

DELIA;
THE BLUE-BIRD
OF
MULBERRY BEND.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1880.

BY MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.

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1894

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





THE WORK OF GRACE UPON A HUMAN FACE WITHIN A YEAR.

DELIA,

Formerly known as the Blue-Bird of Mulberry Bend, New York.

SMALL PICTURE TAKEN 3 MONTHS AFTER RESCUE; LARGE PICTURE TAKEN 6 MONTHS BEFORE ENTERING HEAVEN.

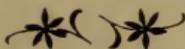
DELIA;

Formerly the Blue-Bird

of Mulberry Bend.

• BY •

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.



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102 EAST 61ST STREET,
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For the Exterior and Interior Pictures of the Door of Hope, opposite pages 25 and 30, we are indebted to the courtesy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by whom they are kindly loaned.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book is presented to the public for much prayerful consideration as to one's duty concerning the special class it touches, also with the earnest desire that it may be placed into the hands of many a poor, destitute girl, friendless and broken-hearted, who, through the reading of same, may be made to realize that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," John iii : 16. Also, that "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," Rom. x : 11.

May the reading of this account of Delia quicken hundreds of Christians to greater activity in the rescue of just such girls as she.

No need to repeatedly reiterate any longer, "We are not called to such work," when we perceive what one poor girl could accomplish,

snatched by the love of God, in answer to believing prayer, as a very brand from the burning.

No such paltry reason for indifference or idleness will justify one, nor afford them, later on, sufficient excuse, when the Lord may demand at their hands many a poor wanderer of the street whom their eyes may have rested upon either in pity or scorn while here below.

Called ! Yes, surely ; if by no higher call than some despairing mother's heart. In fact, every time we look upon the countenances of these sorely neglected ones is but another opportunity bestowed to reach forth the helping hand that will gently lead them to the Saviour's feet.

The loudest of all calls, though, comes from God on high through the lips of Jesus, as He ascended above, " Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," Mark xvi: 15.

Let conscience be silenced no longer to the needs of much personal effort for the salvation of the erring ones. O, the solemn thought, if we women neglect to heed the Lord's injunctions concerning these girls, and so overlook our duty

as woman to woman, thousands will enter perdition, as it is not a work for but very few men to even touch, excepting through the earnest ministration of prayer ; therefore the chief responsibility rests upon us.

One word more : should we not be encouraged, through Delia's life, to do with our might what He gives us to do ? And in that day when He maketh up His jewels, many a poor, rescued girl, washed in the blood of the Lamb, who might have been missing, will be there to gladden our hearts, and to sparkle throughout eternity with the righteousness of God.

DELIA, FORMERLY THE BLUE-BIRD OF MULBERRY BEND.

CHAPTER I.

HE full particulars of the downfall in the beginning of the one known later as the "Blue-Bird" of the slums, are of too shocking a character to fully relate; but, in justice to her, it should be stated that, through the subtle administering of a powerful drug by one regarded as a friend, she was, in a great measure, forced into a life which she soon learned to despise, and yet so quickly becoming entangled through a train of circumstances in the meshes of Satan, that she lost all confidence in humanity at large, and concluded there was *no* way of escape—as many a poor, friendless girl before her had done.

In referring to the dreadfulness of it all, after her conversion, she said she even felt in those days God had forsaken her, and she was eternally damned, but still continued on and on without one ray of hope.

Placed in a convent shortly after the death of a devoted young mother, poor little Delia was left to be reared by strangers. It is true she was well cared for as far as training was concerned, but her young heart craved for *love* and sympathy.

At the age of seventeen, very unsuspecting by nature, bright, pretty and of a very attractive disposition, she entered a city boarding-house, where, a short time afterward, she became much flattered by the attentions of a young lawyer (as his position, socially, was far superior to her own).

It was no difficult task to win her affections; nor did this unscrupulous fellow find it any more so to repeatedly deceive the girl and trifle with her pure love, until finally, crushed and broken-hearted, she fled to a distant village, trusting to

hide away among strangers. A few months of misery followed, never to be forgotten, when, one day, a greater sorrow than all came into her life, and, having none to counsel with, she soon became desperate.

Although conversant with many an oft-repeated prayer during the convent life, she actually had never known the God to whom they had been offered, therefore had long ceased giving *them* even a trial to either comfort or save her.

Everybody and everything seemed to be against her in this sore time of need, and so, friendless and penniless, she finally roamed around awhile again, until, with reckless indifference, the wine cup was resorted to. Before many weeks elapsed it would have been difficult to have recognized that once lovely-faced girl in the haggared, half-frightened appearing creature, hastening from place to place for fear of arrest.

Once, twice, yes, three times, behind prison bars, soon following this, did she bitterly bemoan her fate, and solemnly vow when once her freedom was attained everything should be different.

But, when discharged, through discouragements and evil remarks, etc., it appeared as if every hand was outstretched to put her still lower down, and she would once more yield to the influence of liquor, opium or snuff, to drown all memories of better resolutions.

For several months she was committed to what is known as the House of the Good Shepherd. Not desiring reformation, nothing was gained, and she came forth more hardened than ever, greatly weakened in body; in fact, a mere physical wreck, having actually, through force of will, starved herself almost to death in one month, and hardly quenching thirst, in order to work upon others' sympathies and so obtain her release. She was finally permitted to leave, but went out into the world again totally unfit to care for herself. Roaming around, supported by stimulants stolen or begged for, she drifted along as it were, with the tide, indulging in all sorts of wildness, until taken to a Charity Hospital, where for a time her suffering was torture; but when discharged from there, she soon became asso-

ciated with a gang of roughs, and shortly recognized as the woman of a gang of thieves.

She succeeded as an expert with her little hands, especially when requiring money, as a pickpocket. Fighting, also, became almost a mania with her, and, when opposed in the most trifling thing, she fearlessly struck right and left, until those she mingled with began actually to regard her with fear and respect.

As dreadful, also, as it may seem, none could, by this time, outdo her in either swearing, drinking or smoking.

It hardly seems creditable that in less than three years any one could so rapidly descend as she had succeeded in doing ; and more than once was she made to realize in the most practical manner, during these years, that the devil was no respecter of persons, and that even young, innocent girls, sheltered as she had been behind those convent walls, could, indeed (when once yielded to his power), be hurled down as amazingly fast as another less protected.

There was hardly a dance hall, gambling den,

or even opium joint in that special section of the City of New York, where she then took up her abode, that she did not frequent. In what was known as Mulberry Bend she could be seen almost nightly, either on the corner of the streets or in some low sub-cellar.

After drinking somewhat heavily she has been more than once dragged off to the station house between two policemen, as one was not sufficient to manage her, although generally handcuffed, as she would resist all the way, to say nothing of the oaths and words which came forth from her lips over the hardness, as she termed it, of her fate. Seven times she had thus been carried off, until even the police began to regard her as a *mystery*.

Although a leader in almost everything daring or bad, if an injustice was done in her presence the defenceless one was not only protected, but the perpetrator was severely dealt with. Even at the risk of her own life, at times, would she strike out those little fists into the faces of hard, cruel men, never stopping to regard their strength, nor to consider hers as a woman.

Thus, after awhile, she actually became feared by many a big coward, and admired by others, for pluck and courage.

When sober, no one of all that crowd who fairly swarm those streets had a bigger heart, and more than once did she even care, herself, for persons stricken with sickness; and upon one occasion, when a companion was lying very low with a certain disease, this strange girl could have been seen day after day faithfully nursing the sufferer, never thinking of the awful danger she was being exposed to in those badly ventilated quarters, nor considering it a sacrifice.

She had, indeed, many noble qualities hidden under great wickedness, which, after her conversion, became so sanctified by redeeming grace as to make her of great power wherever she went.

At the age of twenty-three, probably there was not a more hardened character upon the streets of New York, and the very thought of reformation had been dismissed from her mind forever, as she supposed.

And now comes the story of the Pink Rose.

CHAPTER II.



NE rather sultry night in the early spring, May 25, 1891, a little band of workers accompanied me down to the slums in the lower part of New York.

Before starting, a most beautiful pale pink rose was presented me, and the thought came, while gazing at its purity and beauty, to take it along, and to trust God to use it for His glory. Accordingly, before starting, we knelt in prayer, and asked whoever it should be given to might receive a blessing, etc.

From place to place we went, until we finally found ourselves entering a low sub-cellar in Mulberry Street. Upon descending, the room seemed somewhat crowded with a rather disorderly and excited set (mostly men), talking, smoking and swearing. The atmosphere was somewhat dense; and for a moment we did little but stand still



THE DIVE WHERE DELIA WAS FOUND.

and look at the motley group who closed in upon us. Some savage, cruel faces looked into ours, while others less interested stood aloof, or were so occupied with their own wretchedness as to pay little attention to the visitors.

As a rule, we had permission to hold a short service there, but that particular night we were not even allowed to sing; and, in fact, *made* to understand our presence was not desired for many minutes.

A gang of thieves surrounded us; although unaware of it then, we could not but be forcibly impressed with the one regarded as "the woman of the crowd." She appeared to be spokesman, leader and all. She kept very close to me, and, as I looked upon her poor, bruised face, with those ugly black marks under her eyes, I saw a bad cut on the forehead, and that part of her hair had actually been pulled out by the roots, while the side of her ear showed another bad scar, from a former fight, as she afterward explained. The remainder of her hair was hanging loosely down the back, over a dirty blue cotton dress.

As she stood there, her wild, penetrating eyes were fastened on my face, and something I can never describe drew me to her in such love and pity that then and there I felt she *must* be saved.

As we turned, somewhat disheartened, to go up the street, she followed very closely behind. The reason I never knew until months later ; it was this : That very day two of the gang she belonged to had been arrested, and the remaining ones were so incensed, and, being more or less under the influence of liquor, she feared they might revenge themselves upon some of us. Recognizing that we were Christians, and down there for good purposes, she determined to protect us, and if any one got hurt, as she said, when speaking of that night, they would have to strike her first.

How often have we seen even in the most depraved seemingly, God respected in others, as in this case !

There was a wild look of boldness upon the countenance of the weird-looking girl, mixed

with reckless courage, which certainly appeared to give her the advantage over the many cowardly and timid ones she mingled with, and, although her face was equally haggard and pinched, and greatly marred by the ravages of sin and intemperance, one could readily perceive she was superior in many ways, although a most deplorable specimen of humanity, and *only* twenty-three years of age !

When on the sidewalk, she proposed going with us into some of the opium joints on Mott Street. Knowing well it was not customary for even Christian workers to enter such places without detectives, she peered silently into our faces for a moment, awaiting the reply ; then, thinking possibly fear might deter us from accepting the proposition, she tossed her head disdainfully, and said : " Ah, come along. I'm neither afraid of man, God nor the devil."

CHAPTER III.

T was from no desire of curiosity that we finally acquiesced, as our hearts had been sickened more than once that night by what our eyes had witnessed ; but I had personally such an intense longing, by this time, to talk privately to this strange girl, that, for one, I would have been willing to have accompanied her almost anywhere for the opportunity of keeping close to her until this was accomplished.

All we saw and came in contact with upon proceeding in and out some of the joints, as they are called, is too revolting to recall, and, with the exception of this poor girl, we know not if aught else was accomplished, although a large number of tracts were distributed, and many words spoken for Christ.

Still, the recollection of what she was then,

and afterward proved to be, to the day she entered her heavenly home, certainly *more* than compensates for the losing of a night's rest, and subjecting oneself to those awful sights.

Feeling assured if New York itself were searched no more dreadful looking being could be found, as a woman, I decided to make her the recipient of the rose, which up to this time had been concealed in paper, so as not to attract attention.

We could not refrain from smiling at her reception of it. She nodded her head and simply said, laughingly, "O, that's all right." Ah, she little knew—nor did we at that time—how all right it was! One of our small company of workers teased me a little, feeling *sure* the rose was wasted, and I had as good as thrown it away. There was such a conviction, however, in my heart that God had prompted the giving of it, that I answered: "He will use it in some way, because I asked His blessing upon it before I gave it to her."

Side by side, for nearly an hour, Delia and I

walked together, only separating as we entered the different places. In real prayerfulness did I plead with her to leave this fearful life, but nothing seemed to touch her heart. She said she could get all she wanted to eat, and if she needed money all she had to do was to help herself from those who had it. She had yielded to every known sin, and so there was no use to do differently, etc.

Nevertheless, the more we conversed together the greater became the conviction that she *must* be saved ; and even then in the depths of that depraved heart could I perceive, with the grace of Jesus Christ, great possibilities of better things. This thought so took possession of me that for twenty-four hours no soul was ever held up much more persistently in believing faith before God than was the poor girl of the streets.

She was known by three names in that wicked district. The police, on account of their difficulty to find her, gave her the title of "The Mystery ;" the people knew her as "The Mulberry Slum Bummer," while others called her

“Blue-Bird,” (I suppose on account of her partiality for that color). For three years she had been roaming thus about with these people, until (as she remarked) she had become perfectly callous to everything good, bad, or indifferent.

As I listened to all this and more that I would not care to repeat, the thought presented itself over and over again, if this girl was once established in Christ, God could so sanctify that fearlessness of disposition as to make her as notorious for Him possibly as was Jerry McAuley, for, as has been said, there was scarcely a den of vice or place of iniquity she was not acquainted with, nor would be afraid to enter, throughout that ward or others.

Her actions certainly gave no encouragement to these thoughts, until just as we were about parting, when she promised to come the following night to Florence Mission. As she did so, she quickly discerned the look of incredulity upon some of our faces, and, in a rough but dignified manner, drew herself up and said: “I suppose you don’t

believe me, but when I say a thing I am a person to do what I say," and, with some force, added, "*I'll be there,*" and then bid us good-bye.

The next evening I waited till nearly 11 o'clock at the place designated, but finally returned home with a sad heart, and without seeing her. All the way up town but one prayer arose over and over again from the depths of my soul: "O God, save her; use *any one*, but save her, for Christ's sake."

