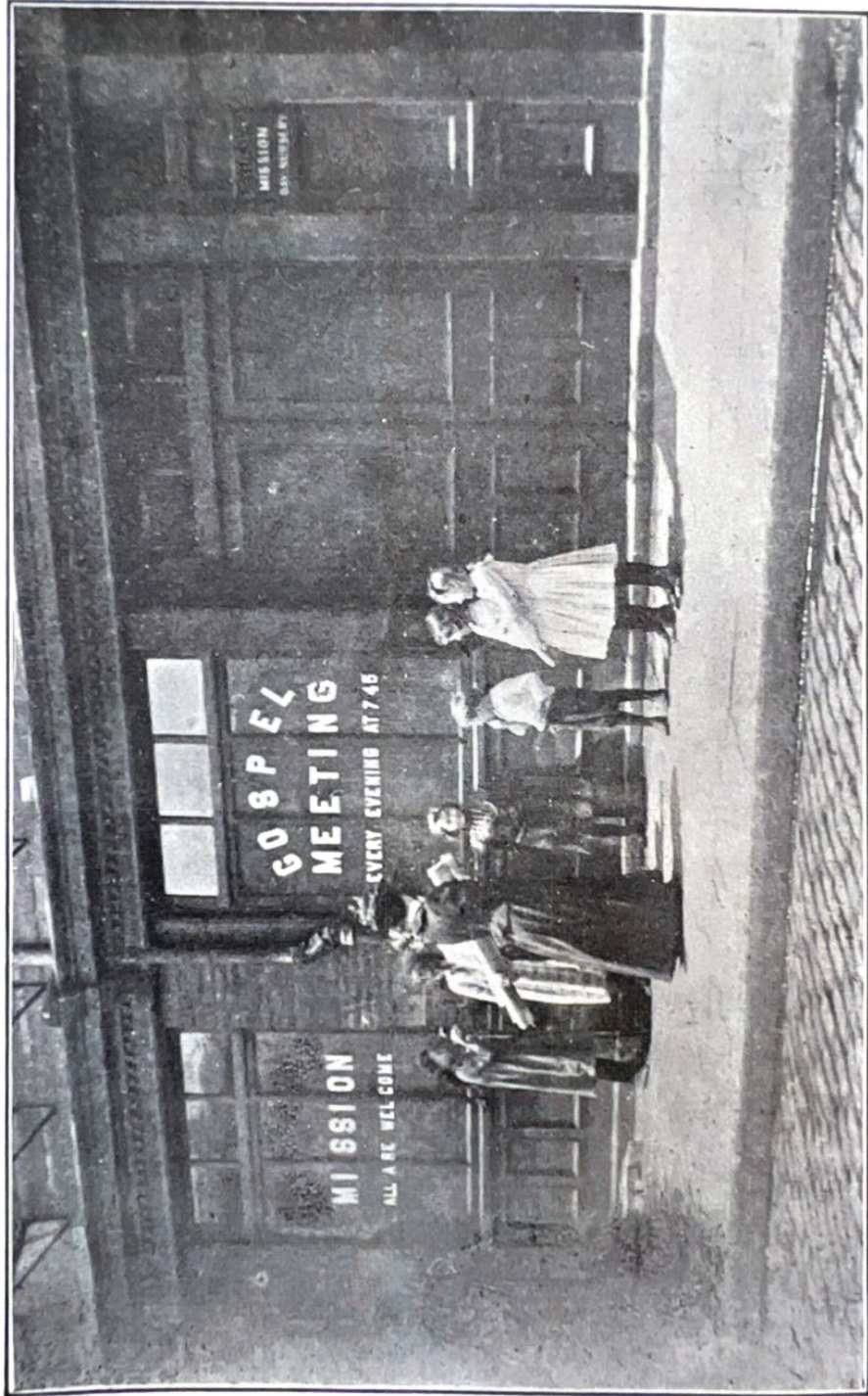


The Story of Molly Malone



GOLDEN-ROD SERIES



THE MISSION.

THE STORY OF
MOLLIE MALONE;

OR,

BRANDS FROM THE BURNING.

A Book for Children.

BY

C. KNAPP.

“It shall be said . . . ‘What hath God wrought!’”
(Numbers xxiii. 23.)

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A WORD TO OLDER READERS.

THIS little volume is not what is commonly known as a work of fiction (which is from the standpoint of Christianity objectionable), but is made up of incidents of actual occurrence. Some of them, as the "Story of the Gambler's Child," are episodes of the writer's personal experience. They have been brought together and woven into one continuous narrative, just as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is not the experience of any one person but that of many combined and pictured in the "progress" of Christian and his friends. This method of presenting truth has the advantage of engaging the attention of the young as could not perhaps be done in any other way, and so long as kept within the limits of expediency, should, we believe, be encouraged.

We lay these few, brief chapters before all who have the spiritual welfare of the young at heart. Its success will depend,

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in a large measure, upon their favorable judgment of the effort. "Let the other judge," applies as much to a book of this character as to ministry in the assembly. The Lord's approval has, first of all, been sought. Yours, dear fellow-believer, we await.

C. K.



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THE STORY OF MOLLIE MALONE;

OR, BRANDS FROM THE BURNING.

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSION.

“MISTER, won’t you please let me in? I’ll be real good if you will.”

These words were spoken to the man keeping guard at the door of a mission in one of the worst quarters of the city of New York. They came from a pale-faced little girl, who looked to be about six or seven years of age. She had beautiful, blue eyes and long, golden curls, and looked almost as pretty as

the angels we sometimes see in pictures. Only she did not look *happy* like the angels. The September night was cool, and her little dress was very thin and ragged. She looked hungry too, just like many poor little children that run about the streets in the tenement districts of New York.

She had walked up to the door of the mission very timidly, as if half afraid of being driven away by the stern-faced man keeping guard. And he *did* come very nearly sending her away. "Oh, no," he said in reply to her request to go in; "you wouldn't know how to behave."

"Yes, I will. I'll be *awful* good, 'cos I want to hear the singin'," she said.

He yielded on her promising him so earnestly, and quietly opened the door for her to go in. They had commenced

singing, so she took a seat near the back, and folding her little hands in her lap, she sat still as a mouse, while the meeting was going on. The singing sounded, oh, so sweet, and she thought she had never heard anything like it before. She had heard half-drunken men singing coarse songs in the concert saloon across the way from where she lived. Sometimes, too, Italian street-singers would stop before their door, and sing, and play on a harp or violin, and then beg for pennies. But she had never before heard so many hearty, happy voices singing together (for this was the first meeting she had ever been at), and she sat listening to it as if charmed. She became a little sleepy when the man on the platform commenced to talk, but he was not very long, and she managed to keep awake

until the meeting was over. She slipped through the crowd, and got out without any one speaking to her. She was so little that nobody seemed to notice her. She ran about a block, through the dimly-lit street, and entered the front door of a large five-story, tumble-down tenement-house. Here her mother and younger sister lived. They had a papa, too, but he was a sailor, so they seldom saw him, and the children hardly knew there was such a person. Her mother was just going to bed, and was about to blow out the candle, when our little friend entered the room. She was used to being out till bed-time, running the streets; so her mother did not ask her any questions. They both went to bed without saying any prayers, and the mother was soon snoring loudly.

The sisters slept together, in a crowded little crib, and after the mother had been sleeping some time, a little whispering commenced where they lay.

“Where you been, Mollie?” asked a babyish voice.

“Been to the mission, hearin’ the singin’ ” was the whispered answer.

“Did they let you in?” (as if one could “be at the mission” without being “let in”).

“Course they did, cos I promised to be good.”

“Was the singin’ nice?”

“Oh, awful !”

“Can’t I go sometime and hear too?”

“I don’t know. They don’t like to let *very* little girls in; but I’m goin’ agen to-morrow night, and if you don’t let mama know, I’ll take you and try to get you in.”

“Oh, won’t that be nice. You’re awful good.”

“Sh! we’re wakin’ mama up. Go to sleep, or we’ll get a good jawin’.”

Then all was still (I mean still as it ever gets to be in a noisy city like New York), and the little children in the crib were sleeping soundly, and, for all we know, dreaming of “hearin’ the singin’” at the mission.



CHAPTER II.

AN INTERRUPTION AT THE MISSION.

THE man at the door of the mission was rather surprised, next evening, when he saw the little girl he had let in the night before, coming again. She had a companion with her who looked very much like herself he thought, only younger, and he felt sure they must be sisters. It was Mollie and her little sister Aggie. Neither of them wore hats, and they were both barefoot too. They were hatless and shoeless for the very good reason that they had neither hats nor shoes to wear.

Mollie walked up to the man a little less timidly than she had done the night

before, and asked if she might go in again, and take her little sister with her. When she saw him hesitate, as if uncertain what to do, she reminded him of how well she had behaved the night before. "All right," he said; "only both of you be very quiet, and stay till the meeting is out." Then he opened the door, and Mollie marched down the aisle, leading Aggie by the hand. She lifted her little sister upon one of the front seats, and motioned her to keep very still. She did all this in a very "old fashioned" way, and looked very important and grave.

The first hymn sung was, "Jesus loves me, this I know." A sweet-faced lady played at the tiny organ on the platform. She sat facing the audience, so that every one in the room could see the motto, "JESUS ONLY," in gold letters on

the back of the instrument. Mollie had never been to school, so of course she could not read it. On the wall, back of the lady, was a large text, set in a frame. It read: "FOR 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). Other texts were hung about the room, where those present could easily read them. The singing was very loud, and sometimes the children could hardly hear the lady's sweet, melodious voice, or the sound of the organ. Mollie wondered who was making all this noise, but she dared not look around. She felt too strange yet, and the man at the door might be watching her, (she was almost afraid of *breathing* too loud,) so she just sat looking straight at the

lady playing the organ, with an occasional glance at the man who stood behind the table on the platform and gave out the hymns. He had a dark, thick, short-cropped beard, and piercing black eyes. Mollie thought he looked kind too, and when he commenced to preach, after prayer, she tried to understand him. She heard him say "*Jesus*" a good deal, and after a time she thought she saw his eyes moisten. Anyway, he took his handkerchief from his pocket several times and rubbed his eyes with it. But she wondered why a big man, such as he was, should cry. When he was through speaking, some men behind Mollie spoke a little. Then after a prayer, they sang, "Just as I am," and the meeting was dismissed. Aggie had fallen asleep, in spite of all her sister's efforts to keep her awake. She awoke

at the noise of the crowd leaving the room, and commenced to rub her eyes, and cry a little. Then the sweet-faced lady who had played the organ came up to her, and after kissing her, asked Mollie if she was her sister.

“Yes,” answered Mollie, quickly, “she’s my sister, Aggie.”

“And what is *your* name, dear?” she said.

“Oh, mine’s Mollie—Mollie Malone.”

The lady then kissed Mollie, too, and after asking them where they lived, she gave them each a good chunk of gingerbread, and sent them away. After that they came every night, and soon they did not have to ask the man at the door if they could go in. He knew them, and always smiled, and opened the door for them, just as if they were grown folks. Mollie got to know the tuncs

too, and even some of the words. She liked, "Just as I am," and, "Nothing either great or small," best of all, she thought. "Just as I am" was printed on a little leaflet, and given out some nights at the door.

But these pleasant evenings at the mission were not to last long for the children. One night, just as they were singing the second hymn, Mollie's mother came to the door and asked the man there if her two children were inside.

"I think they are," he said.

"Thin Oi'll bay thankful to ye, mister, if ye'll go in and just kick them two kids out," she said, with a drunken hiccup.

"We don't do things that way here," the man said.

He was going in to bring the poor

little children out, when Mrs. Malone called out in a loud, angry voice, "Mollie! Mollie Malone! come out o'there."

Poor little Mollie turned pale, and commenced to tremble. They both looked like two little, scared kittens when a big dog barks at them. Taking her little sister by the hand, Mollie rose to leave, and half dragging Aggie down the aisle, she came out to where her drunken mother stood on the sidewalk.

"Oi'll give it to ye, ye little huzzy; ye, goin' in there wid thim black Prothis-tints," she shouted, seizing frightened Mollie by her beautiful curls, and dashing her down to the pavement.

"Go along home, now, wid yez," she cried, as Mollie picked herself up from the sidewalk. Then turning towards the man at the door she shook her fist at him, saying, "Oi'll fix ye for this; in-

toicin' little gairls into yer dirthy mission! Oi'll put ther perlace afther ye, Oi will." So saying she marched off toward the tenement where she lived, dragging her poor, little weeping children with her, cuffing Mollie's ears, and scolding and cursing the children and the mission in a horrible way.

After giving them each a good beating (if *good* it can be called), she let them crawl into their little crib, and for quite a long time they were seen no more at the mission.



CHAPTER III.

A VISIT AT THE TENEMENT.

ONE sunshiny afternoon, a few weeks after the events of the last chapter, Mollie and her little sister were playing by themselves on the narrow front stoop of the tenement in which they lived. Mollie could still feel some sore spots from the beating her cruel mother had given her, and she had cried a good deal because they could not go any more to the mission.

As they sat playing house with an old cigar - box and some broken pieces of crockery, they suddenly heard a familiar voice coming from the entrance of the tenement next door.

“That’s Miss Fleming!” (the organist at the mission) cried Mollie, in glad surprise.

It was she, sure enough, only Mollie should have said Mrs. Fleming, not *Miss*. She had been making calls among the tenements, distributing tracts, inviting people to the mission, and speaking to all the women, Jews, Protestants, and Roman Catholics, about their souls and of Jesus—the only Saviour. She knew the children at once, and kissed them both, though their faces were very dirty and uninviting. She knew, of course, why they had not been at the mission. After a few pleasant words with them, she asked them of their mother.

“Mama’s up stairs, sleepin’,” said Mollie.

Mrs. Fleming suspected why she was



THE TENEMENT.

sleeping at that hour of the day (three in the afternoon). She had probably been on another spree, and was now sleeping it off. But she asked the children to show her the way to their rooms, and together they climbed the three flights of dirty, unscrubbed stairs. Mrs. Fleming was going to knock when they reached the door where the children said they lived, but before she could do so, Mollie had pushed the door wide open, and they walked in unannounced, upon Mrs. Malone, who had just awakened, and was rubbing her bleary eyes with her dirty, red fists.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Malone,” said the lady, pleasantly.

“How are ye ma’am,” replied Mollie’s mother, looking somewhat surprised at her sudden and unexpected visitor.

After telling who she was and where

she came from, Mrs. Fleming told her how much they had missed the children at the mission. Mrs. Malone looked a little sheepish at this. She was sober now, and felt somewhat ashamed of her conduct a few weeks before at the mission.

“Will,” said she, “Oi kapes thim away cos Oi don’t belave in mixin’ religins, and wir Catholics, and yer Prothistints down there.”

“Not exactly, Mrs. Malone,” said the lady, “We are simply Christians. We do not *protest* against any of the various forms of religion around us. My husband preaches Christ, and we are seeking to get poor sinners saved from sin, and its awful consequences,” and here Mrs. Fleming looked significantly about the dirty, disordered room, and its few pieces of broken furniture.

Mrs. Malone was just going to make some reply, when a heavy footstep was heard on the landing, and there was a loud knock at the door. It was pushed open, almost before Mrs. Malone had the words "come in" out of her mouth, and in walked a big, stout, red-faced priest. He appeared a little surprised at seeing a refined looking lady like Mrs. Fleming in such quarters, and bowed to her politely. Seating himself on a soap-box (the chairs looked too rickety to support his 250 pounds of flesh), he turned to Mrs. Malone, and, with a strong Irish accent, said gruffly, "Will, how are yer? Been on a tear again, eh? Oi tell ye, ye want to stop this, Mrs. Malone. The church wants *some* of yer money. Oi've called to-day for mass-money. How much have ye got for me?"

He commenced to scold sharply, when he learned that Mrs. Malone had spent all her money on her late drunk, and made all sorts of threats if she continued to spend her money on drink, and did not save some for "holy mother church." He scarcely noticed the two scared-looking children, huddling up close to Mrs. Fleming. He rose, as if to go, when Mrs. Fleming said to him, "I suppose, sir, you call yourself a minister of the gospel?"

"A phat?" he asked.

"A minister of the gospel."

"Oi'm a praist," said he.

"And do you preach the gospel to the people put under your charge?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"The gospell! Indade, Oi do not. Oi catechizes thim, and kapes me oi on thim, and blows thim when they're the

loikes o'she" (looking at Mrs. Malone), "but do ye think Oi'd be afther *proppin thim up* with the gospel? Shure, O'im not so soft."

"But Scripture says the 'Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' "

"Oh, Scripture says a lot o' things, if yer going to go by Scripture."

"But what else have we to go by?" said Mrs. Fleming.

"Why, by the church, of coorse," answered the priest. Then, as if to cut the conversation short, he said, "Oi suppose ye belong to the mission down the street."

"My husband conducts the mission, yes sir."

"Oi've haired about the 'only believe' doctrine ye preach down there. But its no good."

“‘Only believe,’ are the very words of the Lord Jesus. So you quarrel with His teachings, not ours,” answered Mrs. Fleming.

The priest turned away impatiently, and said to Mrs. Malone, authoritatively, “Oi’d advise ye to kape clare o’ these proseylitin’ mission-folks ; they’re here to-day and there to-morrow. And moind, have yer mass-money ready by the early part o’ next month, when Oi’m comin’ round again, or it’ll be the worse for ye.” So saying, he lighted a cigar, and grunting good-by, left the room.

Mrs. Fleming left soon after. Mrs. Malone would not consent to let the children attend the mission, but it was evident that she was somewhat put out with the priest, and was not altogether displeased at Mrs. Fleming’s visit.

CHAPTER IV.

DISTURBANCES AT THE MISSION.

THE next night, just as the meeting at the mission was about to begin, who should walk up to the door but Mollie and her little sister Aggie. The man in charge of the door looked very much surprised when he saw them. "Aint you afraid your mother will kill you when she finds out you have been here?" he said.

"Oh, no," replied Mollie quickly (she nearly always answered people quickly) "she said she didn't care for Father Maguire, and it was better here than on the streets. She said she thought hearin' the singin' wouldn't hurt us, and we

were too little to understand the preachin'."

They came often after that, and everybody about the mission learned to love the poor little waifs. Mrs. Fleming gave them each a little dress that looked almost new, and they sometimes called on her in the rooms over the mission, where she and her husband lived. Here they always got something nice to eat, besides a good washing, and their hair nicely combed and curled. God had never given Mrs. Fleming any children of her own, and she became very fond of these two little Irish girls. She told them many beautiful stories about the Lord Jesus, and this helped Mollie (who was naturally a very bright child) to understand a good many things Mr. Fleming said in his preaching.

One night, as he was preaching on

“The Three Crosses,” there was a sudden crash of broken glass, and a brickbat came whizzing over the people’s heads. “Oh!” exclaimed a girl, who had come to the mission that night with Mollie, “what’s that?”

“Oh, that’s nothin’” said Mollie carelessly, “they sometimes send hull cobblestones, and that’s only a piece of a brick.” “Hallelujah!” cried some one in the audience.

Mollie’s companion looked scared. Mr. Fleming did not seem to mind. “Let them come,” he said, “the Lord is our defence and shield.” These things would have frightened most children, but Mollie and Aggie were used to it. They were often disturbed in this and other ways, by the dive-keepers and other low characters who lived about the mission, and who hated Mr. Fleming and his work,

because they thought it interfered with their wicked business.

But one night Mollie *did* get really scared. Mr. Fleming was away preaching somewhere over in Brooklyn, and a pale-faced young man stood in his place on the platform, reading from the open Bible in his hand. Suddenly some one in the crowd yelled out, "HALLELUJAH!" like a wild Indian. The young man started as if he had been shot, and the Bible dropped from his hands to the floor. A little titter went round among some of the audience, but the young man (now *very* pale) picked up the book and resumed his reading in a somewhat unsteady voice. The man keeping guard at the door had heard the yell from outside, and, quietly stepping in, stood eyeing the crowd carefully, as the reading continued. All at once there was an-

other terrible yell, and the door-keeper stepped up quickly to a big, strapping, giant of a man, who had his head bowed, as if in prayer. "Come now, you'll have to stop this here disturbing or get out," he said. The man pointed over his shoulder, as if to say, "I did not do it, there is the one." The guard did not return to the door, but stood in the aisle, keeping a sharp lookout, to make sure who was causing the disturbance. The big, coarse-looking man dropped his head again and after a little there was another unearthly yell—"HALLELUJAH!" The door-keeper was certain now who was the disturber, so going up to him again he said firmly, "You must leave this place at once."

"Ah, git out wid ye," the man growled.

"Come!" said the door-keeper, "you

must get out, or I'll fire you out."

Mollie saw and heard all this, and she trembled for her friend the door-keeper. She knew the disturber well, as a great bully around the docks and beer-saloons, and nearly everybody was afraid of him.

He made no move to leave, so the door-keeper, who was quick and heavy-set, caught him by his dirty coat-collar, as if to drag him out. But the bully locked his arms around the empty seat before him, and said with a grin, "Go ahead, old man." The door-keeper renewed his grip on the fellow's coat-collar, and gathering all his strength, he yanked him off his feet, and out into the aisle, carrying bench and all with him. This seemed to anger the rowdy, and drawing off, he struck with terrific force at the door-keeper's head. But the door-keeper, (who had, before his conver-

sion, been something of a "tough" himself), cleverly dodged the blow aimed at him, and tightening his grip on the brute's collar, he commenced twisting it so as to choke him, dragging him towards the door all the time.

The bully kicked and tugged furiously, but the door-keeper held him fast in his vice-like grip. He would catch at benches, people's heads, or anything he could lay hold on to keep himself from being dragged towards the door. There was a good deal of "hurrahing" outside, and Mrs. Fleming had commenced singing, "Am I a soldier of the cross," in which all the friends of the mission joined heartily. So with the singing inside, and the yelling of the crowd of toughs in the street, mingled with the cursing and howling of the bully, the excitement and confusion were some-

thing alarming to the children. They were used to street-fights and disorder, but they had never experienced anything like this before. Aggie squeezed up close to Mollie, and Mollie looked in a frightened way towards Mrs. Fleming, who was sitting pale but calm, behind the organ. Soon the two struggling men reached the door. It was a double one, made of hard wood, and about two inches thick. They were both torn clean off their hinges, and one of them split in two, as the men came crashing up against it.

By this time the bully was getting black in the face, and he gasped out, "Oh, let me go! say, l-e-t g-o! ye're chokin' me!"

"Well, that's just what I mean to do, you big brute of a loafer," said the door-keeper.

“Oh, p-l-e-a-s-e l-e-t m-e g-o!” he gasped faintly, “I’l-l b-e-h-a-v-e; O-h, l-e-t m-e g-o!”

He begged hard, and it was ridiculous to hear the whining of the fellow. Letting go his hold, the door-keeper gave him a quick shove, which landed him fairly in the street. Two policemen stood laughing at what they considered the fun, and knowing they would not dare let the man make any more disturbance that night, the guard remained standing in the door, and the meeting went on as usual.

This will give you some idea of what sort of a neighborhood the little girls were being brought up in, and what difficulties the workers for Christ at the mission had to contend with.



CHAPTER V.

A ROW IN THE TENEMENT.

FOR nearly a month after this, the children came quite regularly to the mission, though the October nights were frosty, and the stones of the street often felt icy-cold to their little bare feet. What little money Mrs. Malone earned by scrubbing and washing was quickly spent for rent and drink, besides a little for food. There was never any left for clothes, or shoes, and sometimes none for bread.

Mrs. Fleming's kind heart often bled for the poor little things, but there were so many needing help, that she could not do very much for them. She had

given them clothing and hats, but the children's mother soon pawned them for drink, so it was discouraging work trying to keep them comfortably clad. Whether Father Maguire ever got his mass-money Mrs. Fleming never learned, but, in all probability, he did not.

About the beginning of November the little girls suddenly ceased attending the meeting, and after waiting a week or so, Mrs. Fleming made up her mind to call around at the tenement, and learn, if she could, the reason of the children's absence. She found out, however, without calling, as we shall presently see.

About eleven o'clock, one cold, stormy night, Mrs. Fleming, who was just getting ready for bed, thought she heard some one calling her name in the street below. She listened attentively, and heard some one calling again, "Mrs.

Fleming! O Mrs. Fleming! Come down please. I want to tell you something." She at once recognized the voice as Mollie's; so raising the window, she asked, "Is that you, Mollie?"

"Yes, ma'am, its me."

"What is the trouble, dear? Whatever are you doing out there in the street at this hour of the night?"

She could hear Mollie sobbing violently, so without waiting for a reply to her questions, the tender missionary hastened down the stairs, and into the street. There, in the dim gaslight, she saw a sight that nearly caused her to faint. On the pavement, right in front of the mission, lay Mollie's mother, her face all covered with blood, and her clothes nearly torn from her body. Mollie was vainly trying to lift her up from the sidewalk, and poor little Aggie was

clinging to her sister with both hands, crying as if her tiny heart would break. Mr. Fleming, who had already gone to bed, was soon up and dressed, and with the help of his wife, they soon had Mrs. Malone up in their rooms, and doing what they could to restore her to consciousness. Mr. Fleming hurried off for a doctor, and in his absence, Mrs. Fleming got the following story from poor Mollie :

Mr. Malone's ship was in port, and he and his wife had been drinking in such a terrible way since receiving his pay, that the children dared not risk a visit to the mission. A keeper of one of the drinking dens, near the mission, had told him of the children's going there, and he had threatened to kill them both, and throw their bodies in the river, if he ever caught them going there again. So they

kept out of his way, whenever possible, and spent most of their time on the street, or hid themselves about the old tenement house, when he was most enraged with liquor. He quarreled a great deal with Mrs. Malone, and they often came to blows. That night he had come home furious, and commenced smashing the few pieces of crockery and furniture his wife had not pawned during his absence. Mrs. Malone, who was nearly sober at the time, ventured to protest against this wholesale demolition of her housekeeping outfit, when he drew his sailor's knife from his belt, and, uttering a horrible oath, made a furious stab at her. She tried to keep out of his way, and rushed out on the landing, the children following her, screaming with fright. The half-crazed husband rushed out after them, and after stabbing poor

Mrs. Malone a number of times in the back, he kicked her down the three flights of stairs to the street. Here she picked herself up, and, with the children, ran off and hid herself in a dark alley. Feeling herself becoming faint from the loss of blood, they, at Mollie's suggestion, came to the mission, where Mrs. Malone lost consciousness, as Mrs. Fleming found her. Her head was bruised and bleeding, and she looked pale as death when Mrs. Fleming had washed away the blood from her face.

Mr. Fleming soon returned with the doctor, who, after examining and dressing her wounds, said she would have to be removed to the hospital. He said he would also have to notify the police. The ambulance wagon was at the door soon after he left, and Mrs. Malone was taken away. A couple of police officers

called and questioned Mollie very particularly about the sad affair.

The officers were not long in finding Mollie's father, and he was immediately taken to the police station. He was soon after removed to the prison, to await his trial, when it would be seen how matters went with Mrs. Malone at the hospital.



CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF MOLLIE'S MOTHER.

WE left the children at Mrs. Fleming's in our last chapter. Here, too, nothing was done with the children till it was seen how it would go with Mrs. Malone. Her condition was too dangerous to allow of her seeing anybody for at least a week after the stabbing affray, so Mrs. Fleming had the little girls all to herself. She had them well washed, and dressed in clothes that were almost new, provided by a wealthy lady living up-town, whose only daughter had outgrown them. They looked very sweet by the time Mrs. Fleming was through with them, and both were

remarkably well-behaved girls, considering how they had been brought up. Mollie was a little bit too forward at times, but she seemed willing to be corrected, and talked to by Mrs. Fleming.

While caring for their bodies and manners, Mrs. Fleming did not forget that they had souls, and told them what sin was, and of the holy God in heaven. She told them, too, of the death of Jesus on the cross for sinners, and many other things from the Bible. She also taught them a little prayer, to say before going to sleep at night. It was like a little heaven to the children, and their only fear was that it would not last long. They were almost too young to realize the sad condition and circumstances of their parents—one in jail awaiting trial, and the other lying in the hospital at the point of death.

One day word came that Mrs. Malone was in a condition to be visited. So Mrs. Fleming got the children ready, and took them to the hospital. Some of Mollie's old playmates hardly knew her, as she passed them on the street. She hardly looked like the same Mollie to them, with *shoes* on her feet, and her face so clean and fresh-looking. To see a hat on her head was very unusual, too, and they stared hard at her as she passed, nodding familiarly to them.

When they reached the hospital, they were taken at once to Mrs. Malone's ward. The children hardly knew their mother, in her new surroundings, where everything was snowy white. It was so different from the dirt and disorder of their rooms in the old tenement. She was very pale and weak, from loss of blood, and they were not allowed to

talk much with her. They came nearly every day after that, and as she appeared to gain a little strength, Mrs. Fleming spoke to her about her soul, and God's only way of saving sinners through Christ. She seemed to pay great attention to what was said to her, and the nurse would sometimes allow Mrs. Fleming to read to the patient from the Bible. Light broke in on her dark, superstitious mind, after a time, but she said she feared she was too great a sinner to be saved.

Mr. Fleming came one day with his wife, and he tried to help her by quoting slowly and distinctly John iii. 16. "Just listen, Mrs. Malone," he said, "'the world' means *everybody*, and 'whosoever' means *anybody*, so it will still be God's word if I read it like this: 'For God so loved Mrs. Malone, that He

gave His only begotten Son, that if Mrs. Malone believes on Him she shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' " They left her with this to think about, and think about it she did. When Mrs. Fleming called the next day, her face was lighted up with a heaven-born joy, and she told her she was trusting in the death of the Son of God for her many, many sins. She kissed both the children, and told them she felt certain she should not get well, and asked them to try and be very good, and mind every thing Mrs. Fleming told them.

She commenced to sink rapidly after this, but her faith in the power of the blood of Jesus to wash her sins away was unwavering. She had a dream, or a vision, one night, in which she thought everyone had forsaken her and ceased to love, or care for her. Even God had

forgotten her, she thought; but suddenly she seemed to hear a voice saying, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." She then became calm, but it was evident to those around her that she was dying. The Flemings were immediately sent for. They came at once, with the two little girls, who cried all the way over to the hospital. When they arrived, Mrs. Malone recognized them all. She kissed both the children very tenderly, and turning to Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, said, in a choking voice, "God bliss ye both!" She threw her arms around Mrs. Fleming's neck, and sobbed like a child.

