh, yes; tell Milly to give herself to Christ." Though no clue to this poor girl for whom she was so burdened could ever be discovered, who can tell but in answer to prayer this book may some day fall into her hands and she will be made immediately to know who was personally meant by our dear Vangie?

So did our Lord lead her lovingly on to the Borderland. When about crossing over, with the Glory-light upon her dying face, she lifted up both her hands, saying with tender emphasis: "I am going, I am going." She then asked us to sing, "Just as I am" and as the last words, "Here for a season, then above, O Lamb of God, I come" were being sung, she became absent from the body and present with the Lord.

It was a source of great sorrow to us all that, owing to her having been such a notorious character, much attention was given to her death through the secular papers. Lengthy accounts of her checkered career with undesirable details were obtained principally from those who had followed her steps year after year for no good purpose. Such publicity was also a sore trial to her entire family.

The publicity was, however, overruled, for the Lord permitted the Door of Hope to become very widely advertised, and many applications reached us from different places. The applicants had read the account and decided to seek entrance to the Home themselves, some possibly thinking that if Vangie were saved there might be hope for them. Not a few of those who came to us in this way lived to honor the name of Jesus. For the sake of the living friends and because of the frequent uncharitableness of professing Christians, we rarely name these regenerated girls, but many of them are in useful and prominent positions in the church of God. Through His grace they were lifted from dreadful depths of degradation and shame. Passions that had been a dynamic for evil became a dynamic for righteousness.

* * * * *

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." -- Romans 10:13.

This brief account is of a girl who was very deeply stained by sin, but whose interest was aroused through reading the little booklet of how Vangie entered the Door of Hope. From a human standpoint, it at first seemed incredible that anything could be done with her. She had very little education. In her wretchedness she would almost thrust us away and constantly cried out, "He can't save me; oh no! He can't save me." Finally after much loving persuasion, and taking her great need again and again to God in prayer, the seed sown began to take root and at last she grasped the truth. She quickly grew in grace. No one coming into contact with her could doubt the genuineness of the change. She lived to glorify Him.

A few months later, while being taken to see a lady who was desirous of engaging her services, She was questioned by my matron as to what she would say, providing she were asked whether she was a Catholic or a Protestant? She promptly replied: "I shall quickly tell her that I am neither."

With some surprise, Miss Anderson remarked: "Why Nellie dear, I thought you were saved. Whatever do you mean, child?"

"Oh, Miss Anderson," she answered with great seriousness, "Don't you see? Since I gave my heart to God, I am all for Jesus; that's why I'll tell her I'm neither of those other things!"

We could not but feel well repaid for the labor expended in her behalf, if for nothing more than to learn her simple and sincere interpretation of what is meant to be truly saved; not this religion or that religion, but simply Christ.

A few weeks slipped by when the following blessed reminder of divine working was manifested through the remark of another who had been with us several months. She was a most attractive girl. In fact, her attractiveness had often proved a curse, for she knew its fatal fascination on those who helped to drag her further into sinful depths. With great difficulty and with much patience and prayer did we deal with her. All our efforts seemed to make no impression on her callused heart and mind. Her will had become enfeebled and unresponsive through drugs. Some time elapsed before even a glimmer of light broke upon the poor child. At last the blessed truth of His unfailing promises was verified in her behalf and the day came when we felt safe in letting her start to earn her own living.

One evening, when seated in the home that had been provided for her, the lady of the house asked her if she belonged to any church. "No, ma'am," was the reply. "But did you not go to church?" "Yes, ma' am; we went twice every week." Her mistress asked her what denomination the Door of Hope was. Not fully understanding the question, she replied with some confusion, "I do not remember ever hearing about denomination down there; I don't think we had any lessons about that, but we often heard about Jesus."

"Yes, dear," she answered, "but I was wondering if it were connected with any particular church. What sort of a one did you all attend?" "Oh, ma' am," she replied quickly, "it was a very fine looking one;. just beautiful inside and outside." Smilingly her mistress said: "I guess you don't

catch my meaning. Was it a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist or Episcopal Church? You know there are different kinds of churches."

It suddenly dawned upon her what was meant. With a look of relief, she confidently replied, "Oh, yes, now I know what you mean. The one we went to ma'am, had a banner over the pulpit. It was a beauty. You should have seen it; it had on it 'Jesus Only'. I rather think, ma'am, it must be a 'Jesus Only' Church.

The lady of the house could not refrain from repeating the conversation and for days after this, in that little country town, when the girl went forth on her errands, the people would point to her and say, "There goes that little 'Jesus Only' girl".

Oh, if all who bear that precious Name might, indeed, let Him be so manifested through their lives that Jesus and Jesus only could speak to other hearts, what great things for the Kingdom would be accomplished!

After varied experiences our "Jesus Only" girl was united in marriage to a worthy young business man and now God is working in both of their lives, for in a most blessed manner they yielded themselves in complete surrender into His hands. They are a comfort to many in the larger town where they now reside, and mingling with earnest Christians, command their respect and influence. Little do those with whom she toils in the Master's vineyard realize that their valued fellow-worker was once a mentally-stupified drug addict.

Out of the years of dealing with the sin-soiled and broken, how surely do I know that the blood of Jesus cleanses, saves and keeps! Some have come to us dressed in the finery of their shame and with the gaudy glittering jewelry of the "sights that dazzle"; sometimes tears have been trickling down their painted faces. Others have come in rags, with bodies bruised and broken and with faces so horribly discolored and swollen by ill-treatment and disease as to be almost beyond human semblance. But we have seen Him forgive and redeem every type of human failure that our varied ministries revealed.

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14 -- ARE THERE ANY NEEDS TOO "TRIFLING" TO INTEREST OUR FATHER?"

"My God shall supply ALL your needs according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ." -- Phil.4:19.

Repeatedly and forcibly through the years has the above promise been literally fulfilled in our midst even in connection with the most trifling needs. For instance, one morning, entering the Home, I was informed of the illness of four or five of the girls. The workers wondered whether it would be possible for us to procure some rubber bags for hot water purposes. At that time ordinary glass bottles were generally used and were quite unsuitable.

For a moment I considered -- not the hot water bags; nor the Lord either -- but the ways and means of the Home in general. The butcher's bill, the grocer's, the clothier's and several others

must be settled before Saturday night, for we dare not and would not allow bills to accumulate. No wonder matters seemed difficult, for I was dwelling upon everything but God. Turning to my housekeeper, I said quietly and without offering further explanation: "I think for the present, dear, we might continue with the old bottles even if the corks do occasionally pop out. Give directions that a little more care be used concerning them.

Presuming the matter was settled, I turned to go downstairs. Upon reaching the end of the hall and looking at my watch, I saw it was just a quarter to eleven. I paused a moment as there was no immediate hurry to go down. My Bible study hour would not begin for at least fifteen minutes. During these moments of pause the thought flashed through my mind: "Is it possible that God could be less interested in those girls having hot water bags if they need them than we are?"

Silently asking His forgiveness for being so slow to apprehend this, I felt impelled to call the disappointed worker. I asked her if she had sufficient faith to join hands with me over some hot water bags to come direct from the Lord. She smilingly responded to the suggestion, and, then and there, we presented the claim before the One who, up to that time, had so graciously supplied our every need. As we parted she looked into my face and said: "I do, indeed, thank Him for the hot water bags."

No visitors called during the morning or afternoon, and even had they done so, she respected my wishes far too highly to even refer to this little matter that we had left with our Father. As for myself, no human being has ever been informed concerning what by faith we have accepted in the name of Jesus before the answer had been realized. If any other course were taken, the work could not justly be called a Faith Work.

The next morning, while seated at the breakfast table opening my mail, I could not refrain from laughing aloud with very joy over one of the letters. I at once read it to my husband. It had come from a most unexpected quarter. It read as follows: Dear Mrs. Whittemore:

Since meeting you over nine months ago, I have felt deeply interested in what you are endeavoring to accomplish in the Door of Hope work and often desired to be of some service to you. Today, while seated in my office, having a few moments of leisure about a quarter to eleven, I suddenly began thinking about your work, and all at once it occurred to me that you might possibly have some need for hot water bags in cases of sickness. I ordered ten out of the store to be sent to you immediately. The rubber is of good quality. I trust they will be of some service, etc., etc.

Respectfully,
F. F.

I had not seen this man for many months and I never supposed that he had given our work more than a passing thought. Now if the Lord had used a woman to send hot water bottles, one might consider that was natural. A woman might suppose such a necessity to exist; but, when He took such an unlikely article as a man to be instrumental in thinking of rubber bags and of the possibility of sickness in the Home, it truly intensified our consciousness that they had come directly from the Lord, especially as they were thought of at the very hour when my fellow-Worker and I had taken them by faith.

Upon another occasion, When Miss Anderson was laughingly complaining concerning a lack of saucers and suggesting we might make use of some which had been converted into soap dishes, I advised her to be a little patient. In due time God was bound to provide all we required.

That afternoon, presenting the special need before Him, I felt no further concern about the matter and was not taken very much by surprise when a note was brought up after supper from Mrs. James M____ informing me that she had wondered if in some way she could be of help to our work. She closed the letter by saying: "I was thinking that as my husband has a large pottery factory, he would be only too glad, if you require any china, to assist the Door of Hope in this way. Therefore, if you will kindly send me a list of what you think you now require, it will give us great pleasure to have the order filled. Please do not make it too small, as we wish to be of real assistance."

She had no idea whatever concerning our conversation or that we were actually in need of what it was possible for them to send us. With much gratitude the list was made out, though with a little hesitancy, as we feared it might appear more than she would expect us to request. The next morning this reply was received:

My dear Friend:

I truly cannot believe it is possible that the articles upon your list are all that you require. You certainly have been most modest in your demands, so I intend coming to see for myself in a day or so. In haste,

Yours lovingly,
R. M.

She arrived the following week and we all concluded that she had taken a very large "see", for it resulted in a huge hogshead coming to us. It weighed over 750 pounds and was filled with a delightful and complete assortment of chinaware. It was so large that it could not be put through the basement entrance and took us over two hours to unpack.

To passers-by it must have appeared as if we were to start a crockery store. Soap dishes were included in answer to our prayer and all other chinaware for which we could possibly have use. The blessing of this gift went beyond what the donors could have thought, for we noticed the striking effect it had upon the girls. It was a loving inducement and an invitation for one and all to stretch out the hand of faith for personal requirements. Many of them thereafter learned to test the efficacy of God's promises.

A short time later when funds were low, I was mentally disquieted throughout most of one day. Very foolishly my thoughts became centered upon what I thought was a well-nigh hopeless predicament. How often we forget the words, "Whose mind is stayed on Thee"! My mind was stayed on my troubles and hence I did not have the "perfect peace" promised. It was with some trepidation that much intercession took place. Then I watched every mail closely and carefully. For

several succeeding days every letter was opened in the hope of finding one or more bills enclosed as a donation. Absolutely nothing came in.

One day, returning home, I was feeling more disturbed in spirit than I would have cared to acknowledge even to my best friend. I ascended the steps with weary feet and heavy heart, when suddenly new light flashed upon me and a cry went up from my very soul, "Dear Lord, help me to realize that this is not my work, but Thine. Surely Thou art capable of caring for what is Thine. But the testing seems very great, my Master, and if not too much to ask, wilt Thou send me some small amount as an 'earnest' of what Thou art going to do later on in this matter? And I will trust Thee most surely as never before."

When dinner was over, seated in the library by my husband's side, some letters were brought in, and upon opening the third or fourth one, out dropped a bill into my lap "to be used for the work"! My heart was deeply touched as I read the message accompanying it. With some emphasis I said out loud, "Praise God!" My husband was somewhat startled, for up to that time I had never been demonstrative in expressing myself. He sprang quickly from the lounge, and looking at me with amused and surprised curiosity asked me what had turned me into such a vociferous Christian.

I answered him without going into the details. I was afraid that if he knew just how I was situated financially in the management of the work, he might be tempted to either hand me some money or else influence others in that direction, and thus try to help me out of a hard place. My answer surprised him when I simply said: "Oh, I have had some money sent for the Home." "How much is it?" he asked. Upon my replying "two dollars", he laughed heartily, adding, "Why you made so much fuss I would have thought you had two hundred or even two thousand." My reply was immediate: "It is not the amount; it is what it means."

Editor's Note -- The Warren Evening Mirror of that time says: "Whatever view one may take of the examples of answer to prayer which Mrs. Whittemore presented to her audience, it must be admitted that they are the most remarkable coincidences on record. Surely the Christian man or woman could not ask for more convincing arguments to establish the doctrine that prayers are answered, than those given last night. No one who heard this devoted woman can doubt her absolute conviction that Cod does answer prayer. She knows."

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15 -- THE UNFAILING SUPPLY

"He is faithful that promised." -- Hebrews 10:23.

The following morning, upon entering the Home, one of the girls handed me a coal bill which came to \$15.00. As I stood there, I was distinctly shown it would be pleasing to God to take that coal bill and kneel with all the girls in prayer concerning it. Before doing so, a solemn promise was exacted that this should be held as a most sacred secret until the prayer was answered. We asked Him definitely to send that \$15.00 so that the bill might be paid on Monday morning. Upon the authority of Mark 11:24, "What things so ever ye desire, when ye pray believe

ye receive, and ye shall have," we arose from our knees thanking Him for answered prayer. This was on Saturday.

Nothing came in throughout the day and upon returning home quite late, the Evil One suggested a thought which for the moment almost frightened me. It was this: "Suppose the Lord does not send the money, what shall you say to the girls Monday morning? Shall you not be embarrassed?" This was a great "suppose". I kept supposing a few moments to myself, and naturally no headway was made, especially as I realized that the last mail had come. Turning the corner I glanced upward and could see the stars brightly twinkling in the sky. They seemed to be joyously laughing and seeking to cheer me.

The stars are a nightly token of His continued presence, power and faithfulness. In the far-away days God commanded Abraham, our Israelitish parent, to "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and He said unto him, so shall thy seed be" (Gen. 15:5). Should they not also speak to our hearts from night to night?

As these thoughts drew me from earth to heaven, a tender feeling of gratitude predominated over all else and such a warmth of living faith came into my heart that with great restfulness I breathed forth in a few words my gratitude to such a God and claimed then and there complete victory over all fear. I felt more than ever positive that my place was simply to trust, and that God would maintain His honor and fulfill His Word.

Entering the house, my heart was filled with praise. Nothing was said concerning this experience until after dinner when we were all seated in the library. A special letter was brought up. Upon opening it, I found that it contained a check. My fingers trembled as I looked at the amount. After a few words of explanation to the family they all listened with deep interest and gratitude to the following:

My dear E___:

Several times throughout this very busy day you have kept coming up so repeatedly before me that at last I was obliged to lay everything aside -- though without understanding exactly why, and write this letter. I am perfectly confident that God desires me to send you \$100.00. I trust it may meet some existing needs, or, perhaps it may be only a lesson of obedience upon my part to send the amount at this time. Whichever it may be, however, I am only too glad to forward it to you.

Lovingly,
E. A. M.

It caused great rejoicing as I related for the second time in more detail the many trying moments of those past few days. Yet, as I thought it all over when alone, I concluded that although the \$100.00 check was indeed most acceptable, the two dollars had spoken more loudly to my heart, for it was so magnified by the mighty love of God. It seemed as if He were tenderly saying: "Yes, it was a little hard, so I let the \$2.00 come to make it a trifle easier for you to trust Me."

Surely "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust" (Ps. 103:14). These testing times are but royal opportunities permitted by Him in order to prove His unchangeable faithfulness!

Upon going down to the Home Monday morning, the girls met me with curiosity plainly revealed on their faces. They had heard nothing concerning the letter referred to, but as I explained matters to them, I believe the Lord used it as a strong argument for them to implicitly believe His precious Word. I also endeavored to emphasize the fact of His not only sending what we appeared to have faith to pray for, but extra money as well in order to show how much more willing He is to give than we are capable of perceiving or requesting.

If we are really God's children, He is continually permitting us by faith to become recipients of the answers to prayer before we have actually entered into conscious possession. If we are truly in His way we at once have the petition we desire whether the natural eye can perceive it or not (1 John 3:22).

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16 -- OUR FIRST BABY'S FIRST CONVERT

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." -- Matt. 6:33.

Having two empty beds at the Door of Hope, most earnestly was the Lord requested that they might be occupied by those whom He desired. A short time afterwards, a Bible reader brought us a little Jewish girl about fifteen years of age. She had been betrayed and cruelly deserted and would have been left utterly friendless, unless willing to relinquish her baby. After a brief conversation I informed her that we had not thought of taking children. Big tears flowed down her face as she said: "Oh, I'd rather walk the streets and starve with my baby in my arms than have to give him up. Every place I've been refuses to take me because I have a baby. But I love him too much to let him go."

I concluded it was no time for talking, so replied: "Well, dear, let us kneel together and ask what the Lord wants us to do." With my arm around the trembling shoulders I could somehow better appreciate the depths of the motherly love that was in her heart even though she was only a child herself. I offered fervent prayer in her behalf and before arising from our knees, the matter was settled. I pressed a kiss on her cheek as I said: "Hannah, dear child, I'll take you both. You may bring your baby." Throwing her arms around my neck and weeping with joy, the child-mother exclaimed, "Oh, then, I can have my baby, my own dear little baby."

Going out of the room, I sought the matron and informed her of my decision. She naturally expressed some surprise, as we both could not but agree that the Home at that early stage of the work was scarcely a suitable place for an infant. She added in an impressively serious tone, "but I hope you realize that a baby means we must get more milk and you know how hard it is to get supplies now. I could scarcely regard the matter as so threateningly serious so I jokingly responded: "That is a tremendous problem! Still, my dear, if another mouth is really sent here to be filled, our God is capable of sending the milk." Thus the matter was settled.

A few days later, a lady attending our weekly meeting and, seeing the baby, placed a five dollar bill in my hand, saying, "I want you to use this for that dear little baby's milk." It so touched all our hearts that we told her what it was above related, thus showing her what her deed had meant. She had been unaware of the pressing need and was more than pleased that she had been led to this bit of service for one of His little ones.

That same night, when giving a Bible talk at the McAuley Mission, I used the story of the baby as an illustration of the care and goodness of God. A week later a young man arose in the after-meeting and repeated what he remembered of the narration, closing by saying: "I came into this Mission last Monday night, a godless man. As I listened and thought of that helpless baby being of enough importance to claim the attention of God, I could not but begin to ask myself some questions. I have not gone to the depths of sin, but I have been careless and godless. Even when I did think a little about living a different life, I usually ended by saying to myself: 'Who cares, anyway?' Then when our friend told about the baby, I felt if God cared for a little baby of that kind, He must care for me too." With a countenance expressive of joy and peace, he concluded: "Through that little baby I was brought to the Savior, and I want you to pray that I may be His faithful follower."

We always spoke of that young man as our first baby's first convert. One day we had a very beautiful service of dedication. In the subsequent years we had proof of the sincerity of that young Jewess who that day promised to train the wee boy for the Lord. As his every need arose, it was wonderfully met in some special manner. On one occasion when he needed new clothing immediately, an envelope reached us marked "For the Baby". A twenty dollar bill was enclosed. Never once did we need to use any of the Door of Hope money towards his support.

Hannah, because she was a Jewess, had of course become dead to those whose name she bore when she forsook their religion. Her heart was so filled with the love of Jesus that we saw her growing in grace day by day. She read the Word and was constant in prayer. She felt that no matter what the attitude of her parents might be, she must write them occasionally. In one letter her yearning for them all was so great that she urged them to believe God's Word and accept this Jesus as their Savior.

The reply was too blasphemous to print. Enclosed with the letter was a sheet of paper heavily draped in black and on the center was drawn a coffin with candles at either end. On the coffin lid was written Hannah's name in full with the date of her death (the day she had dared to acknowledge Christ). At the bottom of the sheet it was stated that as her funeral had taken place, she was lost to them all forever. Although stating that she was dead, they illogically concluded by praying that the curses of the God of Abraham might rest upon her as long as she lived.

After reading the cruel message, she quietly handed me the letter and I could see what great grief was hers. Placing my arms around her, I whispered: "This means more of Jesus, dear girl: He can fill all the vacant places in our hearts if we will let Him. He wants you for Himself." After a few moments of mental conflict, she raised her head and with a smiling but tearful face answered: "He shall have me, Mother Whittemore." Truly, she could say from experience in the words of Ps.

27:10, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." So great was her growth in grace that we felt quite justified in letting her conduct meetings in various cities.

She remained with us for a few years and after being baptized, joined the church and made public confession of Christ. She had to face many a trial but God blessed her life and she established a business, the proceeds of which enabled her to give her boy an education. We have often met since she left the Home and never has she failed to express her gratitude to God for the Door of Hope.

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17 -- THE FISHERMAN WHO BECAME A FISHER OF MEN

In a city that was near our summer home, my daughters and I were one morning doing some shopping on Bank Street. The man waiting on us looked up from the shoe he was fastening on my daughter's foot and said: "Mrs. Whittemore, don't you remember me?" My hesitation caused a look of disappointment to cross his face, so I replied: "Really, I do forget faces so readily, but there is something familiar about yours." "Well," he added, "don't you remember a sea captain coming into 316 Water Street one night with a lot of fellows?" Suddenly it all flashed through my mind and I quickly answered: "Why, yes, you came in rather late and took a front seat, didn't you?" "Yes, yes, that was the time. You took me by the hand that night when I badly needed a friend. You gave me some good counsel and I haven't forgotten it." Considerably touched by his earnestness, I asked: "Well, and how is it with you today, my dear man?"

"Oh," he answered, "I am saved. You see, ma'am, I felt I must leave the sea and stay home, so I got into this store and my wife and I both say that our home is just a little heaven to go to heaven in.

"What are you now doing for God?" I asked. "We have a bit of a place down the street where a few of us redeemed drunkards are holding services. I expressed my interest in such work and my desire to see it. "Oh," he added somewhat modestly, "You wouldn't care to go there; it's not a very nice place, but it's the best we can do at present."

Being assured that it would be a pleasure for me to take some part in one of their meetings, arrangements were made and a few days later I gave an address. They were cordial enough to invite me to come again.

One evening in the late summer in that overcrowded room we all felt we must pray for a larger hall.

A few days afterwards it was suggested that an empty store in one of the side streets might be made available. I insisted that whatever changes were made should be permanent, and therefore it would be better to form an Advisory Board consisting of one or two persons out of each church in the city. A few of us called first upon an ex-Mayor. We talked things over and thought we had presented a good case. After listening to the plans suggested, he demurred a while and then explained somewhat discouragingly: "Mrs. Whittemore, this has been attempted before in this city

and has singularly failed every time. I must confess that I haven't any faith that the scheme you propose will fare any better."

Our conversation drifted into the work of the Door of Hope and I also described some of the slum work in my own city of New York, citing interesting cases where the efficacy of God's love had been most wonderfully exemplified in the salvation of many. Finally he appeared to become more interested and said with a kindly smile: "Well, now! I think after all I must help you in this work. You may count on me for something." I had no idea what that something was to be!

I was turning to leave when one of the friends accompanying me asked why that unrented Chapel on Bradley Street could not be procured for our purpose. After a moment's thought the ex-Mayor suggested that I go to see it, adding: "If you feel perfectly satisfied with the building, you may have the use of it for this work. There will be no rent to pay. I'll attend to that."

That afternoon I visited the Chapel. How vivid the days' memories still are! I could pick out the very boards where I paused while gazing at the seats, at the organ and at all the other things necessary; even hymn books were lying around. By faith I claimed then and there the salvation of many a poor weary sinner, who, in answer to prayer, might be induced to give his or her heart to the Savior within those walls. So the matter was settled.

The Chapel was Situated on one of the worst streets in that city. In every way it was adapted for this special line of work. Some desired to call it after my name, but disliking all such publicity, I preferred to have it simply known as the Bradley Street Mission and it has been recognized as such ever since.

In a few days the Advisory Board was formed. Dr. S. Leroy Blake, the much respected pastor of the First Congregational Church, held the position of president for some years.

The next step was the selection of a proper Superintendent. While engaged in prayer about the matter, something very peculiar occurred; at least, so it seemed to me. It had always been difficult for me to remember faces unless I had seen the persons frequently. Yet while waiting before the Lord I could almost see the face of a certain Capt.. Charles T. Potter. Strange to say, however, I had met the man only once so far as I knew and that was three years before in a parlor meeting. I had been formally and briefly introduced to him at the time, but I knew nothing of his work or his whereabouts. I knew, however, that if it were the Lord guiding, He would surely arrange matters so that I could meet Captain Potter again. After making inquiries in several places, I finally obtained his address and shortly afterwards, he came from Noank to the city referred to for an interview.

I explained fully concerning God's leadings as far as I could trace them. He listened most attentively and although apparently much impressed, said: "This certainly does look like God, but I never did anything of the kind in my life. I know most everything about boats and fishing, and I know I belong to the Lord out and out, but I never thought of taking hold of a Mission. In fact, I would have to see it very clearly myself and get more light than I seem to have now to take that step. If God tells me to come, I certainly will."

As I bade him "goodbye", it was with assuring words that I would not for a moment wish him to take up the work unless he felt God was calling him to it.

Nearly three weeks slipped by and I was compelled to return to my New York home. No word had come from Captain Potter, yet I felt that he would be the Superintendent no matter how unpromising everything appeared.

The week following my return, a Christian Alliance Convention was being held. Captain Potter happened to be present. Just before the last service, he came over to where I stood. His face was fairly beaming with the light of God as he said: "Praise the Lord! It is all settled!"

"Settled!" I exclaimed; "what is settled?" "Oh," he replied, "I am to go to the Mission." "Is that so?" I laughingly remarked, then I added, "I knew that over three weeks ago, sir." "Well," he answered, "I didn't, and I will tell you just how I came to find out. I was sitting over yonder (pointing to a place down the aisle), when all of a sudden as I was engaged in prayer, the Lord seemed to say to me: 'Charlie Potter, if you are very much in earnest about that Mission business over in New London and for the souls of men, you will not keep worrying about how you are going to dispose of your present equipment; let your fishing and the boat and tackle and everything else you've got go and just trust all to Me.'" "Why, Mrs. Whittemore, I just jumped right off my knees and said back to Him: 'Lord, here I am. I will go.'" Then I looked around and when I saw you standing over on the other side of the church, I felt I had to come right over and tell you that it was settled."

He went on to explain that before coming to New York, he had asked the Lord as a sign that he was to go to the Mission, that before starting to the Convention he might be able to get rid of his boat and fishing outfit, "but," he said, "I declare, I was all at sea, for I had to come away without being able to sell any one thing."

In less than twenty-four hours after Capt. Potter had closed his eyes to his boat and everything else that constituted his temporal Possessions, and promised obedience to God, an unlooked-for party came forward and bought the boat, fishing tackle and everything connected with it without causing Captain Potter any trouble whatever.

On the 3rd of November, 1890, the Chapel building was solemnly set apart for a night Mission and the Captain was installed as superintendent. Mrs. Jerry McAuley and others took part. Captain Potter accepted no salary but preferred to live a life of faith and to thus illustrate daily that the God whom he preached was able to supply his every need, He went in and out amongst the people, ministering to them faithfully early and late and during seven years of devoted service he was instrumental in bringing thousands to a knowledge of Christ.

A daily paper referred to the Captain's work as "blessed beyond calculation". From a lengthy tribute we take a few lines: "The story of that Mission would read more like a romance than cold facts. Its uplifting power has extended far and wide not only in this country but beyond the seas."

The work of the Mission is still going on and numbers continue to be added to the Kingdom in that place set apart for God. The wonderful workings of our Divine Master all through that work taught me repeatedly and definitely not to despise the day of small things. It seemed but a little thing to give a shake of the hand to a poor sailor and to speak a word of encouragement. And yet, behold the results!

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18 -- THE MISMATED SHOES

"The kindness and love of God our Savior toward man appeared." -- Titus 3:4.

As the Bradley Street Mission at New London was from its very incipiency closely allied with the Door of Hope work and often became an avenue for many a poor girl to find her way into the Home, it might be well to give a few instances which proved of great encouragement to our hearts.

Not far from the Mission door in a rather disreputable street, there resided a sinful woman who was occasionally addicted to alcohol. More than once she was urged to come to the nightly service. One day, becoming a little indignant at the persistency on the part of the worker who called, she thrust a very untidy-looking foot from under her shabby dress and said with a cynical expression on her face: "Look at that now; a nice kind of apology for shoes, ain't they? And do you think I would be going through the rain and slush to that Mission of yours with no better covering on my feet? Not if I know myself. I would be getting rheumatism. You don't need keep a-bothering me asking me either." Again she thrust out a foot. There seemed to be scarcely any leather left; what little there was was tied on by dirty rags. Of course we knew that when she wanted a glass of liquor she could easily get to the corner grog shop in those same terrible old shoes.

There were many burdens resting upon dear Superintendent Potter's heart on that particular morning when this poor woman had been visited once more. But when we reported the matter to him, he somehow felt that something definite must transpire to awaken her to her danger and to convince her of a Father's love. Upon his knees he definitely asked the Lord that if it needed a pair of shoes to acquaint her of all this, that money might be sent in to purchase them before the day closed.

Late that afternoon one dollar was received. The accompanying note stated that it might be used in any way toward furthering the work. With a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, he hastened at once to the nearest shoe store and inquired if they had any shop-worn shoes on hand, as he was anxious to purchase as good a pair as possible for a small amount of money, as they were needed for a very poor woman.

The kind-hearted but non-Christian owner of the place said: "Come with me. I have a lot of shop-worn stock in the rear of the store, some of which might suit your purpose." Overturning a large box, he picked up a pair, and looking at them admiringly, said: "Here's a pair, custom made, cost \$4.50, but through some bungling they were sent to us mismated, one being larger than the

other, and so I have never been able to sell them. Seeing it is a poor woman, perhaps she won't be over-fastidious. I'll let her have them for a dollar, just to get rid of them."

The dollar was paid gladly, and who could doubt the sending of that money when it amounted to the very cent required. Captain Potter might have procured a pair of a much cheaper grade, but he could not have begun to obtain such quality for anything like that amount. It was just like our Lord to arrange matters that way.

Going down to that wretched and untidy room, he told the woman he had a little gift for her, a pair of shoes. She grasped the parcel and holding it in her arms for a moment, rocking her body backward and forward, said with considerable demonstration of gratitude, "Oh, and it was the good deed you've done! The Lord bless you and good luck to you!" Pausing for a moment in her exclamations, she asked about their size. A suspicion of tears came to her eyes; as she said almost pitifully: "Oh, and it is bad luck, it is bad luck to me, it is! And why ever didn't I tell you before?"

She was asked what was the trouble. "Oh," she replied, with a disappointed look on her face, "I always did wear number fives until a piece back; but when I fell down and hurt one of my feet it swelled up so now it's bigger than the other one." Without further comment the string was untied, the shoes taken out, and she was requested to try them on, and, as our great God has never yet been known to make a mistake, the large shoe was found to be a perfect fit for the right foot and the smaller shoe, if she had the measurements taken, could not have been any more comfortable.

It was not long before she came to the Mission and shortly afterwards called fervently upon God to pardon her sins, and began to walk in the paths of righteousness.

The above story of the mismated shoes was told in Hartford not long afterwards, and just to show how He protects His own honor, the sequel is given. A few weeks after that meeting a gentleman called at the office of a friend, and during their conversation the subject of religion was discussed. The proprietor of the building stated that his conception of God was One far in the heavens to be worshipped, revered and feared, but not to be dragged down into the material things of every-day life. "Why," he said excitedly, "He is too great a God for that! Surely it would be-little Him! My God is not One who is handing out little presents to His creatures."

"Well, well," replied this visitor, who was an infidel, "though I don't believe in a God, I must admit if I ever had one and couldn't take Him into the real things in life, I would have no use for Him."

"All right," was the reply, "but wait a moment. By the way, I think I have a clipping on my desk bearing on the subject." Pulling a number of bits of paper from a file he at last, with a smile, picked up the one desired and said, handing it to his friend: "Just read that, will you, and if it doesn't prove to you I am right, I don't know anything that will. That woman came to our town a short time ago and from a public platform told this atrocious story. It's simply outrageous that such people are allowed to go abroad deceiving the public in this fashion. Such loud-mouthed nonsense ought to be stopped. Just read it for yourself."

As he watched his visitor perusing the lines, he saw an amused expression and felt satisfied that he had gained his point. When at last the clipping was laid down and a hearty laugh followed, he felt still more convinced that he had made his point. The visitor exclaimed, "Well, well, I declare!" Before he had further opportunity to declare anything, his friend interrupted him by saying: "I hope you are convinced now; did you ever in all your life hear or read of anything more absurd?" The clipping, as the reader will have guessed, contained an article relating the story of the mismated shoes.

Throwing his head back and laughing heartily, the visitor answered: "My dear fellow, this truly is the most remarkable coincidence in my life. I am not at all hilarious over what you suppose, for I am the owner of that shoe store, and I happened to sell that identical pair of shoes myself."

For a moment the proprietor gazed in silent amazement into his visitor's face and without further conversation, the latter passed quietly out to the street. A few weeks later the scales began to drop off his inner vision and it was not long before he recognized the fact that a far-away God was not the God he desired or required. As for the infidel, the whole matter was so fastened upon his heart that gradually he was led to perceive the reality of God and through the Holy Spirit turned his face heavenward and opening his heart, let the Savior enter. He has kept following on to know the Lord ever since, and has been greatly used in various ways, publicly and privately, through proclaiming the truth as it is in Jesus. Thus, in endeavoring to reach one soul through the procuring of those shoes, three souls at least were captured for the Kingdom.

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19 -- THE ODD GLOVE

As the winter advanced, a real necessity arose to prove to the poor tramps of the street that there was something more in religion than an address or a handshake, or a "God bless you". Accordingly, much prayer was offered that means might be granted whereby beds, clothing and food, could be provided, and that these things might speak of God's provisional love to these homeless, and often degraded, ones. From various sources bedding, clothing and food supplies reached us.

On separating the things the bundle contained, we discovered an odd glove. Vainly we searched for the mate. Just for a moment we were inclined to throw it aside, when Capt. Potter reminded us that one odd glove might just as well have come in answer to prayer as if its mate were there. We therefore showed it respect equal to the other gifts and placed it upon the shelf ready for service.

It was nearing the end of the year and we wanted to add all possible joy to the lives of those to whom the Mission ministered. On Christmas night a wretched looking specimen of humanity entered just as the meeting started. He was in a half-drunken condition and took a seat upon almost the last bench in the hall. There was a hole in the crown of his hat, through which his bushy hair protruded in a rather comical way. When he removed his hat, his hair stuck untidily in

every direction, and might have been mistaken for a mop. It had not seen comb or brush for many a day.

As the meeting proceeded, prayer was silently offered for him by one or two whose hearts had been stirred at the sight of the poor sin-marred creature. Suddenly he interrupted the service by raising a very dirty hand, and waving it to attract attention said most earnestly, with tears in his bleared eyes, "For God's sake, if there is any hope for me, won't you all put up a prayer?"

In a moment Capt. Potter Was by his Side, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said in his winning way: "My dear fellow, of course we will pray, and if you mean what you say, prove it by stepping to the front." I have always felt that God is able to clear even a drunkard's brain sufficiently for him to grasp the truth. After a bit of a struggle the man staggered forward as though meaning business. It was not easy for him, and we could see that he was ashamed of himself, but he gained courage under the Captain's kindly sympathy. At last he reached the front bench, then as he got down upon his knees, he seemed to realize what it might mean should he be truly saved. If ever a sinner called upon God, poor drunken Joe called that night. None of those present can ever forget it. It seemed as though the cry came from the very depths of despair, and that all earthly power was unavailing. It was only the prayer of the publican, uttered in a most heart-stirring and appealing way: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." Covering the request with the precious name of Jesus, he had not to wait very long before he realized the efficacy and power of that Name, and his joy knew no bounds.

When God took such a walking ragshop of a man, half-dazed with liquor, and redeemed him in the Blood of the Lamb, should anyone doubt the Gospel's power? We learned afterwards that Joe had heard of the Mission, and feeling that after all there might be a possibility of making something out of his life, he had that evening determined to go to the hall and see what could be done. Tattered and torn, and presenting a miserable appearance even to his own drunken eyes, he had mustered up what little courage he possessed and borrowed a coat from a former acquaintance who was almost as poorly off as himself. Buttons it had none. The button-holes had long since been torn through. And so two iron meat-skewers were the ingenious and unusual fasteners.

After rising from his knees, we noticed that the poor fellow had but one arm. It was one of the most bitterly cold nights we had had that winter and our stock of clothing had run low, but just before the meeting broke up, like a flash, the one odd glove came to the mind of Capt. Potter. Asking the man to wait, he hurried to the closet and taking down the glove could not suppress a "Hallelujah". He hurried back to Joe and as God cannot make a mistake, it proved to be the right-hand glove for that one-armed man. It fitted him perfectly, and being fleece-lined, was delightfully warm and comfortable.

People may smile skeptically and perhaps I am old-fashioned now, but I have always felt that this was but another instance of our Jehovah's wonderful forethought in allowing the original owner (who could readily afford it), to lose one of his gloves in order that that poor, one-handed man might have a suitable covering for many a cold winter day. How he treasured that gift of God's love! When we told him the whole story, he was more profoundly stirred than he could possibly have been had there been a pair. It was to him a wonderful reminder of how strangely but wonderfully God may supply all our needs.

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20 -- FROM GILDED PALACES OF SIN TO THE CITY OF PURE GOLD

"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." -- Matt. 6:10.

Not always did we come to know the past history of those to whom the Door of Hope became a home. We never pried into their records. We knew they were needy sinners and we sought to bring them quickly to the sinner's Savior. During days of sickness we came to know a good deal about one young girl. We knew weeks before when she received a special blessing in her sickroom that she was a most remarkable character. The very passion that led her astray had become under God a cleansed dynamic for righteousness.

She had been reared in a quiet little town far away from New York. While her father lived, she was kept fairly well in hand, but upon his death the mother, who was a weak character, paid little attention to this vivacious and frolicsome girl of fourteen so far as discipline and guidance were concerned.

Forming the acquaintance of a number of other giddy and godless girls, she vied with the most reckless of them in doing foolish things. During one, autumn they planned what was to be a little afternoon's excursion but they succeeded in startling the quiet neighborhood by their non-appearance for two days. They had been "thrilled" by a suggestion that they should see certain phases of the night-life of New York and had gone thither in a wild spirit of bravado. That disastrous trip led to many further downward steps. Young though they were, they very quickly learned to love the wine cup and often with a devilish excitement could anticipate nights of revelry.

Many unworthy devices were adopted to obtain money. Trickery and falsehood were regarded only as clever if they accomplished the desired end. At the age of eighteen she had managed to get sufficient "blood money" to lease a house on 18th Street near 5th Avenue. With the aid of an evil companion everything that Satan would suggest was iniquitously carried out. The place was supported in the main, by members of a Club of the highest reputation in the city.

One summer evening, following several hours of wild drinking and voluptuous dancing, an altercation took place in which a score or more were eventually involved. In the free-for-all fight she received a cruel blow from one of her drunken companions, a leader in society. It seemed only a bruise at first but cancer developed and in less than a year she had lost her charm, and in two years the end came. Her so-called friends left her alone, and by degrees she was reduced to the most abject poverty. From wearing diamonds she came to rags and wretchedness. Everything that could possibly be pawned had gone, until she lacked the two cents that might have purchased a cup of coffee in a sub-cellar. A Christian worker saw her tramping one of the narrow streets -- a picture of absolute despair. To those who had once known the vivacious, sparkling girl of the quiet little town, such an awful change would have seemed impossible. With a little tactful persuasion she at last accompanied the worker to the Door of Hope, and after attending one of the services, she was invited to stay with us for a short visit. Not many days later she found the Savior. But she

had sown the seeds that bring forth a frightful harvest, and was in a pitiable condition physically. Latterly she had formed the deadly chloral habit. For a time, however, she was able to get around sufficiently well to attend to light duties. Then she was stricken down and laid upon the bed from which she could rarely get up.

At last, on account of a terrible operation that it was thought might possibly prolong her life, we were compelled to allow her to be taken to a hospital. Before the final preparations for the operation were made, I was permitted to sit beside her. She knew how critical was the ordeal she faced, but she gazed at me out of those large shining eyes, and clasping my hand said: "How Wonderful it is, Mother Whittemore! I lie here and think it all over again and again. When all my friends had left me and wouldn't even speak to me as I dragged myself along the streets, then God spoke to me. I wish somebody had spoken to me about Him sooner, but I suppose I was so foolish, maybe I wouldn't have listened." The eyes looked pleadingly into my face "but God has forgiven me, Mother Whittemore, hasn't He, and you love me, don't you?" The hand pressure told both of us more than any mere words could tell. "And then, Mother Whittemore, I want you and all at the Home to know that if God should take me while I am under the ether, I shall enter heaven rejoicing; but, if He should let me live, I do hope and pray that it will mean a closer walk by His side day by day. And please remember that though for so long I thought of no other will than my own, at last I have come to where I can truthfully say I desire to know no other will than the will of God."

In spite of the best surgical and medical attention, the trouble from which she suffered persisted and other complications arose. Five days later I received a message to hasten to the hospital as she could live only a few hours at longest. How I hated the sin that had so sorely smitten my dear little Emily. When I reached her bedside, she appeared unconscious. I spoke several times, hoping that she might know that a prayerful friend was by her side, but there was no response. The nurse sought to draw me away, saying gently: "Why, ma'am, She is as good as dead already; look at her rigid face." The eyes were set and the lips tightly drawn over her teeth, while the breath came in quick short gasps. "She'll never know you or anyone else in this world again," she added. I felt I could not leave her, and suddenly I recalled a similar case where one of our dear redeemed girls had lain in a state of coma for several hours and made no response to any voice until I mentioned the name of Jesus. Each time that name was mentioned her head bowed in assent, although she was absolutely speechless.

So I moved nearer to the bed again and leaning over the dear girl, I once more stroked her brow and, calling her by name, said: "Tell me, dear child, is Jesus with you now; is Jesus with you now?" The second time that blessed Name was mentioned, although not a muscle in her face appeared to change, she distinctly whispered "Yes". The nurse who had said Emily was as good as dead, heard it as clearly as I. I can never fully describe the emotions of that moment, but one thing I do know and that is that there have been times when I have scarcely known whether I was in the body or out of the body, and this was one of those times.

Every fiber of my being responded and the Lord seemed to reveal, like a flash, that it was an illustration of how one may be dead to everything else but alive to the all-prevailing Name of Jesus.

The funeral service was held in the parlor of the Home, and in that solemn hour we gazed upon that once restless face that was now calm in His rest. With glad hearts we gave God the glory and rejoiced in that Name that had wrought Emily's conversion.

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21 -- JULIA, TARRED AND FEATHERED -- AND THEN REDEEMED

A most atrocious deed enacted not far from New York, had for days filled the papers with its vivid and sensational descriptions. That a young American girl should have been tarred and feathered aroused tremendous interest, and in some quarters great indignation. Only one other such case was on record in America. Desirous of rendering assistance, I wrote to one of the ministers in the town where the brutal thing had occurred. I learned that the only possible way of getting in touch with the unfortunate girl would be to go to the town where the Grand Jury would sit.

With a friend, the journey was made, and upon reaching the Court House, we found this almost inhuman-looking being sitting with one of her comrades in a little anteroom waiting to be called. It was difficult to get more than a mere "yes" or "no" from her lips. She seemed dazed and terrified and suspicious of every one. Her life had been spent far up in a remote district of the mountains and she was unaccustomed to strangers. In a short time news was brought that the Court had adjourned until two o'clock.

Having received permission to remain with her, I arose, and placing my hand on her shoulder, said: "Did you bring your lunch with you, child?" The first look of interest crossed that hopeless, despairing face as she shook her head and replied: "I never thought about lunch." We invited her and her companion to come and take some with us.

Entering a nearby restaurant, I asked the girl what she would like to eat. With a whispering timidity, she answered: "I like chicken." She was evidently embarrassed after making the request, but I answered at once, "Why, that's just the thing. I am fond of chicken myself." Throughout the meal we managed it so that indirectly she gave every order. Ice cream was the last preference named. That seemed to be the finishing stroke in the effort to gain her confidence. She believed we were friends.

Her case was not called that afternoon. When I left her, she pleaded with me to be sure to come for the trial the following morning. "Most of them are against me. I sure do need a friend." Before she was eleven years old, she was a slave in more ways than one. She had never been to church or Sunday school. "I have known nothing but cruelty and badness all my life," she told me later. "No one taught me any difference between right and wrong. My father was always brutal to me, and I was betrayed in my own uncle's house."

Then followed an awful narration that need not be told. "It don't make no difference how bad I was, nobody had no right to beat me that away," she said, in those double negatives which are so often heard among her class in the H ____ hills. "I ain't had no chance, -- never."

The night of the dastardly tarring she was choked until her tongue hung out and the men threatened to kill her. She begged for mercy and promised to leave the State and never come back, but her pleadings were in vain. They tore all her clothing off and covered her with tar, throwing feathers on as they did it. "I was nearly dead with cold and fright, and at two in the morning they let me go, saying they'd kill me if I ever came back. I hid in the daytime and walked by night until I reached my aunt's place away up in the mountains."

The succeeding days of that trial may not be described. No one under twenty was allowed to enter the courtroom and for two days I was the only woman there. It was the most terrible ordeal I had been called to pass through in connection with the Door of Hope work. The judge said that no more contemptible crime had ever been committed in that country.

God most graciously blessed and owned what was attempted for His sake, but between the sessions we became very well acquainted and I noticed more than once during that awful trial that she felt very keenly the humiliation caused by some of the remarks made. This encouraged me to believe that no matter how far she had fallen, there was good material still left that the great Potter could work upon and fashion into a fit vessel.

After the case was dismissed and the court adjourned, arrangements were made for her to come to us in New York the following Friday. A few days earlier, however, I received an urgent personal note from one of the reporters on the case. He urged me to try to do something for the girl, saying that there was no time to be lost. He had discovered that some of the desperate characters who had led in the disgraceful affair were smarting under the heavy fine. They were plotting to entrap the girl before the week was out and to lay some false charge that would enable them to wreak their vengeance upon her.

The next morning found me on my way to Julia's home. Upon changing cars at a junction, a very short distance from my destination, I had no more than settled in a seat when I became conscious of being watched, -- watched by two of the villains who had been instrumental, with others, in tarring and feathering poor Julia. While glancing at me in a significant way, they whispered for a few moments and then hastened up the track.

For a short time, I must confess, I felt nervous, as there was only one other person in the car and I could not but wonder what plans were being hatched. At last the train pulled out and about fifteen minutes later we arrived at C___. On account of a heavy snowstorm, there was not even a wagon at the depot and consequently I had to do a considerable amount of walking through deep snow before even a clumsy sort of vehicle could be procured. The driver was a very large man and left me an uncomfortably small portion of the seat. But feeling that every moment was precious, I raised no protest and hung on. With difficulty we made the journey and after I had hurriedly explained matters to a district minister, he very kindly proposed using his horse and sleigh to aid the more quickly in locating the girl.

After several disappointments, we traced her to one of the most miserable looking huts I had ever seen. It was in a lonely clearance on the edge of the mountain-bush. I have been in many a queer and unattractive looking abode, but this was positively the worst I had ever looked upon. Everything in sight was revolting. Twelve children of various ages were huddled together in the

one dismal room, some of them with only a few rags on. The father, a coarse and brutish man, was out just then and the mother received us with suspicion and ugly looks. Julia knew we were her friends, and upon learning our errand, she decided to start with us at once instead of waiting until Friday as had been originally planned. I had taken a change of apparel for her and in less than fifteen minutes had altered the style of her hair and dressed her in such a way that even her mother was astonished at the transformation. The minister drove us to the station that we might catch the only remaining train that day. After getting on board the "stub", as the jerky little affair that ran to the Junction was called, I could see him a short distance away talking to two men. He had bidden us good-bye, but just as we were about to start, he came running back with a frightened expression upon his face, and said in a low but agitated voice, "Oh, Mrs. Whittemore, do look out. Be most cautious. For God's sake, don't run any risk." With some surprise, I asked what was the trouble. He quickly responded: "I have just heard that you were detected by two of that tough gang and the news has spread around that you intend taking Julia away. It looks as if there might be trouble ahead." The train began to move and all I could say was that I would be as careful as possible. Upon arriving at the Junction, where it had been the intention of the gang to waylay us, I hurried Julia into the waiting room and told her to sit in a corner. I put a veil over her face and a book in her hand and told her on no account to pay any attention to me or to another needy young girl whom we had persuaded to come along with us to be cared for in the Door of Hope. She must appear to be quietly reading and to have no company. I stood by the door with my hand upon the knob.

