

much different now from the days when you were quite a little boy, and your dear mother used to take you up on her lap, and folded your little hands. They were clean, then, and innocent, and she taught you to pray 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" I looked at him, and tried to catch his eye. The poor fellow was quite broken up now, and he gently said: "Go on, Mr. Krauser, I know you are right; I can't refuse you."

Thankful to my Redeemer, and my soul filled with wondrous love, I turned toward the assembly, and began singing a hymn. They instantly stopped the music and the dancing, and the deafening noise ceased to be. For a few moments they were awe-struck, and stood staring at me; but then a drunken sailor broke the silence, and, breaking out in curses, advanced toward me and caught my arm, and like a rag he began whirling me round in the middle of the room, and then, with an oath, he let me go suddenly, and I shot across the hall into the next corner, and landed squarely on a chair. Everybody was in an uproar of laughter, and they thought it was great fun, and now they watched me to see what I would do next. But I did not stir. I felt as sweet as ever, and remaining right where I was, comfortably seated on a chair, and finishing the hymn, I opened the Bible, which had not fallen from my grasp in the rather unsought-for exercise, and was about to commence to read. Again there was a few seconds of silence; but now my friend got fairly mad, and, coming toward me to get hold of me once more, he was confronted by another seaman, who placed himself at that instant between me and the assailant. Clenching his big fist, he shouted: "Who dares touch this man has to come this way first! Don't you know he is a minister? Now dare if you will! I don't think it will do us any harm to listen to what he will say." I arose now and said to the two men before me: "I am glad to see you are both so courageous, and I am sure you won't be afraid if I now tell you what God says about poor sinners in this Book, and how He loves them. Just sit down, all of you, and then I'll go on." Everybody obeyed, and a pin might be heard to fall on the floor.

"Now, let's have a good hymn. I know sailor-boys like to sing. Let's have a sailor's hymn—old Sankey's hymn—'Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore.'" The whole crowd joined in, and the voices were strong and clear. 'Then I told them of Jesus and His love, and I told them of a young man who used to visit here, and whom some of them knew, and said: "Now, you don't know

what has become of poor Wickliff. I'll tell you. I met him at the hospital the other day, and now he's dead. I watched him pass over the river: but he didn't talk any more as he used to. You know he often attended our meetings down in the room, and he wouldn't give up his sins; he didn't want to give you up, and he kept on sticking to you, and got drunk with you nearly every night, until you saw him walk about like a shadow, dirty and sick, and you deserted him, and tried to forget him. But Wickliff told me his story before he died. He raised himself up in his bed and told me to come up closer. He said: 'Mr. Krauser, I am going to die, and I am only twenty-two years old.' He hid his face in his hands, and then wept bitterly. What do you suppose the poor boy remembered? I think his lost young life rose up before him. He then bent over to me and whispered, 'My mother!' Ah, that was it. 'My mother!' he repeated, and then tears choked his voice. My boys, do you remember a mother to-night? I wonder whether Wickliff's mother ever prayed with him. That was just what was the matter. He went on, then, and said: 'My mother used to pray for me. I could not stand it, and I ran away. But I wrote her I would send her money, for I knew she depended on me for a living. I never sent her any, I spent it all in drink, and now I'm here dying. I have killed myself.' He hid his face again and cried. I told Wickliff about Jesus, and I saw how he stretched out his feeble hands, and cried: 'O Jesus, save me, a poor sinner! don't let me die and be lost!' God answered his prayer before he passed away, and he said, when he could scarcely whisper, 'Jesus, blessed Jesus! Yes, Jesus saves me now!' Only one bitter thought rose up once more. He said: 'Only twenty-two years—all lost!' Then he passed over. God has taken him; you will never see him more, unless you prepare for heaven. God save you all; let us pray, and get down on our knees, and you cry out to God to have mercy on you, miserable sinners. You will die in your sins if you don't."

There were no dry eyes in that strange assembly, and while I prayed, many sighs and groans were heard, and then many came down to the meeting-room with me when I quitted the place, and some there found the Saviour.

Two days after this meeting, the dancing-house was no more; and visiting the boiler-works soon after, and while among the workmen distributing tracts, whom should I find but my tall American, who kept that dancing-house.