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## How the Young Bartender Was Saved.

SOME years ago in Boston, a young man and his sister came to see me one evening in great trouble concerning their brother. The story they told me was one of those heart-breaking stories that come so often to the ear of the minister of a large city church.

These young people were from Nova Scotia. Their father had died some years before, and the mother had been left with a large family, with only one of them old enough to be of any help. This boy was the young man who had come to see me. He told how his mother had dreaded to have him leave home, but there had to be help from the outside, or the family would be broken up and scattered, and so with a breaking heart she let him go away to Boston to work. Tears ran down his manly face as he told of the last night at home, of the Bible his mother gave him, and of her earnest pleading with him to lead a Christian life in the strange city.

Well, he came to Boston, got a job of work, joined the church and had got along well. He sent back all his wages that he could spare to help the mother and the children at home. After a while the next one to him, a girl, became old enough to come to Boston and enter into domestic service, and now, for three or four years, the two had been working to make the burdens lighter for the old mother in the far-off Canada home. They were both earnest Christians and honest, self-respecting young people. And now they came to the burden of their story which had brought them to me. They were not members of my church, but as I had been very closely identified with temperance work, they had hoped I might be of value to them in their great emergency.

This was their trouble: "Two years before, George, a younger brother, and the very idol of his mother's heart, had also come to the city. He had had the same careful training by his devout Christian mother as the others, but he had gotten employment where he had been thrown into evil associations, and had been led into the habit of drink. This had lost him his place, and, in spite of all they could do, he had taken a place as a bartender some six months before their coming to me. After this his downfall had been rapid. He had drunk and drunk until he was bloated, and his beautiful features were becoming coarse and revolting. They had come to me hoping that I might be able to advise them. They had not written their mother about his condition, for they feared it would kill her if she knew; and I have seldom in my life seen anybody in sorer trouble than were that brother and sister.

I must confess that it seemed like a very hopeless case. We prayed together about it, and I urged them to keep on praying for him, and to use every influence they had to get him out of the business, and, in the meantime, if any opportunity offered, to bring him to me, so that I might talk with him.

About two weeks passed, when the young woman came to see me alone, saying that her brother had lost his place as bartender, because of his drunkenness, and she was hoping that now there might be a chance to do something. It so happened that, the day before her visit, the proprietor of a newly established sanitarium for the cure of drunkenness had met me on the street and told me that if I would send them some one in whom I was particularly interested, they would treat the case free. I told the young girl about this, and begged her to bring her brother to me, and see if we could not persuade him to go to this sanitarium. She immediately caught at this, for he had been sick for a few days, and was now thoroughly sober, and seemed to be more repentant, and to have more feeling concerning his condition than he had shown for a long time.

The next morning she brought the young man to my study. In spite of the awful traces of dissipation he was a handsome young fellow, and

bore in his features and especially in his eyes, the unmistakable traces of real manhood. Poor fellow, he had been caught in the devil's net by his genial heart and his feet had been tripped from under him, as have the feet of ten thousands of others, almost before he knew it. I saw that he was now thoroughly ashamed of himself, and that, while willing to do anything, he was almost entirely hopeless of any good coming of it.

I had a long talk with him about it, told him of several cases that had come under my own observation, of men who had been greatly helped by medical treatment in overcoming the drink habit, and after I had got him thoroughly interested, and somewhat encouraged, I quietly urged upon him the greater cure for all sinfulness that was to be found in the Great Physician. I suggested to him that all his troubles had come to him because he had been tempted out of the path in which he had been brought up. That after coming to Boston, none of his wickedness would have affected him if he had retained his habit of Bible reading, and prayer, and church-going which his mother had taught him—putting himself in the hands of the Saviour. At the mention of his mother he was deeply moved, and as I talked gently and tenderly about her, his pride seemed to break down completely, and he cried like a child.

"Oh! I know it! I know it!" he said. "She is praying for me! I have tried to forget it for a year but I know she is still praying! It would kill her if she could see me now." Then I assured him that his mother's God was also his God, and that if he prayed to him, even now, in his sin and sorrow, God would hear him and forgive him. When I asked if he would like to have me pray with him, he exclaimed most eagerly, "Oh, yes, do!"