In about five minutes a rough looking man came and peered through the glass panels in the door. It seemed to me that not less than a dozen men came during the next five minutes and glanced excitedly around the waiting room. Evidently they did not suspect that the quiet lady-like looking girl, seemingly engaged so intently over her book could possibly be the one they were seeking.

At last the train appeared. I waited until it was about to start for I was afraid Julia might be detected at the last moment. Quickly I gave the agreed signal and she came towards me at once. A few hurried steps across the little platform and then almost at the risk of causing her to stumble, I gave her arm a sudden jerk and pushed her up the car steps. I then took hold of the other girl and managed to get aboard myself just as the train began to move.

The poor child was very ignorant and made many blunders in her new life in the Home. She knew nothing of good manners but day by day she made progress in every direction and we soon had the joy of seeing her accept the Savior. She gave every indication during the subsequent months of the sincerity of her faith.

After being with us for several months, she felt someone more needy than she now was should have her bed. "Couldn't I get a job doing house work?" she asked. I naturally smiled, and putting my arm around her, could not help saying, "No, you poor dear child; you do not know a thing about cooking.

A disappointed look crossed her face as she replied: "But, surely I could learn. I would try hard, Mother Whittemore." "Yes, child, I know you would," I answered, "but I fear you wouldn't be able to get a place where they would be willing to take the time to teach you. Cooking is always

expected of those engaged for housework. As soon as possible you will learn how to do these things."

She was so depressed that I felt sorry for her and at last suggested that we make it a subject of prayer. We asked, believing that the Lord would open up just the position He desired her to occupy. Later that afternoon I received a letter from a gentleman friend in a small country place, stating that a young couple was about to take a cottage next door to his house. They had requested him to write and ascertain if we could furnish them with a girl to do general housework, "and," he added, "she need not know a thing about cooking, as the young bride intends to attend to that herself."

Here was the very thing Julia desired! It was a most marked evidence to us all of the reality of God. Soon she was safely and happily housed in her new home and it was not very long before she began to know a great deal about cooking herself, through the kindly instruction given her by her sympathetic young mistress.

A year or so afterwards, Julia married and has often written in her quaint illiterate style. She often referred to her husband as such a "good" man and of the "grate" happiness he had brought into her life. Surely our Jesus saves to the uttermost and from the uttermost.

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22 -- THE KINDERGARTEN AND HOW THE WOOD CAME

"Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." -- Matt. 19:14.

An interesting offshoot of our larger work was the Kindergarten opened on the West side of the city. It brought many a ray of comfort to the hearts of the poor little waifs who were living in destitution and who suffered much at the hands of negligent and often cruel parents. The neighborhood was called Hell's Kitchen, and it was well named. The Windows of the hall were repeatedly pelted by the little roughs of the street. Sometimes bullets whizzed through the windowpanes during gatherings.

Miss Horace, the superintendent, was one of the most noble and self-sacrificing of Christian women. Courageously she labored day after day, and though the storm of hate often raged without, yet there was great peace within the little hall, for God was in the midst. When missiles were hurled by unfriendly hands, she would often sing "Not a single shaft can hit, till the God of Love sees fit."

One morning, Miss Horace proposed that instead of having the usual opening services, she would let them hold a regular testimony meeting just as the big people did in the evening services. It was a pathetic sight to see these sixty or more children straighten themselves up, and listen to what she suggested they should do.

Looking around, she glanced in the direction of a towsy-headed, ragged little chap, and with a smile, said: "Well, Johnny, dear, we will begin with you. Have you got a testimony? Suppose you give yours." The little fellow burst into tears and blubbered forth:

"I-I-I left my testimony h-o-m-e," and then sobbed louder than ever. Every child began to laugh.

Miss Horace quickly understood the reason he had given. The previous day a visiting friend had presented each of the children with a testament and the little fellow imagined she was asking for his book. "Don't laugh, children", she said. "I guess Johnny doesn't quite know what a testimony is. Can any girl or boy tell him?"

There was no immediate response, but at last a little half-starved girl put up a hand that trembled with excitement. "Please, teacher, I can." She was invited to the platform, and the pathetic looking little creature gave what I thought was a very beautiful definition of a testimony. In a trembling, squeaky tone, but with her face all aglow, she said: "A testimony is when we tell people what Jesus tells us." She staggered nervously, and was filled with confusion, but when a loving hand was placed on her and she was told that she had answered correctly, the pinched little face flushed with pleasure.

One day, upon hearing the account of Moses, a deep awe seemed to rest upon the children for a little while, and during their luncheon hour, one of them was missed. In vain was his name repeatedly called. At last, one of the children whispered that perhaps little Ned might be in the excavation which had been made in the back hall in preparation for a cellar furnace. Going over to the place and looking down they could see Ned with his face upon the cellar floor. Miss Horace called gently: "Neddy, Neddy, you mustn't lie there. What are you doing? Get up, dear." Turning his face toward her for a moment, he said: "Don't speak, teacher, don't speak. I am praying to God to make my face shine like Moses'," and down he dropped his little head once more. In a few minutes he crawled up the ladder into the room again, saying as he reached the floor, with honest exultation, "See, teacher, now; don't my face shine? Don't it shine just like Moses'?"

She pressed the little fellow to her heart and kissed his smiling face, breathing a silent prayer that his life might shine to the glory of God in the wretched hovel that the little fellow was obliged to call "home".

About the middle of October, Miss Horace realized the necessity of laying in a quantity of wood, but not having the funds on hand, it was taken to the Lord in prayer. Two weeks or more passed, with apparently no answer to her prayer. In the afternoon of Election Day little Mamie came running into the room at the rear of the hall, sobbing as if her heart would break. It was difficult to get anything out of her as to the cause of such grief. She was a general favorite with us all and Miss Horace held her lovingly in her arms and affectionately patted her shoulders.

"Oh, Miss Horace, Miss Horace," she said at last, "I must tell you, but I'm afraid to; I'm afraid they'll kill me if they know I've told." She looked into the loving face of her teacher and then went on to tell of plans that were being made to burn down the hall. That very night some boys had planned to do it and had said that it would be one of the biggest bonfires New York had seen.

For over a fortnight the young ruffians had been gathering or stealing old barrels, and baskets, and anything else that would burn. The "gang" had slyly dragged them over the sidewalks and had managed to poke them through the broken Windows of the low cellar. At last they had all they desired for their purpose, and as soon as it was dark, they planned to throw kerosene on the top of the pile and the whole Kindergarten business would be finished as soon as they struck a light. This was too awful a secret for Mamie to keep. What would happen if there were no kindergarten?

As soon as there were no boys around, Mamie felt that at all costs she must tell. We listened to her story and took prompt measures to insure the safety of the building. We went down the steps of the cellar stairs with an officer Miss Horace had called in. As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, we saw a strange conglomeration of wooden articles. It was amazing the quantity of old boxes and barrels and baskets and pieces of boards that had been collected for what was to be one of New York's big bonfires.

When suddenly God brought to the memory of Miss Horace the story of Elijah being fed by the ravens. Instead of being overcome by the confusion around, she exclaimed with a laugh, "Well! Well! Here I've been wondering how we'd get the necessary wood for the school and it looks as if God had let those little enemies of ours provide it for us. Surely this is a case where the wrath of boys is used to praise Him. We've wood enough for weeks.

Then she wondered whether the wood could be honestly used if it had been dishonestly procured. However, the good-natured officer set her mind at rest by assuring her that most of it was likely from warehouses from which it would have been carted away by the garbage man, "and anyway, ma'am, we'd have a fine time returning that to its owners. Nobody would know which was which, and its me self that knows that no wan deserves it more than ye."

The next day a young fellow out of work was given the job of splitting and piling the wood. And while he was engaged on the job, he was introduced to the Friend of Sinners, and new hope came into his heart. And so the wood that was to burn down the school was used to make the children comfortable during cold winter days. From such an experience we were led to feel anew the truth that all things work together for good to them that love God.

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23 -- THE INCOMPLETE SALE AND THE REFUSAL OF A \$5,000.00 CONTRIBUTION

A few months after the Home we had named the Door of Hope was in working order, a most tempting offer was made to Mr. Simpson for the building. He informed me of the proposition but said that if I felt sure that the building should eventually become the property of the Door of Hope, he would put aside all ideas of selling it. I felt that the situation was a delicate one. Not knowing the future, how could I block the sale and yet we were getting the Home so satisfactorily and comfortably established. I therefore took no action. Not hearing from me, he made preparations the next week to sell it, but with the understanding that we should retain the house as

agreed upon until the following May. The papers were to be signed at once and I was requested to call during the next morning.

Only God Himself knew the terrible trial this was, for I felt that it would leave the future of the work I loved in a less secure position. Far into the night I had knelt alone in prayer until God gave me grace to die, metaphorically speaking, to the whole transaction. As I arose from my knees, I asked for some special verse from the Word that would comfort and strengthen me in this time of stress. Opening my Bible at Zech. 9 : 9-12 I read, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem . . . He is just . . . Even today do I declare that I will send double unto thee." I could not understand the significance of it at all, yet a sweet restfulness crept into my heart and without a care I found myself with a friend the next morning in Mr. Simpson's office.

Again he said that if I would say positively that I believed the 61st Street House was intended for the Door of Hope, he would be only too glad to withdraw the sale, even at that late hour. As I was about to reply, a telegram was handed to him. He said that certain matters had arisen which necessitated his leaving the city at once. He was obliged, therefore, to send a dispatch to the parties mentioned changing the arrangements about the sale of the house until the following day. When this interruption was over, he said decidedly: "This seems very mysterious! One would imagine God had something to say about it."

After a moment of silence, I felt impelled to inform him that I then and there took the house once and for all for the Work and could now trust the Lord most definitely for its purchase. We all knelt in prayer. As we parted, it was with a covenant that we would continue to put the whole matter before the Lord and trust Him to clear away any possible difficulties. We did as agreed and it was marvelous how easy the way was made, for when it was fully explained to these parties, they unanimously declared they could not persist in demanding the property, but that the house should be turned over to us and that we had their goodwill.

Before the New Year, my father showed a great and kindly interest in advancing enough money for us to make a first payment on the purchase of the house, leaving us to carry a mortgage of \$15,000.

Without any trepidation, the Lord was fully trusted for the supplying of \$375.00 required twice a year for the interest. One day, shortly after the second payment had been made to be specific, on the 12th of July -- a burden suddenly seemed to rest upon my heart. About a quarter to eleven, when engaged in prayer in my little prayer room, I inquired of our loving Father concerning the difficulty that seemed pressing upon me. All at once the \$15,000 mortgage came up before my mind. In quiet tones I said, "But Lord, I am too honest to intercede for what I cannot have faith to trust absolutely for." After a moment of silence, I began to smile at my own foolishness. How absurd it was for me to limit God. Surely if He were equal to supplying the interest on the mortgage, for which I had fully trusted Him, was He not capable of meeting the entire amount?

A sincere petition was then offered for an increase of that "faith of God" which knows no denial (Mark 11:22). Almost instantaneously was this faith granted me. At once two rather strange words fastened themselves in my mind: "Clinch it! Clinch it!" What did they mean? It was the first

time God had so dealt with me regarding money matters in connection with the work, but after definitely inquiring of Him concerning His pleasure, I was definitely led to go and inform my pastor, Dr. Blake, and his wife concerning it all. I told them that I had accepted the fifteen thousand dollars as from the Lord and was as sure of it as if it were in the bank at the moment. There was a distinct understanding that neither of them should ever refer to the matter in any way or endeavor to raise a single cent towards the liquidation of said mortgage.

With dubious looks and doubtless feeling that I was daily becoming a hopeless visionary, they glanced at me with kindly but almost pitying smiles. The information was again given them that at a quarter to eleven that morning sufficient faith had been granted me to claim with thanksgiving and praise the \$15,000 required so that the Home might be clear. Upon their faces could be detected a fear lest my faith might be shaken if the money were not obtained. But God enabled me with greater determination than ever to say before we parted, "I shall be back again before next summer to prove to you the actuality of what the Lord has given me by faith today." The only answer I received was one of those sighs that imply serious doubts, "Well, I hope so."

Three months from that day, I was calling on a lady acquaintance. After some preliminary pleasantries she requested me to retire to her private sitting room upstairs. When alone, she remarked that for some little time the Door of Hope had been much upon her heart and that she had prayed much for it, and if I had no objections she would like to be informed, if when the house was purchased, any mortgage remained upon it.

With some surprise, and not detecting her reason for asking, I replied, "Oh, yes, indeed there was." Her next question concerned the amount. I replied somewhat cautiously: "As you have asked in the way you did, I will tell you. The amount was \$15,000."

No sooner had the statement passed my lips than a peculiar expression swept over her lovely face, and my heart gave an indescribable start. I was just about satisfied that her questions had led up to a gift of perhaps \$1,000 toward the sum desired. Arising from her chair and coming over to where I was sitting, she bent down and said: "I will be very frank with you, dear. There are some things we find it difficult to speak of, but I may tell you that I have not talked this matter over with anyone but God and therefore, I am not influenced into taking any steps one way or the other as far as man is concerned. I did intend leaving you some money at my death in memory of my dear husband, but somehow, I cannot but feel it would be more pleasing to God for me to give it now." In almost breathless stillness I listened to the completion of her sentence, which was: "I feel led to take that step this afternoon and I shall now give you a check for \$15,000, upon the condition that neither while I am living nor after my death, will you let my name be known."

Overjoyed beyond measure and greatly overcome, I found it hard to say a word except to assent to the request which she made a second time. The gift of such an amount was far beyond anything that my fondest hopes would have anticipated. It was quite evident that she desired God to have all the glory in the gift, and so she gladly hid behind the One who had prompted it. Without further conversation, she wrote out the check and handed it to me. As I left her home, I was so overjoyed and excited that I walked several blocks beyond the place where I should have boarded the car. Indeed, my spirits were so buoyant and my heart so full of praise, I believe I could have walked the Whole distance.

And then again I almost forgot to get off at the right street. But I was bubbling over with thankfulness and even enjoyed my own absent-mindedness. Earnestly did I pray that from that day on my life would more than ever be "hid with Christ in God", and that He might always have first place.

Hurrying to the Door of Hope, I entered the sewing room and instantly asked the girls to drop their work for a few minutes and get upon their knees. With some surprise, they obeyed. I felt that this blessed token of God's love could be told in no better posture than the one in which He gave me the faith to trust Him for the money. What a time of rejoicing we had!

Then I sent a letter to Dr. Blake, giving the full particulars. As I thought it all over some words of Jesus were brought to my mind: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Was that not the explanation of the conviction that came to me when I felt I must tell the pastor and his wife that I had accepted the money by faith? How sweet was the "hereafter" of this passage. I could clearly perceive God's provisional love in compelling me to go to Dr. Blake's house that special day several months before. Surely it was that he and his wife might become witnesses to the facts already stated, in case any skeptical minds required corroboration. I knew God would provide the money and I had told them so.

A few months later all indebtednesses were paid, and in March, 1903 (twenty-seven months from the date of opening), we secured our incorporation papers.

* * * * *

24 -- BEGINNINGS AT TAPPAN

"The Everlasting Father." -- Isa. 9:6.

Before we had cleared the indebtedness referred to in the preceding chapter, we felt the necessity of a place with more favorable surroundings than 61st Street. A few mornings after the payment mentioned, a letter was received from an editor in New York, stating that for some time he had been in the habit of renting his country house at Tappan, but for the last year or two had not succeeded in securing a tenant. He felt compelled to write and ask if I would accept the little cottage and property and assume the mortgage of \$2,000, "which," he added jokingly, "you could doubtless pray off in less than twenty-four hours."

I was overwhelmingly surprised. In view of our increasing need for such a property it appeared too good to be true. At that particular time, however, I wondered if we would be justified in taking on the mortgage. I therefore wrote expressing our great appreciation and stating that if God gave the faith, it would not take even the twenty-four hours he had suggested for the mortgage to be wiped out. While the faith seemed to come suddenly for the \$15,000 already mentioned, yet in this case although the offer was so generous, I felt compelled to wait on God for more definite instructions.

The owner of the property evidently had more faith than I possessed, for the next day the key of the house was forwarded to me with the request that I take a look at the place which was "soon to be" ours. For three weeks that key was carried in my pocket. I did not go near the house, lest it might be too great a temptation to take premature action, for the longing for a little country home was so much upon my heart.

To show how the Lord worked, let me narrate certain happenings during those days. Two or three nights later I was awakened shortly after midnight and was informed of the serious illness of a very dear friend. Hastening to her house, I found her in a most critical condition. Hour after hour I knelt in heartfelt intercession, never arising from my knees until the day dawned. For over two weeks I remained helping to care for her.

At the close of the first week, I noticed on the library table a letter addressed to me. Upon opening it, a check dropped out and on a piece of paper was written:

As a slight acknowledgment of my appreciation of your faithful attention to my mother. Please accept this check for your work.

Sincerely,
S. M.

The room was dimly lighted, and I thought the amount was \$100.00. The next morning I told my invalid friend what her son had done and expressed deep gratitude. She asked how much the gift was, and when I stated that it was \$100.00, she quietly said: "Is that all?" "Is that all?" I exclaimed. "Why, I think it is simply grand." She smilingly answered: "You'd better look at your check again" (Since then I always glance twice at every check). When I followed her suggestion, I discovered the amount was \$500.00. I surely was surprised and with a heart full of joy, I gave an account of it all to the dear old aunt as we sat at the breakfast table together.

She listened with a smile of sympathy upon her face, then quietly handed me another envelope and said: "I guess maybe you'd better take this one as well." Tearing it open, to my great amazement I found it was from the oldest son, and contained a similar expression of thanks and another check for \$500.00.

Two nights later, while talking it over with the mother, she said: "I think, dear, I ought to make a thank-offering to the Lord myself." "Well," I replied, "don't talk any more now, but try to get some rest." She appeared so very weak that I felt nothing but what was absolutely necessary should be allowed. But she quietly continued, "I would feel so much better satisfied if I settled everything in my mind just now, and I would like to have it go to the Door of Hope with my dear boys' money." "Oh," I replied quickly, "I think your sons have done sufficient in that direction for one family." "Still, dear," she answered, "that would not be my gift, and I intend to draw you a check in the morning for another \$500.00. Will that help you some?"

"Help me?" I exclaimed, "Why, the Door of Hope would then be free and clear. Oh, I don't know what to say, for that makes exactly the amount we require to pay our present indebtedness. She seemed more than pleased to hear what their combined gifts would do. As for myself, I felt

like "hop, step and jumping" all at once. I could hardly wait to get up to the Home to break the glad news to all therein and to unite with them in thanking God.

The next day Miss Anderson and I went out to Tappan. We were more than pleased with the little cottage, and knelt for a few moments in prayer, taking implicit faith to trust our God for the removal of the mortgage on it and also for all that it might require to undertake another Home.

As I had promised my invalid friend to tell her all about the trip, I returned by way of her home and gave a description of the place. She showed unusual interest for a sick person and asked many questions, ending with: "You are really satisfied with the house, then?" "Oh, yes, more than satisfied," I replied. She went on to say, "I have been thinking so much about the kind friends I have. While lying here on my sick-bed, I have realized how much loving care I receive and I should so much like to help arrange for others who may need a little change and outing from time to time. So you need not give that mortgage a second thought, for I will take that. Go ahead and have the papers drawn up and secure your cottage at Tappan."

Perhaps, as people say, "I Was Slow in the uptake", but I was so delighted at the prospects of securing the cottage that it never dawned upon me that she intended doing more than to pay the interest on the mortgage. When later I was informed that she proposed paying it off by degrees, words were inadequate to express my gratitude.

The little house was opened the first of June, 1893. We had a most blessed service. Very soon it was filled with girls, and though, many trials awaited us, God marvelously blessed the efforts put forth. Numbers of girls were brought to a knowledge of Christ.

Within a year our friend paid the mortgage and the little cottage was clear of all indebtedness. It came about at the time of my dear father's death.

The day of his funeral, returning home sore at heart, I prayed for some special token of God's love. Upon entering the dining room, I saw a letter on my plate. It was from my invalid friend, and stated that for some weeks she had decided to send me \$2,000 which I could use in paying off the mortgage on the cottage or in any other way I desired for the work. She felt she would like to have the matter off her mind. Later, when informing her concerning the dilemma I had been in, she, as well as I, felt thankful that we had not talked the matter over with one another; for we then recognized it all as a very special manifestation of the Fathers' love, especially coming as it did at that sad hour of sorrow and in answer to the request I had presented.

Editor's Note -- The greatly expanding work necessitated additional organization and staff. After twelve years, therefore, the Tappan Home was transferred to the Salvation Army, whose splendid oversight Mother Whitmore greatly appreciated. In May, 1921, the Door of Hope was transferred to the splendid new property which the Army had purchased in Jersey City.

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"Ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." -- 1 Cor.15:58.

A chapter or two may fittingly be devoted to the Door of Hope Slum Work.

To do this sort of work most effectively during the day, we found it necessary to adopt another form of dress than we usually wore at night. It was desirable to dress as near like these depraved people themselves as possible, otherwise their inbred suspicion would have resented our approach. We usually went in pairs. Even when we were in our "working" garb and had succeeded in opening up conversation, the moment a tract was produced we were often peremptorily ordered to leave the tenement. In loud and indignant tones we would get something like this: "Be off with you, you old paid machines: we want none of your religious nonsense around here. Bloodsuckers, the whole gang of you! Get out! Not another word!" In angry fashion the inmate would stand in the doorway pouring out a torrent of oaths and curses as we walked away.

In other cases there would apparently be the deepest interest manifested and a splendid presence at wiping away tears. But we became accustomed to all that sort of thing. We knew that the sole purpose was to get money that might be passed over the grogshop counter.

Our experiences compelled us to go to these people in disguise. Many an entrance was thus possible into places almost too fearful to describe, and the occupants of such dens, being so taken up with their own misery, seldom looked intently at anyone and so never suspected from our manner of dress who we were.

Our dress consisted of a dark calico wrapper with two or three good-sized patches neatly inserted here and there on the skirt. This was done simply to attract attention to the fact that old garments might be made presentable by industry. On cold days, we would have a faded old shawl thrown over our shoulders. A plain hat a bit out of style, had as its only adornment a thin piece of silk twisted around the crown. Our equipment consisted of a tin pail filled with gruel, soup or tea, and a package of old clothing done up in newspaper. Better than all this was His love in our hearts.

The only difference between our own clothing and most of those we visited was in cleanness and neatness: only occasionally did that difference attract the attention of the denizens of the slums. The abodes we entered were often positively dreadful and some people would have said dangerous, yet we were so kept by His power that we were without fear.

On the third story of a creaking and filthy tenement we found a wretchedly-clad, middle-aged woman. Owing to failing eyesight and an old mother to provide for, she had been reduced to abject poverty. The quarters they occupied were nicknamed "the ship". It was a miserable back tenement entered through a dark alleyway. Going up the rickety stairs dimly lighted by a small skylight, we stood on the third landing and counted twelve doors opening into tiny tenements of two rooms each. The first one from the hallway was quite dark and the further one was lighted only through the narrow apertures between the tenement itself and some towering old buildings which raised their insolent walls within two feet of it. No ray of sunlight could ever visit any of these miserable abodes. The woman referred to was just entering the third door. We were

allowed to follow her to the second room. Here, as our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, we saw a poor old woman seated on a hard wooden stool near the window, two feet from the blank, smoke-soiled wall. Upon a small deal table by her side lay the day's three meals. They consisted of a piece of Bologna sausage and a few bits of bread. There were no plates, no cups, no spoons; nothing that could denote any attempt at decent living. One necessity after another had found its way to the pawnshop in order to keep a roof over their heads.

With a sickening feeling, we seated ourselves upon two dirty wooden boxes. Glancing at the table, we decided that one would have to be a student of natural history to discriminate between the various insects crawling over the food. The two dejected women were apparently accustomed to it all. The older woman pushed the bugs aside and wiping the Bologna sausage with her hand, took a bite or two. The moment she again placed it on the table, it was literally covered with insects.

During our conversation, the younger of the two women, who alone could do anything, told her sad story of what it must mean when the physical darkness that was creeping over her would have to be endured. How could a blind woman take care of a helpless mother? Our hearts ached for the poor souls! In words of desperation she continued her pathetic story.

