

[For OUR MISSION.]

Christian Work in New York.

By the Editor.

EARLY in December, by the kind invitation of Mr. Wm. Gooderham, it was our privilege to be his companion during a week spent in visiting a number of the Christian and Philanthropic institutions of the great American metropolis. We shall not soon forget the scenes we there witnessed, and must admit that we were delighted to see the intense activity, and that of the most practical nature, displayed in connection with Christian work. There are of course many institutions in that city well known in all parts of the world as centres of usefulness, but that which most favorably impressed us was the mission effort being made on behalf of the masses, especially among the lower strata of city life. It is an inspiration to be permitted to mingle with such workers, and to be permitted even for a few hours to share with them in the noble work of bringing the truths of the Gospel to bear upon the classes among whom the work is prosecuted. Our first visit was paid to the "Cremorne Mission," or, as it is more familiarly called, "Jerry McAuley's Mission." In "OUR MISSION UNION" of November, 1884, we gave a sketch of the life of this indefatigable worker, who was in the fullest sense of the word "a brand plucked out of the burning." Down to the depths of sin and crime had he fallen, but not so low but that the "Everlasting Arms" could reach and save. But God's way of working is not marvellous. Thus we find that the design of heavenly grace called in to the work, the hand of human justice, and Jerry found himself a condemned criminal under sentence to a long imprisonment in the State Prison at Sing Sing. Then to that prison God sent a "saved sinner," who, like Jerry, had also sunken low, but whose feet were now upon "the rock."

That man was known as "Awful Gardner." As Gardner, in preaching to the prisoners told of God's love, and mighty power, the Spirit carried home the truths to the heart of Jerry McAuley, and the result was his conversion, and when, owing to good behaviour, he was discharged ere the completion of the term for which he was sentenced, it was as a "free man" in Christ that he came forth. Of his temptations, his fall and his restoration, we have not time to speak. Suffice it to say, that ere long he found himself in possession of a place in which to preach the glorious Gospel, amid the most wretched and depraved residents of the lowest quarter of New York. Water Street Mission became, under the leadership of Jerry and his devoted wife (herself saved by grace from strong drink) a place where the broken-hearted was sure to hear a word of comfort, and the despairing one to learn of a Saviour. A few years ago Jerry decided to open a Mission further up town, and an old Music Hall was secured, and its name "Cremorne" transferred to the new cause, hence the

"Cremorne Mission." Of the origin of this Mission Mrs. McAuley says: "We felt that our work in Water street was done, and the time had come when we ought to make a change. In visiting this locality, it seemed to us that the cry went up to Heaven for a Mission here, that some of the young men and women, frequenting the dens and dives, might be saved. We went home and prayed God if He wanted us there, to open the way; and if He didn't, to put a barrier so high we couldn't climb over it. We also asked God if He wished us to come, to send the means that day. The answer came, and soon we had \$9,000." On the death of Jerry McAuley in 1884, the work was taken hold of by his wife, and from a pleasant interview we had with her in her home at the Mission, we are convinced that the mantle has fallen upon one in every way prepared by God for carrying on successfully the plans adopted by her loved husband. She is a lady of pleasing appearance, deep piety, and fitted to be a leader of such a work. In addition to the work of the Mission proper, she publishes a very interesting weekly paper, devoted to the work carried on by her, and her band of helpers. On her invitation we attended one of the evening testimony meetings, and truly our hearts were cheered, and we could not but bless God for what "our eyes saw and our ears heard" of the doing of our God among the people. In the Hall were to be seen all classes of hearers. Some of the most wretched objects possible to conceive of—some well dressed, yet with marks of sin in the face—women who had reached the lowest rung in the ladder of sin—others evidently fast stepping down—black and white, and of various nationalities. The meeting was marked by much singing, led by a piano and a strong voiced conductor. The Gospel was then presented in plain words, after which an experience meeting was held. And such experiences! Backsliders told of their restoration to the favor of God. Drunkards told how grace had kept them for weeks, months, years. Thieves told how they had been enabled to live honestly, and fallen ones how their lives had, by grace, been kept free from sins of the past. How we gloried as we listened to those grand testimonies of the power of our "Jesus" to "save to the uttermost." One woman, at the request of Mrs. McAuley, addressed a few words of encouragement to those present. Her face was pleasant, but bore the marks of many years knowledge of the way of iniquity. She told of her young years spent amid sorrow, crime and drunkenness—of her many years service in sin—of her incarceration, time and again, in the jail—of how she once saw on the walls of the prison the words, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." "Ah," said she, "when I saw that, I said, 'That is too thin, there are no light burdens. But,' she added, "I know now that it was all true." Then she told of an interview with a poor drunkard, who had urged that he was too far gone to be saved. After asking the fallen one as to the different liquors he drank, at