The following day I went, as usual, to The Door of Hope, and found the matron awaiting me in the hall, with a small parcel in her hand and an unusually happy face. She greeted me with these words: "Oh, I have something to tell you; but look inside of your parcel first." I undid it with some curiosity, and, at the first glance at its contents, my eyes filled with tears, and a peculiar feeling choked all utterance for an instant, accompanied with unspeakable joy, for I held in my hand the remnant of that once beautiful rose given in His name two nights ago. It had done its duty faithfully, in silently speaking directly to her heart.



DOOR OF HOPE, No. 1,
102 East 61st Street, New York.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL that day, after parting with us, something seemed pressing upon her spirits, making her most restless, and at last she determined to drown it all through drink. Glass after glass was taken, but all to no avail, for the more she took the more sober did she, seemingly, become, and by the time evening set in she was desperate. Entering the same sub-cellar we first met her in, she went over to the shelf where she had placed the rose, in an old glass bottle, for safe keeping. She reached forth her hand, took it down, and was about to pin it on her dress, when its beauty attracted her attention for a moment, and she became very still when she noticed it was beginning to wilt, and some of the leaves fell off, on her hand, to the floor. Then something suggested the thought that once she was as pure as the rose, and the bright days of her early

childhood flitted before her imagination, and the smile of her young, happy mother. With a deep sigh, which caused her hand to tremble, and the rose to fall almost apart, something then seemed to speak in this way: "Delia, your years are dropping off in sin like the leaves to the rose." "That's so," she almost audibly replied. "*And the end?*" As the question arose, almost as quickly did her eyes become riveted upon the petals, which by this time were quite discolored, and the answer came, causing her to shiver at the awful word—"Hell!" From head to foot did she shiver, and began to feel as if her very hair had turned to wire, while the entire body seemed to be fast becoming petrified with horror, when, suddenly, the promise to go up to the mission came to her mind, and with it a way of escape seemed opened.

As quick as a flash she turned, and, glancing at the many curious eyes watching her, she said, abruptly, with emphasis, "Boys, I'm going to leave you to-night!" With that, among a clatter of tongues, one managed to be heard, saying,

“ Why, Bluey is going mad ; look at her, she’s lost so much blood from that last row ! And where are you going, my girl ? ” he added.

“ Up to the mission, to meet that lady who talked to me last night, ” she replied, more decidedly than ever.

Finally, seeing they could not alter that set determination, one fellow lounging around said : “ Well, Bluey, have you got a red ? ” (or something of that sort).

“ No, ” came the answer.

“ Well, I declare ; if you’re going you shall go like a lady, ” he replied ; and, diving way down into his greasy old pocket, he pulled out a five cent piece—the price of his supper that night—and said, most cheerfully, “ I guess I can go without my coffee one night, so you can ride. ”

After a little further consultation, the whole crowd decided to accompany her to the cars ; and oh, how often since has my soul thrilled with pity and love to those poor fellows as I have repeatedly recalled that walk.

Two by two the little procession followed her

down Mulberry Bend to the corner, then up Bowery to Chatham Square, and, as they put her upon the car, one called out, "Stick to it, old gal!" another said, "God bless you, Bluey!" while another called out, as the car was moving, "Good luck to you; now don't forget us, will you?" She answered by leaning over the car, waving her hand, and saying, "O, I'll *never* forget you!" And she certainly never did, for, from the very first day after finding the blessed Lord, her one thought was their salvation, and how she could improve their condition.

Cannot we learn some lessons from the slums in the fidelity of these people? When once they perceived that she was, as they termed it, "set upon doing right," they intended helping her to do so. How many sinners have we helped with as much earnestness to the feet of Jesus? Has the price of one of our meals, for instance, ever been devoted to such a cause? Do we realize what true giving means?

On reaching the mission she found I had gone; so, in a few moments, it was arranged that some

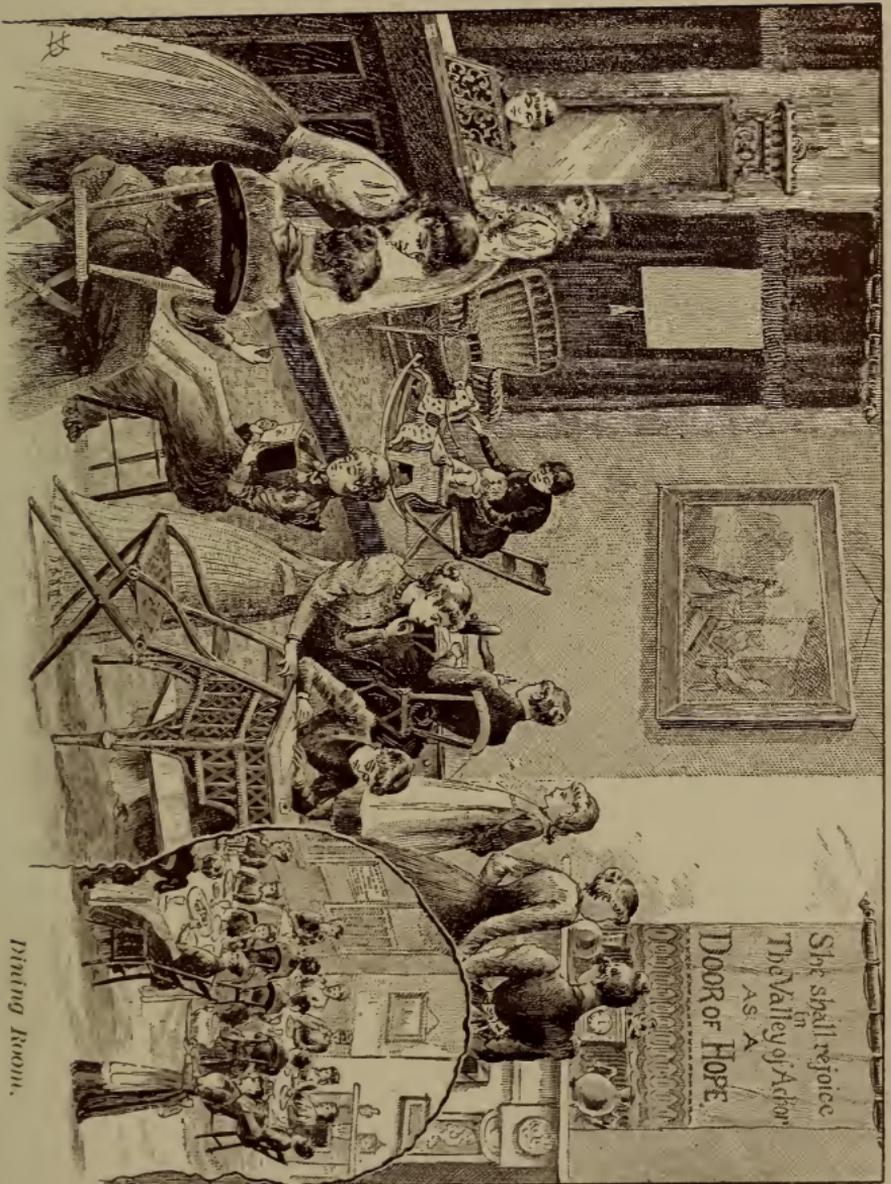
friends should take her up to 'The Door of Hope. She was cordially welcomed, washed and properly dressed, then put to bed. In her hand she lovingly clung on still to the once beautiful rose, even carrying it to the little room where she took her bath.

That day a young lady, who was then acting as temporary assistant at the Home, had received almost a counterpart of the rose mentioned, and was so touched to see such affection for the now poor, withered flower, she felt prompted to present her with the one she had. In speaking of it, further on, Delia remarked it seemed but an illustration of what she was to be, for, in her own way, she said, "I entered the Home almost gone, body and soul, and then exchanged my life for a new one, to bloom as the other rose, by the grace of God." How true it all was, and the fragrance of this wonderful life : full of perfume still.

Going into the back parlor, I met Delia coming upstairs. Almost before I knew it, such a marvelous love was born in my soul for the girl, that my arms were round her in an instant, and I had

kissed those poor, bruised cheeks with much tenderness. With a look of astonishment she drew back a moment, then her whole body quivered, and, by the trembling lip and tearful eyes that hungrily looked up in return, I felt an entrance had somehow been made into her heart for my blessed Lord.

Poor, dear girl, undoubtedly that first pure kiss for years recalled some dear associations of the past, for in a little while she was sobbing convulsively. The matron and myself knelt by her side, placing our arms around her; and we were both so overcome ourselves, that in silence we waited upon the Lord in thankfulness for answered prayer. After a few sentences aloud, God gave me a similar prayer to that which was offered by the side of Vangie, who was so gloriously saved before entering her heavenly home, shortly after the opening of 'The Door of Hope' (the account is given in the tract published, entitled, "How Vangie was Saved"). It was simply, "Dear Lord, all this poor child needs is a little love; now help us both to so love her that we will love her into loving Thee," etc.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DOOR OF HOPE.

Working Room.

Dining Room.

She shall rejoice
in
The Valley of Achan
AS A
DOOR OF HOPE

CHAPTER V.

HAT magic word, "love," thus spoken, accomplished what all that had been said the night before failed to do.

"O," she cried, "I never heard any one talk to God that way! You speak as if you thought he *was* real."

"Yes, indeed, He is, dear child," I replied; "as real to me as you are, kneeling here. And now I want *you* to pray."

Trembling and sobbing still, she finally said, "God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus' sake." And, from what took place then, I am confident there was general rejoicing around the throne of God by the angels, heralding the glad tidings of another washed and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb below, and, even though snatched as a brand from the burning, made most acceptable, through Christ the Redeemer, to all on High.

On arising from our knees there was a bright look of triumph in her eyes, and, notwithstanding all the disfigurement sin had made on that face, we felt satisfied of her salvation, if but from her expression alone. From that day neither liquor, opium, snuff or tobacco has ever been desired by her, and she certainly followed on to know the Lord with all her soul most bravely.

Few in my experience have ever grown so rapidly in divine grace. Only the next day she requested permission to go to the Tombs to see one of her former associates—Dan by name. At first I refused, feeling she should become more grounded in the truth before mingling in any way with those she had just left, and added, as we talked it over, I believed God would make her a power among them later on.

With tears in her eyes she turned away, saying quietly, "Well, of course, if you say no, I won't go." Suddenly something checked me, and I asked why she wished to go so much.

Looking earnestly into my face, she quietly answered, "O, I want to tell Dan that if Christ

saved me—and *he* knows what a wretch I was—He could save him ; that's why."

At once I made arrangements for her to go ; and upon going down there she said, " I'm going to ask God to let Dan be my first convert." It ended in bringing conviction to the heart of that lonely prisoner, and when sentenced, he had the arm of God to lean upon, and, though shut up behind prison bars for many a long year to come, his letters, received from time to time, prove the sincerity of his trust. He was her first convert.

A few weeks after entering The Door of Hope, requiring constant medical treatment, Delia decided to go to the hospital for a few weeks. From there she wrote the following in answer to some letters :

My Dear Mother Whittemore :

I received your kind and welcome letter just about 4 o'clock, and am answering at 4.30 P.M. Now, I don't want you to think I am lonesome even here, with pain and suffering, for, go where I will, I find some one who needs help—a kind word, etc.—worse than I do. Why, you would hardly believe me, but the girls just flock

around me at all times to listen to me! And, thank God, He is using me here, for I've got the promise of *one* young girl who will lead a better life, but there are a good many who just mock. I know it is not *me* they are mocking, but Jesus Christ, and *that* is why I feel sorry for them. I shall not despair with *His* help.

There is another one, Mary E—, who has lived a bad life since she was fourteen years old, and she is now thirty-two; well, she just sits here and listens to me, and, of course, I picture sin darker than night, and my life now as a Christian just as bright as gold, thank the Lord!

Quite a few ladies promised to come to see us to-day, but not one came, not even Mrs. F—. Two ladies from the — mission called, but never spoke of God to any one in the ward. They gave out some fruit and papers. I guess the weather was too warm, up here on the top floor, for them. One of them recognized me, as I was here once before I became a Christian, and she said, "What! you here again?" in no sort of a friendly tone. I was singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Well, I was just going to say something that was not very nice, when I just thought a minute, and then answered, "Yes, ma'am; thank God." She walked away into the next ward, and did not come near me again. So you see even here I have to "watch and pray."

I went to service Sunday. Mr. Myers, the minister,

came the next morning into our ward and asked me if I was not a Catholic. I answered I was brought up one. He then said he had seen me in the meeting, and, noticing how attentive I was, came to ask me to come often. I promised to come if I could, and when I couldn't I wouldn't.

Just before getting on the boat to come here, what do you think? I met a friend I knew before, and I begged him to give up his bad life and go to work, and he would find himself a better man, etc. Monday I received a letter from him, which I shall send to you, as I am *not* going to have any secrets from you.

I wrote and told him I needed nothing to keep me from stealing now; asked him to look for work, and to attend as many missions as he could, and not to be ashamed to ask the boys to go with him, or to tell them he was going to be a Christian.

Never fear, for God's sake I intend to battle Satan. I don't work for him any more, for I have a Saviour who is your Saviour, too.

I know you love me, "dear mother," and I feel, when tempted to do wrong, one thought of you would still claim me for Jesus.

I am feeling pretty well. God be with you till we meet again. I read most of the time in Mary's Bible.

I shall never be able to thank you for what you have done for me, but my Father in heaven and Jesus Christ

won't forget anything. I want to do everything to His glory.

I hope the Lord will help Miss P——come to the Home to teach me to study. I know I need not ask your prayers, because you are always talking to God; and may He never let you get tired.

No matter where I am, on sea or land, I shall always think of my best friend, next to Jesus, and that is you, who have taken my mother's place in my heart, which has been left vacant since I was nine years old.

God bless you, is my prayer always. Do not worry for me, as God tells me at all times I am on the right path, and though I stumble, He says I shall not fall, trusting Him.