We endeavored to provide something definite in the meantime and gave her the address at which she might call for more. While doing so I noticed her shaping her hand in scoop-like fashion: then peering on to the table, she scooped up a large number of those horrible insects that were crawling around the food. I expected she would at least take them to the landing, but instead of that she dropped them upon the floor quite near me and for a moment it seemed as if the whole regiment were having a race in my direction. I remember cringing all over with repugnance, but not daring to give vent to my feelings, I silently prayed that mine enemies might seek another haven.

As unobtrusively as possible I drew my feet close to the box and endeavored not to watch the vermin too intently. But the pathos of the whole situation so occupied our hearts that we soon forgot the other horrors and began to speak of the love of God to the poverty stricken and sad-eyed old mother. Everything else vanished from our minds but the One of Whom we were speaking, for we knew that only God was sufficient for such need. We knelt with them on the dirty floor and presented requests in their behalf. They were deeply affected, and when we were about to leave, the daughter grasped my hand, saying, with tears in her eyes, and trembling voice: "God bless you. Oh, I'm so glad that you came, for I feel a little lighter now. It don't seem quite so heavy and hard." Those few words of simple gratitude dropped into my heart as a benediction.

Were we often weary? Yes, indeed we were. One's very heart-strings would be so strained that sometimes it seemed as if the tension would make them snap, and yet, frequently have we thanked God for the blessed privilege of knowing what a little effort could accomplish in His Name.

Our sense of the ludicrous was often invaluable. More than once were we grateful for this, as frequently when our sympathies had been greatly aroused and we were almost exhausted, something would occur which lifted us out of the depression, reviving our courage and steadying

our nerves. For instance, we one day stood by the side of a very wicked woman in a place almost as poor as the one just alluded to. She was doing some washing.

Gradually we led up to a talk concerning the Water of Life. She listened intently and seemingly appeared quite interested, when unexpectedly her husband pushed open the door, and in a very uncouth way, began to talk loudly. With a look of scorn, the woman straightened herself up to her full height, saying with some emphasis: "Where's that broomstick?" She hastened over to the other side of the room, adding under her breath: "I'll fix him pretty quick." Coming immediately after the impression we thought we had made on her, we quietly withdrew, where our laughter would not be noticed. The "fixing" process was thorough, if what we heard for the next few moments was any indication.

Many sad sights were witnessed throughout the rest of that afternoon. In a tiny, cheerless room of a drunkard's home, we stood for a while before poor little malformed Mary. She was only fourteen years of age, but looked ten years older. Her pathetic little figure had become shrunken through a long sickness. The muscles seemed to have slowly turned to bone. They told us that for nearly seven weeks her tired little head had rested almost continually on her knees. Through neglect and abuse her sufferings had become intensified. For a minute or so I felt very helpless standing by the side of such terrible affliction. Finally I leaned over the child and gently stroked the little pinched face with its prematurely wrinkled brow. In spite of my efforts to control my feelings, the tears blinded my eyes and the words I wished to speak were for a few moments unuttered.

Someone had talked with her before concerning her Savior, but she had never given any special manifestation of her feelings. Tenderly I asked her: "Do you know Jesus, dear child?" Instantly the small head was twisted upward and, for a moment it seemed as if a light so illumined her face that the former agony disappeared. With much earnestness she replied: "Oh, yes, I know Him," and then, with a smile, she added: "I love Jesus."

Instantly her head dropped upon its resting place. She was too worn out to talk or to sit up. There seemed a holy silence, as we gazed upon the suffering child. Her physical needs were looked after, and more than one of our friends, hearing the story, became interested in providing for her comfort. She lingered but a few months longer and often expressed herself as "so glad to God" for what she had received. The poor child had known so little of kindness that the help given seemed heavenly to her. She so lived that others could not doubt the reality of her faith. Finally she passed away triumphantly happy.

Upon entering another wretched home, we were received by a woman who apparently was endeavoring to scrub the floor. She explained her presence thereby saying that she had stepped in to clean up the house for her neighbor whom we could see lying on a poor sort of an apology for a bed in the corner.

As we crossed the threshold, she surprised me by Suddenly asking: "An' hav' ye bin a scrubbin' today, mum?" I was so astonished and amused that I could only reply, "No, not today." She had noticed that my gingham apron was spotted. Rising to her feet, she examined us from head to foot. I was hardly prepared for what followed. With considerable emphasis she said: "Oh, I

knew ye as soon as I clapped me both eyes upon ye." With some surprise, I replied: "Why, I really don't remember seeing you before. Where do you think you met me?"

"Oh, it was when you were around at Mrs. O'Flinnigan's the other day doing her washin'." My astonishment at this piece of information was even greater than before, so I ventured to ask what day it was. Without any hesitation, she answered: "On Tuesday, mum."

Turning aside that she might not see my twitching face, I replied: "No, I was not there on Tuesday." She tossed her head back, saying. Well, thin, I've made a mistake after all." Much to our relief, the conversation ended with her admission of mistaken identity.

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26 -- APPLIED CHRISTIANITY

"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His Might." -Eph. 6:10.

The next visit was to an unusually dingy sub-cellar on one of the lower city's most notorious streets. The scene we witnessed was truly alarming. No pen of mine can adequately describe the fighting with fists or with such articles as could be hurled around, the quarreling and shrieking, the cursing and swearing. Half a dozen or more people were huddled together in one corner seeking to keep away from the fistic warfare; several children, accustomed to the quarrelsome turmoil, were creeping around in their painfully neglected condition. One wondered they were not trampled to death in the constant scuffle of the vicious men and women who were ready to fight on the least provocation.

Sometimes we would be allowed to remain in such horrible places for an hour or so. The food we carried and the fixing things up a bit would make us at least tolerable visitors. This day, however, the owner had evidently been drinking heavily, and our efforts to remain were unavailing. In a most peremptory way she refused to have us stay. With flashing eyes and raised fists she came toward us and said: "Be off with ye. Get out O' this. And who be ye's, inyway, I'd like to know? Yez look loike a pair of immigrants. Git out O' this. Do yez hear?" Then she turned and went quickly towards the old stove as though she would assist our departure with the bent poker.

We climbed the steps into the street with crushed spirits. Upon returning home, we stood for a moment before a long mirror and smilingly agreed that her description was not inaccurate, judging from our outward appearance. We decided to pray much for this wretched woman, little suspecting the surprise which was awaiting us.

Two weeks later we were in the same building, but decided that it would not be wise to attempt a second call in that dark cellar so soon. We were both surprised when, upon descending the lower stairs, we came face to face with the very woman who had driven us out so abruptly. Evidently she had heard of our presence in the building and had been waiting for us at the bottom of the stairway. In her coarse voice, she greeted us with "Good mornin' to yez." The salutation was pleasantly returned. We were about passing on when she deliberately blocked our way by putting

one hand on the wall and the other on the balustrade. Then, looking intently at us, she said: "Come on in." "Not today, thank you," I replied. "We are going further up the street."

Without paying any attention to my words, she simply said: "Yez must." There was no denying the almost ferocious demand, so we meekly followed her down the entrance into the cellar. As we reached the bottom, she turned around somewhat cautiously and drew a long wooden bolt across the door.

For a moment it was an unpleasant sensation. No one would feel comfortable at being on the inside of barred doors in such a hole. We did not know with whom we were being shut in and actually began to tremble. Then catching the expression of each other's faces, it ended in our unitedly lifting our hearts in prayer, and the perfect Love "which casteth out all fear", held us immediately in blessed control. If ever we felt ashamed, we certainly did a moment later as that poor, miserable woman, dropped on her knees before us, and covering her face in her apron, burst into tears. Rocking backwards and forwards, she sobbed out her broken plea for forgiveness: "Oh, can yez iver forgive me? Can yez iver forgive me at all, at all?" In great surprise, we asked what she meant. "Och," she answered, still crying: "It's the way that I traited yez whin yez were here before. I did not know what the pair of yez were afther or intended to do. I've heard since and I feel that bad, and hearin' yez were in the house, I thought I'd ask yez down a bit."

Assuring her at once of our forgiveness, we sought to point her to the Savior, and told her of His forgiving love. She uncovered her face and throwing up both her hands deprecatingly, she said in a most pathetic way: "Och, ma'am, and it's not the loikes O' me He would have anything to do with. Yez don't know me." "No," we replied, "we don't, but He knows you and loves you just the same. He wants to save you." After further conversation, she accepted a little Testament.

As we were about to ascend the cellar steps, she laid her hand almost tenderly on my shoulder and said in her own coarse but honest way, as she pointed to the stove: "I was that mad when yez were here the ither day, not jist knowin' what aither of yez were up to, if yez both hadn't lift when I tould yez to, I was intindin' takin' that iron-pot and throwin' it at yez heads." "But," I answered, "God wouldn't let you do that: He held back your hand." She half smiled, and replied, "Maybe you're right." To His praise, I should add that God has never allowed anything to hurt even the hair of our heads, though we have entered many places as equally depraved as the one of which I have just written. We went on our way, committing her to God.

Only those who have experienced such ministry can know the joy of sowing the seed in the hearts of these poor; crushed women of the slums. It truly was very touching to see from day to day what a few loving acts, put forth in His Name, would do. Some of those who responded to loving deeds were so steeped in sin, and had become so bereft of reason in their fruitless endeavor to make both ends meet, that one felt at first how hopeless any service rendered could be. But God is able.

Often intense gratitude was aroused by sweeping out a room, heating a cup of tea, or smoothing over rumpled and untidy beds. While working thus, the word of cheer or comfort would be spoken as the Lord prompted. Many were the lessons we learned as we visited those dreary

places. How little some of these people realized that they were our teachers from day to day and that by these experiences we were being fitted for more effective effort in His blessed service.

On another of our journeys, we climbed three or four flights of rickety stairs, and going along a very dark passage-way, stopped for a moment by the side of an open door and, unobserved, watched the doings of two little girls in a scantily furnished and dimly-lighted room. Our first thought was that they were at play, but their sad little faces quickly contradicted this.

Quietly stepping inside, I asked what they were doing. The older one replied: "Our mother's out and we're just trying to fix up house for her; she gets awful tired," and then both the children went on with their task. The "fixing up house" consisted in pitching everything within reach under the ragged and dirty bed. What had gone under before we appeared on the scene I do not know, but while we were watching a broken stool was thrown under, then an iron pot, some odd bits of wood, a tin can or two and a miscellaneous lot of dirty rags. I quietly suggested to my co-worker that we had better stop the proceedings or we too might soon be under the bed.

One of the children's hair Was braided in about thirty tight little braids which stuck out in every direction, giving her a most peculiar appearance. I ventured to propose that possibly it might be well to stop work for a while and arrange her hair so that it might look better. With a grieved expression, she said: "Oh, no, ma'am, it's meant to be that way." "But, my child," I answered, "when was your hair combed out?" "Why, only last Sunday," she quietly replied. "I'll tell you all about it, ma'am."

"Quite a while ago my mother took a day off for a holiday like and we went up to the Central Park, an' we saw such a pretty little girl, ma'am. She had long curly hair! Say, you just should have seen her! She was as fine as the pictures is. Her clothes was beautiful and she had the cutest feather in her hat. She was a stunner, she was. When we got back home, I was wishin' I could look like her, but I didn't have a pretty face, and none of them fine clothes."

We glanced down at the half-starved little child, prematurely old in expression; certainly she was correct in saying that she hadn't a pretty face nor fine clothes. Her dress was a worn-thin and faded-out print. "But," she went on, "all of a sudden like, I remembered how thick and how long my hair was, so I just asked mother if I had it braided up like it is now and kept it that way for all the week would she comb it out on Sundays.

"She said she would, so this is the way I have it all but Sundays. Oh, ma'am," her face lighted up with pride, "you should see how I look: I wish you were only here on Sundays. It just looks fine; so wavy like, you know." She moved her head gently to and fro, as if tossing the crimped hair backwards and forwards. "If I shut my eyes and don't see my old dress nor see my face, I kind of think how near I look like that pretty girl in Central Park."

Poor dear child, how little she knew what a sermon she was preaching. For a whole week she was going through great discomfort in order that she might resemble another for one day! We attended to certain things that added to their comfort and promised to call again. We felt that we had been emphatically spoken to by God Himself through the lips of one of His little ones.

* * * * *

27 -- THE DELIA MEMORIAL AND OUR FIRST MISSIONARY

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." -- Mark 16:15.

Just previous to Delia's death, in order that the Door of Hope should not be a self-centred work, the Lord put it upon my heart to start a Foreign Missionary Society. It had really come about through a visit Delia and I made to New Haven. Mr. Charles H. Webb, of that city, was so impressed by Delia's address that he handed me a check for one hundred dollars to start a "Delia Fund". Later on we decided to use the money for missionary purposes, and also agreed to set apart three hours of every day to make articles for this sole purpose. The proceeds of such work were to be devoted to the spreading of the Gospel as God might direct. At the same time it taught the girls in the beginning of their new life that there were others to be considered. The Delia Memorial differed from the Door of Hope in that it was not strictly a faith work. Articles made were sold at reasonable prices and the exhibition of such products called attention to the splendid work the girls did and to their interest in missionary effort.

Delia had thought much about some specific missionary effort, and a few days before she left us for her heavenly home, she requested that a small amount of money she had saved might represent her in some way by being forwarded to India. It touched us so deeply that someone suggested that we call our Society "The Delia Memorial".

Feeling somewhat troubled one day over the comparatively small amount that we had up to that time been able to raise, it occurred to me that it might be pleasing to God to hand over whatever revenue came from my writings. It would be a missionary thank offering for all that He was continually doing to supply our needs in the Home. I knew that He was capable of using even such small amounts for His glory. And so it resulted in my finally entering into a compact with my Lord, promising that whatever was realized through any scratch of my pen from that time forward should be at His disposal.

The joy which followed was assurance enough that it met with His approval, and I asked that He would show what was possible for Him to do with even such a small gift. Up to that time we had received three to five dollars monthly from the sale of the leaflets which had given me such pleasure to write in His Name. The amount was always placed at the disposal of the Door of Hope.

The sales of literature so increased that within eighteen years over \$19,000 had been received in this way and sent forth through the "Delia Memorial" to bring help to many in need at home and abroad. In subsequent years the amount kept increasing. [Since the above was written, the amount has been trebled. F.A. R]

* * *

BERTHA

Possibly it would be well in this chapter to give a brief account of our dear Bertha, re-named by us at her request, who, through repeatedly sewing with the other girls, became so deeply interested in the foreign field that she felt called to offer herself as a missionary to Africa. She had been educated in a Parisian convent. After completing her course, she returned to her home in the southern part of France. Reading a good deal about life in America, she decided to seek her fortune there. In vain did her parents plead with her to remain in France. They lived on a beautiful estate, but life was too quiet for the willful and passionate Bertha. Finally they decided they must let her have her own way, and as the father had some business connections in a town near New York, letters of introduction were written to these firms. Full directions were given to her so that she might know exactly what to do upon landing.

At last everything was settled and with light heart the foolish girl bade adieu to those at home, little realizing the experiences which awaited her. She decided that it was not at all necessary to follow her father's instructions so she formed her own plans, thinking thus to prove to them her ability to take care of herself.

An hour or so after her arrival, she was standing in a dazed sort of condition on the wharf, bewildered with the confusion and bustle and strangeness all around her. She became homesick and decided that she would return to France by the ship that brought her over. Suddenly a hand was placed upon her arm and turning around in a half-frightened way, she was face to face with a rather fine-looking young man. Detecting she was a foreigner, he first addressed her in German. Shrugging her shoulders in the vivacious French manner, she shook her head. He at once spoke in her own tongue. Perhaps few can imagine what this meant to the homesick girl. The young man said in quiet, kindly tones: "I often feel sorry for strangers in a new land, for I remember my own experience. Is there any information I may give you?"

One can scarcely wonder at the glad surprise that such apparently kind and thoughtful words awakened. Knowing nothing of the ways of the world, she did not for a moment imagine that this young man could be anything but what he seemed to be. She told him she would prefer not to be dependent upon her father's friends, and as she had some money, she preferred to go to a respectable boarding house and remain there while seeking a position. Or, she might just stay there until she got a vessel back home. She was not sure what she would do.

"Oh," he explained, apparently more deeply interested than before, "it is, indeed, fortunate that we met, for you might have come across some evil-disposed person. It will be a great pleasure to me if I may be permitted to be of service to you." It ended by her placing implicit confidence in him and gladly consenting to be guided to the house to which he proposed taking her.

Our work in caring for girls who have strayed has opened our eyes to the many traps that are laid for the young stranger who lands friendless in a great city. One does not wish to be an alarmist and a girl who is upright and cautious and will have nothing to do with irresponsible strangers is as safe in New York as anywhere else, but alas, many enter our great cities either ignorant of their dangers, or so self-willed that warnings are useless.

This young man was no less than a special agent, engaged by one of those wicked resorts downtown to watch for the unwary. He kept assuring her that he knew exactly the sort of boarding

place she desired. Ten minutes later she ascended the steps of a small house on S Street. No sooner had she crossed the threshold than she was roughly handled and drugged. For days she was in a state of semi-intoxication, hardly realizing the awfulness of her surroundings. She soon discovered that the one whom she had supposed was a gentleman and friend was one of the diabolical procurers for this very establishment. He had taken her money on the pretext of making a deposit in case she decided to return home. The balance would be safer with him, so he told her, than with anyone else. Hence she was almost penniless.

Every attempt to escape proved fruitless and a terrible existence was endured for several weeks until she was physically unstrung and heart-broken. On going downstairs very early one morning, she noticed the basement door ajar, and with only the gaudy wrapper that was used at nights, she ran out to the street with the one thought of escaping. Up one block and down another like a hunted animal she fled on, caring not whither she went, if only she could get clear of the infamous place in which she had so greatly suffered. What if they had detected her absence and were searching for her! The thought drove her on until her vitality was almost exhausted. In a fainting condition she glanced up as she reached 14th Street. A doctor's sign was over a doorbell at the top of a few steps. Being a French name, the hope quickly flashed through her mind that help might possibly be there. She rang the bell. Suddenly the poor child dropped unconscious. The door was opened almost immediately by the physician himself. Carefully she was lifted up and laid on the lounge in his office. When resuscitated and made somewhat comfortable, She told him her sad story.

Being a kind-hearted man, he immediately made provision for her in the Italian Hospital of which he had charge at that time. For weeks she lay in terrible suffering. No one came near her bed to point out the possibilities of entering into a pure and noble life and the poor girl had little to cheer her. When able to leave, the same doctor, becoming interested in her case, induced a friend to get her a position as a lady's maid in a private family. She had, of course, lost all her personal possessions and seeing many things similar to those she had once been accustomed to own herself, the longing came to possess them. Gradually she began pilfering, and then, for fear of detection offered some excuse and left. The thirst for liquor which she had contracted in the infamous house to which she had been taken on the day of landing asserted itself and added to her unreliability.

In four other temporary situations a repetition of the same sort of thieving followed. In the last one she stole a pair of sleeve buttons and was detected. Although they were valued at only \$2.50, and notwithstanding her tears and entreaties, and the offering to give her month's wages besides returning the buttons, her mistress coldly informed her that no forgiveness need be asked, as she certainly would make an example of her.

The trial took place two days later in a New Jersey city, and she was sent to Trenton Prison for nine months. One day, a tract-distributor was walking through the corridor and on passing Bertha's lonely cell, noticed the distressed face. She tarried for a few minutes, but Bertha was feeling so bitter towards all mankind that she was positively unapproachable. When handed a small testament, she uttered an oath and threw it back at the giver.

A few days later, however, this same woman of God attempted again to engage in conversation with the poor girl and this time Bertha listened. It was evident that some impression

had been made. The visitor tactfully ventured to present Bertha with a few leaflets and was more than pleased that they were not refused.

As the time drew near for her release, she sometimes wondered whether there was any possibility of redeeming the past. Reasoning within herself, as she read and re-read some of the short stories in the tracts of how God had forgiven other girls, who had been wicked and sinful, she felt that perhaps He might have mercy upon her. Although unhappy, she at last began eagerly counting the days until her discharge.

Accordingly, with a settled determination to do the right, the very morning she was let out, she purchased a ticket to New York and found her way to the Door of Hope, then on 61st Street. She told us afterward that five times were those stone steps ascended before she could get sufficient courage to ring the bell.

A warm welcome was given her and she was ushered into the reception room. Hearing some music in the other room and the girls laughing and singing, she inquired somewhat timidly if anything unusual was going on, and upon being informed that it was the girls' recreation time, she said with some surprise: "Do you let them laugh and make a noise if they want to?" She was assured that the Door of Hope was no prison nor did we like it to be called an institution. We desired that it might be a happy home for all girls who needed a friend.

A few days from that time she gave her heart to Christ and the changed expression on her face denoted what had taken place. After three or four weeks had passed by, she suddenly appeared very unhappy and tried to keep away from others. When requested to tell what was the matter, she would only reply: "Nothing, nothing at all!" Then the sunlight of God's presence seemed to light up her countenance again. But again would come the unhappy days. After the same thing had occurred three or four times, the girls would come and say, "I guess Bertha has the blues again."

Being strongly of the opinion that a child of God has no time to give to what is termed the "blues" or anything else that cannot reflect His glory, I felt constrained to have a very earnest interview with her after the sixth or seventh of these mysterious spells. She entered the matron's room at my request. Putting my arm lovingly around her, I said gravely and emphatically: "Bertha, my child, this thing must stop. It is dishonoring to God. You must tell me, dear, what the trouble is." Bursting almost convulsively into tears, she sobbed out: "Oh, I'm so wretched! I'm so wretched! I wish I were dead!" "Why, Bertha, Bertha," I exclaimed in amazement, "my dear child, a saved girl must not say that. You are saved, aren't you?"

She looked me full in the face and in the depths of her honest brown eyes, I could almost read the truth of the assertion then made, as she said with great earnestness: "Oh, yes, Mother Whittemore, I am saved and that's the reason I'm miserable. If I weren't saved, I'm sure I wouldn't care." Then she went on to pour out the sorrow which filled her very being.

"Mother Whittemore, I will tell you all. You know I have a trunk upstairs, don't you?" Wondering what was to follow, I said, "Why, yes, dear." "Well, then," she said, "that's it, that's it, Mother Whittemore." "That's it! That's what, child?" I asked. "Oh, I'll tell you, I'll tell you if I have

to die." Dropping on the floor by the side of my chair she buried her face in my lap and between her sobs whisperingly breathed out her pitiful story. "My trunk, Mother Whittemore, is almost three-quarters filled with stolen goods. It almost breaks my heart. The very thought of it haunts me day and night, and although I know my Savior has forgiven the theft, the things remain and it all seems like covered up sin. Sometimes I feel so happy and free and then I remember again the trunk and that's the reason I've had these strange turns."

Stroking her hair and lifting up her tearful face, I asked if she knew to whom the articles belonged. She replied: "Yes, I remember where most all of them came from." "Well, then, my child," I replied, "it is an easy matter to settle. They must of course be returned to their rightful owners." "Oh, Mother Whittemore, please, oh please don't ask me, don't," she cried. "Why, Mrs. Richards said that if she ever discovered who the thief was who stole from her, if it took the last cent she owned, she would imprison her for life if she could. Mother Whittemore," she sobbed, "I'd rather die than go to prison again." "Bertha, dear," I answered, "you had better go to prison a hundred times over with Christ in your heart than to try to live apparently free in the world with a sin unrequited. You cannot remain a Christian and be a thief. The stolen goods must be returned."

For the bravest of us such a task as lay before Bertha would not be easy and yet we felt there was no alternative -- restoration must be made as speedily as possible. Tears and terror were mingled on her face more than once as she stopped me in the hallways to speak pathetically, "Oh, Mother Whittemore, must I really take all the things back?" or some similar question. I assured her that no one ever lost anything that was worth while by doing right, but no matter what happened, the right must be done. She personally, must restore the things and ask forgiveness of man as she had asked it of God.

At last she realized no other course could be taken and it comforted her to know that one of us would go with her. She threw her arms around my neck and said, "I'll do it; God helping me, I'll do it." She felt convinced that she would be sent to jail and although we knew our God was able to deliver, yet we could not feel justified in telling her He would do so. I did say that probably nothing that was to follow would be more difficult than the brave decision she had made.

For three days the work of restoration went on. In most cases Bertha's own statement of what had taken place was sufficient. The poor girl's penitence could not be doubted and the more reasonable ones of those purse-proud women whom she had robbed were willing to give her a chance of living down the past. One or two thought that "such a girl should not be allowed to get off" and to such we brought loving appeal as from one woman to another in the interest of one of our sex who had fallen from right, but who of her own volition had acknowledged the sin and was demonstrating her purpose to live a new life. Several wiped away the tears and revealed a tenderness and forgiveness that filled our hearts with grateful surprise.

The lady of whom Bertha had thought with the greatest fear and who had said she would never let any girl who stole from her escape the clutches of the law, was evidently stirred by Bertha's trembling but honest statement. The timid girl ended by asking, "Oh, ma'am, can you forgive me? I'm so sorry! Please give me a chance to show you that I want to do right, and with God's help, I will do right." The words seemed commonplace and cold as I read them over, but the

tone in which they were uttered was not commonplace. Sometimes stammering lips and trembling utterances may be more forceful than eloquence or clear and steady speech.

God was especially near to Bertha in that hour and her words reached the heart that once intended to be revengeful. The reply surprised us both. She began slowly and with some emotion, "Oh, well, if that is how she feels about it, she need not be afraid of me. Perhaps if I had tried to do as much for her as you have done, madam, it would never have happened." She walked over to Bertha and placing a hand on the shoulder of the weeping girl said, "Good-bye, Bertha; may God forgive me, too; you have been braver than I would have been."

We reached the sidewalk. The last of the stolen articles had been returned and no prison cell faced the dear child. It was too much for her. Her arms were flung around my neck and unmindful of the crowd passing to and fro, she sobbed and sobbed, doubtless in part because the terrific strain had ended and in part for sheer joy.

What a night we had in the Door of Hope! Never before had we a keener consciousness of the "wideness in God's mercy", and we retired to our beds with hearts filled with praise. Bertha's subsequent life was ample evidence of the genuine change that God's spirit had wrought in her and the other girls took cognizance of it.

One day, coming into the matron's room with an open Bible in her hand, she advanced to where we were sitting, exclaiming in her vivacious French manner, "Mother Whittemore, what do you think? What do you think? The Lord has been talking to me about going to Africa." My heart beat quickly at the bare possibility of God speaking to one of my redeemed girls concerning such a thing, but I said cautiously: "Bertha, dear, be very, very careful. This is a most solemn matter." "Yes," she replied, "I know it is, Mother Whittemore, and when the Lord first spoke to me about it, I said: 'Oh, Lord, I am but a child,' and as I said this, I opened my Bible and asked Him to speak to me through His Word. Well, I turned to Jeremiah, 1st Chapter," and handing over the Bible, she said: "Did you ever see anything like it, Mother Whittemore? If He were talking to me face to face, surely nothing could be more direct." We read together the seventh verse. "The Lord said unto me, say not I am but a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak." "Mother, dear, doesn't it seem as if that chapter was written just for me?" I looked at her happy, glowing face and could only lovingly lay my hand on hers for we both felt that God had spoken.

We knelt low before the Master's feet and asked His special direction. Before rising from our knees, through the witnessing of His Holy Spirit, I also felt that God was beckoning her on to that dark land which had become of such deep interest to her.

Her fervent interest in foreign lands none could doubt. A reporter of the New York Sun attended one of our meetings and gave a full column story of our "winsome French girl". He closed the article by saying, "As Bertha told the audience of her life, her beautiful dark olive face was lit up with a strange light, and her brown eyes sparkled as she enthusiastically exclaimed: 'from henceforth all for God; all for God.' Thinking of this attractive girl going to bury herself in one of the very worst parts of Africa reminded one of the ancient martyrs going to death for their religion. Few of her hearers could restrain the tears."

Many of those present felt that it was the greatest day the Door of Hope had ever known. Here was a once almost hopeless fallen woman with a prison record, going forth as a missionary to darkest Africa. From a good home she had gone forth to "see life". Then she had dwelt in one of the richest houses of infamy in a great city. Men of wealth had taken the dazzling young mademoiselle to the opera box in her charming robe, -- and then followed the descent and degradation and at last a friendless jailbird. And now she was an ambassador for Christ! What wonders God had wrought!

Upon reaching Paris, she had the great pleasure of remaining a little while with her parents and brought much cheer to their hearts.

During the voyage from Europe to Africa she grew very weak and certain physical troubles developed very rapidly. After landing she was helpless for many weeks and suffered most intensely, the hot climate having aggravated the trouble. Some time later, owing to there being little improvement in her condition, it was felt advisable for her to return. On her way back to England it was discovered that she had contracted the most dreaded of all African diseases, the black fever, and from a letter received from another missionary who helped care for her on the vessel, we learned that very little hope was held out for her life. For weeks she lay in the Lodge Hospital at Liverpool, hovering between life and death. In her delirium she incessantly cried out for the Home and for Mother Whittemore

Much prayer was offered for her by us all, and at last the news came that, although she was still in a precarious condition, yet because she had such an intense desire to get back to the Door of Hope, it was considered wise to arrange for her passage to America as soon as possible. When she arrived, she was in a very feeble condition and much emaciated. For over a year she was almost constantly confined to her bed, having to undergo two or three quite serious operations. At last, in a very remarkable manner, the Lord raised her up. A little later she secured a position as nursery governess in a very pleasant home and determined with God's help to earn sufficient money to put her through a Bible School, as she hungered to know more about the Word of God. The year following, she gave herself up to earnest study and waited before God in prayer regarding further developments.

On one occasion she sent one hundred dollars of her earnings to Africa, and on several occasions she handed me five, ten or even twenty dollars, saying: "Take this, Mother Whittemore, for dear, dear Africa: If I can't go back just now, perhaps when I know His Word better, He will open up the way. Don't you think He will, Mother Whittemore?"

One day we sat down and talked it all over. We had both come to realize fully that though one may be called into a certain work, there was danger of going forth to service out of pure, honest love for Him before He had positively commanded.

A few years have passed since that day, and though Bertha is still here, she had, outside of her gifts to Africa, saved up through great self-denial over a thousand dollars to meet all her traveling expenses. At the time of writing, she is looking forward to returning to the land that is so much upon her heart.

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28 -- JULIA, THE JEWESS

"How forcible are right words." -- Job 6:25.

One morning a beautiful little Jewess of seventeen came to our Home in great distress. Her name was Julia -- We have had a number of Julia's in our care. A year previous she felt that she should be earning her living and so relieve the friends who had cared for her since early babyhood. Out of charity they had taken the motherless babe, and Julia, knowing their poverty, thought she should no longer be dependent upon them.

She searched for employment and at last was engaged in a large establishment in Brooklyn at the starvation salary of \$3.00 a week. She was informed that she would be expected to dress in becoming style. Her heart almost fainted within her when she found that even taking the barest and dreariest little hall bedroom, she would have less than fifty cents a week for all other expenses. Then on cold days she must pay ten cents for a small pail of coal for the bit of a stove over which she would shiveringly huddle.

Poor little girl; what was she to do? Fearfully she was thinking about it all after ten or twelve days had slipped by. Nobody seemed to care. Never having been accustomed to standing so steadily upon her feet, she would return to her dreary quarters at night feeling so wearied and exhausted that she simply could not attend to even her small washing, which under the most favorable physical conditions would have been difficult in her inconvenient quarters. It must be paid for out of those few remaining cents.

One afternoon she was feeling greatly depressed. She was tired in body and weary in spirit. Leaning against the counter for a moment or two trying to ease her aching feet, she was spoken to by a lady floorwalker who had cast her eye upon the girl for no good purpose. Laying her hand in a caressing fashion upon Julia's shoulder, she spoke lovingly to her so that the child had no suspicion that she was other than a friend. She pretended to take a deep interest in Julia's welfare, but ended the conversation by inviting the unsuspecting girl to go out with her for an evening's frolic. That would help her to forget her cares.

That night they crossed the ferry to New York and the floor-walker paid for her supper. After the meal was over Julia was taken to places such as she had never entered before. Although she had known something of the way in which certain girls lived, she had never before seen what she saw that night. The indecencies she witnessed made her fully determined that this was the last night that she would go out with the floor-walker. She might be weary or discouraged, but she would not again seek relief in that way.

Oh, the pathos of the lives of struggling, motherless, friendless girls like Julia! We sometimes talk of the "human family" in pious tones. "Human family!" What does a poor, friendless child, buried in the almost heartless commercialism of a great city, experience of the "family" side of life? "Human Vultures" would be a more appropriate phrase for those whom she meets.

Poor girl, how little she imagined the fleetness of her decision that night. Noticing the way she had been affected and that she was not an immediate prey, the wicked floor-walker left her for awhile and waited for a more convenient season. It was not long in coming. The next month, in like fashion, but far more exhausted than before, the poor child stood in abject despair behind the counter late one afternoon. She was wondering where the money was coming from to purchase a pair of new shoes, for the ones she wore were almost gone. Glancing down at her dress, she realized that also must soon be replaced. She well knew that more than once clerks had been told to "spruce up". She was in a dilemma.

What was she to do? Often had she heard vulgar suggestions from some of her companions who were not particular how they obtained money. Many of them seemed to be comfortable and happy. Was it worth while to struggle on as she struggled with weariness and poverty as her daily portion? Such were her thoughts.

Thank God, better days have come, but there is much to be done even after these thirty years have passed. Oh! if the women of our land would band together and earnestly wait upon God to see what could be done regarding the starvation prices paid for the labor of so many of our dear young girls. They simply cannot live decently on what they receive. Many a girl has been reduced to abject poverty and also robbed of the physical charm that might and should have been hers through the greed of wealthy men. They were willing to work hard, very hard, for an honest livelihood, but while their employers received the homage and compliments of individuals and organizations, these girls, whose life-blood was sweated out to produce the wealth, were allowed to languish in conditions of wretchedness on a wage that would not supply a livelihood. Many, in desperation, have been driven into a life that is worse than death. Oh! that such oppressors might be truly convicted of their sins!

Hundreds like Julia, finding it impossible to make ends meet and almost at their wit's ends, have, under the influence of some designing person, at last plunged into a life of dissipation.

But to return to Julia. To her side came this floorwalker once more. Taking in the situation, she did not deem it necessary to "sugar-coat" her proposition but spoke quite plainly, ending with endearing terms and with her arm around the girl's waist kept assuring her that such a pretty face ought not to be wasted. She could take her where it would always be appreciated and paid for.

Before the conversation was over, in a moment of weakness, poor, distraught Julia had said the fatal "Yes", and with a wild reckless feeling surging through her brain that very evening she entered a second time upon the former scenes of revelry. She had vowed that never again would she be in such company, but at last she had succumbed. That night she took her first intoxicating liquor. For a day or so she was in a somewhat dazed condition. The next week she was discharged by the man who had indirectly, through the miserable pittance given for her services, pushed her headlong into the pathway that leads to destruction.

It is best not to describe her life during the next few months. One day when very ill in a small lodging house, a tract-distributor found her way to her bedside and then for the first time in her life, Julia began to realize that there was a God. The people who had kindly reared her and had

faithfully looked after her bodily wants had been unacquainted with the Lord themselves and so Julia had been sadly neglected in that respect. The tract-distributor persuaded Julia to let her inquire if a certain downtown Mission could take care of her for at least a little while.

All went well until one day having recovered her health, she got into a heated argument with some of the inmates, and in a fit of temper left the place. Once more upon the streets, a weary effort was made to secure another position, but without success. Being too proud to return to the Mission Home, she at last, in desperation, joined a number of Chinese, who were greatly attracted by her good looks. They took her to the outskirts of Brooklyn, where she remained for over two months. Although well fed and finely dressed, her heart was very sore. How could the poor child be happy under such circumstances! She had sold herself for bread. Oh, the tragedy of a young girl in a wealthy Christian city feeling there was no escape from starvation except by the way of sin!

Repeatedly she resorted to the wine cup that she might drown the ache within. One day, suddenly stricken down with sickness, one of her so-called friends insisted upon taking her to the Josh House in Chinatown. By paying a small amount of money, prayers were supposed to be offered for whatever the emergency might be. Having been present myself on such an occasion, I can the more accurately describe what takes place.

After the fee is handed in, a little Silver bell is rung. An attendant enters and solemnly lays a large white wool mat before their god, the great Josh. Incense is then burned before this idol and before other minor-gods around the Temple and then with Oriental dignity the High Priest enters. His very elegant attire glistens with a profusion of jewels. He kneels before the Josh, striking his head two or three times on the floor between the mat and the god.

His next procedure is to take a small pair of hollowed-out pieces of wood in each palm. Uttering a number of sentences in Chinese, he throws the luck bringing block down before the great Josh. If the hollowed part of the four pieces turns downward upon the floor, it means bad luck, but should even one piece turn, with the hollow part upwards, it indicates something quite favorable for the one who is the object of the prayer.

The second performance is the rubbing of his hands around a vase-like box containing a number of sticks called the "sick sticks". As we gazed in silence at the strange procedure, one of the sticks mysteriously popped out of its place and fell to the floor. We noticed that on the end of it was pasted a small piece of parchment upon which were certain hieroglyphics, and though Greek to us, they seemed perfectly familiar to him. He reached over and picked it up and rising from his knees muttered a few words and then walked over to the other side of the Temple. A large number of small niches could be seen on the side of its walls and he took out of one of them a roll corresponding to that which was upon the parchment on the end of his stick. As he unrolls this scroll, he is supposed to read the fate of the one for whom he is interceding.

Upon the occasion above referred to the man was informed that Julia would recover inside of two weeks. As her sickness continued beyond that period, a second trip was made and more money was paid. A small parcel was given for the benefit of the sufferer. Julia was compelled to drink the strange looking powder after it was put into a glass of water. She succeeded in doing so with great difficulty and then was informed that the powder was the holy ashes which had

accumulated through the burning of the incense before the great high god of the Temple. The thought was so repellent that she became worse than ever.

Ten days or so after she had taken this sickening concoction, Julia was brought to New York for a medical examination and certain treatments were advised, which would necessitate her receiving attention twice each week. Her Chinese master, doubtless feeling she had nowhere else to go and that she would never seek to escape from his clutches, began letting her make her semi-weekly trips alone. On one of these trips the seed sown by the faithful tract-distributor began to bear fruit. Prayer had often ascended in behalf of Julia from the workers in the Mission Home from which she had gone in her fit of anger. At any rate, as Julia journeyed to the doctor's office on this particular morning, she was thinking over the past. Would things ever be different? Would some decent person give her a chance again? Could anything be done for a girl as wicked as she? The more she thought along such lines, the greater became her determination to live a different life. A deep longing came within her heart -- a longing to get right with God and to give up the wretched and sinful existence into which she had been led. Suddenly it occurred to her that she might return to the Mission. Swallowing her pride she changed her direction and in less than an hour was ringing for admittance.

When I think of poor Julia's great need of a love that has infinite patience, I cannot feel that they were right in refusing to take her back. But they did refuse. They gave as the reason the bad influence it would have on the other girls. A runaway inmate would be likely to upset the discipline. They did, however, give her a note to the Door of Hope, suggesting that we give her a trial.

She entered our Home that very day, and in less than twenty-four hours in an atmosphere of earnest prayer had truly given her heart to Christ. For weeks she gave evidence of endeavoring to live a consistent Christian life, so much so that some of the girls nicknamed her "Saint Julia". Several girls, including Julia, requested that they might be baptized. After coming before the church elders, Julia was informed that she would be welcomed through that holy sacrament on the following Sunday morning.

The Thursday previous, we had a most interesting meeting at the Door of Hope and at the close everyone was requested to kneel down and to pray the same prayer: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?" A holy hush filled the room and we closed by petitioning Him to grant grace and fortitude in carrying out His thought, Whatever it might be.

That night at two o'clock, Miss Anderson, our head matron, was awakened by a rap at her door. Upon opening it, she was surprised to see little Julia trembling and with tears running down her pale face. She took her at once into her room and inquired if she were ill. "Oh, no, no," she answered, "it is something far worse than that." For a few moments she was so overcome that it was almost impossible to get another word from her. At last she said: "Mother Anderson, don't you remember when I first came here you asked me if I had any money and I told you that I had a little over a dollar and I gave it to you?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "we always ask the girls that question in order to keep their money for them, but we never touch a cent for the work, you know, because we cannot take money

that comes as a result of sin." "Yes," Julia answered, "I know all about that, but, oh, Mother Anderson, I am so wretched and so miserable, for I told you a lie that day and I have never had courage to confess it. I had \$13.00 more in my possession. With some surprise, Miss Anderson said: "Why didn't you tell me at the time, dear?" "Well," she said, "I thought if you knew I had so much money, you would say I ought to hire a little room somewhere instead of living on charity, and I didn't want to be turned away."

When informed that she could have remained in the Home no matter what she possessed, she seemed much comforted. "Oh, Mother Anderson, if I had only known that! If I had only known that! God alone knows how miserable I have been. Now that I'm saved, sin makes me so unhappy."

Then she went on to tell how, though perfectly confident God had forgiven the falsehood and had really received her through Christ, she had nevertheless found it so hard to muster up courage sufficient to confess the lie. "Mother Anderson, I don't know how many times I have crept down to your door, determined to tell you all, and then through fear I went away again. It has been a sort of covered-up sin ever since God accepted me."

"Well, my child," Miss Anderson gravely replied, "and how is it you managed to tell me about the matter tonight?" "Oh, Mother Anderson, don't you know I am going to be baptized on Sunday? I couldn't go before the church and be baptized with a covered-up sin, could I? I could never do that Mother Anderson." Again she was asked just what was the immediate cause.

"Why," she replied, "you know that meeting we had today. Well, when Mother Whittemore asked everyone present to get down on their knees, do you remember she asked us all to pray the same prayer?" "Yes, dear," Miss Anderson replied. "Well, I prayed about everything else, but I didn't dare ask God what He really wanted me to do about that, you know, for fear He would show me that I must confess it. After the meeting was over, I thought: "Oh, dear, if I could only get rid of that money, I would feel so much better. Mother Anderson I have carried that \$13.00 wrapped up in a piece of paper in my stocking night and day all these weeks for fear somebody might find it out and tell you. Nobody knows what I have gone through since I gave my heart to Christ."

"Well, about five o'clock I became so miserable that I made up my mind to put an end to the whole thing, so I rushed down into the cellar, opened the furnace door, took out my little bundle and when just about throwing it into the furnace, something seemed to say down in my heart: 'Julia, you may burn up your money, but you can't burn up your sin', so I didn't throw the money in.

"After going to bed, I tossed and tossed until two o'clock this morning, and then I asked God to help me, and the first thing He put in my heart to do was to come right downstairs and tell you about it. At first I trembled all over with fright and felt sick, but I cried out 'God help me', and then I made one spring from my bed and the first thing I knew I was down here knocking at your door, and now," she said with a deep drawn sigh, "you know everything. I've kept nothing back, and I suppose none of you will want me to stay here after this, and as for Mother Whittemore, she will never, never trust me again!"

Then she began to cry afresh as if her heart would break. Placing her arm around the excited girl, Miss Anderson told her that if ever we loved her, we would love her now; and as for

trusting her we should do it more than ever. With a look of great relief, she leaned over and pulled a little bundle from her stocking. She placed it in Miss Anderson's hand, saying: "Here, Mother Anderson, take it. Here's the money. I never want to see it again." "Well, and what do you want me to do with it," she was asked. "Give it to Mother Whittemore," she quickly replied. "I don't want to touch it again!"

Kneeling at the side of the child, Miss Anderson tenderly committed her to God and then took her up to bed. After speaking a few reassuring Words of forgiveness and love and giving her a goodnight kiss, Julia was left alone with her God. The very next day my stenographer, who knew nothing whatever of what had transpired, entered the matron's room with a soft, woolly coat upon her arm, saying: "I have taken such a fancy to little Julia, and as I am getting myself another coat, I decided to bring this one to you. Will you please let her have it?" With many thanks, she was informed concerning Julia's refusal to procure one through ill-gotten gains.

So often we have had that sort of thing happen. We felt once more that it was just like the dear Lord. When the girl was willing to do without a coat for His sake, He sent one very much better than she could have bought with the relinquished thirteen dollars.

On Sunday it was a beautiful sight to those of us who knew all the circumstances to attend the service and see Julia with two other of our girls publicly baptized and thus recognized as disciples of the lowly Jesus.

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29 -- "PLEASE FIND MARGARET: SHE'S IN AMERICA"

One morning while seated at my desk busily engaged opening my mail, I came across a foreign letter. The writing was very peculiar and many characters were incorrectly formed. The letter was evidently written by an old man. A part of it is quoted:

Dear Mrs. Whittemore:

Hearing some good words of your work, I make it very bold to write to ask if you will, for God's sake, find my poor girl who has strayed away to America. Leaving her home, she has broken her mother's heart, and mine is almost crushed for very shame. Her name, dear madam, is Margaret.

When you find her, tell her we love her still and are waiting with open arms. For God's sake, find her if you can. We have heard of your work and thought you might do this, for we know she is in America now. . . . Please find her. We long for her day and night.

Yours respectfully, a broken-hearted father,

C___ C___.

E_____, Germany, February 14th.

Surely this was one of the most singular letters or requests I had ever received. To think of finding such a wanderer with the scanty information that her name was Margaret and that she was in America! Talk about "finding a needle in a haystack!" There were probably tens of thousands of Margarets in New York State alone and all I knew of this one Margaret was that she was probably somewhere within two or three thousand miles of me. It all seemed so hopeless.

And yet how sweet it has been, when recalling such strange requests, to trace the provisional love of God. Had that poor father stated Margaret had gone to New York, very quickly would I have sent him a few words of sympathy and explained how impossible it would be to search for a girl in such a city without any better clue than that her name was Margaret. But, as my eyes were riveted upon the word AMERICA, somehow the vastness of our land was used as an illustration to my mind of the far-reaching and wonderful love of God, and, under the pressure of that love, I could not but get a little lower at the Master's feet and ask for implicit faith to trust that I might find the girl for those grief-stricken parents.

After presenting my desire with thanksgiving, I arose perfectly confident of the glad news which would yet enter that sad home. How this was to be brought about did not for a moment burden me. I knew that my attitude in the matter was to trust, and God's was to perform: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe ye receive and ye shall have" (Mark 11:24).

That afternoon a communication reached me from a distant city in another State asking if I could give a certain date for a Bible talk and on the same day give an account of our slum work. The meeting would be held in a lady's drawing room. They expected that a set of fashionable people would be present. I was not enthusiastic about such a gathering, for it had become a fad in certain circles. I therefore hastily took up my pen and was about writing a refusal, when something seemed to enter my heart; I cannot explain it, perhaps a holy restraint, but it was sufficient. Quietly laying down my pen and bowing my head in prayer, I asked the Lord concerning its meaning. I never questioned for a moment the possibility of a fashionable woman being saved; for God had saved me, but I was not drawn to that type of work.

I had heard repeatedly that this class of people were saying it was "quite the thing nowadays to have a Bible reading in the drawing room" and somehow I shrank from doing what was "quite the thing". After a moment of silence, God showed me most distinctly that His desire was for me to go to those very people: the reason I could not then define. Instead of penning the refusal, the invitation was gladly accepted.

And now see how God worked! In less than a week the place for the gathering was changed. Instead of the drawing room, it was felt that a public hall would be better. There was an auditorium that was attached to an institution for wayward girls. Some interested lady had suggested that if the meeting were held there, many of these girls would attend.

When the day arrived, the weather was bad and we wondered if a mistake had been made in taking the larger hall. To our surprise, there was a splendid crowd and the Lord in a very marked manner asserted His presence in our midst. Just before concluding the address, my eyes seemed riveted on two or three very sad-faced girls down near the door. One especially attracted

my attention. My heart went out to her, and I resolved that as soon as the service was over, I would plead with her to give her heart to the Savior.

We closed the meeting with five minutes of silent intercession. I tried to leave the platform at once but almost immediately large numbers came forward. Dear reader, it is hardly necessary to enter into further explanation, and yet I have always felt how grieving it must be to the ear of God when foolish flattery is extended to any speaker, especially after such a solemn service as we had had that day! Fashionable women talking of a "lovely address", or of a "splendid oration!"

If desirous of encouraging any messenger of Christ, take a moment to hold that one silently before God for a deeper filling of His Holy Spirit, then, when another opportunity comes for that one to again give forth God's thought, there will be increased power and blessing. If by divine inspiration His truth is proclaimed, the messenger should be lost sight of; the message is everything.

