

## CHAPTER XIX

### SEEING THE INVISIBLE

**E**VERY page of our work might be written with answered prayer. Each stage may be counted with landmarks which register what our Lord has done. A sense of overpowering need has oppressed: need so intensified from its surroundings as to justify faith in the most audacious work. English life at its darkest bears no similitude to the insidious poison which lurks beneath the brightness of a foreign city to a lonely and homeless girl. Yes, lonely—the biting, bitter loneliness of life. How few have realized it?

“If only a dog had pulled my skirts, I would have come back,” was the confession of a poor, stricken, lonely-hearted woman, bent on putting herself out of the world.

Womanly care—the hearth is not a stone but a woman—with homely surroundings at a price not beyond the means of self-supporting girls, combined with practical and loving influence would do much to dispel the too common representation of easy and ill-gotten wealth against honest labour.

“My foot slippeth” is a cry which should not be smothered but met.

Upon my secretly rebuking one who could not have been quite ignorant, her reply, “Ah, in my lonely life it was so sweet to listen to words of love and to trust him!” was a rebuke to myself. Why, when words cost so little, must they be so cold and too often suspicious?

My first Home was impelled by the gift of a franc followed by a second gift of £100, and my first public appeal for £10,000. To-day, ten times that amount is needed