Yesterday, nobody knows but God and myself what temptation the devil just put in my way. I had hardly gotten off the boat at 26th St. when I was asked to take a drink, but thinking of your kindness and love while keeping my mind on Jesus I conquered the "old man."

Only for thinking of Jesus and His sufferings, *often* would I have despaired in my pain. Sometimes I would awake in much distress, but would just say, "thank God I have the use of my limbs and eyes;" then I would take a drink of water. Even while drinking I could but think of how the dear Saviour was nailed on the cross, and when asking for a drink, how the people offered him gall; I just said to myself, "have I not given Him gall when

I might have given Him water as well, when He was calling me to Himself?" Never mind, I *am* going to wait on Him better in the future, for He is going to be my Teacher. Write soon.

With love, your daughter,

DELIA.

June, 1891.



CHAPTER VI.

 O prove how God cares for every little detail, I will go back a moment, as it slipped my memory when writing of her reception into the Home. She had not even a change of clothing, and the things upon her had to be destroyed. Nothing was in our closet in the way of a dress, when I remembered all at once the trunk standing unopened in the hall, from a young man, a member of my Bible class, who came and asked if I could make use of some of his dear mother's things. He explained ever since her death he had so cherished them for her sake that they did no one any good, and always seemed to add to his sorrow, until finally the Lord put it into his heart to send them to The Door of Hope. It not only touched my heart, as, by the tears in his eyes, I felt what it must have meant to part with them, but, on taking the articles out, I was quite over-

come at the provisional love of God, at sending them just when He did, for they fitted dear Delia as if moulded to her form, dresses and all.

Before evening, as an added blessing to all, one of the workers sent me some money to use, if necessary, for her comfort ; so, indeed, everything was provided according to the Word, Phil. iv : 19, and all tended to strengthen and greatly increase our faith and hers.

After returning to the home from the hospital, she became very much interested in her Bible, and would spend every spare moment reading and commenting over it, until God so enlightened her understanding and enlarged her heart that she soon became capable of applying the blessed words in many ways of comfort and encouragement to those she mingled with. More than one dear girl can bless God to-day for what she was the means of thus doing for them, when sorely tempted to return to the old, wild life again ; how she would coax them upstairs and kneel by their side in prayer, doing, as she used to say, like Mother Whittemore would have done if she had been there.

At the end of three months we started forth together upon her public service, and began in the very dive from which the Lord had so gloriously rescued her. That night will ever be lovingly remembered. It is difficult to do justice to such a service.

With much natural shrinking she descended those steps by my side, and, when fairly standing in the midst of many of her former companions, she perceptibly trembled. As I regarded her upturned face, so full of love and tenderness, as she spoke, I could hardly believe it possible she ever could have been standing there as a member of that gang.

In great silence for a moment every one present regarded her. A motley group of men and women stood around, and, when she began speaking, no one could have had a more respectful audience. There were some with broken noses, black eyes, and arms out of joint, from fights, we were informed, to say nothing of their clothing, hardly fit to be recognized as such. A few, overpowered by drink, had rolled under the benches by the

wall, too stupid to know what was transpiring, until clubbed up by the keeper of the place, to behave decent before the company, or in other words, to get the cup of coffee they were only too glad to sell us, and which we always bought to treat all hands, in order to remain awhile and talk with those who frequented the dreadful places.

This is what she said : " Boys, do you think I look like the same girl I did three months ago? Do you think I'm proud of the past, and come down here to speak of it?" With a trembling voice, choked with tears, she proceeded : " I want to tell you, if *I* could be saved, you can. It's Christ that forgave my sins and made me what I am ; and what He did for me He will do for you. Oh, won't you let Him, boys? Won't you?"

By this time there was not a dry eye in that sub-cellar, excepting, possibly, Italian Joe, who was as busy as ever fixing the coffee, and seemed more intent upon how much was to be made that night than upon anything else.

As she paused a moment I glanced in tender pity with her into those many upturned faces.

They were blear-eyed, bruised and battered countenances indeed, strangely stamped by sin. One wretched specimen of a woman, with an eye out, her hair flying in all directions, stood listening in respectful silence, while down her cheek could be seen signs of tears on one side of her poor face. Another, literally covered with rags, had, through a dreadful fight, broken her nose, and yet she stood and stood, taking in all that was said. The scratches on her poor, dirty face told their story, while the miserable shawl thrown over her head but added to the awfulness of it all. As for those fearful looking men standing near, I had better not describe them, except one, who had his arm in a sling, and stood there with his hat thrown back on his head, listening eagerly to all she said. His face looked as if he had seen better days, and now the past seemed to be recalled through the hopeful words of Delia, and he bowed his head with the rest, and wept before the power of God. Possibly this was so ; who can tell, though, what was taking place accurately ?

It truly was a weird sight in that semi-lighted

cellar, and not one amiss for a painter to behold, and would have readily touched even a heart of stone.

On and on fearlessly she spoke, until quite overcome herself, she ended with almost a sob, and said, "Let us pray," and, leaning over as I knelt beside her, she whispered, "And mother dear, you pray." I felt, indeed, like praising God before them all, kneeling on that dirty sawdust next to her, for ever crowding the world out of my heart, and giving me far more delight thus bowing before Him in all this wretchedness than I ever experienced in all the so-called pleasures of life we are apt to regard as so essential for one's happiness.

I believe that night, about 2 o'clock, I realized as never before the value of an immortal soul, and the wonderful love of Jesus in being pleased to save just such as they, and even "unto the uttermost." It all ended by determining to give myself up more unreservedly to Him and His cause.

Many kneeling around us also joined in prayer as best they could, and, although we saw no

immediate results, save their being much overcome, we both felt, on arising, that that night would be recalled yet to the glory of God. One thing certain: on leaving the place Delia and myself were somehow drawn closer together in love than ever, and I saw what God could accomplish through her.

Even in the day-time, when passing through the slums after this, it was astonishing to see the great reverence the people showed us as we walked through their streets. On one occasion, as Delia was hurrying along down there, a large crowd collected and called to her. She stopped, while some wretched women shouted out, "Oh, you've made a foin lady of yerself, now, sure enough! You're very foin now, ain't ye?"

"Stop there!" interrupted Delia. "*You* know how hard *I* tried to make a lady of myself, and you know, now, don't you, how I succeeded: what a miserable failure I made by it all? It brought me where you are now. But let me tell you, what He did for me He will do as quickly for you. Will you let Him?" A man made use

of an oath in commendation, but was roughly silenced by one known as Shaggy Jim, a poor broken-down old fellow, saying, with a blow, "Can't ye behave? Have ye no manners? Blue-Bird is here ; she's talking."

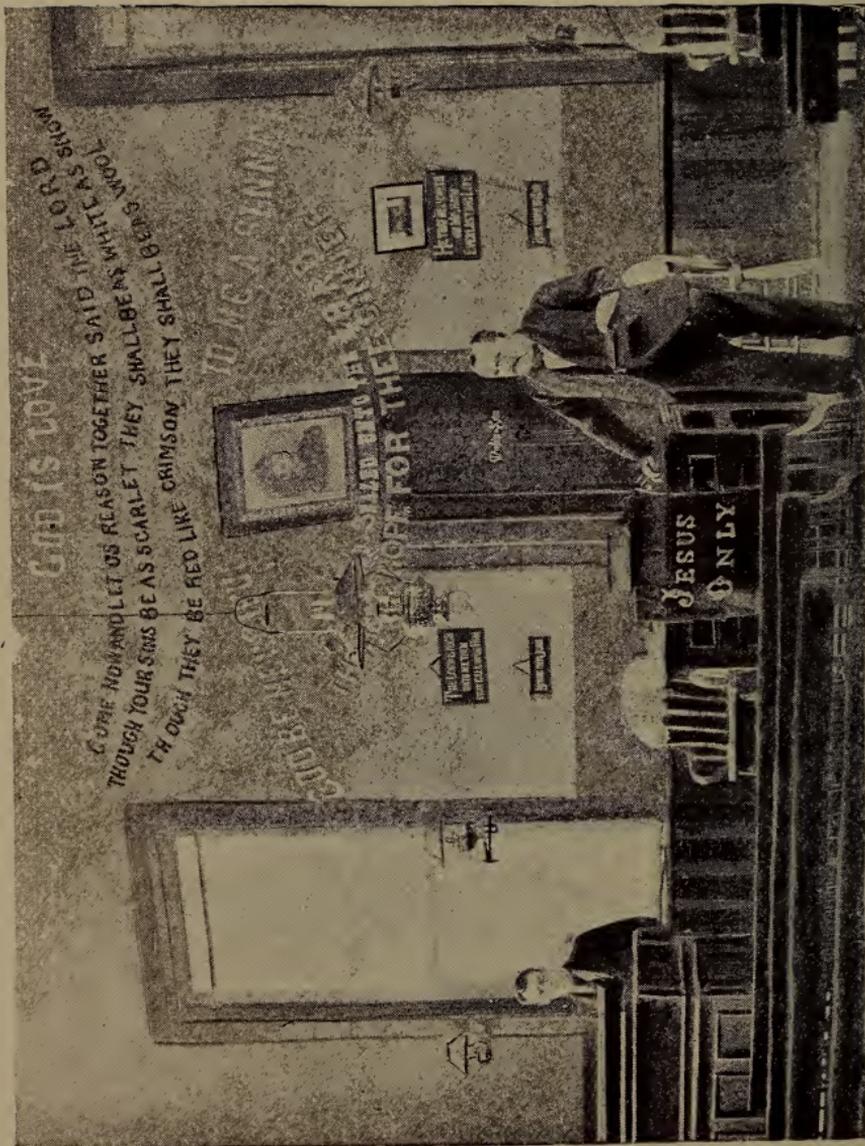
Ah, how quickly is God in others respected, even by those in sin, when the person is as honest and courageous as she was.

Another time they stopped her by saying, "See here, Bluey, give us a talk ; won't you?" Some imagine it's hard to touch hearts in those quarters ; it's because they haven't tried, or have not taken sufficient of the heart of Christ to do so. Many other interesting instances could be given, but time and space will not permit, so I must hasten.

Shortly after Christmas she went to New London, where for weeks she labored most faithfully and successfully in the dear Bradley Street Mission God gave me in answer to prayer, shortly after the opening of the Door of Hope. One case especially who was brought to Christ through her influence—was for years given up to the use of drugs—will

never cease thanking God for deliverance, and for sending her there. From there she went to Noank and Mystic; where God also owned her services in a most marked manner, not only among the poor and lowly, but among the educated as well, so there was general lamenting when she turned her face homeward once more.





BRADLEY STREET MISSION, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Opened in answer to prayer one week after the Door of Hope.

CHAPTER VII.

HILE in New London, the following letter was received :

Mother Dear :

Continual meetings here, and in the midst of them I had an earnest appeal to go to Noank. "A united call from the people," the deacon said who came and told me, adding the people needed awakening. I left, saying, "Anywhere for Jesus." Instead of a few days it grew into weeks, and still the cry was, "Go on."

I've had ten meetings a week. It seems at times as if my heart was bleeding, when I looked into the faces of some of those men with the demon of drink upon their faces.

Noank is shaken up, thank God.

I've gotten a little quieter now, in disposition ; what do you think of it? Just ask God to make me what He wants me to be. I want to be humble for Christ.

God bless you, and, although you did get me from Mulberry Bend, don't ever let it give you any uneasiness as to how I stand, for I am on the Solid Rock, Christ Jesus ; and, what is more, I am not content to be there

myself, but want to help others to get on there with me.

Just think, one year, nearly, glory to God, in His service! I'm going to try another in His strength. I often think of what a young girl said in the hospital, shortly after being saved; she was one of my former companions: "That's Delia, and not Delia." No; praise God, Delia died, was crucified, and, as Jesus was risen, so is she in newness of life, the last part of May, 1891.

Your own daughter in Christ,

April, 1892.

DELIA.

NOANK, 1892.

My own Mother Whittemore :

I want to tell you I am happier than ever in my life. This morning I received your letter, and, if I were beside you, there would something happen outside the usual. May God bless you. I love you more than ever. I have cause to, so bless your heart, little mother. I have Jesus Christ, God my Father, and you for my adviser; why, I wouldn't change places with anyone! I *know* what it means to serve Him.

Do you know that tract you sent me—"Just for To-day?" I like it very much. That's what I am doing; trusting that way. I talk to Jesus more than I ever did before. It may seem strange language for me, but it is so.

Do you know, I even thank God for making me weak ; it is such a pleasure to ask Him for His strength, and to take it. Now, little mother, if you want me to be unhappy, it would be to know that you were worrying about me. I am shut up—not in prison, but with Christ ; and, if that is God's will, shouldn't I be happy ? Shouldn't you ?

You should never judge me by my looks, any more than you can judge a book always by its cover.

I've just read my first and old Psalm—xxvii—you gave me.

Good-bye now, with much love,

DAUGHTER DELIA.



CHAPTER VIII.

SHORTLY after this she took a trip to Auburn, N. Y., to see a former friend, who was mentioned as awaiting his trial in the Tombs, at the beginning of her Christian life.

The following are one or more letters written during her sojourn there.

All through the winter she had been looking forward eagerly and prayerfully to paying this visit to that former companion and friend Dan, and, through self-denial, had sent many a little gift to the lonely man in his prison cell, also had laid aside small amounts given her from time to time, to purchase her ticket there and back. In order to develop the dear girl even more, I allowed this all to be, and, before starting, increased her pleasure by telling her I intended paying her fare all the time, so she could take her money for

what she pleased. It is hardly necessary to relate that not one cent of it was expended foolishly, or in gratifying self.

AUBURN, April, 1892.

Dear Mother Whittemore :

God bless you. I want to tell you I have found God's people up here, as well as in every other place, even in prison, praise God! Well, He did go before me and make "crooked places straight and rough places smooth."

I am to have the service Easter Sunday at Auburn prison, to read and speak before 1,300 or 1,500 men. O Jesus, how good you are to me! Isn't He? Glory to His name! I never did give a sermon as a minister does, but pray, pray for me. You well know what it means to me. My heart is full; may I never prove ungrateful to Him. If I had a dozen lives or tongues, they should all be His.