It was borne in upon me by the Holy Spirit that it was the crisis hour of the man's soul. We knelt down together, I on one side, and his sister on the other. I poured out my soul in prayer, and she followed in supplication. I do not think I ever heard such a prayer for another as that sister poured out to God. I doubt if she had ever heard her own voice in prayer before. She was a timid little body and I do not imagine that she had ever prayed out loud in meeting in her life. But, oh, how she prayed that morning! She told the whole story over again to God. It was a new parable of the Prodigal Son except that it was a mother waiting at home, and the poor prodigal, with the smell of the swine still on him, was just now coming to himself.

When the sister had finished her prayer, I urged him to pray for himself, and he did so, in broken, incoherent sentences at first, but soon in a perfect flood-tide of repentance. And then suddenly, a great thing happened. I never could tell just how it came; it reminded me at the time of the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." So it was in this case. Suddenly the agonizing man ceased to agonize. He stopped praying right in the middle of a sentence, and though his tears still flowed, and the great sobs shook his frame, both the sister and myself felt that a great change had come. I turned to look at his face and found him turning to look at me. His face was wet with tears, but there was infinitely joyous wonder shining in his eyes, and I said:

"George, are you forgiven?" And he said, and with the very first words his joy increased:

"My burden is gone! Yes! He forgives me!"

And then we all sprang to our feet, and the sister hugged him and kissed him, and we all cried again, but this time they were tears of joy.

Soon I began to speak about the arrangements for his going out to the sanitarium. Then he turned to me and said, "I do not believe I will go."

"Why?" I inquired, astonished.

"Well," he said, "I came intending to go, be-

cause there seemed nothing else to do. It was my only hope, and I had not much faith in that. But now it seems different. God has forgiven me. I have Christ, my Saviour, to help me, and I am going to trust him."

Of course I was greatly astonished, and not entirely easy as to the outcome. But there was something about it all so strongly indicating the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, that I did not try to change his purpose. After gratefully thanking me, they went away. I kept track of them for many months, and during all that time George lived a strong and courageous Christian life, having gained constant victory over all temptation from the old appetite which had so degraded and despoiled him.

There were several factors in the young bartender's salvation. First of all, on the human side, was that faithful mother whose prayers and Christian fidelity he could never forget. Second, there was the loving faithfulness of that Christian brother and sister, and finally, there came my opportunity, and the leading of the Holy Spirit to impress me to seize the critical moment when he could be won to surrender himself to God. It was one of the clearest cases of instantaneous conversion, which thoroughly transformed the man, that I have ever witnessed.

"Let us each day make ourselves happy by asking in some possible way to the happiness of others; comfort some sorrow, relieve some want, add some strength to our neighbour's virtue."

"The path of all excellence lies in the following of advancing ideas which rise as we approach them, and which are perpetually calling to us from loftier heights."

In the largest idea, love is everything. It is the key to life, and its influences are those that move the world. Live only in the thought of love for all and you will draw love to you from all. Live in the thought of malice or hatred, and malice and will come back to you. This is an immutable law.

If you can overcome yourself you will be prepared to conquer all things.

## Special Notice.

I have been confined to my home ever since November last with a severe case of asthma; and have not been able to do any calling upon our subscribers in the country. I do not expect to be able to go out any before the warm weather comes in. Now I wish to express my gratitude to those subscribers who have sent in payments for "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL," and you dear friends, who are in arrears for the past year or more will greatly oblige me if you send in payments, and continue taking the paper. It costs me nearly thirty dollars every month to pay for printing and mailing the paper, and correspondence. That requires sixty subscribers paid in every month to keep the paper alive. Several have paid in for the present year, to whom I am very thankful. Will others do likewise? The outlay for the paper has to be paid for as we go on with it; and if the income for it is not forthcoming it leaves me in a very trying position as I am not able to do any collecting.

J. H. HUGHES.

Manager of "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL."