

he may be kept, there are many temptations for young boys and girls in this land. Two other girls went to their white man and confessed sins of stealing and lying. He is a Dutchman that lives about three miles away. He and his wife seemed very much touched and wept and freely forgave them both.

Another girl confessed in the church of stealing from her white man every day. He lives in Utrecht and the girl says she means to tell them all her wrong for she does not want to lose her soul. We trust and pray that she will go through.

Dear ones, we do thank God for what He is doing, but we are indeed praying for much more to be done. There is a great need, and we are praying for a mighty working of the Spirit here in our midst, that our church may be sanctified and that the banner of holiness may be lifted up. I feel these days that so much prayer is needed to bring this thing to pass.

Beloved, the battle is on for holiness. We want to see a revival that is prayed down from the skies where God can get all the glory.

The Lord is indeed blessing my soul very much these days, and teaching me lessons of love for which I praise Him. I am having victory each day through the Lord. Pray for us.

Yours in Christian love under the precious blood,

HELEN M. STERRITT.

THE TWO WAYS

Rev. H. C. Sanders

CHAPTER V.

To illustrate another branch of our work, and one of first importance, we notice an officer, or under shepherd, worthy of honorable mention, Mr. Hammond. The Chief Shepherd commissioned him to bring the lambs into the fold. These little ones are especially dear to the heart of the Great Shepherd, and He became alarmed by the way the majority of his undershepherds were neglecting them. The work Mr. Hammond did was mostly to help the undershepherds in keeping the lambs from straying away from the fold, and to bring back the ones that had already begun to wander away. A whole regiment of angels were sent forth to minister, in protecting these lambs from danger and help what they might in their rescue. Thus hundreds and thousands of lambs were brought under the tender care of the Chief Shepherd.

Another department of our rescue work is illustrated by Mr. Critterdon, who, upon receiving a commission, devoted his talents and immense fortune to the rescue of fallen daughters. And again the angels sang for joy, as the Marys of Magdaline and the women of Samaria were brought into our hospitals. The Physician was there with his balm of Gilead, so the hurt of these daughters was soon healed. And none among all the captives rescued shewed greater love and devotion than they. Some of them even brought costly gifts of very precious ointments as tokens of gratitude, for the love and power that had saved them from the horrible pit of mirey clay.

A certain man saved from the broad way was Jerry McCauley, rescued from the pit of canal boat thieving. He had been placed in command of a company commissioned to rescue both fallen sisters and fallen brothers. Their legal quarters were Water Street Mission, New York. To shew how angel hosts help in all lines of our work, I will relate what I heard from one rescued from the ranks of the "Fallen Brothers." The pit into which he had fallen was called "Drink." He sank deeper and deeper until, from having a happy home, he became a brute, by spells, and so illused his wife that, after great suffering, she took the children and sought refuge in the home of her father. It seems that all his struggles to escape only sunk him deeper, until the darkness was complete; even the star of hope disappearing from his view. He haunted the saloons, begging drink and "free lunches," saying "for God's sake give me drink and let me die." Demons danced about him in glee, suggesting that he end his wretchedness by suicide. They led him down to East river where he stood on a wharf, ready to make the fatal plunge into the dark, cold water below. It was here the ministering spirit was permitted to help. A voice whispered, "What about the hereafter?" But Mr. Hadly replied that "no hell could be worse than the pit in which he now lived," and prepared to take the fatal leap. He felt a restraining hand upon his arm, but on looking around he failed to see his guar-

dian angel. He was, however, so profoundly impressed that he left the river and wandered up town, being unwittingly led by his heavenly guide straight to Water Street Mission. The music of the evening service attracted his attention, and this hopeless wanderer entered the building and shuffled to a back seat.

Jerry McCauley was pointing to the star of hope that stands above the luminous cross. "Oh, the love that bought us, and now seeks to rescue," Mr. McCauley was saying, and invited whosoever would, to come to the front. Mr. Hadly staggered to his feet, for he was still too drunk to walk steadily, even though his mind was clear. He knelt at the Mourners' Bench that has been placed at the foot of the Cross. Mr. McCauley bade him look up, while he prayed, "Jesus, this brother has fallen into a horrible pit, please help him out." Upon looking up, Mr. Hadly saw one hanging on that cross with bleeding hands and feet and brow, and pierced side—dying for him—S. H. Hadly, a helpless, hopeless, down-and-out drunkard. He prayed for himself, "Lord help me!" Instantly there was reached down to him a nail pierced hand, while a voice said, "Lay hold of the hope set before you." He did so and was drawn up out of the mire, and his feet set upon a firm rock. He arose from his knees a new born babe in Christ Jesus, saved soul and body. All the sin stains were washed away in Cavalry's streams, the appetite for drink gone, incurable stomach diseases healed, and his heart aglow with a great love for his newly found Saviour.

Not long after this he found employment, bought himself decent clothing, and was blessed in having his happy home restored with loving wife and confiding children. Most wonderful of all, he received a commission from the Chief Captain and became successor to Jerry McCauley, in charge of Water Street Mission.

(To be continued)

FACING THE ISSUE

It is the height of folly to close one's eyes to the serious problems of the present and delude oneself with the belief that "all's right with the world." Dr. C. F. Wimberley, the noted author and evangelist, calls attention to what he calls the challenge of the hour. He says we are challenged with ignorance, unscrupulous commercialism, industrial anarchy, social degeneracy and a pleasure-mad and a money-mad populace. In the face of such problems the great denominations are talking about World Service and schemes of religious education. While they are doing this, the people are withholding their gifts until mission boards are facing deficits of from one to three million dollars. Money is not the first need of the church—it is Pentecostal purity and power. One writer hits the nail squarely on the head by saying: "Bring back the pulpit on fire with the old saving gospel; bring back the old-time revival; bring back the Holy Ghost; then money will be poured upon God's altars and then only and not till then will we be in shape to do World's Service."