O tell all the girls at The Door of Hope to be true to Christ at any cost. It is not loss, but new life; I know it, when He should be willing to place me in His footsteps.

I love Him better than all else besides. These are not idle words. Not one can or will stand in my way toward serving Him. Come what may, I will be true to God.

I know what "any cost" may mean. It does not

always mean as we would like it, but God's will be done. And, mother, I love you better now than ever in my life, for, if it was not for your loving kindness, your open Door of Hope, where would I be to-day? Perhaps in hell first, then Potter's Field, for I would not even get a Christian burial, let alone a Christian death.

May God always cause His face to shine upon you. I don't know what to write very well, but I do know I love Jesus Christ. I want you to pray that God will keep me at the foot of the cross. I don't want to be conscious of surroundings any more than it is God's will I should.

I have been thinking to-day that we sometimes get God's will and our own mixed up, for sometimes we say if it is God's will, or God's will be done, and at the same time we know that it is our will that we want done, and it is one's own heart that says yes or no; but I do want all His own will to be done in regard to all my undertakings.

Later :

It was pretty hard to come here, not knowing a soul, but God did lift up friends for me. I went to the W. C. T. U. Convention yesterday, and met Mrs. W——.

I saw Dan to-day. God went before me. I made up my mind I would have no nonsense, for fear I might forget the errand God had sent me upon, so I just walked into his cell as if I had seen him but yesterday, and

simply said, "O, good morning, Dan," then spoke the words that were given me to say—so kept Jesus in mind. Who knows but I might have caused God dishonor if I had done otherwise. I spoke of accepting Jesus in all things. He said he does pray ever since coming here, and is determined to live for God; and is going to write to his father for the first time, and tell him, etc. Enough for now.

Your daughter,

DELIA.

Again, on her return, to show the real character of the girl, she said, when referring to Dan, "I wanted to forget self, and not forget the errand God sent me upon, so, when I entered his cell, I just said, as I wrote, 'O, good morning Dan,' as if I had seen him but yesterday," and then she added, with her face lit up with holy love, "I just spoke as God gave me the words, and he dropped his head on his breast, and was quite overcome. He said if God could keep me out of prison, in the world, surrounded by temptations, strong and true to Him, he, as a man, ought to be ashamed of himself if he didn't let God keep him in prison, away from everything."

I wrote on to the Chaplain, requesting she might speak to the prisoners collectively, and accordingly, on Sunday, she addressed over 1,500 of them. I was told afterward that no pen could describe the scene which took place, as, under the power of God, that frail girl stood proclaiming the truths of the gospel, and relating her past experience.

Large numbers present knew her personally when living her wild life, while others had only heard of her, and so were doubly interested.

During her stay in Auburn she met many delightful people in the place, and God raised up several friends for her. One kindly took down most all she said that day in prison, and in her own language, as she spoke, to which we must devote the following chapters.

CHAPTER IX.

A TALK TO THE PRISONERS IN AUBURN PRISON.

BY DELIA LOUGHLIN.

WELL, boys, as I look at you this morning, and look over this sea of faces here, I wonder how many there are in this room that know God. Now, before I begin, I want to tell you that you must look for no fine thing, for if I started to speak it I'd make a blunder; and then, again, don't think I came here to look at you out of curiosity, for God forbid I should. I have been in the same box myself, and I know what it is.

It is not the pleasantest thing in my life to stand up here and tell you that I myself have been the same way; but when I was low down and cast out by every one, so that I did not care

what I did, but kept drifting and drifting until I started on a run down hill, shunned by even my own, thinking there was no use to do better, I found out I could lead a better life. I can tell you that every one of you here to-day can do the same thing, if you will only trust in God.

Perhaps some of you say, "Oh, you bet, when I get out I'll lead a better life; I'll turn over a new leaf." Never mind about your turning over a new leaf. Resolutions don't go for much. I have heard one that is in this room to-day make a resolution that he would never take another thing that didn't belong to him; that he would lead a straight life. Did he? Well, you can bet he didn't. It wasn't ten minutes after until the very one was in the hands of an officer.

Now, boys, perhaps you will say, well, nobody cares for you; there is no use to do better; that you can't get honest work even when you do get out. Let me tell you that you can. But don't be waiting till you do get out to lead a better life. Start while you are in, if it is only in a kind word and a kind action. Help one another, and God

will go before you and “ make the crooked places straight and the rough places smooth,” and raise up friends for you that you never thought you had. Now I know what this means—a kind word, a kind action—I myself would at one time have thought it was a baby-act to give a kind word to any one. Since I have started to live a straight life, God has raised up friends for me that I never had before, even those that once scorned me and cast me down. I can tell you it is not a very pleasant thing when you see those that you have known in other days passing you by on the streets with a look of scorn.

Sometimes we say, “ We don’t care.” We try to put on a bold front ; we turn up our lip with scorn, and we say, “ Humph, we don’t care.” I know what that means. I have often started to do a thing, knowing there was a consequence to come for it, too, but willing to take the consequence as long as I got what I was after. I can tell you oftentimes that, for all our boldness and our indifference, and you know it yourselves,

when it comes to the point, we are the biggest cowards down at heart. Now, boys, it is not because I have read this, or heard some one else tell it, but it is because I have experienced it myself, that I can tell you that Jesus will take us, any one and every one, when every one else will turn their backs upon us.

We are not way down all at once. We go on drifting ; at first start it is not in the slums. It is as respectable sinners in higher life, as we think. Perhaps start to drink wine ; but I know what it is to crave after a three-cent drink of whiskey. Let me ask you here, what have you got for this life in serving the devil and false friends of this world, can you tell me? I can tell what I had : misery, scorn, imprisonment, poverty, rags ; and I tell you, when we first start to serve the devil it may be diamonds, but it soon comes down to glass ; it may be gold, but it soon comes down to copper ; it may be silks, but we will soon find ourselves in rags.

What have I got since I started to serve Christ? perhaps you say. I have gotten love,

peace, contentment, and, should God call me when I lie on my bed at night, that I could say that I am satisfied to go, knowing I have served Him the best I knew how through the day. But while I was serving the devil, while I was having a big time sporting around schooner houses, and from there down around the Bend, and I can tell you that I was tough, and wanted to make those around me dread me, but I can tell you that whenever I did go to my room and to bed, I never went to sleep unless I had a lamp burning until morning. Neither would I sleep in a house alone, not knowing where I would be in the morning, as already I have been taken out of bed by a detective. Sometimes when I would get up in the morning I did not know where I would be before night. If I wasn't sent up for drunkenness, it would be, perhaps, for disorderly conduct, or fighting in the street.

Now, boys, I don't have to tell you all this, as there are a great many in this place that know who I was and where I came from, but I want to tell you that when God saved me, He can

save anyone ; and you know when a woman is down, *she's down*, and she is even cast out by her own, and she is lower, as the saying goes, than a man could ever be.

Perhaps some of you have known the love of God at some time, and have rejected Him. Perhaps some of you have mocked Him for many years. I remember one Saturday afternoon, as I sat in my arm-chair at the Charity Hospital, brought there through sin, a young woman came up the ward, a missionary, and I was looking out upon the water with my back turned toward her, and she touched me on the shoulder and asked me if I had found Jesus. I turned around and looked at the woman in a scornful way, and said, "No ; was He lost ?" She looked at me so pitifully, and I began laughing at her. She wasn't so easily turned away, and she commenced to sing that beautiful hymn, "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus." I asked her if she would take a walk ; I didn't want to hear any more of that, nor did I want to have any one speak to me, especially a Protestant. Even as a child I hated

them, and wouldn't sit in school beside one if I could help it.

I can tell you friends, I went on indifferently. I had plenty of religion, as far as form went, reading out of the prayer book and going to church. But I didn't do that unless I had to, and I used sometimes to go and look in at the door and see what priest was at the altar, for fear that my father would ask me when I came home.

Well, I left Charity Hospital to go down in sin deeper than ever. As far as resolves went, before I left, I was never going to drink any more, I was never going to do the things I had done, but before the night was over I was drunk. I served the devil faithfully for many years. He sent me to prison time after time ; sent me to the hospitals with pain and suffering ; still it never brought me to my senses. Now I don't want to take up all the time, but I want to tell you, perhaps as you will ask, how did I come to know God, and what enticed me to give up my crooked life ? And before I close I will tell you a little

of it. It wasn't long prayer. It wasn't any long nagging, but it was the power of God. Perhaps you are thinking how long did it take me to give up, and think about leaving this kind of life, as we always use the expression, "Lead a straight life." Well, I will tell you: it took me about three minutes. *Just while I asked God to do it!*

One night last May some ladies came down to Mulberry Bend, and coming into the dive where I was—a great many of you here know what that is, and I don't have to tell you where it is, either—a crowd of boys and girls were standing round. I saw them coming down the steps, and I thought there was a chance for some fun, for, as I saw the faces coming in at the door, I knew that they were people that didn't know much about the place they had come into, especially when I saw the ladies amongst them, as I didn't know whether the men were "Fly cops," or something else. When I heard them ask if they could sing, the Italian said no, that they would make such a noise that the police would come in

and make an arrest. I knew what was the matter with him, and that he was afraid of losing his trade, and the people walked out of the place, and I stood scolding the Italian. Just then one of the men came back and asked me if I would show them some of the places round the Bend. Of course, I went up with them, and invited them to go into the Chinese opium joints. They did, and we walked from place to place in every joint we could get into. At last these people walked back to the same place they started from with me, to the place I came out of. One of the ladies asked me if I didn't want to give up that life; if I didn't want a good home, where I could have my meals regularly, where I would be happy? I told her that I had a home. So I did—*anywhere* the night found me. I told her that when I wanted money I generally knew where to get it. When she was going away she gave me a beautiful pink rose she had in her hand. Flowers I always loved; perhaps I would have one stuck in my button hole, with neither my face washed nor my hair combed.

But I took the rose and carried it down-stairs, and asked Joe, the "Italian," to give me a big glass bottle to put it in. I put it upon the shelf in water, and never thought any more about it that night, as I knew it was safe. Next day, as it must have been two or three o'clock in the morning then, for I kept drinking and trying to pass the time away the same as usual, there seemed something hanging over me all day that I couldn't make out what it was. I tried to get full, and the more I drank the soberer I got, never once thinking of the rose until, the next night, something seemed to urge me to look upon that shelf. As I looked up, I noticed the rose there. I took it down and I thought of the promise I had made the night before, that I would go up to the Florence Mission to meet that lady who had given me the flower. Now, the mission I had never been in in my life, only once in the Salvation Army room, that was for acting disorderly; but, as I took the rose in my hand—it looked quite fresh in the bottle—after I held it in my hand for a moment it fell apart,

I was just going to pin it to my coat,—but never did human being speak to me plainer than the rose that night.

Now, boys, I wasn't given to sentiment, or to anything like it, but I will tell you that rose spoke to me that night as I stood gazing on it, with all the boys and girls around me cursing, and drinking, and card playing. It seemed to say to me, "You see how fresh and how beautiful that rose was yesterday, and you see how it is to-night. You were once as pure and as fresh as that rose was; now those leaves lying in your hand are your years, dropping off one by one; that centre where it is all blackened said that is hell before you, and you are going down." Without another thought I turned around to those around me and said, "Boys and girls, I'm going to leave you to-night." They all looked at me in wonder. I had been stabbed shortly before that, and from the loss of blood, and drinking so heavily, I had had delirium. The boys made the remark, "Bluey is going crazy;" but I said, "No, boys, unless it is crazy

serving the devil ; unless it is crazy leading this life. But I'm going away to-night." They said, "Where are you going, Bluey?" I said, "I'm going up to the Florence Mission to meet that lady, as I didn't know her name, that was down here last night." "Why," the boys said, "she's going to the mission!" Now, a good many of them knew what the mission meant, but I hadn't been in one. So the first question asked was, "How are you fixed?" You know what that means when we are broke, when one asks how you're fixed. I said, "I ain't got a cent." One of the boys put his hand down into his pocket, and said, "I have got a nickel." I said, "I don't want it ; I'll get there to-night if I have to walk there." But it was no go. They said they'd go up and see me as far as the car any way. I can see them now as they walked two by two up to the car at Chatham Square. There was three passed before they would let us on. At last I got on one, and the last words was, "When will you be down again, Bluey?" and some called out different things. As the

boys said, "Good-bye; I suppose if you go up there you will be high-toned; you won't come near any of us." I said, "Boys, I will never get so."

Anyway, I did go up to the Florence Mission. From there I was taken up to the Door of Hope, in East Sixty-first Street. As soon as I got in that door I looked around to see if there were any bars on the windows, or such things, as I used to see in all the Institutions I had ever been in, on Blackwell's Island or Brooklyn. I said to myself, I'm going to stay here. I went up and went to bed, and the next morning got up. Well, I will cut it short a little. About 10 o'clock Mrs. Whittemore—God bless her wherever she is to-day—as that was the lady's name that had given me the flower—she said, "Come into the back parlor, I want to speak to you." I went in with her, and she put her arm around me and kissed me, just as I was, and, kneeling down beside a chair, began praying, and in her prayer she kept telling some one how bad I was, and she says, "Now, God, you can make her

better, and you can love her ;” and I don’t know what else she said, but while she was praying I was saying to myself, who is she telling on me ? and I thought she was crazy. After she got through she asked me if I could pray for myself. Well, I had never prayed like that in my life, so I didn’t want to say any prayers I knew, she being a Protestant, so I said from my heart, and partly to myself, “ Now God, she has been asking you to do this. She says you can do it, and that you can make me better.” Now, friends, I had tried to be better so many times myself, as many of you, perhaps, have done, but when she said that if I would ask God to do it He would do it, I just said, “ Now God, she said you could do it, and I want you to do it, and I want you to do it if you can. Give me a quiet mind, and keep desires for both liquor, and snuff, and drugs away from me, and I will do anything you want me to.” Boys, I can tell you that right there I was broke down crying, and I then knew that, in place of being crazy, there was something wrong with myself. I got

up from that chair *determined* to serve God and do what was right, and to serve God at *any cost*. Not according to what any one said about me, for I knew that a great many would say that I would never stick it out a week.

