The shout of the hawker advertising his wares beneath the open windows of the church became increasingly annoying to Woodley Tellford. Joshua Bonnar, good usher and keen observer that he was, took it all in at a single glance then bowed his head and prayed silently, fervently. Poor old Woodley! he thought sympathetically. Lately, everything bothered him.

"Balloons for the kiddies;" the hawker cried, "Monkeys too; something for everyone, even for you."
Woodley jammed his fists in his ears then decided not to; he couldn't hear the preacher with them thus.

Anxiously, Joshua watched the man. The rest of the congregation, for the most part, either just ignored the fetchingcatching poetry of the hawker or were totally and completely absorbed and lost in the sermon being thundered from the pulpit. He, himself, became suddenly intent in what their pastor was saying. So intent, in fact, that both the hawker and Woodley Tellford were "tuned out."

It was the draft around his ankles that made him remember where he was. Getting to his feet, he moved silently toward the vestibule and slipped through the swinging doors.

"Now get going!" he heard a man shout from the top step of the church's entrance. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, interrupting the church service with your shouting. Don't you know this is Sunday! It's not a day for selling merchandise. Go away. Beat it, I say! Away..."

Joshua rushed forward and, grabbing Woodley by the shoulders, he hauled him quickly back inside the vestibule. "Oh, Woodley," he exclaimed tearfully, "have you no compassion for the lost! Do you suppose you could witness to that poor man about Christ after the way you just treated him? You chased him away; like one chases a stray dog. O, Woodley, why'd you do it?"

"Now look here, young man," Woodley said, whipping an index finger back and forth in front of Joshua's nose, "I guess you think its all right for a man to be down here desecrating the Sabbath with his trinkets and wares! Well, it's not right, young fellow, neither is it okay for him to be shouting it out beneath our windows. Nobody else had the nerve to tell him off, so I did."

"But, Woodley, how do you know but what the poor man wasn't hungry for God, and was hoping someone would invite him inside. That may have been his way to get some attention; to have someone notice he was here, and was waiting for an invitation to come in."

"Nonsense, young man! Nonsense. Too many cowardly people living today . . . afraid to take their stand!" Woodley remarked emphatically,
drawing his shoulders up straight and tall and disappearing into the church through the swinging doors.

Joshua went to the door and stared down the street but the hawker was gone. He stepped down on the sidewalk and looked north and south, east and west, but not a sign could he see of the man. The street was deserted; lonely looking, too, and deathly silent. Joshua bowed his head and prayed for the man's salvation. He was no more in favor of making merchandise of the sabbath...of buying and selling...than Woodley Tellford was. No indeed! Truth of the matter was, he was downright opposed to it, just like God's Word was. But something about the man gripped his soul. Who was he? Where did he come from? Did he live in a nearby house or apartment, perhaps?

Walking quietly up the steps, Joshua closed the outside door with equal silence, then he took his place once more inside the church, his soul carrying a strange, heavy burden for the hawker.

The afternoon was spent mostly in prayer, interceding and crying to God for the man on the sidewalk. "Show me where he lives, dear Father," Joshua implored. "I must go to him. I must!"

All night, the burden lay upon his soul like a heavy weight--the next morning, too. He went about his business with a quiet, burdened heart, crying constantly, "Save his soul. Show me where he lives. Please, Father dear."

Just as he was leaving his job for home that evening, one of the employees said casually, "You know that old apartment house I own on Mill St., Joshua..."

"Yes, I do. What are you going to do with it; remodel? That end of town's really taking on a new look. What with all those fresh-out-of-college young couples needing inexpensive places to live, buying and remodeling them."

Robert Marks said, "They're doing a remarkable job of restoration. Doing most of the work themselves, too. That once run-down end of town's looking up, and it dare not be called run-down any longer. Yes, I'll have to remodel and decorate the place; couldn't afford not to: It's too shabby-looking alongside those beautiful, old, restored houses. But that's not what I wanted to tell you: It's about one of my renters."
"You have four apartments in there, don't you, Robert?"

"Right. But there's not much room in any of them; so I plan on making it into two apartments instead. I'll have fewer renters but they'll have more room. In the right upstairs apartment, there's a new man. Came here only last week, he said. He sells balloons and monkeys dangling on willowy sticks, kites, scarfs for women and men, trinkets, knick-knacks and, well, things of that sort. I tell you Joshua Bonnar, I believe he's the saddest-looking man I've ever seen. I've tried to be friendly but he keeps his distance and stays aloof and cool. Tell you what he reminds me of; you know that black and white dog we have..."

Joshua nodded. His heart was hammering excitedly inside his chest.

"He's so much like that poor, mistreated dog was when we got him that I can't help but feel sorry for him. Betsy gives me food every day to take over to him . . . this is how we gained the dog's confidence, you know, and won his love." Robert laughed as he finished, but Joshua thought it good logic and clever strategy and told his friend so.

"What is his name, Robert?"

"Frank Della-something or other. I never can pronounce it. It's a long name; he's from a foreign country. Well, I'll have to run or Betsy'll be getting worried. See you tomorrow."

"The Lord willing, Robert." Heading straight to his car, Joshua hurried to the apartment. The right side, Robert had said, upstairs apartment.

He opened the bottom door and walked up the creaking steps till he reached the door. Then he knocked and waited. From inside, he heard footsteps cross the floor and soon the door swung open.

"Hello, my friend," Joshua said cheerfully. "I've come to pay you a visit. I heard you on the sidewalk yesterday and thought I'd like to meet you. I'm Joshua Bonnar. You are . . . ?"

"Frank. Frank Dellanozzia."
"I'm pleased to meet you, Frank."

He was an enormous man with thick, bushy, gray hair and eyes of deepest blue. A smile spread across his face. Then tears sprang into his eyes. "Come in. Come in," he invited warmly and congenially. "You are the first person to come and see me, beside Mr. Marks, the man who owns this apartment."

Joshua liked the man immediately. "I've come to give you something," he told the still-smiling man as he pressed a twenty dollar bill into the palm of his hand.

Frank stared at the bill in wonder. Then he broke down and cried. "How... how'd you know I... I needed it?" he asked, looking baffled, astonished and amazed.

"God impressed me."

"God? God! Yes. Yes, it had to be; no one else knew. You are the first person who has ever done anything like this for me, and I... I don't know what to say," he declared, allowing the tears to rush down his cheeks without thinking to wipe them away.

"I've come to apologize for the way you were treated and talked to at our church yesterday, Frank. I'm sorry for the unkind words. I want you to know we'd be most delighted to have you come and worship with us."

"I... I guess I should not have done that on Sunday. But I needed money..."

"And God provided it for you, Frank. Have you ever asked the Lord Jesus Christ to come into your heart, and to forgive you of your sins, my friend? Jesus is the friend of sinners, you know."

"It... it's been years since I went to Church," he confessed. "I got into deep sin; lived an awful life. Marjory couldn't take any more... Marjory's my wife. She left me. That jolted me. Got me to thinking," he said, in clipped sentences. "I quit my drinking and my gambling, and everything Marjory hated and detested. I heard she moved here, somewhere in the city. I came as fast as I could. I haven't found her yet, but I'm going to."
"And while you're looking for Marjory, Frank, why not ask God to forgive you of those awful things you've done and to make you a new man in Christ? You'd have a foundation to rebuild your marriage upon. Know something, Frank? God has put a tremendously heavy burden on my heart for you. All day yesterday, it lay on me--today, too. I've spent hours on my knees in prayer for you since you stood outside the church yesterday--literally hours. The Good Shepherd is wanting you to come into His fold. What do you say?"

Grabbing Joshua's hand in a vice-like grip, Frank cried, "I say, I'm ready. Ready! O my God, help me!"

All the way home from Frank's house, Joshua did nothing but shout and praise the Lord. It was worth every tear, every agonizing hour of fervent prayer, he thought joyously.

Sunday morning was the crowning of it all, when Frank walked into the church with Marjory leaning lovingly on his arm and each wearing the shine of the pardoned and the ransomed on their face.