As soon as I could politely excuse myself, I quickly withdrew and it was not long before the girl of my heart was reached. Taking her by the hand, I spoke a few kind words and then asked: "Dear child, have I ever seen you before?" To my great surprise, she answered, "Yes, I was in the Door of Hope four or five days over two years ago." "Well," I answered, "we have had over three hundred girls since then. I can't just place you, child. What is your name?" "My name, ma'am," she said, without any apparent interest on her face, "is Margaret."

"MARGARET," I exclaimed with a sort of divine intuition permeating my very being, causing me to tremble violently, "MARGARET who?" "Looking up in a rather startled fashion, she responded by giving her surname, C___, and there was the girl I was to find in AMERICA.

Oh, how much hinges upon our being obedient to God. Not the knowing, but the obeying is the all important thing. I took her by both hands and led her into a more secluded part of the building. In imagination I was picturing that desolate home away across the Atlantic. I could almost see the dear old mother. Her knitting had fallen to the floor. Her hands were clasped in agony and the tears were coursing down her cheeks. She was wondering, fearing, longing, praying. Where was her once happy little Margaret? On the other side of the fireplace I seemed to see the aged and bent father; the newspaper was lying on his knees as he gazed with tearful eyes at his sorrowing wife, not knowing what word of comfort to utter. He, too, was wondering, wondering where Margaret was. Possibly wondering also if the stranger to whom he had written would ever find his lost girl. And here was I holding that precious girl by the hands. Worldly people often "gush" about "thrills". Is there any thrill to be compared with the one that is experienced under circumstances like that -- when the lost is found?

Oh, if there were no higher motive for such work than to help dry a mother's tears and to heal a father's broken heart, surely that would be warrant enough for doing one's utmost in lending a helping hand to the erring girl or boy. But there is a higher motive for God expects us to render all the possible help to those whom He "so loves".

Immediately after this imaginative picture faded, I gave Margaret one of the biggest mother-hugs she had had in many a day. With a look of surprise, she gazed into my eyes. Not

wishing to keep her in greater suspense, I said: "Margaret, I have good news for you." Almost angrily pushing me away, she glared upon me "Who cares? Nobody. Nobody cares whether I am dead or alive. There's no good news for me." Drawing her to my side again I quickly informed her that God cared and that He loved her. I ended by saying, "Margaret, I have received a letter from your father."

It produced a marvelous effect. A look of excitement was manifested and she almost gasped out: "My father! My father, did you say?" "Yes, dear, it was from your father," I answered, "and he still loves you and longs to see your face once more; and your mother is waiting too. Oh, Margaret, how glad she will be see you again. The door of your home is still wide open."

With this she dropped her head upon my shoulder and burst into tears. It was almost more than she could stand. Each was overcome. I could not keep the tears back. Our tears were mixed in common joy and sorrow as together we stood in the hall. It was very, very beautiful to notice the working of God through it all. He used the wide-open door of her earthly home to make clearer to her that other great Door which is never closed to any wanderer and that day Margaret entered in.

Many have been the blessed lessons learned from the lives of some of our dear redeemed girls, but none, perhaps more effectually than through this young girl during the next few weeks and months, for, in a very brief space of time, humbly kneeling before the Lord, praising Him for her salvation, she requested most earnestly that the hatred might be taken out of her heart for the one who had brought her to misery and shame and had then heartlessly deserted her. By His Spirit the hatred departed and she was able to pray: "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee for taking the hatred out. Just fill me with Thy Self and give me Thy very love for this man and let me in Thine own way and time be the means of bringing him to Thee."

There were reasons why it was inadvisable for her immediate return to Germany. She was therefore invited to remain with her baby at the Door of Hope until the letter which would so rejoice her parents' hearts could be sent across the ocean. When the answer came we scarcely knew whether we were laughing or weeping. I fancy we did both. How full of gratitude to God the letter was! One could feel the throb of it all in the broken sentences that were hurriedly written to let us and Margaret know of their new-found joy.

Three months later, while out upon an errand, as she turned a corner on to Broadway, she came face to face with the man who had deserted her. He rushed forward and seizing both of her hands, exclaimed excitedly: "Oh Margaret, where have you been this long time?"

She told him in a few words of those dark days which followed his cruel desertion, and of a still blacker hour, when during her almost abject despair she felt there was nothing left but suicide; and then of how God had marvelously thrown the light of His love across her path. When he heard the news of her father's letters and of the old folk's joy that Margaret had been found, the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "Margaret," he sobbed, "with the help of God, I'll be a man again. I own the wrong. I ask God and you to forgive me. Won't you trust me, Margaret? If you'll give me the chance, I'll prove my sincerity! I mean every word I say."

She inquired what he meant by being given a chance. "Why, Margaret," he answered, "I really love you and I'll marry you if you will consent." "When will you do it, Max?" she asked. "At once," he answered. There was further conversation that is not necessary here. A few minutes later they boarded the car and in less than three-quarters of an hour, Margaret was on her way back to us with her marriage certificate in her hand. Never can I forget that day as she entered the room upon her return, flourishing it in her hand and saying: "Oh, isn't God good! Isn't He good? I am so happy! I am as happy as a queen," and then she went on to explain what has already been told.

Possessing now the cover of her husband's name, our dear Margaret was able to return home and to go anywhere else she desired under his protection, as a respectable married woman. Our joy was unbounded as we said farewell to this now earnest follower of Christ who with her little one started the happy homeward journey by the side of her Christian husband.

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30 -- "COULD GOD HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD?"

"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." -- John 20:29.

Our piano and organ had been much used; the first named had become very "rattly" and the second very "wheezy". They had been with us from the early days and they had been pounded and blown to death. Neither of them could be truthfully called a musical instrument any longer and we could not spare the space to put covers over them and rename them sideboards or anything else. The matter pressed so heavily upon my heart that one day upon entering the home, I gathered all in the house into the sewing room and frankly told them that, as there had been so much complaint of late from tortured hearers regarding the above instruments, God had prompted me to ask them to join in believing prayer for a new piano.

Only once before, since the opening of the Door of Hope, had I ever asked the girls to unite with me in prayer for what was specially desired, and now as then, I exacted a promise that upon no consideration would anyone present refer to the matter until after prayer had been answered. To this they all assented. After quoting one or two passages of Scripture, we definitely took a new piano by faith and gave thanks for the same. This upon the strength of our precious "standby", as one of the girls used to call it, Mark 11:24.

The following day, a large case landed at the Door of Hope, and upon opening it, we found a very elegant Vienna Musical Box -- then very popular -- with the request that it should be sold for the Foreign Work in which we were especially interested. That evening, desiring to give the girls a little added pleasure, Miss Anderson wound it up. The music delighted all. An hour or so later Ruth, one of our girls, seated herself at the old organ and began to play in her rather distressing fashion. The sound was so discordant that the matron went over to her side to offer a few suggestions. As Ruth turned on the stool the matron noticed a perplexed expression upon her face. "What is the matter, Ruth?" "Oh," she replied, "I was just wondering. Say! Do you think that God could have misunderstood us the other day when we were all praying?"

It so amused Miss Anderson that she bit her lip in the endeavor to hide a smile. She realized that Ruth was quite serious in asking the question. Placing her hand upon the girl's shoulder, she asked kindly: "Why, dear, explain yourself. What do you mean?" "Well!" Ruth replied, "don't you see, Mother Whittemore and all of us prayed for a piano the other day and we thanked God because she said He would send one, and He has gone and sent a Vienna Musical Box instead?"

"No, you dear child," Miss Anderson answered, "God never misunderstands. That Musical Box is not for the Door of Hope, but for the Delia Memorial and it is to be sold to help the Foreign Field."

"Then do you think we are going to get the piano after all?" "Certainly," came the answer, "only I can't say just when."

Often have I wondered since whether many so-called Christians do not think God had misunderstood, only they are not quite so out-spoken and frank as Ruth was.

A few days after this, a letter was received from a gentleman in Brooklyn, who several months before had called at the Home. He had noticed the condition of our piano and organ and wrote that he felt compelled to suggest that we should try to procure a new and more up-to-date instrument. He closed by requesting that I would go to the S_____ Piano Manufacturing Company and ascertain what they would allow for the two old instruments in the Home and to send him word immediately He felt it was not honoring God to use such worn-out instruments in His service. He, of course, knew nothing of our prayer.

Accordingly, the next day, after talking with the head of the firm mentioned, I sent back the result of our conversation, namely, that \$50.00 would be allowed for both organ and piano and that the Company was so interested in the work that in addition to allowing 50% discount on a \$600.00 piano, they had volunteered to donate an extra \$50.00, which would necessitate our raising only \$200.00.

We were treated with the greatest courtesy and were even urged to allow the piano to be sent up at once. The balance could be paid at any convenient time. We hesitated and promised to decide shortly. During the week which followed, the gentleman who had written to us met with serious losses in his business and wrote how deeply he regretted being unable to purchase a piano for us out and out, as he had anticipated, but that he was sending \$50.00 toward obtaining it.

Three days passed and feeling in somewhat of a dilemma, I prayed that if the Lord would have me go ahead and order the piano, He would put it into the heart of somebody to donate some amount, even if very small, in such a way that I could feel justified in using it for this purpose. That morning after a service in New Haven, I was invited to a lady's house to lunch. Just as I was leaving I was called back by the daughter. She put into my hands \$15.00, saying: "I would like you to use this from mother and myself for the Door of Hope." Thanking them both, I inquired if they desired it to be used for anything special. To my great delight, the mother said -- although neither of them knew anything about our thinking of purchasing a piano. "Why, take it for some special pleasure for the girls. Put it into music or something outside of the ordinary expenditures."

I could not refrain from telling them what a direct answer to prayer it was. Both felt more than gratified. I hastened back to the city and sent a letter to the manufacturers asking them to forward the instrument selected. In less than six weeks, without mentioning the matter to anyone, it was paid for, and mainly through small contributions, which were sent to be used as I might deem best.

Being informed that it was an expensive instrument, Miss Anderson questioned the advisability of allowing any girls who were not able to play well, to use it. She thought it might be a good thing to keep it locked. I made no reply, but was considerably amused when the piano arrived to discover that it was unlocked and that the key was missing. It had a different effect, however, upon Miss Anderson, for being still of the same opinion, she said: "Now, I shall have to go out and get a key, and perhaps it will be well to do so at once."

Looking somewhat quizzically at her for a moment, I simply said, "If the Lord had intended the piano to be kept locked, He would have allowed a key to come with it, but as He did not see fit to do so, I have no intention of purchasing one, and my advice is to let all the girls drum on it as much as they please and when it is worn out, I shall trust Him for a thousand dollar one." She laughed in her good-natured way, and turning aside said I was incorrigible but she supposed I must have my way.

On another occasion we wanted a piano stool. We had the money to buy it, but I did not feel it was as necessary as some other things. So we got down on our knees -- my friends say that whenever I don't know what to do, I make the girls get down on their knees, and I don't know but that is a good plan -- and we prayed for the stool. Hardly had we gotten up again, if you will believe me, before there was a knock at the door, and in came a piano stool from where, we have not to this day found out. It was blue plush and matched the draperies of the room. The next day another stool, red covered, was brought and left with us. After that we needed an organ, and we prayed for it. Two days later I had a letter from a kindly woman, many miles away, asking if the Door of Hope would take an organ that had been a gift to her dead husband. I accepted gladly. The pedals of that organ matched to a shade the second stool we had received!

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31 -- A CRUSHED LILY

One bitterly cold winter night, with the rain falling and freezing as it fell, there came a pull at the doorbell of the Home. A young girl of seventeen stood there, forlorn and shivering. A rim of icicles was around her hat and she was drenched to the skin. She was so chilled that she could scarcely be understood. "Is this the Door of Hope? It's so dark and cold, may I come in?" Without any questioning she was at once received. Her damp clothing was exchanged for comfortable garments and as quickly as possible she was put to bed, for it was nearly midnight. In the early morning she became violently ill. The doctor was sent for and upon examination came out of the room with a troubled expression on his face. Drawing one of the workers and myself aside, we were cautioned not to run the risk of allowing anyone to enter the girl's room and that as for ourselves, we must be most careful not to touch her for fear of contagion. He described the

difficulties of the horrible malady -- difficulties which were sufficient to produce fear in almost anyone's mind. He informed us that he must report the case to the Board of Health and that it was absolutely necessary to have her removed immediately to the Disease Ward on Blackwell's Island. "But," he added, "one of you had better prepare her for this as it might prove quite a shock to her. Nothing else is possible; she must go at once."

We drew aside for a moment or two. My dear matron pleaded that she hadn't the heart to tell the poor little thing that she must at once leave us. It seemed so terrible to send her away so soon after bringing her in, and to that terrible ward! Knowing the ambulance might arrive any moment, I brushed away my tears and said: "Well, if you can't do it, I suppose I must, for the doctor says she must go". Entering her room, my eyes rested upon the poor child and the ache of my heart was intensified. As she lay there, a poor outcast from those who had wrought her ruin, I could think of her only as a crushed lily. Possibly her name being Lily suggested the thought.

In spite of the doctor's caution, I could not help considering "What would Jesus do?" My mind pictured the hand of our blessed Lord stretched forth toward the leper; what compassion He had! I knelt by the side of Lily's cot and involuntarily my hand went under her head as in pity I drew her tenderly toward me. As quickly and as carefully as possible, she was informed of the physician's decision. A look of horror came upon her poor pale face and she pled that she might not be compelled to go. I assured her of our sorrow and of our love and showed her how impossible it was to do anything different, and concluded by saying: "We don't want you to go alone, Lily dear, of course." A slight look of hope crossed her face as she asked: "Will you go with me?" "No, dear," I answered, "that is impossible. I cannot. You will have to be taken away in the ambulance and they will not let me go now, but I can come to see you soon." "Who is going? You said I needn't go alone?" she said in a startled sort of way. Softly I whispered: "I want you to take my dear Lord Jesus with you, Lily."

She drew away hopelessly. With a frightened look on her face, she cried out: "Oh, don't mock me! You don't know who you are talking to. You don't. I ran away from home; I broke my mother's heart; and my father, how he must hate me."

As she was getting quite excited, I interrupted her and told her that it was not necessary for her to tell her life's secrets. No matter what had happened there was one thing of which I was absolutely certain; God loved her. Then a few promises of the Word were given, as they were brought to my remembrance, and while repeating "Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10 :13), I noticed one spot on her cheek that was smooth and clean, though most of her face was much disfigured by disease. What I did would have been described as running fearful risks, but I simply could not refrain, and I am sure it was as great a surprise to myself as to the child. Suddenly the compassionate love of Jesus so took possession of my entire being that without any premeditation I leaned over and kissed that portion of her cheek.

No sooner had it been given than she began to tremble and fastened her large eyes upon me. It was not difficult to read what was taking place in her heart, for her eyes seemed to say: "Oh, how could you? How could you?" Then the expression changed to one of gratitude as if to say, "It must have been God, for she hasn't known me long enough to kiss a girl in the horrible condition in which I am." Then a cry came forth from that sin-burdened girl. It was the oft-repeated prayer

heard in our Home, but it never loses its sweetness to the worker's ear: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Placing my arm around her, I whispered: "Put in 'for Jesus' sake'."

No sooner had she done so than both of us knew that God's Spirit had done that which no other can do.

Often by a kiss so given in the Master's Name the same result has followed to His glory. No serious consequences, not even a feversore, has ever followed so far as I am concerned, notwithstanding the cautions received.

Six weeks later, Lily was again lovingly welcomed to the Door of Hope. She was not cured, but she was considered safe to mingle with others. Since then we have learned a better way and many a girl, even in a worse condition than she, has experienced the benefit of it, for in direct answer to believing prayer, all semblance of this disease has been entirely eradicated from their systems, convincing more than one skeptical person of the efficacy of believing prayer and God's willingness to answer for the body as well as for the soul. Sitting by my side shortly after her return, she said with a longing expression in her eyes: "How I wish I could see my own dear mother once more, but I never, never can." "Why not?" I asked. "Isn't your mother a Christian?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Well," I said, "you foolish child, you don't know anything about a mother's love. If Christ is in her heart, of course you can see her."

"Oh, but mother will just think of all I've done. How can she love me any more?"

"Give me her address, dear, and I will write to her today." The letter was soon on its way, and in less than forty-eight hours, the reply came back. It was a love-filled epistle and there were many grateful expressions concerning her lost child. Where would she go if not to her own mother! "Tell Lily to come home. We've been waiting for her, never giving up the hope that our dear girlie would one day return to God and to her heartsore father and mother. This is the best news we have had since she went away. God bless you all for helping our wandering child to come back."

Oh, dear reader, you nor I cannot begin to fully understand what that message meant to the poor girl. As I sat on a low stool and read the words to her, she moved close to my side, and dropping on her knees rested her pretty little head against my shoulder, weeping with joy. It was a great hour for us both. We did all we could to send her home in the most modestly attractive way. At the other end her mother attended to all those little things that would convince the dear girl of the sincerity of her welcome.

A letter from Lily herself after her return was most touching and beautiful, telling how the Savior had truly paved the way back. All her fears were banished in the presence of a father and mother who willingly forgave and lovingly welcomed. "For several minutes all we could do, Mother Whittemore, was just to put our arms around one another and quietly cry. How good God has been to make everything right."

She soon became reinstated amongst her former friends outside of the family and came to realize that the past with all its sin was indeed under the Blood. The last word we received of Lily

convinced us that the Father was being glorified through the Son in her life. She was being used in the salvation of souls.

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32 -- "AFTER MANY DAYS"

Few years after the opening of the Door of Hope I was invited to give several addresses in Noank. The day arrived and I started off with a burden resting heavily upon my heart. The finances of the work were in a seemingly critical condition. In fact, after balancing up the weekly accounts, we found the treasury contained only five cents.

The first service was held on the evening of my arrival. The next morning, at the break of day, and ere I was thoroughly awake, my thoughts were centered upon the trying financial circumstances in which we found ourselves. I could not help wondering who might be prompted to send money for our immediate expenses.

As this was absorbing my mind, I began to picture the scene of Mary going to the tomb with a weight upon her heart and some anxiety as to "who should roll away the stone". As I went on imagining the occurrences of that early Easter morning, I could almost depict the joy that must have rested upon Mary's face when she found the difficulty had been removed. Then I tried to grasp what it must have meant to talk with the risen Lord, and how her heart must have been filled with untold happiness as she was sent forth to herald the news of a resurrected Christ.

I dropped on my knees and prayed earnestly that my burden might be removed and that He would give me power to effectually hide all thought of it in Christ so that nothing would be said throughout the services that might suggest the true state of things regarding the lack of funds. Such restfulness took possession of my heart that I felt assured the Lord would provide. What a glorious day it was: numbers came into touch with Him!

At the close of the third meeting, a dear old gentleman came to the platform and with tears in his eyes, stretched forth his hand and sought to place a large roll of bills in mine. I do not remember money ever looking more attractive, for I was very conscious that neither by look nor voice had anything been done that could possibly be construed as a hint for an offering.

With a fervent "God bless you", he asked that what he held in his hand might be received. Just as I was about to accept it, a something, almost inexplicable, restrained me from so doing, though I must confess it resulted in embarrassment to us both. Doubtless readers to whom I am unknown will think me "queer", but I have been too often led by such divine restraints to question the validity of these invisible influences. The old gentleman endeavored to explain that the gift was not given by way of remuneration, but was to be used in the Door of Hope as was thought best. Almost involuntarily my hand went out once more with the intention of taking the gift and I tried to convince myself that it must surely be God's answer to prayer enabling me to meet current expenses, but just as I touched the bills a similar restraint was recognized. Quickly I dropped my hand again in even greater confusion over my utter inability to interpret my motive for so doing.

Fearing the money would again be offered and that the temptation might become too great to resist, I hastened away, leaving him standing in some perplexity near to the platform. I really felt quite bewildered over being thus prompted to act in a manner akin to rudeness, and yet I felt I could not act differently.

The service following was of a most solemn character, and for the time, I forgot all about this peculiar experience. Going home the next morning, I felt tempted to doubt whether I was justified in treating that dear old gentleman the way I had. But again calmly thinking it all over, I felt compelled to come to the conclusion that God must have been teaching me another lesson in prompt obedience. Naturally I could not help feeling a little foolish in being totally unable to explain to others my strange action. The Evil One endeavored to persuade me that an opportunity had been lost in refusing the money; surely I might have recognized the gift as an answer to prayer.

Looking for a few moments intently to Jesus, a restfulness filled my entire being. I was taught to feel that possibly the one who had wished to give me those bills had felt impelled to come hastily forward and hand me whatever he found in his pocket; perhaps a naturally kind heart had been stirred by human lips. I felt that the Lord might have checked my taking it in order to teach me that He was not dependent upon impulse offerings prompted by my incidents of the work. If He desired the old gentleman or anyone else to assist us in the Door of Hope, He was perfectly able to do it all by Himself. Could He not impress them with the fact of our need through His Spirit when they were not under the influence of any interesting account of what He had accomplished in answer to prayer?

As I journeyed along, definitely did I claim an "earnest" of what He was going to send me before the end of the week. Upon arriving home I found a letter from a lady in Dakota. She said she had heard of the Home and had decided to send the enclosed \$5.00.

Reverently laying it upon my desk and covering it with my hand, praise was offered to the Giver of gifts for this early answer. The following day a similar amount was received from one of my redeemed girls. Offerings from these children in the faith who had been "plucked from the burning" always stirred my heart with special emotion. Before the week had come to a close, every cent required for the sustenance of both Homes was provided.

In August, two years later, while on a speaking tour, I foolishly got worrying over a coal bill of \$79.00, realizing that the treasury contained less than six dollars. Very much prayer was offered concerning the amount required and much unnecessary information was also given God regarding my never necessarily delaying the payment of a bill for over three days. This was Thursday afternoon and the account should be paid on Saturday: its settlement on time seemed doubtful.

Finally, my head positively ached. During a few moments of silence which followed, God spoke to me in love and in reproof. The God who so clothes the grass of the field assured me that if the work were mine, I had better take care of it, but if it were His, He was capable of providing for its needs.

Feeling humbled, and asking forgiveness, I stretched forth the hand of faith and took all that was required. A blessed peace followed. Thinking the experience might be helpful to a friend across the waters to whom I was just then writing a letter, I gave it in full detail, and in concluding the account could not resist writing: "I am praising God now for help that He tells me is close at hand."

Upon sealing the letter it occurred to me how singular it was for that thought to come so readily to mind. Why should I write of help close at hand while I was journeying among strangers? Like many other public speakers who travel a good deal, I seem to have formed a habit of losing things, and at my home I have often quickly hidden away postal parcels that contained something left behind at the last place visited. By so doing I saved myself the teasing that I otherwise would have had from my dear ones -- teasing that I usually deserved. On this particular journey I lost my pen in one of the cars. On changing trains I found I had three-quarters of an hour to wait before I could make connections, so I decided to report my loss, and therefore walked down to the other end of the depot in search of the lost articles office.

Passing near the lower entrance, I noticed an empty seat near the door and decided upon returning that I would wait there until the New Haven train arrived. I had scarcely seated myself in what appeared to be the quietest spot available for reading my Bible, when I was interrupted by someone standing near me. A gentleman touched his hat and said: "Excuse me, but is this Mrs. Whittemore?" Replying in the affirmative, he said: "You don't seem to remember me."

"You must pardon me, sir," I answered, "but I do not, for I forget faces so readily."

He went on to say that just as he was about to leave the depot for a walk, he saw a lady sit down across the hall. She began to read what looked like the Bible. He continued, "I somehow associated that Bible with Mrs. Whittemore, though I cannot explain just why I should have done so. My curiosity being aroused I could not refrain from coming over. And now would you kindly let me sit down and talk with you for a while, for there is a question I would like to ask?"

"And I, sir," I replied, "will most gladly answer it, if possible. If not, I will be honest enough to admit my inability." My curiosity and surprise were alike increased as he said: "The fact is, Mrs. Whittemore, you are the only person on the face of this earth who can answer what I am about to ask." With a laugh I begged him to proceed and to end the suspense.

"Did you ever speak in Noank?"

"Why, yes," I answered, "I was there a little over two years ago."

"Exactly so," he said. "Well! do you remember a gentleman coming to the platform at the close of one of your meetings and handing you a roll of bills?"

"Certainly, sir: I never have forgotten that occasion, and am not likely to."

"Well, would you mind informing me why you did not take the money?"

I told him what has already been narrated. Tears came to his eyes as he said: "And you really had no money in the treasury at that time!" "Only five cents, sir; but I have found it better to stay in a hard place if God permitted it than to endeavor to get out of it and have a more difficult situation to face the next time. It helps us to learn the lessons He intends and it deepens and quickens our faith."

"Well, well, I declare that is wonderful!" he answered. Then slowly putting his hand in his pocket, he took out several bills, saying: "Now surely you can't object taking some money from me today, for as you must have guessed, I am the man who wanted to give you assistance at that time. When you refused me the second time and left me standing there alone at the platform; I never felt more like a fool in my life. Thinking it over and not understanding why or how you could possibly object to taking my money, I put it back in my pocket-book and have carried it there ever since. More than once I have requested the Lord in His own time and way to bring me across your pathway again, so that I might have the pleasure of handing you this same money once more. You cannot possibly refuse it today. Two years is a long time to have waited. My name is P___."

"Oh, Mr. P , " I exclaimed, "are you sure that our coming together so unexpectedly and its recalling of our last meeting has not had something to do with influencing you?"

"Not at all," he answered, "for if you knew what it meant to carry that money so long, you could surely better appreciate what it means now for me to hand it to you. Do you not see that I have been led of God to await this opportunity?"

Deeply moved, I said, "Mr. P____, it all seems very wonderful." I gave a brief account of how I had written in the letter referred to: "I am praising God now for help close at hand." As he listened, I could not but see how gratefully affected he was and how the story added to the pleasure of his handing me the money.

The amount he handed me was enough to meet the coal bill and the weekly expenses due on Saturday, and there was \$10.00 over to start the next seven days. The "over money" always acts upon my heart as an illustration of God's willingness to more than grant the request presented. I was also made to realize how much greater was the blessing upon this occasion than it could possibly have been if the money had been accepted when first offered.

No words can describe my emotions. The occasion was but another loving surprise thrown across my daily path to remind me of Him who ever cares for His own.

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33 -- LIZA'S DELIVERANCE

"Come out. . . thou unclean spirit." -- Mark 5:8.

We were asked if we would receive a most depraved girl named Liza. They wrote that she was a positive menace to the town in which she lived. We assented, and shortly afterwards she was placed in our care. She came to us willingly and said that she was desirous of obtaining what

help she could. In less than a week we discovered that she had a most violent temper. A number of the girls were conversing when a turn in the conversation started an argument. It became increasingly bitter and at last was confined to Liza and a rather popular girl named Eva. Suddenly Liza sprang forward and grabbed the smaller girl by the throat. The commotion and cries caused the matron to hurry into the room. Eva's face was turning purple and undoubtedly the infuriated Liza would have choked her had they not been separated.

Keeping a firm grip of Liza, the matron asked two of the other girls to lead Eva to her room at once. With difficulty she restrained the demon-like fury that Liza would still have manifested on her retreating opponent. The other girls were greatly excited so that the matron as quickly as possible persuaded Liza to enter her room, saying: "I think I had better lock the door, dear, and then nobody will hurt or disturb you." She also did it for the purpose of keeping the girl from mingling with the others.

In less than half an hour, it dawned upon Liza that the key might have been turned for another purpose. Becoming very much incensed she started on the furnishings of the room and in her wild shrieking rage pitched one thing after another out of the window. The smashing of crockery and window panes completed the devastation. No amount of pleading from the other side of the door was of avail. Taking one of the heaviest chairs, she banged so long and loudly upon the door that deep dents were made in the heavy wood. After she had become exhausted and the noise subsided, the key was turned in the lock and the matron entered. Somewhat anxiously she took a seat beside Liza and patiently endeavored to keep her quiet long enough to impress upon her the necessity of different behavior. If she desired to remain in the Home she was very welcome, but she must not act in that way.

With defiant looks and a face still livid with passion, she jumped up and said insolently: "I am sick of all this business, and I am going to get out and you can't stop me." She continued to pour out blasphemous abuse and then quieting down a little said: "Would you let me leave my bank book here for a few weeks?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "and I'll take good care of it, but Liza, dear, think what you are doing."

Doubling up her fists, with flashing eyes, she answered: "I don't give a _____. I shall go this afternoon and nobody can stop me."

We never forcibly restrain such girls from leaving the Home; no bolts nor bars are ever upon the doors. Our only restraint is love; nothing else is likely to win them to Christ. Sure enough, Liza walked angrily off,

Daily was this erring girl carried before the Lord in prayer. Strange though it seemed, she returned time after time to get a few dollars out of the bank; but each time she returned her book to the matron. There was nothing bad enough that she could possibly invent that was not said about the Home, the girls and the workers.

One morning while I was seated by another equally wicked young woman, who was just recovering from delirium tremens, and pleading with her to let God grant deliverance from her awful appetites, there came a rap at the door and the matron entered. "Excuse me, who do you suppose is downstairs?" Before I could answer, she informed me it was Liza. "She hasn't been for some time, you know." Excusing myself and rising quickly, I exclaimed: "I must see her."

"Not today, please, Mother Whittemore," Was the reply. "She appears to be in a perfect fury over something and is wilder than ever and has never stopped cursing. She's just awful today, but I felt you would be glad to know that she still comes. Please let some of us look after her! She will only say something to hurt your feelings."

Laughingly kissing the dear, faithful worker, I turned to descend the stairs, saying with a sigh, "I have no feelings left that I care to consider in such a case. I must see that poor girl."

At the lower landing, I came face to face with Liza. Leading her into the prayer-room I closed the door for the sake of privacy. The moment she heard the click of the lock, she seemed to think we had some designs upon her. She glared angrily at me and then poured out such a volley of awful oaths as I had never before heard. As I gazed at her, the Lord let me have a fresh conception of what a lost soul really was. Tears fell unbidden down my cheeks. I Was not afraid, but I was full of a deep concern.

The sight of the tears seemed to aggravate her more than ever. She shook her fists in my face, so close that it seemed a wonder I was not struck, Saying: "You stop that, Mother Whittemore! You just stop that. I won't have you cry. Do you hear? Stop it!" The voice rose in almost terrifying volume. Yet the more she commanded the faster the tears would flow, for it all seemed so awful to me.

Flinging herself down on her knees by my side and taking hold of both of my hands, she squeezed them so hard in hers that I winced. She kept shouting over and over again: "You just stop that. Don't you hear me, Mother Whittemore?" Suddenly throwing both of her arms around my neck, she burst into tears and in a different tone implored me not to bother about her any longer. Seeing she had no influence in that direction, she at last said: "Mother Whittemore, if you will only stop crying, I will do anything you want." Looking through my tear-blurred eyes into that sadly-defiled face, I saw a new expression there and felt that by this time she truly meant what she uttered. Placing my arm lovingly around her, I said: "Liza, dear, do you really mean what you say? If you do, just call upon God right now to have mercy upon your Soul."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare," she exclaimed. "I am so bad, so vile! He wouldn't forgive me. Mother Whittemore, you might as well let me go. I am too far gone. Yes, I'm further gone than any of you know. It's too late, too late!"

Reassuring her through the precious Word of God that He was equal to any emergency, she at last knelt down and prayed the publican's prayer. Almost as quickly as it was uttered, great joy and peace were brought to both our hearts, for we knew that His Word had been fulfilled. As I thought of the past moments and past days, what had happened became very, very wonderful. Indeed it always is wonderful where one truly repents and obtains salvation.

As we arose from our knees, with my arm still around her, I quietly said: "Well, now, Liza dear, take your hat and things off." "What," she answered, "surely you don't mean to say I can stay here after behaving and talking as I did? You can't begin to know the horrible things I have told about you all." "Why," I replied. "God has forgiven it all, so I am sure I can. Don't you think so, dear? This is your home, if you desire to do right."

And so the Home Liza had cursed came to be the Home for which she ever thanked God. The others being convinced that a radical change of heart had taken place, endeavored to make her feel welcome. After several weeks, there being every indication of her sincerity, arrangements were made for her to enter a training school for nurses. One night, coming up to my home, she seemed greatly depressed, and began to cry bitterly.

With much surprise, I listened as she told me how wretched and miserable she was. "Why, Liza, how is this? I thought you had His assurance in your heart. Surely you have not forgotten what God did for you in our little prayer room?" "No, no, Mother Whittemore, I haven't forgotten," she answered, "I know I am saved, but oh, Mother Whittemore, I must have I must have a clean heart."

"What do you mean, dear?" I asked. "Well, you know what a fearful temper I have. Well, when I came to Christ, I had to come, just as I was, for I hadn't time to fix myself up, and He received me; but the old growths of sin were in my heart just the same and I do want them all rooted out. That's what I mean by a clean heart."

We knelt with hands clasped in prayer and claimed in the Name of Jesus complete deliverance. Only a simple request was offered, but we were both conscious of God's nearness and of His willingness to answer.

She asked me if I knew what it was that brought her to Christ. With some surprise, I said: "Why yes, dear, it was God's Holy Spirit." "Oh, yes," she replied, "but don't you know what He used?" "What was it, dear?" "Oh, Mother Whittemore," she said, "I'll tell you. Long before I came to the Door of Hope I had many a kind friend. People did all sorts of things for me, but I was no better for them. I didn't care. Even when I was in prison, some of them came to see me and talked nicely. Some gave me fruit or clothes, and after I got out, I remember that one or two of them even kissed me, but Mother Whittemore, I never, never had anyone shed a tear for me before, and that somehow just broke my heart. I made believe I didn't care at first, but oh, I did. It just upset me altogether. Just to think that anybody cared enough for me to weep. That was what broke my hard heart."

Yes, a tear when shed in the Master's Name, prompted by His own pity and tender love for a poor sinner like Liza can bring forth results with His blessing that will cause even great rejoicing up Yonder in the presence of the angels.

* * * * *

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father." -- Matt. 18:19.

If time permitted, it would be a great delight to give a detailed account of the successive openings of other Doors of Hope in this and other countries. But to record them herein cannot be attempted.

After holding services for the purpose of arousing interest in the girls of the streets, many auxiliaries were formed in various cities. The outcome was the opening of other Doors of Hope during subsequent years. We soon felt the necessity of organizing what is now known as the Door of Hope Union. The principal object of the Union was to band all workers together for the purpose of strengthening and encouraging each other through the ministry of prayer and by Conference. There was also the advantage of transferring girls from one Home to another. Where a girl had become notoriously well known, it was often of great help to her if she could be permitted to start life anew among strangers. In most instances this might not prove necessary. Sometimes we found it wiser for a girl to live down the prejudice which existed in her own town.

When unlooked for difficulty arose, several Homes would unitedly wait upon God for the wisdom needed or for the supplies specially required.

The prime object is to get needed Homes started, leaving the Lord to direct as to how they are to be supported. Outside of the Mother Home, I personally never desired any jurisdiction concerning them but was glad to receive reports and helpful suggestions that might be utilized elsewhere for God.

The third home opened was at Fort Wayne, Texas, superintended by that godly woman known as Mother Collins. It was of very special interest to me, for its founder frequently corresponded with us, giving much counsel and cheering us with news concerning what God was accomplishing there. We knew that they were always bearing us up before the Throne of Grace. After a blessed life, God took her to higher services up Yonder and the name of the Home was changed to "The Mother Collins Home". At the time of writing it is faithfully carrying on the work as a true Door of Hope.

City after city felt the need of such work and benefactors in all parts of the States helped to make possible the opening of other Homes. So far as our records show the order of the first twenty Homes is as follows -- New York City; Tappan; Fort Wayne; St. Louis; Detroit; Chicago; New London; Worcester; Nashville; Philadelphia; Germantown; Rochester; Warren; Indianapolis; Harrisburg; Kansas City; Dallas; New Haven; Lowell; Wilmington.

Cities in other States also took up the work and the interest aroused through these sheltering homes spread across oceans and New Zealand, China, Scotland, England, France, Germany, Africa, Japan, and other lands, wrote for particulars. Some of these were visited and personal assistance given. [Editor's Note -- On her European trip Mother Whittemore spoke frequently in the famous halls and churches of Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Paris and Lausanne, as well as in many drawing-rooms. F.A.R.]

While in some cases other names were adopted, yet we had definite record of seventy-three Homes being opened within eighteen years. [Editor's Note -- The number had increased to ninety-seven before Mother Whittemore's home-going.-- F.A.R.]

It mattered not to us how they were designated so long as they were under definitely Christian influences where the suffering girls of the streets might be befriended.

Out of several decades in this service I am absolutely convinced that nothing short of His saving and keeping power is sufficient for the type of girl to whom I have gladly given all I have since He laid His blessed hand upon me.

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35 -- THE PHYSICIAN FOR THE INCURABLES

One day I received a letter from a young girl who lived some distance from New York. She was most anxious to overcome the morphine habit. My heart was strangely warmed towards her, as in pathetic language she expressed herself as willing to face any torture if only it might mean deliverance from that awful drug. Would we be merciful enough to give her a chance? She closed with these words: "I haven't had a chance before. Everywhere I have been there was always some way provided to gratify this horrible appetite. Only God knows how great the struggle has been. But I mean business, no matter what the cost, and I truly believe you will never regret giving me a trial."

Poor dear child, she did not know with what joyous welcome we received such sin-bound girls. Lovingly our reply assured her that we would be only too pleased to have her come. I do not know how it became known that she had written to us, but we immediately received two or three letters from some who knew her. One of these came from a Home in which she had once been sheltered. They begged of us not to endanger our own lives with such a girl. She would distract us beyond endurance. She had jumped from bedroom windows and would smash anything and everything in her efforts to obtain the drug. It was a most pathetic and terrible case and seemed to be out of the realm of hope and help.

But surely our Lord is the Physician for the incurable! The more these letters assured me of the hopelessness of this poor girl, the wider I wanted to throw open our doors in welcome. Her very helplessness and hopelessness were used of God to emphasize the necessity of not refusing her. We felt that prayer and love would conquer.

A worker went to meet her. Misunderstanding the directions that we had forwarded, she arrived at the lower depot, and not seeing anyone looking for her, she started for the Home alone. It was quite a walk to the house and several times she was sorely tempted to turn back in despair. Once she sat down on the roadside, feeling she could go no further. Discouragement and gloom seemed to have settled upon her. The place was strange and maybe she wouldn't like the Home. What was the use anyway? Undoubtedly in answer to our petitions, she was finally impelled, in a way that seemed mysterious to her, to proceed. She reached the Home in a state of great exhaustion and mental bewilderment.

It would be untrue to state that no suffering was experienced while making the effort to overcome this fearful appetite, but most wondrously did God assert His power. For instance, upon one or two occasions, she became so frenzied that she attempted to leap from the window during the night simply to put an end to her life and its cravings, for she felt she could never live without morphine. But as she expressed it afterwards, it seemed as if an unseen Hand suddenly restrained her and under its control, she returned to bed and fell asleep.

Often in later days her face would light up as she recounted His mercies and blessings for opening the way for her to enter the Home. One reason she gave for desiring to be with us was that, in coming to the Door of Hope, which as I have said was now out of the city, she would be so far removed from any stores where she could procure the fatal poison.

Repeatedly we claimed deliverance for her as we cried out to God. During her testing times, if it had not been for His faithfulness, the tortures would have been unendurable, but with perseverance and oft repeated waiting upon Him, on the part of one of the workers, each day lessened the trial of her faith and she came forth even more quickly than we had dared to hope, "more than conqueror through Christ who loved her and gave Himself for her." The "incurable" had been healed. The enslaving appetite had gone.

She was well educated and soon the refinement of former years manifested itself. We always spoke of her as "our little lady". She possessed an unusually sweet voice and had a passionate love for music, so that we encouraged her to use this talent altogether for His glory.

Pen cannot represent the thrill of it all! Just to see this dear child liberated was worth all the days and nights and years of street tramping. No receptions, or balls, or great social functions ever gave me anything comparable to the unutterable joy of being used of God for the eternal redemption of an enslaved soul.

Our little lady later on entered evangelistic work. Those dark days can never be forgotten by her. She told us one night as we talked over the past how sanctified to her memory were some of her bitter experiences. Thinking about them her heart would overflow in gratitude to God and often she prayed that the remembrance of them might keep her unfailingly patient in assisting other tempted ones.

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36 -- "TEXAS JACKIE"

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." -- Hebrews 7: 25.

The story of Matty may prove of encouragement to those who at times feel disheartened. Reared by a loving mother in a western home, she knew little of the temptations of the world until, at the age of fourteen, her mother was suddenly stricken with an incurable disease. For months the

child-nurse cared for her with great patience and fervent love. Death came within a year and Matty was crushed with grief and loneliness.

On account of former misunderstandings between the father and mother, there had resulted an estrangement. In fact, the father had resided in a distant city for several years previous to the mother's death and so had become almost a stranger to his child. The small income of the four thousand dollars that her mother had willed to Matty, made it hard to live decently. Becoming acquainted with an attractive, but most unprincipled man, much older than herself, she accepted his offer of marriage.

They moved West, and as long as her money lasted he was apparently thoughtful of her. Gradually she discovered he had been speculating with her money and had been deceiving her in many ways. Had it not been for the love she had for the child who was born to them a year after marriage, she undoubtedly would have done something desperate. After her husband had reduced them to poverty he deserted her and her two month's old baby.

Finally arrangements were made for her to live with her father. Her little girl lived for only five years. After laying the child away, a spirit of recklessness seemed to possess Matty and she wildly wandered in sinful ways. There had never been any special affection between the father and herself, so she was left to fight her own battles.

Through the influence of some godless acquaintances she joined a circus troupe.

From that time on, her life became a succession of various forms of dissipation. Her fearlessness brought her to the attention of one of the most famous American Showmen and she accepted an offer to train for bare-back riding. She soon became popular with them, commanding their vulgar admiration by reason of her daring. They nicknamed her "Texas Jackie". All her former refinement disappeared, and becoming greatly infatuated with horses, she, "the wildest product of the West", adopted the attire of a man. For nearly two years she mingled with the type of people such shows produce. Then she adopted female attire again and connected herself with a theatrical troupe.

Theatrical life gave her no satisfaction and there were constant bickerings and quarrelings. Sometimes her earnings were very meager. She wearied of the kind of existence that circuses and shows had meant and occasionally wondered whether she could get back to decency and make something of her life. Fresh but always unworthy ways of making a livelihood only made matters worse, and failure after failure added to her wretchedness. Good resolutions to overcome the terrible habits of drink, the use of morphine and tobacco were all in vain.

One awful night, after being completely deserted by her former wicked associates, she plunged madly into unspeakably vile revelry. With money gone, and scantily clothed, she was found lying in a state of intoxication in an infamous den of vice. The once gaudily-dressed Texas Jackie, who had won the applause of thousands, had now become a nuisance, and would have been thrust into the streets, had it not been that someone reported the case to the Door of Hope. The hour was late, or early, but one of the most faithful workers in that particular city, upon being informed

of the case, hastened at once to the reeking den of iniquity and found the poor girl in even a more deplorable condition than that which had been described.

She was assured of there still being hope and that she could in the strength of the Friend of Sinners be whole again. She seemed surprised that anyone would take an interest in her. Yes, she would go anywhere they wished. Then she hesitated and said in a dazed sort of way. "What sort of a ramshackle are you going to take me to?" The expression was one she had picked up in her ramblings.

With a smile, she was informed that the best way to find out would be to come and see.

Arriving at an early morning hour, she was made heartily welcome, for we endeavor throughout the Homes to be always in readiness to receive cordially any who come, whether it be day or night.

Sobering up and becoming brighter mentally, nothing escaped her notice. She appreciated the little attentions shown and it was soon discovered that she was very susceptible to kindness. However, she could not seem to grasp the fact that she could possibly be included in the wonderful "whosoever" of our great Jehovah's love.

From the city where she was being cared for a report came to the Mother Home, and they asked if it might be advisable to transfer her. We decided that it might be better so to do. Though perfectly respectful and observant of all the rules as far as she could be, considering her mental condition, she failed to grasp the right idea of God. Breaking off so suddenly from the use of the various poisons which for so long a time had had the mastery, she showed signs of temporary derangement of the brain. No visible change occurred for several months.

One or two of the workers suggested that we place her in an insane asylum, feeling that she was fast becoming unbalanced, but I wrote from California, where I was at this particular time, that they must continue to pray earnestly and to trust faithfully for the ultimate result.

A brief period after this one of our most valued Christian friends came to visit the Home. She held a service with the girls. God moved upon their hearts. They became deeply interested and one after another manifested concern for her own spiritual welfare. All excepting Matty were so greatly impressed that instead of closing the meeting at eight o'clock as was our custom, it continued until nearly midnight. For several successive days a strangely restful spirit permeated the Home. Though Matty was quiet, almost to moroseness, she was well behaved and gave no indication of any further mental trouble.

A few nights afterward, when retiring, she became suddenly conscious of her guilt before God; a tremendous conviction of sin fastened itself upon her. Turning her face heavenward, in her own words "it seemed as if the Spirit of God" came upon her and lighted up her entire being. The burden rolled away and she realized that a work of grace had been wrought and arose triumphantly happy in Jesus her Lord.

The next day she was only too glad to tell others what had happened. No one who had known the girl could fail to notice the change on her face. The look of agitation and distress and unrest passed away and there came calm and comfort and quietness.

The Word of God became her delight and she spent much time in its study, often getting up very early for this purpose. She developed a most Christlike spirit of helpfulness, and through her Lord she eased many a girl's heavy burden. Then, too, her motherly instincts returned and it was really beautiful to witness the patient tenderness with which she cared for the little ones who were in our care. How thankful we all were that we had not let her temporary mental disturbance influence us in sending her elsewhere.

Our Lord's adorning grace in Matty's life gave us fresh energy and faith to press on in this, humanly speaking, most discouraging of efforts.

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37 -- THE WISDOM OF A FOOLISH QUEST

The name of Miss I. J. Freeland will ever be held in loving memory by those who knew this faithful servant, who was so concerned for the wanderers on the East Side of the city. A few years before her death, she opened what was known as the Gospel Mission, and later used the building at 805 Third Avenue for the same purpose. Many poor tramps, drunkards and thieves wandered in, and hearing God's message of love through the lips of this godly woman, were led to the Savior. Miss Freeland gave her entire time and means to that effort.

In the winter of 1901, she was suddenly stricken with pneumonia. She felt that she would not recover and prayed most fervently that someone might be prompted to undertake the work so dear to her heart.

After her body was laid away, several of us met to pray that such would be the case, when in a most unexpected and very striking manner, God revealed His will that it would be pleasing to Him to have the writer answer the prayer she had united in offering. I thought that such an undertaking would be impossible for me, but as I had often done before, I asked God for some special token. There was no one who appeared to be called upon to become responsible for taking action, so my husband called a few interested friends that they might wait upon the Lord to ask guidance as to what should be done. It was on that very afternoon that the God-given conviction referred to took place.

A very solemn season of prayer was followed by a few appropriate selections from the Word, after which my husband who had been unavoidably detained entered and took a seat just behind me. Then a lady friend whom I had not seen for over a year entered. I called her to the platform, and as she seated herself by my side, she leaned over and whispered: "I can't imagine what God intended by my coming here tonight, as I have such a cold, but somehow I felt impelled to come. And then such a strange thing happened, I simply had to go back and write a check. I brought it along, not knowing just why." Then pausing a moment, she said suddenly, "I believe it's for you."

"For me?" I exclaimed under my breath. "And what for, please?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but I am positive I have done my part. Use it in any way you wish," she replied. Then the assurance came to me: "Here is the token you asked of God concerning this very Mission." I could hardly wait until the platform speaker was through: then I whispered back, "I believe it is for this very work." Nodding smilingly, she answered: "Just as you wish, dear."

In less than five minutes, there was an opportunity for me to speak. I was glad of the opportunity to tell the people, as well as my husband, of how the Lord had unexpectedly and graciously arranged for dear Miss Freeland's prayer to be answered. I closed by stating that with God's help and my dear husband's assistance, I should endeavor to perpetuate the memory of His faithful servant by superintending the Gospel Mission.

All present immediately arose and sang the doxology. Many promised to assist by contributions and service. Upon leaving the building, a note was given me promising to send a check for \$25.00, providing I undertook the work.

It was all very remarkable, for no one suspected that I had ever remotely considered superintending the Mission, so I could not but regard the gifts as marking God's approval. Many interesting accounts could be given of His mighty workings night after night, but one example must suffice.