Now, that at any cost meant to me quite a little, for a short time after I was asked to go down into those very places where I had come out from, and I went there knowing that I had promised God to do what He led me to, at any cost. I found it meant to go among the very ones I had come out from among, for, if God's Word ever spoke a truth, it spoke it in saying, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate." I can never think of that verse, or that hymn that says, "There were ninety and nine," and one had strayed, but I always think that I was the lost one that Jesus Christ came to save. And so, boys, to-day there is some one here that Jesus Christ wants to make one of his fold, and make it a hundred.

Now, won't you start out from to-day and say that you will be men, for, let me tell you, you

will never be sorry for the step you take ; and when you give your soul to God you can tell Him all your needs, and ask God to help you, and to teach you the way and lead you in this life, and He will. It won't be a cowardly act—it will be the most manly act you ever did in your life, for in all my years I never could say I was a Christian until I knelt at the feet of Christ and asked for pardon.

Now, boys, I want to ask you, before I close, to pray for me, and, come what will, though friends turn from me, though it means death, though it means separation, we still have Jesus Christ to look to, and He never forsakes us, for He said, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then I will take thee up." I want to tell you that, God willing, God keeping me, I will go on to the end.

CHAPTER X.

HAT same night this dear child spoke in one of the largest churches there, and filled the hearts of all who listened with awe. She wrote that, as she ascended for the first time in her life into the pulpit, her heart beat so loudly, she was afraid she couldn't speak, but she added, "I did as you say you do, mother dear—I just bowed my head in prayer and got lost in God, and when it was time to speak all fear was gone, and it just seemed as if Jesus Himself was standing close by to give me the thought to express what He most wanted."

She gave very little account of herself when she returned, but was continually filled with delight to see what God did through her, and gave Him all the glory, as she said, with eyes full of tears, "I know it's not me at all, but Jesus, who did so much for me, for surely I can never

forget the awful past—it helps to keep me in my right place ; nothing at all, but Jesus is my all in all.”

On her way back she stopped at Syracuse and one or two places, when finally her health broke completely down, and a few days later came home to The Door of Hope. She awoke with a fearful hemorrhage that night, and for days afterward lay very white and still, but so patient and gentle.

Never can I forget the first impression of her coming departure ; it seemed as if my heart would break. By this time she had grown to be very much in my life, and it seemed as if it could not be. Standing beside her bed one morning with similar thoughts, the tears began to come, and, although for her sake I endeavored to control them, she noticed the sorrow on my face, and at once put her thin arms round my neck, drawing me very close to her side, said most lovingly, as she wiped the tears away, “Mother dear”—O how I loved to hear her, and, in fact, any of my dear redeemed girls, call me by that sacred name, none so to my ears next to the name of Jesus—

“Oh, don’t you cry, it’s all right if God wants to take me; and just think, mother dear, if He does,” she went on to say, with a triumphant look of glory, “I will go to heaven rejoicing in nearly one solid year of blessed service; just think of that now!”

“Yes, my precious child,” I lovingly replied, as I stroked her brow, “and such service many a Christian could be envious over.”

Friends, do you know what it was? Over one hundred souls brought to Christ within a year, inside of eleven months, through her earnest, fruitful efforts, and no one can estimate what that really means, or how many more she may have touched.

How many have you, dear reader, been instrumental of leading to your Saviour during the past eleven months, yes, in the last eleven years? Shall one such girl, washed in Jesus’ blood, get ahead of us and cause us to hang our heads in shame by and by, or will not the recital of what she accomplished but stimulate us into more earnest action for the cause of our divine Master?

Let us keep close to the Lord and this will be possible, and may the very thought of her inspire us with holy enthusiasm, causing us to be up and doing, availing ourselves of every opportunity to speak the word in season. Will we?

Another day, upon entering her room, with a face radiant with love, she exclaimed, "O mother dear, He's given me something!" Seeing the questioning expression upon my countenance, without further delay explained, "Well, I couldn't sleep last night, so spent hour after hour in prayer and waiting upon God, and just asked Him to give me a birthday gift in a message, and He gave me this: 'Chosen and sealed unto the Lord,' " and, giving my hand a tight pressure, she added, "O, isn't it beautiful?"

I could not but reply it was indeed, and very fitting, for she was truly the Lord's very own in every sense of the word. Afterward we had those words cut out in large letters, and hung over her bed! How she loved to gaze up at it! Just before entering into the presence of God her eyes rested upon the text, and when asked if she

felt then as if she was truly chosen and sealed unto the Lord, though past speech, her face was illumined with expectant glory, and she bowed her head in assent with a smile of joy. A few moments later she entered into the reality of it all.

Surely in such a triumphant entrance into heaven all the sting of death was gone, and, although those standing by the bed, gazing on that lifeless form, were filled with sorrow, they, too, could smile for joy in the midst of it all, as the mind would endeavor to grasp the thought of what it all meant to her.

CHAPTER XI.

 ON one occasion, I took her up to New Haven to hold some services, and during her talk in one of the churches, God influenced the heart of one of the prominent gentlemen of that place to become interested in her, and, shortly after our return home, he wrote requesting the pleasure of starting what he desired might be known as the "Delia Fund," enclosing a certain amount of money himself towards it, stating, from time to time, he probably could get others interested in it ; also adding that even in case of her death he wished this fund to continue, the object of which was to either furnish meals or clothing to those who she formerly associated with in sin, if they gave any real evidence of being desirous of listening to counsel, or, what was still more important, willing to be taught of God.

Dear child, before entering her home on High,

she had the pleasure of using some of this money, and nothing gave her greater joy than to try and make others happy.

Accepting an invitation to speak at one of Mrs. F.'s Bible classes in Sing Sing Prison, I decided to have Delia accompany me, in order to give her testimony of the power of God to save and keep.

After delivering a short talk, dwelling especially upon "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," she arose, as a practical illustration of it all, and emphasized the truth I had endeavored to bring forth, of the matchless love of God, by describing what she once was. Tears glistened in the eyes of many a strong man, as with marked attention they listened, and, at the close of our service, over thirty hands were raised in prayer.

Among that large audience of prisoners, there sat a very gentlemanly person, evidently in deep thought, and, though strangely moved, he seemed apparently ashamed to acknowledge it. He had, up to that hour, boasted of his infidelity, and, on entering the chapel, the very cynical expression

of his countenance denoted not only an indifference to all he might hear, but a sort of composure that should not be ruffled by it.

Though well connected, through the power of sin, from one step to another, he had finally found himself behind prison bars, with many a bitter regret, more on account of those who loved him and he had so disgraced, than even for himself. He regarded it all as the hardness of fate.

Shut up again that night in his lonely cell, reviewing what he had heard in the afternoon, a great hunger seemed to arise in his soul, for something, he knew not what, and the thought would repeatedly present itself of the possibility of there being a God after all. Then the oft-repeated text, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," kept coming into his mind over and over again, until finally he actually threw himself upon his knees and called upon God, if there was a God, to have mercy upon his soul; and the Christ he had so long rejected, so opened the eyes of his understanding, that he accepted Him as his light and salvation. Ever since he

has realized the efficacy of that pardoning blood, and has endeavored to follow on to know the Lord more fully.

Shortly, an intense desire arose within his heart to reach forth a helping hand to those who know no God, and in much prayerfulness the following lines were written. May God add His blessing in saving power to those who may peruse them!

THE APPEAL.

“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

How many there are in this world to-day who never heard the sweet words of Jesus, “I will in no wise cast out.”

Oh, you with broken hearts, you disappointed ones, you whose life seems a total failure, hear ye what Jesus said, “I will in no wise cast out.”

And above and before all, you who have fallen, and know what it is to be cast out by the WORLD—and also, poor fallen girl, most shunned of all—do you know that Jesus, the loving brother, the fond friend of sinners, said in the very fullness of His love, “*I will in no wise cast out!*”

Perhaps you know what it is to be received by some one who does not exactly tell you they don't want you, nor have any sympathy even to spare upon you, and yet their faces denote but mere toleration. Have you yet learned the bitter lesson the world teaches when once you have lost its favor?

Have you learned what it means to be cast out by those who love you, and who in the hey-day of your life were all fond smiles and endearing words?

Oh, dear one, have you believed in the dream of life-long happiness? Oh, that short, short dream—the bitter awakening and the dark, dreadful days that follow in its wake! Oh, these terrible, crushing, merciless days, the lesson, centuries old yet new to you, that you are utterly cast out;

that the world does not care ; that friends despise and forsake you, finally ; all that was once good and true in you seems crushed out ! Then ! *then !* THEN ! What then ? This, and only this : If you have found it so, as I have, and if down in the depths of your heart you crave for sympathy, for one loving look or word, then give me your hand, and I will lead you to a Friend that “ sticketh closer than a brother ; ” to One who lives amongst us, and feels our pains and sorrows ; was tempted like as we are ; a Man that had a heart tender enough to bless little children, and to weep over the grave of a friend. Yes ; He loved, He wept, He was tempted, He was injured and He forgave. He trusted and was betrayed. He was mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, ridiculed, spat upon, bound, bleeding, deserted by His friends, and then nailed to a cross, and yet with His dying breath He called out, “ Father forgive them.” It is to *Him*, to this Saviour, this betrayed, despised, suffering Jesus, that said, “ Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,” I’ll take you.

Come to Him, then, under the protection of this promise, and He will comfort and rest you.

I came, trusting in that promise—Oh, so weary, cast out and hopeless—and He gave me rest. Oh! that blessed verse! *Do* come to that Friend of sinners. Tell Him your sorrows, and when He has given you peace, pray for me, for one that found a friend in Jesus when cast out and in prison.

And when in that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name—the name of Jesus.

As the day approached her first anniversary—just one year saved—she had such a longing desire to gather together the people of the slums somewhere, and plead with them to come to Christ, that a few of us and herself, prayed most earnestly together, that strength might be grant-

ed ; and she was wondrously raised up for that night's work, to the astonishment of many.

Through the kindness of the pastor of the Five Points Mission Chapel, consent was given to use that building, and about five hundred men and a few women were fed that night, with quantities of good old-fashioned sandwiches, finishing up with ice cream and cake, which latter was donated by a kind friend, Miss K.

The order of arrangements was as follows : in the first place, some friends scattered far and wide in the slums a little card which had printed upon it :

DELIA,

*Formerly known as the "BLUE-BIRD,"
invites you to*

A FREE SUPPER

*Monday Night, May 30th, at 63 Park
Street.*

Come, and Bring Your Friends.

NO CHILDREN ADMITTED.

At each of the three doors of the basement of the church we had two men stationed, and my husband superintending.

The crowds that assembled for hours before, were most orderly at first, but towards the hour of admission, swayed back and forth, until there was great danger of some being crushed or seriously injured.

We only let one hundred and fifty men in at a time. As they entered, Delia and myself greeted them, then they took their stand at long tables. When through, we requested them to go out the other door. At that door they were ushered upstairs, to their surprise, and there they were met by two other men, who showed them into a chapel. With dubious looks at one another at first, they finally decided to make the best of it, and enjoyed themselves, judging from the remarks made upon the entering of the next number of men similarly dealt with. In half undertones they greeted one another with, "Caught, boys!" "We're in for it!" "Got the best of us!" etc. After all had been fed we could possibly make

room for, we sent ever so many sandwiches to the crowd outside, and if the exclamations of delight could have been heard—as they were handed around—by some idlers in the Master's vineyard, surely their hearts would have been roused into activity to see what further could be accomplished. It was most pitiful to look at some of the weaker ones of that rough collection of human beings on the sidewalk. One old fellow was supported by two good-hearted men, as, being lame, he could not make much headway. Finally, his strength giving out, he had to be left on a little bench near by in the park. Even though they left him alone in his misery he was not forgotten, for these friends went without their sandwiches, putting the slices in their dirty pockets, and pieces of cake, to give to him, until some one noticed their actions and supplied them with more.

One man, as he entered, said, looking admiringly into Delia's face, "Bluey, I didn't show myself for what I could get to-night, but out of respect to you I came down here." Another,

bowing to her, said, "Keep at it, and God bless you, Blue-Bird."

Quite a number of women managed to force an entrance to the supper, and they, too, remembered others who couldn't manage it.

With a smile and word of welcome for each the dear child looked round the room, with glistening eyes, more than once, which was most expressive of the thoughts of gratefulness being entertained for all God had done in her and was doing for her. Others watched the girl with great interest, and more than once were moved to tears as they saw with what love she waited upon the poor outcasts of the street.

We came upstairs and went on the platform, and formally called them all to order by singing and praying. Then Delia arose and made an address, that will never be obliterated from the memory, I trust, of even the most degraded one present. During her talk, several, in almost a whisper, in different parts of the chapel, called out: "Go it Bluey," "You're right!" "God bless ye, girl," etc.

She closed by pleading most lovingly for them to come to Christ. Many tearful faces looked into ours towards the end, and when she finished there was a murmur of applause, until quietly raising my hand, with one little word everything was silent again.

We were requested to have policemen in to see everything should be in order, but shrinking from any force, but the power of God in answer to prayer, I positively refused, and surely every visitor present was deeply touched with the reverence of all present.

Several workers followed her with a few words of caution, love and testimony. Then the meeting closed by members kneeling in penitence around the altar in prayer, and to be prayed with, while others looked gravely on in silence.

Heaven, I believe, by and by will reveal what was accomplished that long to be remembered night, and to God will be all the glory.

About one o'clock we said "good night," shaking hands with every one we could.

A few weeks after this, dear Delia was once

more stricken down, though during these weeks she had accomplished much that shall add to her joy above, not only in the slums, but also among others as sinful in God's sight, up-town among the rich.



CHAPTER XII.

