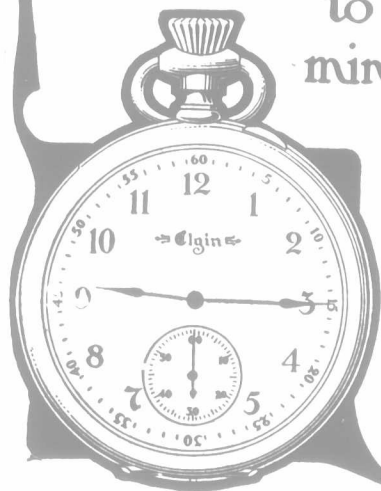


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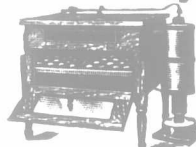
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Work in a Great City.

And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.—Acts ix: 6.

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'

He said, 'No, walk in the town.'

I said, 'There are no flowers there.'

He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

I said, 'But the skies are black;

There is nothing but noise and din.'

And He wept as He sent me back;

'There is more,' He said, 'There is sin.'

I said, 'But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun.'

He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,

And souls in the dark, undone.'

I said, 'I shall miss the light;

And friends will miss me, they say.'

He answered, 'Choose to-night

If I am to miss you, or they.'

I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, 'Is it hard to decide?

It will not be hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

Then into His hand went mine;

And into my heart came He;

And I walk in a light divine

The path I had feared to see."

A great change has come into my life. For many years God has plainly told me to stay in the country; but, when my work there was done, the message: "Arise, and go into the city," was spoken as distinctly to me as to Saul of Tarsus. God's calls are as clear to-day as they ever were; though, like Jonah, we may try to escape the responsibility laid upon us, and may rise up to flee from the presence of the LORD, instead of going where He calls. In my case, the call to "go into the city" was plain and unmistakable. I was drawn on by the constraining desire to reach out and touch my fellows where the need was greatest, and I fancied myself free to choose the field of service, but soon found out my mistake. As Saul was directed to the city of Damascus, so I was also guided by a call which could not be disregarded, to the city in which I now find myself. To me also came the message to "go into the city"—this particular city—and it should "be told me" what I must do. And, now, my empty hands are full again, and the days are busy and glad, for they are spent in getting into touch with many who are leading darkened or suffering lives.

The church with which I am connected believes in copying the example of the Good Samaritan and helping the neighbors around, whatever their race or creed. Part of the first week was spent in the pleasant duty of inviting the people who live in a back street near the church to a Neighborhood Party in the Parish House. These parties are given every month. One month the people on one or two streets are invited, and the next month the people who live on other streets. It was delightful to carry the printed cards of invitation into the dreary tenement-houses, and to watch the sad faces brighten at the thought of an evening's fun and entertainment. Three or four families—or more—live in each house; and very forlorn and desolate most of these houses are, though occasionally one finds a room that is tidy and clean. The mothers are many of them Russian Jews, who speak very little English, but there is nearly always a bright little Abraham, Isaac, Israel or Rebecca to talk English to the visitor and chatter away in unintelligible "Yiddish" to the mother. In one room a sick mother was in bed with a baby of three months old, another child was also in bed, and the man of the family—who was nurse, cook and everything else—was just able to drag himself about after an attack of pneumonia.

More than 200 of our "neighbors" from the tenements turned up at the party, and they seemed to enjoy everything provided for their pleasure. It was delightful to pass round the heaped-up plates of cake and to catch the pleased smiles of recognition from one

and another of my friends from the Rochester St. tenements. And how thoroughly they enjoyed the coffee from the big cans in the corner of the room! It was very good coffee too, and the lump sugar handed round with it was of the very best quality. And you should have seen how the young people enjoyed the jolly dance that followed.

There is no direct Christian teaching attempted with these Jews, as that would only antagonize them; but they are being taught by action that speaks far louder than words, that the keynote of the Christian religion is Love. Their children are gathered into the kindergarten every day, the older ones are taught carpentering, cobbling, sewing, cooking, laundry work, etc., or organized into Clubs for playing games after school hours and in the evenings—and so kept off the street. There is a free dispensary for the sick free legal advice for the poor and friendliness everywhere. Whether these Jews ever accept Christianity or not, at least the work is done in Christ's Name, and He will surely accept the neighborly kindness in the loving spirit in which it is offered.

One of the many houses belonging to this mission is called "Welcome House." The name is a very good one, for its doors are ready to open and welcome any girl who needs a helping hand. The other day a poor girl came, asking for admittance. She had only five cents to stand between her and starvation or crime, and not a friend in this great city. Think of it, you who have sweet young daughters growing up like pure lilies in sheltered homes. Think if they were wandering forlorn, homeless, hungry and terrified along the wintry streets, what a blessed thing it would be to find a house with "Welcome" written on the door and on the kind faces within the bright, homelike rooms. Perhaps this poor wanderer had seen one of the cards which are scattered freely about the city, telling any girl who is in need of a friend to come to "Welcome House."

Another young girl came from Europe several years ago—a mere child of sixteen, entirely ignorant of English. She trusted where no trust was due, and one winter night, forlorn, frightened and ill, she crept about the streets, begging to be taken in somewhere and cared-for. Turned away from house after house, she crawled into one that was empty, and next morning was found so badly frozen that parts of her feet had to be amputated. I wish you could see her happy face now that she has found a home and good friends in "Welcome House."

The other day I called on one of the young women who had given way to drink, had been separated from her husband, got into bad company, and was almost in despair. After some time spent in Welcome House, she went back to her home—and a nice, bright home it is now. When I called, I found the room decorated in honor of her husband's birthday. She said she had done it because he was "so good" to her, and she had no present to give him. A very handsome Bible, given her at Welcome House, occupied the place of honor on the table, and she could not say enough about the kindness she had received there. It is a real pleasure to talk with the girls who are now being trained there. Their faces are so bright, and they respond so readily to any friendliness. I had tea with them last Friday, and ladled out hot "chowder" for a long tableful.

Then there is the "neighborhood work" among the Russian Jews, and other people who live in the tenement-houses around us (for this is a mission-church in a very poor district). One day last week I said to one of the little Jews in my "Good Time" Club, "Of course, you don't keep Christmas, Abraham."

"Why, what do you take us for?" was the indignant reply. "Of course we keep Christmas!"

How strange it is that people who reject Christ should keep His Birthday! When I said, "How do you keep it, if you don't believe in Christ?" there was