One dreary evening, a poor drunken girl entered the hall and took a seat near the door. Much prayer was silently offered to God in her behalf, and before the meeting was over, she appealingly lifted a pair of dirty hands, and in a hoarse voice that was truly pathetic, cried out: "For God's sake, won't you folks please pray for me?"

Prayer was continued for some time and the poor girl pleaded with, but there were no apparent results. When lovingly invited to come to the Door of Hope, she positively refused, saying that she would not disgrace such a Home with her presence. We never urge a girl to come against her will, for we have found that unless she comes of her own accord, we do not have the same opportunity of influencing her. All through the next day she rested very heavily upon my heart. Toward evening a quiet restfulness came and I went to the Mission, fully expecting to meet her there. God answered my prayer.

She was in the fifth or sixth row from the front and paid strict attention to all that was said. What a picture of the devil's work she was! Her untidy dress was bespattered by mud and filth, and her short jacket was almost in shreds. On her tangled hair was a dilapidated old hat which looked as if it had been thrown on and had almost missed. As for her poor, unwashed, scarred and bloated face, no pen of mine could depict its wretchedness.

A simple Bible talk was given that night. In the midst of a sentence, my attention was arrested by this girl's despairing looks. It seemed as if two tremendous forces were at work, one impelling her downward and the other trying to influence her upward toward hope and happiness. Suddenly with a heart-rending cry that startled us all, she almost darted from her seat as if to leave

the Mission. The Spirit of the Lord so came upon me for her salvation that I felt there was not a moment to lose, and although it seemed a little out of order, I still feel that I was divinely compelled to do what I did. Raising my hand, I called out imperatively, "Hattie, sit down!" At the same time my heart was uplifted in believing prayer that she might be checked in her course. The poor girl, in a bewildered and surprised sort of way, retracted her steps, and meekly taking her seat, became a listener once more. She did not tarry long, however, for a few moments later, with a still wilder cry, she darted once more for the door. The Lord led me to call her again by name and to command her to come back. She did so, and remained for the rest of the service. She was the first one to come forward for prayer when we gave the opportunity.

Leaving the platform, I knelt by her side. I shall never forget how sin-crushed and terrible she looked. She was so repulsive in appearance and odor that I had to ask God for physical strength to bear it. The fumes of stale liquor and the smells from her own uncleanness were so obnoxious as to almost stifle me when I placed my arm around her. But the Father helped me to forget everything but the fearful need. As I quoted the precious Word of God, I came to that verse which I have hardly ever left out when pleading with a sinner to come to the Savior: "Whosoever shall call on the Name of the Lord shall be saved." Suddenly it seemed as if a voice were putting the question to me: "Do you believe that promise fully?" Promptly my heart responded, "Most certainly I do." Then as quickly, that blessed "stand-by" of ours, Mark 11:24, came to my remembrance, and I could not but feel that it was a positive invitation from God to take what I had throughout that day been endeavoring truly to trust for, namely, Hattie's conversion. As soon as she had prayed the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner", all prayer instantly ceased in my heart and with praises and thanksgiving I arose.

Looking at the bloated, bruised face, I saw nothing thereon to denote any change in her heart, but upon inquiring if she were willing to come with me to the Door of Hope, she quickly replied, "I'll go anywhere you want me to go, Mother Whittemore." This was the first encouragement she had given me.

Asking her to be seated, I went into the office to fill out some lodging orders for several homeless men. Some other matters detained me longer than I had anticipated. Upon returning to escort Hattie to the Home, I found the janitress putting out the lights. I did not discover, until nearing the door, that Hattie had gone. Upon anxiously inquiring where she was, I was informed that "after waiting a few moments, she got "so wild-like, that it was impossible to hold her; she rushed out of the Mission in spite of us. She shouted 'Let me go! Let me go! I am lost, lost, lost!' I was afraid of attracting a crowd, so I just had to let her go."

Not knowing just what to do, I stood silently for a moment. Then something seemed to suggest: "Hattie hasn't gotten yet where God cannot help her." The assurance of faith which I had received when on my knees beside Hattie came out in bold relief. Walking towards the door with a divinely formed determination, I was interrupted by two gentlemen. One, who had spoken in the meeting, said: "I am very sorry for you, for I did think that girl was in earnest when she knelt in prayer."

The divine mother-love, which was granted years ago for such as she, asserted itself, and I replied forcibly: "Why, of course she was in earnest when on her knees; I am sure she was." With

a rather incredulous smile, he shook his head, simply saying, "What are you going to do about it?" "Do about it?" I exclaimed, "Why, I am going out to get her. She promised to go to the Door of Hope tonight." "Going out to get her," he said. "Do you know where she is?"

"No, indeed," I replied. "I haven't the faintest idea where to find her." In a rather puzzled tone he replied. "Do you mean to tell me, not knowing where to look for her, you expect to find her?" "Certainly," I answered. With this, they both looked understandingly at each other and then at me. In their skeptical glances I could read as accurately as if spoken: "A little off." However, I have learned that it pays to be a great way off in the estimation of anyone, if we are going in the direction by which God desires to be glorified.

Seeing I was not to be thwarted, the older one of the two asked if they might accompany me. I could scarcely restrain a smile at the offer, after what had been said, but assured them that it would afford me great pleasure to have their company. I thought it would be an excellent opportunity to prove to two doubting Thomases that God was capable of answering prayer when fully trusted.

We were just outside the door when one of them asked quickly which way we had better proceed. They must have thought me queer, for I calmly replied: "I don't know." They stood still for a few moments, waiting until I decided. Catching sight of the stars overhead, my heart bounded forth to God in joyous faith. After a word of prayer I started up the avenue. We had not gone far before we saw a policeman. We described the girl and asked whether she had passed that way or not.

Laughingly he assured us it was rather an absurd question to ask. Hundreds passed by every hour on that thoroughfare. Seeing the earnestness with which he was being addressed, however, he finally added: "Come to think of it, I did see a queer-looking woman about fifteen minutes ago, but where she is now God only knows!" We continued our search, feeling, if he were ignorant of her whereabouts, God was not.

We had not gone very far when, feeling unusually weary for it had been a very crowded day, we began to slacken our pace. Just at the right moment I saw the twinkling stars once more, and was again thrown back on the Great Creator and made to realize that we possessed a God for the body as well as for the soul. Silently I reminded Him of how tired I was and asked that poor Hattie might be quickly found. Suddenly I felt impelled to turn down the next corner. The impulse and action were so sudden that I bumped into one of the doubting Thomases, causing him to lose part of his breath and most of his balance. After he had adjusted his displaced hat, he gasped out in a surprised tone: "You surely don't intend taking us down this dark street?" "Yes, sir," I answered, "that is just where I am going." We had not walked more than a quarter of a block before we came face to face with the girl we sought.

Placing my arm in hers, I quietly said: "Come along, Hattie, dear," just as if we had met by special appointment. Ah, yes, and so we had! For is not the most special appointment in all the world, Divine appointment? With a startled cry she freed herself from my arm-clasp, and looking intently into my face, said: "Mother Whittemore, is this really you?" "Yes, Hattie, dear," I smilingly answered. "I am all here; every bit of me."

"Oh, Mother Whittemore, how did you find me?" Truthfully did I answer: "I didn't find you, Hattie, dear." "But didn't you know where I was?" she exclaimed. "Certainly not, my dear child! How could I know?" I replied with a questioning smile. "Well, Mother Whittemore, who told you? How did you come here?"

I quietly replied, "It was God, Hattie, just God." Catching hold of both of my hands, in tremulous tones, she said: "Oh, this does look as if God did care for me?" "Why, my dear girl," I replied, "He cares just as much for you as He ever did for me before I accepted Him." "Well, Mother Whittemore, it does seem as if He is trying to find me, doesn't it? Just like you said in the meeting about His arm being outstretched still." "Yes, dear," I answered again, "and now, Hattie, won't you trust Him?"

In waiting for her answer, a note of praise ascended from my heart for the way in which we had been led. She began to cry, and through her sobs, said, "I will! Yes, I will." Thanking the doubting Thomases for their courtesy and bidding them good-night, we preceded on our way toward the Door of Hope. I must add, however, that from that night's search for a lost soul, the faith of these two men in God was greatly quickened.

We had not gone very far when the poor girl paused, and looking somewhat anxiously into my face, said: "Oh, Mother Whittemore, you believe me, don't you, I do mean business for God." "Certainly you do," I exclaimed with great positiveness. I have always felt that we should help the trembling sinner as he or she reaches out after righteousness. It means so much to them to feel that someone thinks they are going to make good with God's help.

"Well, Mother Whittemore, I want to tell you a secret. I have something in my pocket and I don't feel it will be right to go up to the Home without telling you about it."

"Well, my child," I answered quickly, "get rid of it. Take it out."

"Oh, but I don't know whatever you will say when you know what it is," was her reply. Laying my hand gently upon her shoulder and looking squarely into her eyes, I said, "Hattie, child, don't you bother what I think. Just consider what God has to say about the matter."

Her hand went into the pocket at once and she pulled out a little snuff box. Then, with a look of shame, she began: "Mother Whittemore, there were times when I couldn't get all the liquor I wanted to drown out the despair I felt, and so I would chew all the snuff I could to stupify my brain. Wasn't that awful?"

Never desiring to make light of sin, I could only answer: "Yes, indeed, that was terrible; but God is willing to forgive everything now that you have turned to Him." She asked me if I would be willing to take the little box as a token of her determination to become God's child. It lies with many other such articles that have been handed in by redeemed girls, and is another reminder of the One who breaks the power of canceled sin.

As we walked up the steps to the Home, she turned toward me with a glad smile upon her face and whispered: "Mother Whittemore, I am so happy that everything is cleared away between me and God."

The alcoholic appetite had so fastened itself upon her that for days she suffered greatly, but in answer to prayer, God gave the poor "bruised reed" new life. and strength. Ere long there was not the slightest reminder of the dark past clinging to her. For several months she was in my own house, and often would we kneel in prayer together and recall with thanksgiving and praise what our dear Jehovah alone had brought to pass. Later her estranged mother became fully reconciled to her child and earnestly begged that she return home. After a few happy years with her family she became wedded to a former schoolmate, and now has a comfortable home in a southern city.

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38 -- THE SLAVERY OF SIN AND THE LIBERATION OF LOVE

It has already been suggested that greater consideration should be shown the girls on the street, yet it is in my heart to emphasize it further, for I know only too well that the tendency on the part of many is to deal critically and scornfully with this class, little imagining the heart-breaking conditions that often precede the fall. Many a poor girl has sold herself, because every other avenue seemed closed. Perhaps a mother or child was also dependent upon her. The smiling, or the scoffing face, is little indication of what the heart contains. If the secrets of these scorned wanderers were known many indifferent Christians would stretch forth their hands in much tenderness towards them. Many of these straying ones go sobbing out of life, "No man careth for my soul."

Into our Nashville Home there came a girl who poured her sad history into the Superintendent's ear. Left an orphan at six years of age, and betrayed into a life of wrong-doing when but fourteen, she had continued on wrong paths for twenty years. "And in all those years," she told the Superintendent, "no one but Mr. W____, and two others, ever remotely suggested better things."

Walking the streets of a Christian city, passing by hundreds of Christian homes and scores of churches, no hands were stretched out to help, and no voice ever said, "Jesus Christ can save you and we are ready to help you in His Name." But when one did present Christ to her she accepted Him and unsparingly gave her life in a Door of Hope, seeking other friendless and lost girls.

An extract from a letter reveals something of what this dear redeemed young woman helped to do: "I believe the Door of Hope to be the best institution for rescuing the perishing that was ever started. I married my wife in that Home. She was rescued and converted through the influence of the good women who work there. She is a good wife. She influenced me to give up the saloon business and I was maybe worse than she ever was. May God bless all who are helping the Door of Hope!"

The following case is only one out of thousands that the various rescue agencies could narrate.

She was a very foolish, yet very affectionate girl, with a vivid imagination. As a child, over-indulged by both parents, she came into possession of some unchaste literature which completely changed the course of her life. It was not very long before that which was unworthy took complete control of her thoughts. The time came when she made up her mind to secretly leave home. Stealthily gathering together what she imagined might be required, she managed to take passage on a vessel bound for the New World. She had seen the highly colored posters with their exaggerated promises of remunerative positions and a free and jolly life. Not until out on the ocean did she begin to fully realize the folly of that flight. The glamour began to fade and she wept bitter tears of regret during the long voyage. She had ample time for reflection and deeply regretted the step she had taken. But it was too late: she would not have money enough to return even if she dared.

Landing in New York a perfect stranger, she entered a cheap boarding house in the lower part of the city, and after a few days was able to secure a position in a factory. The remuneration for a beginner was three dollars a week. Inside of a month she realized that on such a wage, she could not continue to remain respectable in appearance. One morning, wondering how she could procure some very necessary articles, she was informed that that day all the new hands were to be discharged.

Through that long morning she worked in a bewildered way. What would happen if she lost her present meager income? She had no money whatever beyond that which supplied her bare needs. Feeling a touch upon her shoulder just before the noon hour, she looked up, and a voice whispered: "Don't worry, little girl, I'm not going to see you stuck: I've secured a position for you, and it will bring you in plenty of money. Come to my desk at six o'clock, and I will take you myself to your new place."

Lena waited until six o'clock, wondering about the head-clerk, who appeared so interested in her welfare. Before she was ready to leave, he was there with hat in hand, and said pleasantly, "All right! you'd better get ready at once." Her heart fluttered with excitement at the prospects of securing a new position so promptly, and she hastened to put on her wraps. Little did the dear child imagine what awaited her! Getting off a car, she followed her guide to a somewhat imposing looking building.

Up the steps she walked with him, wondering what her new employers would be like. No sooner had she entered the house than something was thrown over her face, and she remembered nothing distinctly for days. This wicked man, after delivering up his prey and receiving his regular fee, walked away, pocketing his money without a twinge of conscience at being in the diabolical business.

One does not desire to unduly alarm parents and yet facts like these must be told in order that unwary girls may be put on their guard, for with all the protective agencies, the devil's work is still carried on and diabolical men and women are ready even today to blast young lives if only there is, as one put it, "a dollar in it" for them.

The day following Lena's abduction, a young Irish girl was standing on the corner of the street near the house in which poor little Lena had been drugged. She was wondering what to do, for she must find work. A woman with a smooth voice, approached her, saying: "Young lady, you seem to be a stranger in this part of the city?" "Yes," she answered. "I have just come over from Staten Island this morning. I am looking for a situation."

"I was wondering whether I had better take my lunch first and then go to the Intelligence Office after." Laying her hand upon her shoulder, the stranger replied, "Come right along with me. I have a restaurant of my own and your lunch will not cost you a cent. You can look for a position afterwards." Thinking herself very fortunate and without the slightest suspicion of any double motive, she willingly followed. It turned out to be the same house to which little Lena was taken the previous day. The Irish girl was entrapped in a similar manner.

In a state of semi-intoxication, neither of the stupefied and now indecently-clothed girls realized the horror of their situation for some days. When it finally dawned upon them, they became almost distracted with despair, especially upon discovering that they were compelled to remain there against their will. A warm attachment sprang up between the two, partly through being in the same dilemma. Secretly they resolved to be on the alert to escape from their revolting existence. It was solemnly agreed that if one were successful in escaping, she would intercede for the other on the first opportunity. In spite of their regret, both repeated resorted to the wine-cup in order to blunt their sensibilities.

One spring day, almost six months later, upon going downstairs, they found the outer door ajar. Forgetting her appearance which might easily have led to her arrest, Lena was the first one to venture out, hoping at last to carry out the wish of her heart. No sooner had she begun to descend the steps than her shoulder was clutched as by a vise. It was the heavy hand of the infamous proprietor of the vile abode. She was pulled roughly into the house and given a most brutal horse-whipping.

Not until she was in a fainting condition was she allowed to stagger to her bed. She was threatened with something far worse if she ever made another attempt to leave the house without permission. To her death she will bear scars from those cruel blows.

The frightened Lena poured out the depths of her sorrow to her only friend, Irish Maggie, who, in her rough way, tried to comfort and soothe the suffering child.

One night a few weeks after this, Maggie was able to climb the back fence through piling up some boxes. By cautiously creeping along in the darkness she managed to effect her escape without being noticed. She tramped aimlessly until early morning, sitting down only occasionally upon stone steps or other possible resting places. After taking one of these short rests, she was about starting again when a Christian worker passing by noticed her pallor and said sympathetically: "You do not look very well! Why are you outdoors so early?" There was something in the stranger's voice that had a soothing effect upon her excited nerves, and yet after the horrible past, she hesitated to trust anyone. Confidence was soon restored, however, and she opened her heart, narrating the sad story of the deception that had caused her own trouble and also

that of poor Lena. The worker assured Maggie that she would take her where she would be given proper care.

And so they made the journey to the Door of Hope, and before the morning was over all the details of Lena's wretched condition were given. Inside of twenty-four hours, Lena was also welcomed to the Home. Her release from the house of vice was accomplished with no small difficulty. When first questioned, the housekeeper positively insisted that nobody by the name of Lena was ever in the place. When informed that unless Lena was produced in less than five minutes, the whole establishment would be raided and closed, she changed her defiant attitude and the girl soon appeared.

When the poor little prisoner who had been so brutally flogged was asked if she desired to leave the place, and was informed that we were her friends, she sobbed convulsively, Saying: "Oh, yes, oh yes, do please get me away!" What a pitiful object she was as we looked upon her that morning! Only fifteen years of age and yet sin and its consequent sorrow had left their awful brands upon that young face. Going out to seek liberty, she had found a prison, and through reading cheap literature that threw a false glamour around the fast life, she had come much nearer to dying than to living.

Being deeply touched by the attention and love shown her, it was not a difficult matter to win the child for the Savior. Later, she secured a good position and never failed to rejoice in the wonderful way God rescued her. The passions that led her astray have been cleansed and ennobled by Divine power, and under a blessed restraint were redirected for the winning of others from the evil life to which she herself once belonged.

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39 -- THE DEMON CAST OUT

The preceding incident and the one now to be given illustrate the wisdom of withholding censure until we have fuller knowledge than is usually available when we first meet those who have wandered from right paths.

In an Old Land town Edith was left motherless before she was six months old. The stigma of illegitimacy was upon her. What a brutal misnomer! Surely no child is illegitimate. The culprit brands the innocent.

The city authorities having to deal with the matter, placed Edith in the care of a poor family believed to be responsible. Unfortunately the child's surroundings were very bad so that she was exposed to influences that may not be named. She grew into young womanhood scarcely knowing the distinctions of right and wrong. Her sister had emigrated to the United States, and after marriage sent for Edith.

Although eighteen years of age, she had received no religious training whatever and had been daily accustomed to see only that which would influence her in the direction of evil. Upon reaching this country, she entered into a debased life. Through the influence of others, inside of six

months, she became an inmate of a certain disreputable house near to where her sister lived. It is easy to cast stones and to utter with scorn the words "outcast girl". Yet was this girl responsible for it all? Was she to blame, when through the faults and wickedness of others, she had never had an opportunity of deciding between right and wrong? When for eighteen years she had not known one really decent person? She informed us later on that she had never imagined for a moment in her evil career that there was anything different to which to look forward. To some people it may seem incredible, but some of us know that there are still others like Edith, who today are in the same condition and who need to be pitied and loved instead of blamed and despised.

A few months later, while strolling down the street with some reckless companions, she was attracted by music coming from a Mission Hall. Half-laughingly she wandered in. A kindly welcome was extended. At first, it seemed impossible to believe the statements she made regarding never having heard of the Son of God. Living in Christian Britain and later in Christian America, she was yet as ignorant of our Savior as those whom we call heathen! Being very susceptible to kindness, she was persuaded to remain for a time at least in the Mission Home. Day by day she seemed to respond to the new and blessed influences. She was so contented and happy that she remained for seven weeks. One day, however, a feeling of despondency came over her and meeting some of her former associates, she became so influenced by their combined persuasions that she consented once more to join their ranks.

Twenty-four hours later she was overwhelmed with remorse, but feeling greatly depressed, decided that it was no use trying, for neither her kind friends nor God would ever tolerate her again. With an almost despairing heart, she plunged more wildly than ever into the evil revelries of her old associates. Through intoxicants and dope, she sought to drown that strange something which continually asserted itself in spite of her wickedness. On one occasion she attempted suicide by drinking a terrible acid, but was discovered in time to save her life.

The workers at the Mission did not know where she had gone. Search was continued for some time and at last with great joy her place of abode was discovered. It was not easy to persuade her that the love and mercy of God were wide enough to receive her again.

Thinking it was wise to get her away from the old surroundings, she was sent from the Mission to the Door of Hope. For several weeks after coming to us, she would have such paroxysms as to lead us to feel that she was possessed by demons and it would take two or more of us to hold her. Then seasons of great quietness and exhaustion would follow. When she felt such spasms coming on, she would earnestly plead that she might be bound to a chair so that she could not move her hands or feet. At first we greatly hesitated to do this, but because of the harm she might do to herself, or to others, we finally consented.

One morning we had bound her with strips of very heavy cotton, but under the demoniacal power, she broke the bands on arms, legs and body without the least difficulty. At such times she would madly grab whatever was within her reach, pins, matches, needles, knives and other articles, putting them into her mouth with awful grimaces. She would endeavor to chew them, much to the consternation and even terror of those who had to witness it. With diabolical laughter she would fight to get away from us when we tried to take such things from her.

This occurred on several occasions. One day when we thought she was quite normal, my matron, entering the room saw her hurriedly collecting a number of pins. She reached her as quickly as possible, but not until Edith had put the pins in her mouth. Forcing her teeth apart, the matron managed to get out five or six pins; but not until they had been twisted into various shapes. These pins are in the possession of my friend, Dr. F. A. Robinson, and are reminders of what the power of God was capable of accomplishing in the heart of one who had so often under evil powers endangered her very life. But for a time we had to place her elsewhere, for her outbursts were making all the other girls excessively nervous. We received her back again later, but she seemed little improved. Seeing the effect she had upon the other girls in the Home, and feeling impressed that a day of fasting and prayer in Edith's behalf would be acceptable to God, we arranged the date. In the midst of the morning service, she suddenly became so excited that we were obliged to take her upstairs. The life she had lived had shattered all self-control. An hour later, a few of us gathered in that upper room and knelt in earnest believing prayer around the poor girl who was so grievously afflicted by the Evil One himself.

God heard and answered prayer. "Oh, it's gone, it's gone," she suddenly exclaimed. Shortly afterwards we sent her to a new home, thinking it might be helpful to her in many ways. Though away from us for a time, we never lost sight of her and continued to fortify her through believing prayer. Afterwards, she returned to the Home and developed into a lovely Christian girl. She has proved her faithfulness to God in a most marked manner, and although at times her testings have been severe, she has, with child-like simplicity, sought the help required and received fresh courage. At the time of this writing, our now very dear Edith can truly be recognized as a devout follower of Christ.

Her gratitude for the help she received has been shown in a most substantial way through her many generous gifts of money to the Door of Hope. In fact, she is one of the most faithful of all the girls we ever sheltered.

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REMINDERS OF THE POWER THAT LIBERATES

In a corner of Mother Whittemore's prayer room, there stood a cabinet which would attract the attention of any observing person. Its five shelves contained all sorts of queer little boxes, vials, bits of fancy work, bent pins, playing cards, cigarettes, cheap jewelry and many soiled pictures. There were, and are, mementos of the girls who had come under Mother Whittemore's care. Often when praying for some particularly difficult or degraded girl, Mrs. Whittemore would glance at the cabinet that she might be reminded of what her Savior had done for others, who seemed equally hopeless. The memory of some blessed experience would send her back to her task with unfaltering faith.

One of the most prominent objects in the cabinet was a pistol. It was the property of a young woman who for some time had been an inmate of the Door of Hope. She had become a victim of the morphine habit. One day she rushed off and disappeared for a year. Dissipation through a terrible variety of vices brought her to the point of suicide. With the pistol, she entered the McAuley Mission.

A talk with Mrs. McAuley resulted in her confession of what she was about to do. The poor distracted girl was persuaded to remain a few hours. Mrs. Whittemore was sent for. Her tender love and whole-hearted forgiveness so touched the wanderer's heart that she handed over the pistol and returned to the Home, where she ultimately through Christ, gained the victory over evil. The pistol was retained as a token of the love of the regenerated and thoroughly reformed girl.

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THE END