 ONE time, when asked to take a party down to the dives, she refused, and upon explaining the reason later to me, said, with much feeling, "You see, mother dear, so many want to go down out of curiosity, and, as every one of those men and women were my companions once, I feel they have souls to be saved and a heart to be touched, and I couldn't bear to have them looked at," etc.

These people were upon her heart continually, and during her illness she particularly requested they might be allowed to visit her, "for," she explained, "I wish to bring as many of them to Christ as possible." After they began coming she would often exclaim, "O, how good God is; He knows I can't go to sinners now, so He sends sinners to me!"

How faithfully did she labor with those who came, even when it was an effort to breathe! One afternoon I paused at her door, and, looking

in, was greatly overcome at what was taking place inside the room. She was propped up in bed with pillows, and, though fairly gasping for breath, with a face that would have touched even a heart of stone, she was expending the little strength possessed most earnestly in endeavoring to bring two ex-convicts to Christ.

Upon entering I looked from one to another, and quietly said, "Let us kneel by Delia's side and settle this now ;" and, as we waited before the Lord, He spoke to the hearts of those men in such a way as to cause them to arise with a holy desire to serve and love Him.

O, reader, have you done as much for Christ—giving out your very life?

Many were unable to come up to see their former friend on account of their clothes, so would send most touching messages by those who did. Thank God, though the tramp, tramp, of many could be heard on the stairs during the day, and sometimes in the evening, to her room, a lighter tread could be heard of almost as many as they descended and left the home with happier hearts,

hopeful countenances, and, in not a few cases, saved.

Some questioned the wisdom of allowing her strength to be thus expended, but if any other course had been adopted, it would have lessened her happiness. - What even if it hastened her death, was it not an entrance into heaven a little sooner? Anyway, I hadn't the heart to interfere, when, with pleading looks, she emphasized her desire to continue on to the end in this service of love.

A short time before the Lord took her to Himself, upon entering her room, she said, "As I feel a little stronger to-day — there's something upon my mind, and if you'll sit down awhile, mother dear, I want to talk to you."

Very calmly she then went on making every preparation for the funeral that was soon to take place. Everything was thought of, even to what she should wear, and, after giving messages for one and another, and stating her wishes concerning a few of her little possessions, she said, with such a fond look, gazing into my face, "Well, as

for you, mother dear, I — have — nothing — to — say!” She had repeatedly stated before she only wished she could put into words how she loved me, but every time she tried she couldn’t. Ah, she little knew how loudly her actions spoke of that pure, true love far greater than anything she could say; and how she would watch my face, and, if she saw a look of concern for her upon it, how she would endeavor to dissipate it with some cheering word. For instance, once when almost choking in a paroxysm of coughing, she caught my eye of pity, and she whispered between the coughs, “O, if I wasn’t coughing so hard, you know, I might be doing something worse, so don’t mind.”

Quite overcome, I hurried from her side, and, though by this time I could truly say, “Thy will be done,” the tears would flow, no matter how I tried to restrain them. She was then so entwined round my heart, that more than one has expressed surprise at such affection, but it was a God-given love, therefore unexplainable, and all the more real, and I am convinced it is the only cord by which these poor wanderers can ever be drawn

into the kingdom of heaven. It's not toleration, but love they require.

She called me to her bed in a few moments, and, earnestly regarding me a second, entwined her arms gently round my neck, and in such a quiet manner, as she drew me to her, said, "Mother dear, please stop crying, it's not right; and see here, dear mother, I can be of far more service to you after I go than I can be here, a poor sick girl." As I was about to question how, she added, "You see, when I get to heaven I am going to ask God to let me be your guardian angel, and I am going to guard you every single moment. Now won't that be nice, mother dear? Now there, don't cry any more."

After that morning she never shed a tear, and, although she fully expected to live a short time longer, she was well prepared to meet her God when taken.

About quarter to eleven, looking at the clock, she said, "O, Mother Whittemore must be almost home by this time; won't she be happy in the morning to find I have fallen asleep!"

Always thinking of others, she cautioned the trained nurse by her side, in case she fell asleep, not to forget the girl in the next room, who had gone to bed sick, but to warm a little broth for her and make her drink it.

Two hours later, putting her hand to her head, she exclaimed, "What is this strange feeling? What is it?" By the expression on her face the nurse knew the truth, and hastened to have those of us who loved her come. In a few moments all was over. No struggle, no pain, simply a breathing out, into Christ. She was conscious to the end, until entering heaven, and only lost her speech five minutes before closing her eyes forever on earth. She was at first asked if Christ was very real, and she nodded a glad yes, with a face full of trustful confidence. It was a most glorious and abundant entrance into the fullness of God; no fear, perfect peace and joy unspeakable toward the last, and full of glory.

Previous to this her father, who had become reconciled to her, begged most earnestly that she

would allow a priest to visit her, but she as repeatedly refused most firmly. Finally he requested an explanation, and she told him the only reason she possessed was, she believed in going to Headquarters direct, and that was why.

I informed the grief-stricken man that if she desired, she could have one ; also that the subject of religions was never discussed at the Door of Hope, for we had Catholics, Jews, infidels and Protestants there, all being welcome, adding, though, that the one theme of the Home was Christ, and with Him I left all else.

Without one word of influence upon my part, through the prayerful study of the 27th Psalm, Delia had been led so close to the Lord that she renounced religion for her Saviour, and she truly lived up to all the light she could get, and was what one of the inmates said she had become, when asked what she was going to say when questioned as to whether she was a Protestant or a Catholic. "Why," she promptly replied, "I shall say I am neither, for I am all for Jesus now !"

I would to God every one who reads these words might take power to so become *all* for Jesus!



CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER time, her father, bending anxiously over her, said, "O, I hope, child, your soul will be saved!" "Yes, indeed," she replied joyfully, "I know I am saved, so you need not *hope* so at all." He would stand and regard her with amazement, and was deeply touched to see the quantity of flowers, fruits, etc., that were sent to her by friends who had grown to love and respect her. Finally, when his sister one evening was endeavoring to persuade her to grant her father's request regarding the priest, seeing how disturbed she became, he silenced the one pleading, by saying, "Let her alone; whatever it is she's got, I don't pretend to know, nor say, but it seems very real and to satisfy her, and I declare if I don't begin to think it satisfies me, and I believe she will be saved after all." Nothing further was said on the subject by either of them again, and he was made in some way to realize

that Christ was indeed a sufficient Saviour. God grant he may yet accept Him as such, for himself.

I had often been told by human lips how scarred her body was from cuts, bruises and stab wounds, but I could hardly imagine it could be so marked. After her death I did not feel like letting any other hand touch her, therefore, with the assistance of the matron and nurse, prepared that little, thin, wasted body for the burial myself, and dressed it in a soft, white robe. I could not keep the tears from coursing down my cheeks upon proceeding to do what was necessary, as I saw the scars and cruel marks of her former life, until I thought how Christ had branded her, as it were, with His own marks of glory, and that through the ages to come the former ones would be lost sight of forever, while His would remain to tell the story of redeeming love for even one such as she.

By her request that body was tenderly placed into a spotless white casket, and in her hand was put one beautiful pink rose. On her waist could be seen the society pin of The Door of Hope she

helped to design—a silver anchor with the letters P. B. F. upon it, meaning the Past, Buried, Forgotten—and only those who would promise with God's help not to refer to the past, could be entitled to wear it.

As she expressly desired no semblance of mourning should be around, I could not consent to the customary black crape on the door-bell, so was prompted to hang up a large bunch of pink roses, tied with a white ribbon, and white crape. More than one heart was touched by this unusual token of respect, as they ascended the steps and entered the house, for the roses spoke of the simple little thing God so graciously used to speak to her heart, while the whiteness of the ribbon suggested the purity of the robes of Christ's righteousness adorning her then in heaven above.

The night before the services were held the bell rang, and a poor fellow came in, not very presentable, but greatly agitated, asking if he could see her. Permission was granted, and, upon entering the parlor, he started back, say-

ing, half aloud, "Oh, there's reality in such a religion! What a beautiful casket! O my, it might have been a pine box and Potter's Field!" Then, advancing, he gazed long and earnestly upon the face he once knew so well, and, as the tears trickled down his face, he listened to some pleading words of entreaty from the lips of the matron, as she regarded him with pity and interest. It all ended by his finally kneeling beside that lifeless form and calling upon God to have mercy upon his soul, as He did upon Delia, for Christ's sake, and in a few moments he left, rejoicing in answered prayer.

In less than an hour he returned with a small bunch of roses, and said, though it wasn't much, he would like them placed on her casket. And those roses cost that poor fellow a walk in the streets that cold night, though unknown to us at the time. O, if human love is such, what should the Divine be? Have we ever made a sacrifice equal to this for Christ? Surely it was but another lesson from the Slums.

On the morning of the 15th of November, at

11 o'clock, large numbers of people of all classes flocked into The Door of Hope. What followed can best be described from a clipping in the *Mission Worker*, written by an eye-witness to it all, and one deeply interested in the dear girl so many had learned to love and reverence.

“Not a vestige of mourning could be seen to remind one of a funeral, as far as arrangements were concerned, though the many tearful eyes spoke of the love she called forth.

“A few moments after 11 o'clock the services began by singing, ‘Trust and Obey,’ one of her choice; and after an opening prayer by Rev. A. B. Simpson, who was in charge, her testimony, as she always termed it, was sung: ‘There is sunshine in my soul to-day.’ Then Mr. Simpson spoke in the most touching manner of the marvelous way in which God had used her consecrated life since accepting Him, and drew some forcible lessons from it. He also read a few suitable passages of Scripture, and closed by calling upon Mrs. Whittemore to speak, as he said she knew her more intimately than any one.

“She arose, and in a very tender way, with a voice choked with tears, gave a graphic account, first of that dingy, over-crowded little sub-cellar in Mulberry Bend ; then pictured the frail young girl standing there, with her face bruised and disfigured, in the midst of that gang of thieves, of the words spoken in their presence, of God and His love, the rose given, the promise made to meet her at the Mission, the names the poor child went by, though only twenty-three years of age—‘Blue Bird,’ ‘Mulberry Slum Bummer,’ and the ‘Mystery’—and of her being shut up in prison six times or more.

“Then she spoke of the following night, as told her by Delia, how she stood in the centre of the cellar with the pink rose in her hand, while God spoke to her heart, first by saying, ‘You once were as pure as that rose, and now your years are dropping off as its leaves, but in sin ; and the end—look !’ and, as she turned her eyes, they rested upon the centre, which had become discolored, and something seemed to say, ‘Hell.’

CHAPTER XIV.

“**S**HE next described the hold it had upon her, almost turning her hair by feeling into wire, and petrifying her body in horror. Not naturally given to sentiment, it was all the more awful and real, when suddenly she remembered her promise, and, turning to the boys, she, with fixed expression, announced her determination to live a better life, informing them she was going to a Mission to meet the one who gave her the rose.

“Then she told of the five cents given, and the procession which followed her to the cars, and their expressions, ‘God bless you, Bluey,’ ‘Don’t forget us,’ etc.

“She paused a moment and pleaded with those present to be as zealous in urging others to Christ, then continued telling how, after reaching the Mission, she was brought up to The Door of Hope, washed and put to bed by the matron.

“Of how affected she was the next morning in

receiving back what was left of the pink rose, which Delia had brought with her ; of the meeting in the back parlor ; of the wonderful love God gave her for the poor girl — how she put her arms around her and kissed that bloated face ; and then how they knelt at the feet of Jesus, and, in a few moments, how Delia arose redeemed in the blood of the Lamb, with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, and then came forth the fruits of it all, that eternity can never fully reveal. She said she had never seen any one grow in Divine grace so rapidly. Her one thought was in being made a blessing to all — especially to those she associated with in sin.

“She spoke also of that remarkable service held at 63 Park Street, to celebrate her first year’s work, last spring ; of the way God used her then, etc. Lastly, she dwelt upon the remaining months of sickness which followed, and of the same intense desire for the salvation of souls, which enabled her to serve God to the last hour of her life. How she joyously said one day, ‘How good God is ; I can’t go to sinners, but He sends sinners to me !’

“How on the stairs could be heard the tramp of many feet, at times, of ex-convicts, thieves, gamblers, and degraded women, of all descriptions, in fact, and even how those in social standing would sit beside that dying girl propped up with pillows, to listen to the words which would fall from her lips, with tears in their eyes.

“Almost as many as went up to her room, she said, came down saved, strengthened and rejoicing in Christ. She would tell them of how God saved her from drink, opium, tobacco, snuff, from the very moment she accepted Christ, by so completely destroying the appetite for such things as to keep her from even thinking of them, excepting to praise Him for the deliverance from them.

“She next referred to her arranging for the services at her funeral, and not wishing anything gloomy connected with it, asked to be buried in a white casket, and that she wanted her death especially to speak for the salvation of souls; also asked to have her body taken down to the slums, where her former companions might have an op-

portunity of looking at her face again, as some from time to time had sent up delegations to represent them, stating, if it were not for their shabby clothes, etc., they would come themselves, as they longed to see her so.

“Then how, turning her eyes lovingly upon her, she put her arms around her neck, drawing her down to her side, and said, ‘As for you, mother dear’ — the title she always gave her — ‘I can be of far more service to you when I am gone than now, for I am going to ask God to let me be your guardian angel, and I will guard you every moment. Now won’t that be better than a sick girl?’

“How, also, the night she passed away, she sang, with a radiant face, ‘My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,’ and when her speech was gone, how she nodded her head with a sweet smile when asked if Jesus was very present and real to her soul, etc. Then, of her quietly folding her hands together, and breathing herself as quietly away into eternity, without a pain or struggle, to dwell forevermore in the presence of

the Christ she had learned to love so well below.

“Mr. Whittemore then made a few most suitable remarks, and spoke most feelingly of what she had taught him by her consistent life.

“Lastly, Rev. Dr. Kittridge concluded the service with an earnest appeal to all present to follow the Saviour as fully, dwelling somewhat upon the victories in her life, and finished by a most tender prayer that God would enable every one there to take a stronger hold in faith and simple trust of His goodness.

