

Temperance Column

MY LAST DRINK

By S. H. HADLEY.

Superintendent of the Old Jerry McAuley Mission, 316 Water Street, New York.

One Tuesday evening, on April 18, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens, or horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for when the time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river! But the Lord so ordered it that when the time did come, I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street; and, reader, I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, If you want to keep that promise, go and have yourself locked up. I went to the nearest station-house, a short distance away, and had myself locked up.

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came in that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, praise the Lord; that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said—Pray! I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released, and found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning, I felt that day would decide my fate. Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected; and toward evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and the outcast—that man of God, Jerry McAuley. He rose, and amid deep silence, told his experience, that simple story that I heard so many hundred times afterward, but which was ever new; how he had been a thief, an outcast, a drunkard—yes a regular bum! but I gave my heart to God, and he saved me from everything that's wicked and bad. There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, I wonder if God can save me? I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty persons, every one of whom had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I wondered if I would be saved! if God would help me! I was a total stranger; but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said: Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord, they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus' sake—Amen! Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and

Jerry said: Now, all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves. He spoke to one after another, as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want him to do for you. How I trembled as he approached me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side, and whispered in my ear crimes I had forgotten for months: What are you going to do about such matters if you start to be a Christian tonight? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had not you better think this matter over awhile and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start? Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper said, Come! The devil said, Be careful? Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, Brother pray. I said, Can't you pray for me? Jerry said, All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself. I halted but a moment, and then with a broken heart, I said: Dear Jesus, can you help me? Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sunshine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ with all his brightness and power, had come into my life; that indeed old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

From that moment till now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen money enough to make me take one. I promised God that night that if he would take away the appetite for strong drink, I would work for him all my life. He has done his part, and I have been trying to do mine.

Four years after my conversion I was called by the trustees of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, at 316 Water Street, to carry on the work Jerry began in 1872. I have now been here thirteen years and have been permitted to see more ruined drunkards redeemed and made prosperous than probably any other living man. Pray for us.

CORRESPONDENCE

Beals, Me.

Dear Highway:

It did not occur to us that so long a time had passed since our name appeared in your columns until some one of my friends asked me why I did not write. In the first place this has been a very busy summer getting moved from Grand Manan to this place. This indeed involved a lot of hard work, and one is glad when it is over, and they are again settled down to work. We found the parsonage here about ready for us as it had been painted and varnished, and is a very comfortable house. We find the people here very kind, and also deeply interested in the Lord's cause. They also take a great interest in their church building, keeping it in repair, which is very commendable indeed.

All our services here are well attended and are seasons of blessing.

We were not able to attend the Camp Meetings at Riverside this year, but through the kindness of some of our people here, who took us by auto to the Methodist Camp Meeting held at Jacksonville, Me., we were able to attend that camp for one day. This ground reminds one much of Riverside, only they have many more cottages than we have. That day Rev. E. S. Eaton, of Washington, preach-

ed, and he surely gave us a good holiness sermon. I was much interested in the way they managed their hotel, etc.

We are now settled down to the work here and expect to push the battle against sin, and for God and holiness. Expect to see victory. Pray for us.

Your brother,

H. C. ARCHER

CHRISTIAN EVANGELISM

(Continued from Page One)

—Are we bearing our full share of the burden of Christian Evangelism, as viewed in the light of God's revelation and in the presence of a lost and perishing world? If not, would we not better begin to ask, with Saul of Tarsus of old when he was stricken down with the blinding light of divine displeasure on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And can we truthfully say of ourselves as he afterward said of this great event in his life, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision"?—*Wesleyan Methodist.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The Grand Manan and Washington Co., Me., S. S. Association met at Beals, Me., on Wednesday evening, Aug. 28th, 1929, at 7.30 p. m.

Rev. H. C. Archer, in the absence of the president, presided at the meeting.

Scripture lesson read from Deut. 6:1-10.

Prayer offered by Rev. C. R. Hagerman.

Rev. C. R. Hagerman spoke on "Duties of the Sunday School."

Rev. F. A. Dunlop spoke on "Things to avoid in the Sunday School."

The young people's choir of the Church assisted in the singing, and rendered two selections, which were greatly appreciated.

Thursday at 2.30 p. m. followed the conference on Sunday School work. Rev. C. R. Hagerman called the meeting to order. Rev. F. A. Dunlop offered prayer.

Roll being called, found the following ministers and delegates present:

Revs. C. R. Hagerman, F. A. Dunlop, H. C. Archer.

Beals—Mrs. Vinton Beal.

Jonesport—Mrs. Newbury.

Reports were read from the Sunday Schools at North Head, Seal Cove, Wood Island, Calais, Jonesport and Beals.

Election of Officers as follows:

Rev. C. R. Hagerman, President.

Rev. F. A. Dunlop, Vice President.

Rev. H. C. Archer, Secy.-Treasurer.

Executive Committee:

The officers of Association:

Albert Cook—Seal Cove.

Eugene Wilcox—Wood Island.

Rev. S. H. Clark—Jonesport.

Tyman McWilliam—Calais.

The following Resolution was passed: Resolved that the name of Association be changed to "The Reformed Baptist Sunday School Association of District No. 3," so as to conform to the request of Alliance.

A general discussion followed on "Problems of the Sunday School," which was very profitable to all present.

Resolved that Revs. Archer and Dunlop be a committee to make some recommendations to the schools in the district, in reference to decisions for Christ.

The meeting then adjourned.

H. C. ARCHER,

Secretary