“In the evening of the same day, another service was held at 63 Park Street, where she, as has been stated, held her first anniversary, May 30.

“Mr. Whittemore took charge, and, after singing and prayer, read her favorite Psalm (27th), and drew appropriate lessons as he read, which affected many present.

“Then Mr. Taylor, one of the party who went to the slums with Mrs. Whittemore the night of her rescue, gave an account of his truly remark-

able conversion, and how he had watched Delia developing in Christ.

“Mrs. Schultz, another member, rose and paid a sweet tribute of praise to her memory. Then still another of that number, Mr. Selchow, in a most earnest manner, pleaded with those before him to give heed to all that was said, and stated what God was to him.

“Ensign Agnew being present, was asked to speak, which she did, with real power, and ended by reciting a beautiful little poem upon ‘God’s willingness to save.’

“Mr. Van Liew, another worker on that memorable night, next stood up and thanked God for what He could do, and had done, and urged those listening to come to Christ.

“Some others in the audience arose by request and spoke very sympathetically, and the meeting closed by a few words further from Mrs. Whittemore. As she stood by the open casket, pressing the truth home of all that had been said, many a tear was shed, and nods of approval from that strange crowd, who most respectfully listened in silence. A mere casual observer even would

have had to admit that it was not such a difficult task after all to reach even such hearts.

“She closed in a great spirit of tenderness, and many hands were uplifted for prayer in the hall, as she knelt. She then prayed most earnestly for them, and also for the newspaper reporters present, that they, too, might be brought close to Christ and consecrate their pens to His service.

“After that the most impressive of all sights took place, as one after another came forward to gaze at the upturned face of their former friend. Old men, decrepit and forlorn, young men with bloated and cruel faces, miserably clad women of various ages and descriptions, some bruised countenances, and decidedly stamped by dissipation. Yes, they all came most reverently, and numbers were so overcome that sobs could be heard throughout the place from time to time. Mrs. Whittemore gave to as many as she could, as they passed her, a white rose, and to all she gave the little book entitled, ‘A Word from Delia.’ It truly was something never to be forgotten by the people themselves or those looking on.

“Wednesday, in much love, her body was laid away in the grave at Marble Grove Cemetery, in The Door of Hope plot, and even there a word for the Master was spoken, a prayer offered, and a verse of a hymn sung, ‘Just as I am, without one plea,’ before the flowers covered the place where her remains will rest until the resurrection call of a Saviour’s love will quicken them into life and action forevermore.

“Surely such a life, when redeemed, was chosen and sealed unto the Lord. And may God enable all who read this to accept of His choice and be sealed for His glory.”



CHAPTER XV.

IN a small bag she always wore I found about twenty dollars the day after her death. It was all the money she possessed. I could not but regard it as sacred, and determined to donate it to some worthy object in her name, until, one day, when looking over some photographs taken of her at various times, the thought was suggested to have two of them duplicated and sold, using the proceeds to increase this little sum. After prayerful consideration, as she was deeply interested in Missions and the Foreign Field, I dedicated it all to God in her name for the spreading of the gospel in these directions.

Besides the wonderful results from the pictures in hundreds of individual cases, from their sale already fifty dollars have been sent to China, fifty to Hayti, to India, and twenty-five to the new mission about to be opened on First Avenue, for rescue work up-town.

The hand of God was perceptibly seen in every

stepping. Three months after being so gloriously saved, she first asked my consent to sit for a picture. It was reluctantly given, as I could not imagine she fully realized how strange her appearance was even then ; for, although there was a bright look, at times, in her eye that spoke for the Master, the old marks of sin were plainly manifest upon her countenance, even to the place above the forehead, where the hair had been pulled out. Never will I forget the sense of humiliation that almost overpowered her as she gazed upon that photograph, and in dismay exclaimed, " O, do I look like that? "

I gathered them up and for months they were hid away in my desk. Six months before entering heaven I requested her to try it again, and surely no one could possibly wish to see a much sweeter face transferred on paper than hers at that time, as it was fairly lit up with the love of God.

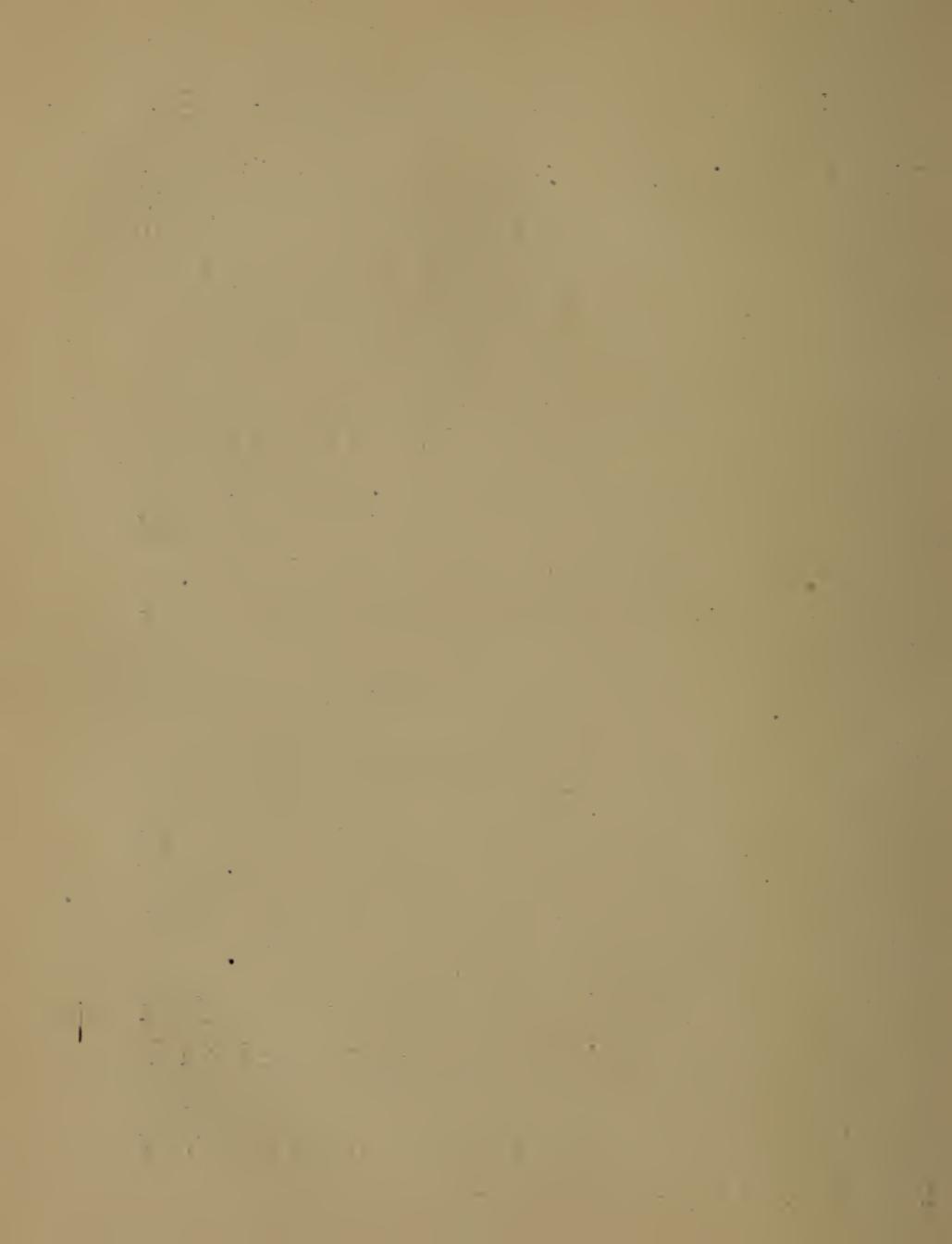
Placing the two side by side, the marvelous contrast was so striking, that I could not but feel convinced others would be influenced by it as an

object lesson of the work of grace upon a human face. Accordingly I had many copies struck off, as stated above, and all that has followed in connection with them, in a very short space of time, has shown whether it met with Divine approval or not.

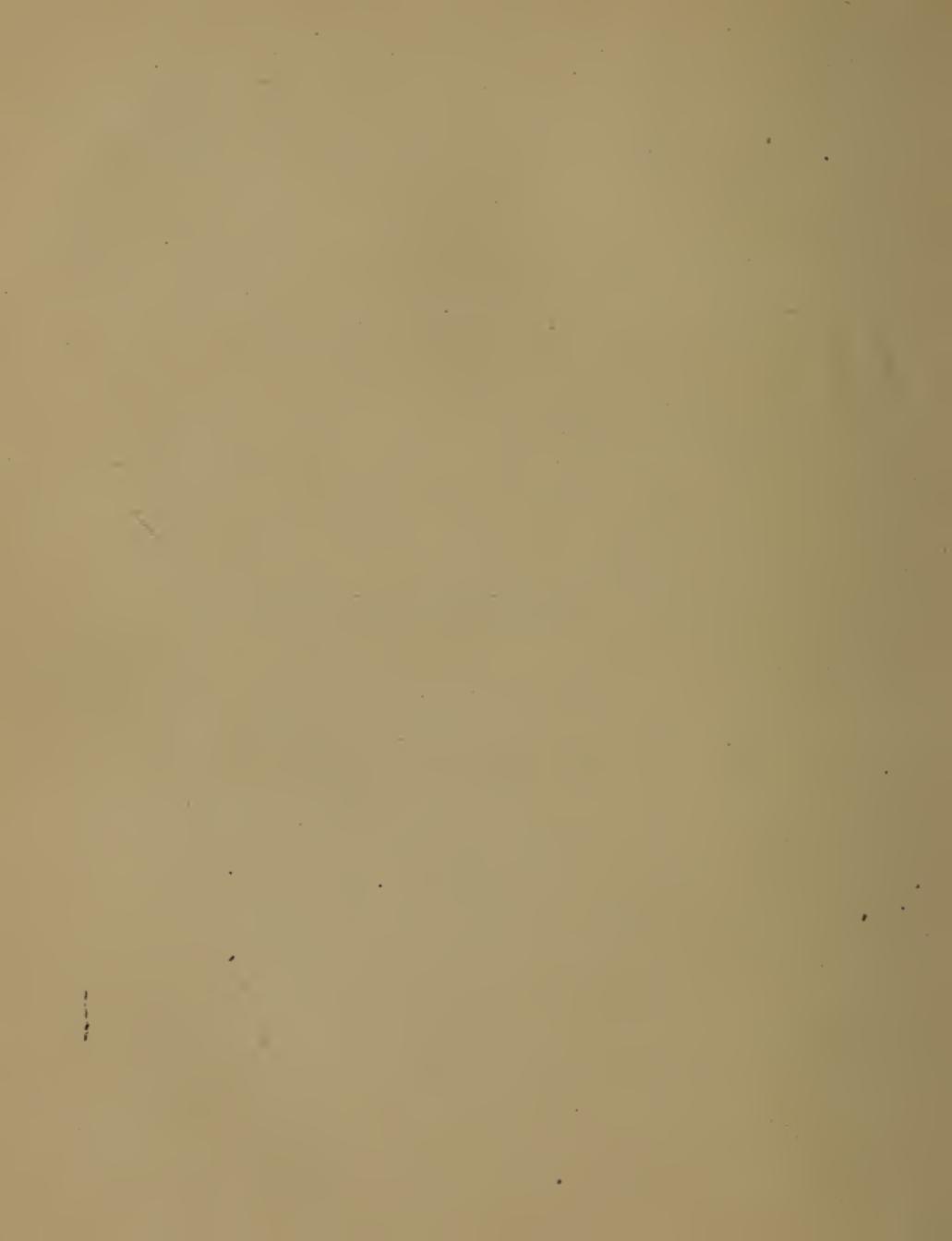
From nearly all quarters of the United States have orders come for the pictures. They are even now to be seen in Africa, India, China and Japan, and the large numbers of letters received concerning the good accomplished through them fills my heart with gratitude and joy.

Even ministers occupying prominent positions have written in gratitude for ever receiving them, stating they would not, if they could not be replaced, take a hundred dollars for their copy, as on their study table they have daily a sermon of grace preached to their hearts of the wonderful love of God to save.

If any one desires copies of same apart from this book, they can be obtained any time by addressing The Door of Hope, 102 East 61st Street, New York, for the small amount of ten cents, or photographs for thirty cents.



THE RESULTS.



THE RESULTS!

UP to date the results of this wonderful transformation under the mighty hand of God have been marvelous, and her short, beautiful Christian life of eighteen months has already appealed to thousands throughout the United States.

A gentleman, five hundred miles from our city, called one morning at my house and informed me with great feeling, that he had travelled all that distance to personally have the pleasure of telling me what God had done in their place, through the simple story of the "Pink Rose."

He stated how, after this account of Delia was given at a public service in his church, a most notorious character present became so deeply stirred that she finally was led through its influence to accept the Saviour; and, after explaining the character of her enormous house, added that now her one thought was to have it placed at God's disposal in the rescuing of just such ones as she

had been found the means of leading and enticing into all forms of evil—as at times she would have over one hundred under her roof.

A short while before Delia's first illness a gentleman in St. Louis became greatly interested by the account of her conversion, and through the reading of the same tract, and thought if such a small thing as a pink rose could be so honored of God in New York, possibly something might be equally effected there. He came on to our city with a friend, got an introduction to us, and then they both accompanied us from dive to dive in Mulberry Bend and other equally disreputable places at their request.

Their hearts were so moved with pity and sympathy, that on their return to St. Louis, they immediately went to work and soon opened a Mission, where since over five hundred souls have been saved and redeemed in the blood of Jesus.

Can any one estimate what that means?

O, the succession of joyful surprises that will astonish her throughout eternity!

In a town in Pennsylvania, the people were so

enthused by the account of her rescue they had banded together to open a Door of Hope for the girls of their place; pray that it may be singularly owned of God to the salvation of hundreds, and also for those two other efforts started.

After that most remarkable funeral, one of the strangest sort of gatherings took place the night following the service held in her memory in No. 63 Park Street Chapel.

It was a strange sort of a meeting held that night way down in the slums of New York. In a little, low sub-cellar a few men, oh, so poor! clubbed together after the burial of Delia, once known to them all as "Blue Bird," and their former companion in sin.

They had what might rightly be termed a mass-meeting, and the topic of discussion was *whether* or not it was *possible* that they could really reform, and once more be honest and upright men.

What was the cause that thus brought them together? The night before in 63 Park Street, the funeral services of dear Delia were held; and, as one and another peered into the casket, their

hearts had been deeply stirred, and while gazing at her upturned face, the tears flowed down their cheeks, and muttered words of respect and love could be heard for the one who had indeed been so true to her former associates, in expending even her dying breath for their sakes in hopes of winning them for Christ.

And, oh, how willingly it was done! Even when her breathing was short and painful, as has already been stated, how she would with tears plead with one and another of these very men.

But to return; before these people left the Chapel an earnest appeal was made to them in great prayerfulness, to come to Christ; and, as I continued, sobs were heard and bowed heads could be seen with solemn faces, while the few workers present could not but feel awed at the power of God as He worked upon their hearts. The impression made seemingly took root, and the outcome was, as stated above, in the coming together of these men all by themselves. Various plans were suggested to attain to their desires, and they finally closed their meeting by a solemn pledge to stand

by one another, and so help themselves back into respectability again, and by appointing a committee of three to write me a letter concerning their determination.

The evening it came, I was sitting in my library with a very sad heart, grieving greatly over her loss, hardly being able to engage in the work before me, of answering numerous letters, when my eyes suddenly rested upon an envelope addressed in a rather strange hand lying on a pile of opened notes. Wiping the tears away with somewhat of an effort I took it up, and as I read the contents, it seemed as if God's dear hand of love had been placed over the sore place in my heart, and I truly felt the very balm of Gilead had been applied to the ache. And this is what I read :

Dear and Kind Friend:

We wish to write a few words to you in behalf of the boys in Mulberry Street. It is to the effect that you will kindly forgive us and not bear us any hard feelings for not saying a few words for dear Delia last Tuesday night, but to tell you the truth, the one half of us did not have the courage to get up and speak, and the other half—

those who would not be ashamed—did not know what to say ; therefore we write in behalf of the boys on Mulberry Street, to tell you that no one regrets and sincerely mourns Delia's loss more than we do. She has been our tried friend and our true friend, a friend when she found her new life, who did not forsake us, and we knew that her greatest wish was to see us boys leave off our evil ways. We feel only too deeply the loss, for we have not so many friends that we can throw away a friendship like Delia's, who has done so much for us, both in prison and outside of prison. And though we are in Mulberry Bend, her dear face and kind words and actions will live in our memory forever on this earth, and each of us will always think that she was the one bright spot in our wretched lives. But we promise here that we shall at least try and become different men, and do something for ourselves and for our God.

“ We don't say every one will keep his promise, but we know there will be a great many who will change their lives owing to Delia's sweet, happy face that they saw Tuesday. So now, Mrs. Whittemore, we will close this letter, hoping you will receive it as gladly as we do in sending it. And if we can do anything for you, call upon your humble servants.

H——
I——
D——”

NEW YORK, NOV. 17, 1892.

Can we picture such a sight and not be deeply moved? Poor, homeless men, groping their way in the dark, the best they know how, to the light! What a glorious sight for the eye of God that night! Folding the letter up carefully, a great cry arose in my heart: "Lord, what wouldst thou have me do about this?"

All the next day and evening I could not but wait constantly upon God for them, as I felt something besides occasionally losing a night's rest by going down in the slums, praying and talking with them, was required; also, that something most definite should be done just now to encourage such determinations, which, if tenderly nourished, would undoubtedly lead to the salvation of every one of them.

The answer came late the next night; it was to invite them up once a week to The Door of Hope to spend an evening there, and, by gaining their confidence, to reach their hearts in a very real way for Christ. Accordingly a letter was sent to that effect, and I told them not to mind their clothes, promising no strangers should see

them, if they would only come. Of course, having talked with them in the slums, they had no reason to refuse coming on that account, as their condition was well known to me.

Friday evening came, and, at two minutes of eight, nine men entered the front parlor, that was well lighted and warmed to receive them. The inmates of the Home gladly gave up their right to the room for the night, so the matron and myself were the only ones present with them.

Their faces were as clean as water could make them, and their hair brushed and combed, while even their shoes showed some attempts at blacking. Their clothes, to be sure, were not much in keeping with the place, but we let them soon see, by our manner, that we were delighted to welcome them just as they were, and in a few minutes they were at ease. We played a number of simple games with them, and, at nine or so, took them down to the dining-room, where a nice warm supper awaited us.

We all sat down together, Miss Anderson at

one table with some of them, and myself at another with the rest, and we ate, and ate, as if we hadn't eaten anything in a month, and we never had indigestion afterward, nor a sleepless night. The effect acted like magic, for the men began to partake for themselves, and by the way a few of them ate, there seemed some danger of cups, plates, spoons and all disappearing; but, after satisfying themselves to their heart's content, they graciously left the latter to be replenished and utilized for the week following.

About 10 o'clock we went up stairs and returned to the parlor. They were then requested to be seated, and, in a few words, they were informed that the meeting was not only for that night, but for eternity. With marked interest they listened to all I said, and willingly took up the Bibles to follow the reading selected, as I told them each week we would spend a short time in the study of God's Word, prayer and singing before leaving.

The Bibles were passed around, and a most singular thing happened. On opening the first

one handed out, there was found written on a fly-leaf in dear Delia's handwriting, "For Murphy, with regards from Delia. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Matt. vi: 33."

The one it had been intended for sat still a moment, and, with a very solemn face, took it, and soon became so affected, that, with tears, he cried, "O, God, be merciful to me a sinner!" It did seem strange, that out of all that pile of Bibles, that that one unknowingly should have been not only taken first, but the writing discovered. I could not but feel that God's hand was in it, to remind us of the dear girl who, after all, was indirectly the cause of our having such a gathering. She had intended giving it, undoubtedly, to him before she died, and, in all probability, was the last stroke of her pen, thinking he might come up to see her again. After her death that, with other books, were gathered up, and, unnoticed, placed down stairs. It deeply touched each of our hearts, for it was all so like her. We

felt some way as if she was, in a sense, leading our meeting through the Word.

After singing a few hymns, we read the last Psalm in turn, and followed by a few words of teaching. Next I asked them all to kneel in silence awhile, and quietly pray to God, "Lord, teach us how to pray." After several moments thus spent, I inquired if some wouldn't like to pray themselves, but not to do so unless glad to do it, as I wouldn't urge any one.

Four took part; and oh, such prayers! Surely the heavens must have rung with melody as the sound ascended above. Crude? Yes; but so from the heart that it just took hold of us in a way we will never forget. Praise God! One, as a sample will be given:

"Great God, you know what wretched fellows we are; now won't you try and fix us up a bit, and make good men out of us all again once more? Amen."

Lovingly, in closing, they were committed to God, and we arose after first together audibly repeating the Lord's prayer, promising to meet

the next week at the same hour, bringing other friends with them ; and they left us with many happy, hopeful faces, and many an expression of gratitude.

Certainly the Lord met with us, and we could not but thank Him for ever prompting the thought of having them come.

From nine the numbers began increasing, until we finally decided we must have a name for our society. Various ones were proposed, until it was finally agreed to call it the Delia Memorial Union, and then, of course, nothing would do but we must have a badge. I sent a note to Mr. D——, in Providence, who has always been very much interested in our rescue work, and asked Him to design something suitable with the monogram D. M. upon it.

A few days later he wrote ; his heart was so stirred that he intended presenting the men with the badges as a token of fellowship with us, and added that he could not seem to fix upon anything nice enough, and so laid the matter before the Lord. The following morning he drafted what came to him, as he believes, in answer to prayer.

It consists of two hearts, one smaller than the other, enameled in white. On the smaller one is written Ezek. xxxvi : 26, "A new heart will I give unto you," and on the large one D. M., in blue enamel, and underneath is the pink rose. Every one was delighted with it, for, besides being very attractive, it was so suggestive. Truly God never omits anything.

When these badges arrived, a large number were present, and, by the varied expressions of admiration, satisfaction was most manifest, especially as one after another fastened them on their coats.

Later, kneeling in prayer, one poor fellow prayed, "O, God, open thou the gates wide, that we may all come in; and say, God, won't you wash me till I'm as white as snow? And keep on washing, O, keep on washing, until I am whiter than snow. Amen."

On another occasion, when lying very ill, and my husband conveyed the news to them, they knelt before God to intercede for my recovery. One prayer which especially impressed Mr. Whit-

temore, was as follows: " Good God, You know I haven't asked a favor of You for many a long year gone by, and I promise not to ask another for many a year to come if you'll only cure Mrs. Whittemore up quick. Amen." This definite cry to God was indeed answered, for I was almost immediately restored, to the great astonishment of many, soon afterward.

Another one of my street men was so pleased to see me out the next Sabbath, that when I was about taking my place upon the platform, arose and, leaning over a bench near the rear of the hall, called out, " The Lord bless her, she's well ! Boys, let's give her three cheers." Their love touched me deeply, though for a few moments it was most embarrassing as they responded even up to the front seats.

Another poor fellow came up the aisle later, taking hold of both my hands and saying somewhat excitedly : " I'm that glad to see you ! O, do yer believe in a fellow doing the best he knows how when he don't know how to do it ? " " My friend," I laughingly responded, " if you tell me

what you mean, perhaps I can answer you." "Well, then," he went on to say, "Do you believe in a man keeping his promise when he don't know how to keep it?" Seeing his earnestness once more, I asked him to explain. He said he was one of the large number who promised to pray for me, and when he left the Mission he remembered the promise, but as he did not know how to pray he got some one else who could, so to be as near true to his word as possible. O, friend, are we as equally faithful to our pledges to God?

That Sabbath he gave himself to Christ; pray he may be kept true.

Shortly after this the membership increased to over eighty, and the Door of Hope was not sufficiently large to receive them.

It was then deemed wisest and best to change the mode of benefiting them. From some remarks made, a short time later, among them, the following plan was adopted. They said, after receiving good impressions and desires to do right upon leaving, they would almost prefer walking the

streets all night than to take a lodging in some of the lodging houses, as they were obliged to listen to so much that was contaminating and vicious, that by morning many of their good resolutions would disappear.

After grave thought and much prayer, God devised a plan which, as it was unfolded, filled our hearts with praise.

It was to open several small homes throughout the city among the members of the Union, and have them known as the Delia Memorial Homes, where these boys, as we call them still, can feel a delight in staying. Let me, before drawing this book to a close, describe the first one started. It was a small apartment on Henry Street, consisting of four rooms. The front room, as you enter, was fitted up most invitingly, and for the cost of six cents put to interest in the Bank of Heaven three months and a little over before the Home was opened.

One night, two friends laughingly having found that amount in the street, presented it to Miss Anderson, the matron of Door of Hope. A few

days later, when she knew such a shelter for the men was to be opened, she was wondering what she could do about it, and lifted her heart in prayer for guidance, when something seem to say within her, "Gather up the fragments! gather up the fragments!" and she instantly thought of those few cents in her pocket. She consecrated them to the Lord for the furnishing of the reading room down there, and in a little over three months, through the busy fingers of the inmates of the Door of Hope, realized over fifty dollars.

The first expenditure was in a ball of cotton which was knitted into two wash rags, selling for thirty cents, and then more cotton was purchased and converted into the same articles, and so on, until the above amount was the result.

And now to return to the room. On the four sides of the wall were the prettiest and most suitable texts hung sufficiently low, so that, upon entering, they strike the eye at once. In the centre is a table, with a bright red cover, with Bibles, books and papers upon it.

On the floor, a cheery and comfortable-looking

carpet rug was laid, and in the corner of the room were small, square tables, holding games of various kinds, the gift of Mr. Selchow, though, of course, nothing of the nature of either cards or dice, that could possibly remind them of former habits, is allowed.

On the window-sill pretty flowers, and on the mantle a clock and some pictures of familiar faces, and of dear Delia.

The other rooms were fitted up as sleeping quarters, and, though small, were sufficiently large for the seven who occupied them.

When possible, they were visited weekly and a brief service held with them.

Every night at ten o'clock they assembled together, and after reading the Word of God they knelt in prayer and together repeated aloud the Lord's prayer.

The one in charge was the first of that number on Delia's heart, she formerly associated with, next to Dan, and was in every way worthy of trust and respect. An account of his conversion can be procured by applying at the Door of Hope for the tract entitled, "And His Name was Ike."

Each inmate helped some towards the expenses of rent, light and fuel, so their self-respect was not interfered with and others are encouraged to follow their example.

Some of these faces were seen, in days gone by, in the Rogues' gallery, but now they are pictured together as Christian citizens. O, what will not the grace of God accomplish when Christ comes into the heart !

Every now and then the entire body of members belonging to the Delia Memorial Union are to meet with others who may desire joining. Also for united prayer, counsel and praise.

Since the first publication of this little book, several of these young men have obtained employment out of the city ; it was thought advisable to discontinue this especial home for the present, in order to enlarge the work still further in the near future.

Later, if permitted, a hall may be hired to meet regularly together in memory of the dear girl so singularly loved, and whose life was so untiringly expended for the spiritual and temporal welfare of many of them.

A number of most interesting incidents could yet be given, if time permitted, concerning that which has already been accomplished through Delia's life and triumphant entrance above ; but, even so, there would be much left unrecorded which will never be known here below. What has been stated, may it but be sanctified to us, that our lives may become more consecrated to the Master's service. " I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." Rom. xii : 1.

The proceeds from the sale of this Book will be devoted towards alleviating the wants of those situated as Delia once was, with the hope of realizing like results in their lives.





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