"Oh, how I love ye, ma'am!" she said, brokenly. "Ye've been a true frind to me and the gairls. Hivin bliss and reward ye!"

It was too much for Mr. Fleming, and

he hurriedly left the room. It was an affecting sight and the nurse wept with them.

After they became more calm, arrangements were made for the care of the children. Mrs. Malone was afraid the Catholic Sisters would try to take them to one of their institutions, but before she died it was arranged that they were to be put under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, to do with as they thought best. Their father being a criminal, and of course, deprived of all the rights of citizenship, had no say in the matter, and could not have, so long as he remained a prisoner. She lingered several hours, when after a few touching farewell words, she gently fell asleep in Jesus.

She had expressed a desire to be buried from the mission, and her body was ac-

cordingly brought there, where simple funeral services were conducted by Mr. Fleming. There was a very large gathering, and a strange congregation it was. Ladies and gentlemen from uptown were present, with the less distinguished friends of the mission. Many of Mrs. Malone's old comrades and neighbors came, dragging their ragged and hungry looking children after them, to get a last look at the remains of their late acquaintance. Under no other circumstances would they ever have been induced to enter the mission, and it gave Mr. Fleming a rare opportunity to present Christ to them as "mighty to save" even the very "chief of sinners." Many of them, though hardened in sin, were seen to weep, and it was altogether a remarkable scene, never to be forgotten by those present.

Mr. Malone was soon after tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Over the entrance of the prison he read the well-known text, "THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD."



CHAPTER VII.

MOLLIE'S DREAM.

MR. and Mrs. Fleming waited some time after the funeral before deciding what to do with the children. They were orphans now, poor things, and of course too young to work and care for themselves. There were no near relatives who cared anything for them, and were it not for the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, their prospects would have appeared dark indeed. Neither of them realized this, of course, being so young, though Mollie did wonder, sometimes, what was to become of them.

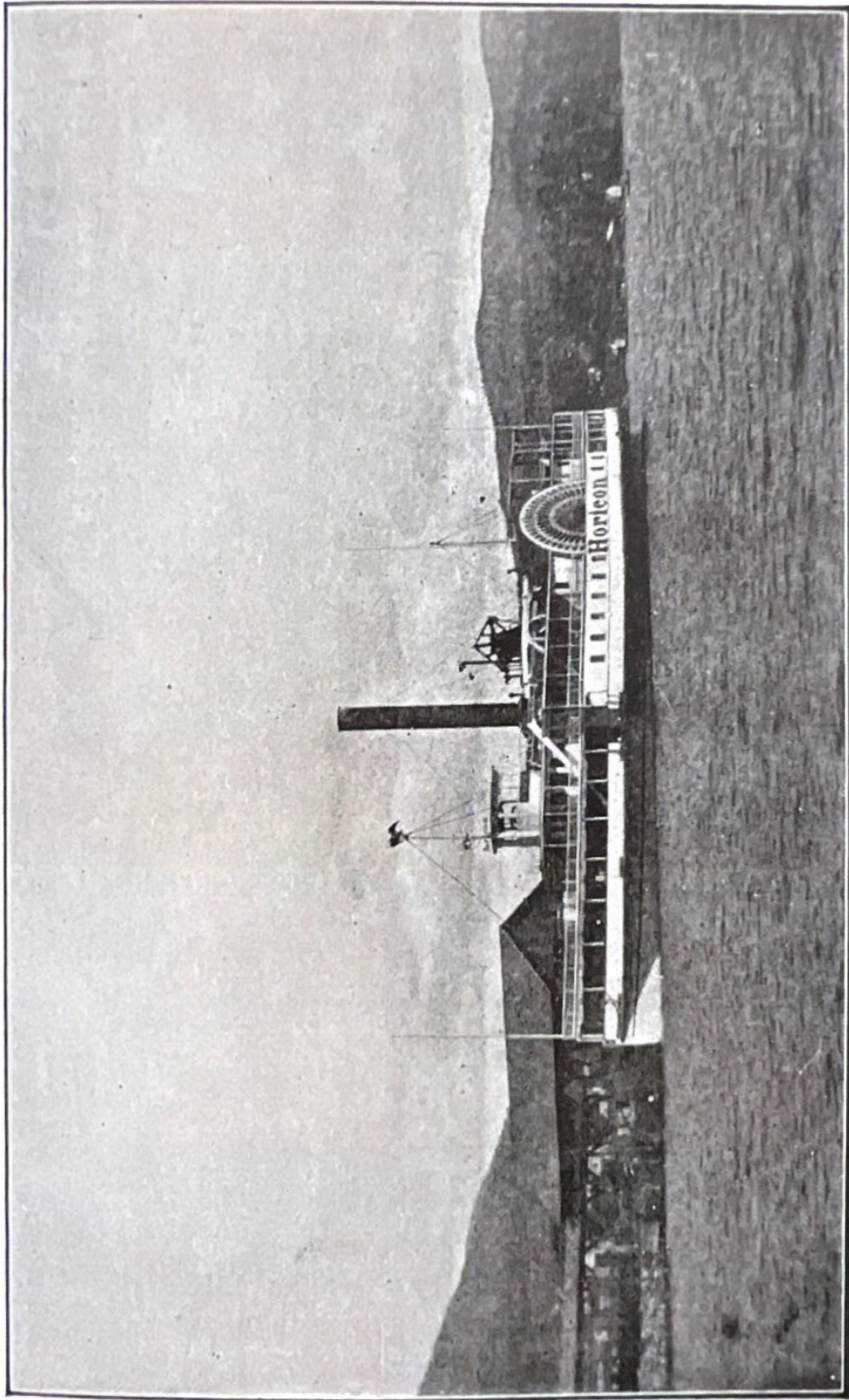
After a good deal of consultation and prayer, it was decided by the Flemings

that little Aggie should remain with them, and they would try to find a good home for Mollie somewhere. They would willingly have kept them both, only Mr. Fleming thought it would be too much for Mrs. Fleming, and probably hinder her in her missionary work, visiting poor people's houses, and holding meetings with the women. They chose Aggie because she was the younger of the two, and could therefore be more easily brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Mollie's habits and character were already more or less fixed, and besides, she would not mind so much going among strangers as her timid little sister. So Aggie was kept to be brought up as a daughter of the Flemings, and her name was henceforth to be Agnes Fleming. A nice "Home" for motherless girls was found

for Mollie, up the Hudson, and her name was entered in the books as "Mary Malone."

The "Home" was a large, comfortable building, overlooking the Hudson River, and the grounds surrounding it were very extensive and pleasant. There were about fifty girls in the institution, and besides their school-room studies, the older ones were taught sewing and cooking. The scenery up and down the river was beautiful, and the kind matron and her assistants did everything in their power to help the poor little orphan girls to forget their sorrows and former associations.

But poor motherless Mollie thought she never could be happy away from Aggie, and good Mr. and Mrs. Fleming; and every night, as she lay in her little bed, she cried and cried until she fell a-



ON THE HUDSON.

sleep. Sometimes she felt so bad she thought she would like to die, but when she remembered some things Mrs. Fleming had taught her about God's holiness and our sinfulness, she changed her mind, and wanted to live until she knew she was fit for His presence, as her mother had been when she died.

One night, when she had cried herself asleep, she dreamed that she really did die. It was a very wonderful dream. She thought that after she had died, she found herself right near the entrance to heaven. There she saw a beautiful gate of pearl, and beyond the gate was the shining street of gold. The street was filled fuller than she had ever seen the Bowery, or Broadway, in New York. There were crowds of white-robed angels, and long processions of happy, laughing children, singing oh, such beau-

tiful songs. Some were playing on golden harps, and Mollie thought of her first night at the mission, when she thought she had never heard anything so sweet as the organ and the singing there. But here was something grander and more sweet than anything that could be heard on earth, and she almost clapped her hands with delight, as she looked and listened. She thought she saw her mother standing by the gate, looking so happy, and beckoning her to come to where she was. Mollie thought she went towards the gate, but when she reached it, she saw a stern-faced man standing guard there, just as her old friend used to stand guard at the door of the mission. She timidly asked him if she might go in.

“Yes,” he said, “if you have the password.”

“Oh, I don't know any pass-word,” said Mollie. “People never had to have pass-words to get into the mission.”

“But this is heaven, not a mission,” said the man. “Missions are only to tell people what the pass-word is. I cannot let you in without the pass-word.”

Mollie wondered why she had never heard Mr. Fleming speak about the pass-word into heaven in his preaching. She remembered having once heard him speak about a “pass-port,” but that was a different thing, she thought. She was disappointed in not getting in, and walked a little way back from the gate, to consider what she had best do.

As she stood there thinking, she thought she saw a number of children come to the gate and whisper something to the door-keeper, who then opened the

gate, and let them in. Mollie hurried up to where they were giving the pass-word. "I'll try and hear it," she thought to herself. So she came up close behind a gentle-looking little boy, just as he was giving the pass-word. She listened sharply and heard him whisper, "JESUS."

Now she knew the pass-word, so walking boldly up to the guard, she said, "I know the pass-word now."

"What is it?" he said.

"JESUS!" she whispered, quickly.

"That's it," he said. "Go right in. We always honor that Name here; 'and there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby they must be saved.'"

Mollie went in, and just as she was going to kiss her mother, there was a loud, sudden burst of music, and she awoke.

The next morning she told the "mother" of the Home about her dream. "Let us see if we cannot find some texts about the name of Jesus," she said. All the children had a little Testament of their own, so Mollie got hers, and the kind matron found and read several texts to her. One was the text quoted by the man at the gate. It was Acts iv. 12. Another was Acts x. 43, "To Him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." John xx. 31 was another. "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

Mollie could not read very well yet, so she learned them off by heart, and had them marked with red ink in her Testa-

ment. She was not afraid to die after this, for her trust was in the Name of Jesus. She knew she had eternal life, and that her sins were all forgiven, through His Name.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming were very glad and thankful to God when they heard of Mollie's faith in the name of Jesus, and wrote her nice, encouraging letters, which the matron helped her to read. She was very happy now and did not cry any more after going to bed. The Lord Jesus was her Saviour, and He always makes those who trust in Him happy, no matter how poor, or friendless they may be.



CHAPTER VIII.

MOLLIE'S VISIT AT THE PRISON.

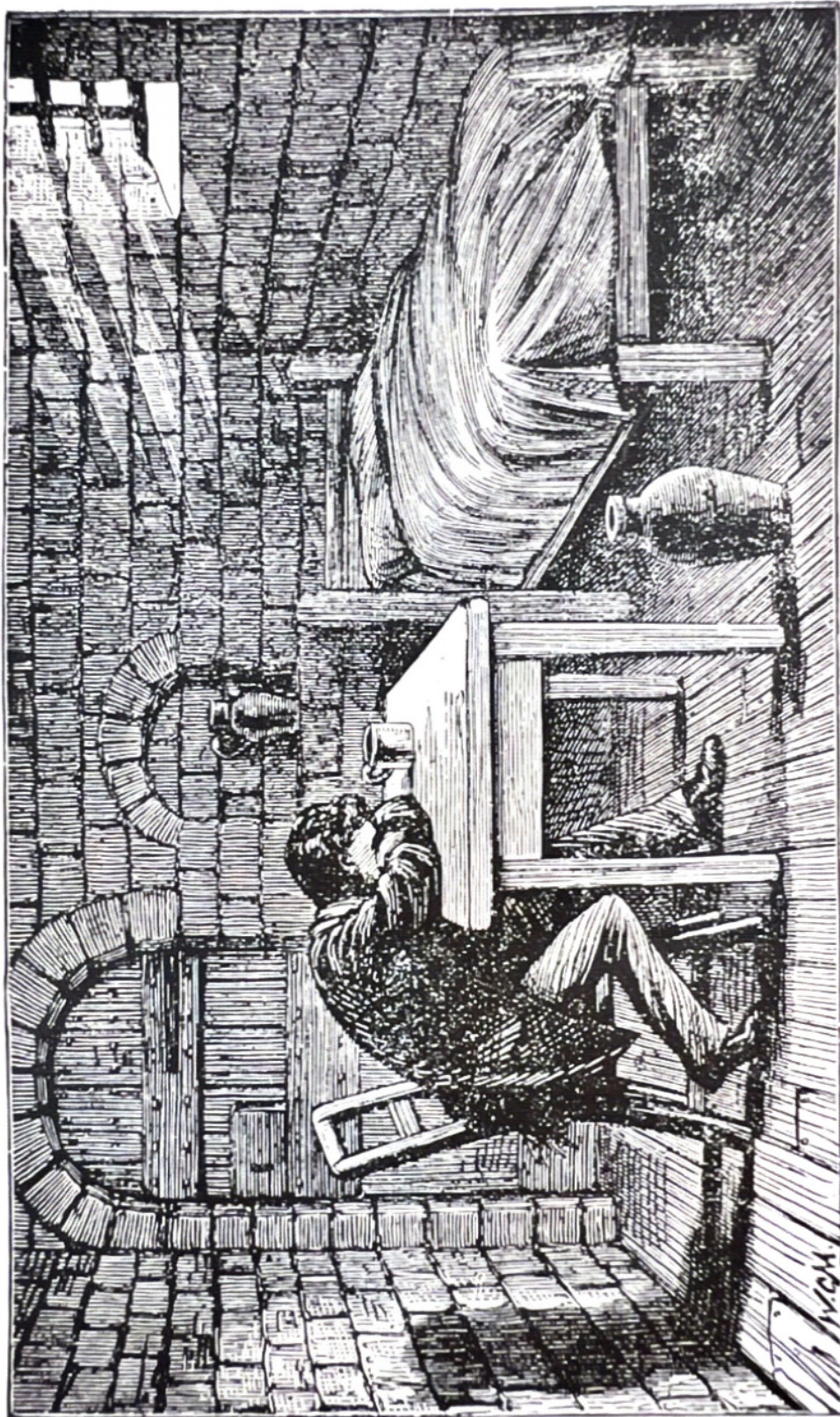
MOLLIE had been two years at the Home, and was rapidly growing up to be a tall, intelligent, lady-like girl. She had never once, during those two years, heard or seen anything of her poor father. Of course, the other girls at the Home were not told that Mollie had a father in the State Prison. Even Mollie herself was not very sure as to just what had become of him. But she had seen and understood too much ever to forget the sad circumstances of her mother's death. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming knew this, so after much hesitation, it was decided that Mollie should be taken to visit her convict father.

Aggie, happily, was too young at the

time to understand very much, or even to know that she had a father. He had expressed a desire to see both his children, but it was thought best not to have Aggie know anything about him, and he was to be given to understand that he should never see his younger child while he remained in prison.

Soon after the decision to allow Mollie to see her father, Mr. Fleming called at the Home to take her with him up the river to the prison. They had a delightful sail on the steamboat, and on the way Mr. Fleming tried to prepare Mollie's mind for what she should see at the prison. He told her, too, that she must pray for her father. "And it may be," he said, "that God will convert him before his long sentence expires."

"Oh, wouldn't I be glad!" exclaimed Mollie.



IN THE PRISON.

“We would all be glad,” said Mr. Fleming, “and so would God, and the angels, for you recollect the Lord Jesus says, ‘There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.’”

“You don’t think papa’s too bad to be saved, do you?” Mollie asked.

“Oh no,” said Mr. Fleming. “Jesus died to save the chief of sinners, and He says, ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.’”

Mollie made no reply, but she sat thinking deeply. Poor child! That November night scene of two years before would come up constantly before her mind, and she almost dreaded to meet her father. She was sorry when the boat stopped at their landing place, but Mr. Fleming took her gently by the hand, and together they passed inside the gloomy prison walls.

They were at once conducted by a keeper to Malone's cell. "No 96," he called, "Here's a gentleman and little girl come to see you." He stood by, while Mr. Fleming shook hands with the prisoner through the grating. Mollie was shocked at her father's appearance. His red hair was cropped quite short, which made him look very savage, and with his close-fitting striped suit he made her think of the prize-fighters she used to see about her old home in the tenement district. But she did not have time to think long.

"This is Mollie," said Mr. Fleming to the prisoner. "Don't you think she's growing up fast?"

Malone seemed almost ashamed to look at the tall, slender girl before him, and he put out his hand as if he feared she would refuse it. But Mollie took it

and tried to say cheerfully, "How do you do, papa?"

He asked about Aggie, and seemed to feel very bad when Mr. Fleming informed him he could never see her while he remained a convict. They were not allowed to remain very long in the prison, and just before the time was up, Mr. Fleming told him of Mrs. Malone's conversion and happy death. He listened attentively, and when Mr. Fleming spoke to him about his own soul, he looked serious and thanked him. Mr. Fleming then knelt down with Mollie on the hard, cold stones, and prayed earnestly for the poor prisoner behind the bars. Malone did not kneel, but covered his face with his hands, during the prayer. He wept when they rose to go, and Mollie would have cried, too, only she felt *too* bad to cry. She felt

better when they got out once more into the bright sunshine.

On the way home, Mr. Fleming said, "You must pray every day for your poor father, Mollie. I advised him to read the Bible in his cell, and God may lead him to repentance."

They did not get off at the Home, but went right on to New York, where Mollie was to visit with Mrs. Fleming and Aggie for a few days. The Flemings had thoughtfully arranged it in this way, so that Mollie might not feel too bad after seeing her father in the prison. She had a very happy time with her friends at the mission. Sometimes she would walk out with Mrs. Fleming and Aggie, and as they passed some of the tenements, she would hear some of her old acquaintance say, "There goes Mollie Malone. Who'd a'known her,

dressed so nice and growin' so big?"

Mollie knew "growin'" was incorrect. She never left off her "gs" any more, but always said "ing." But she had learned something better than this since leaving the tenements; she knew Jesus as her own precious Saviour and this, to her, was more than all the world.



CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF THE GAMBLER'S CHILD.

“TELL us a nice story, papa, please.”

The speaker was little Agnes Fleming. It was the one night of the week when there was no meeting at the mission, and Aggie was always glad when she knew Mr. Fleming was to spend the evening at home. Mollie had not yet returned to the Home up the river, and she, too, was glad that he did not have to go out that evening. Mrs. Fleming was teaching her how to do some crochet work, and she almost envied her sweet little sister, who could have such a pleasant home and company all the time. Of course, the great Home up the Hudson was nice, only it

was not really *home*, and nothing short of a *real* home could ever satisfy a heart like Mollie's. She pricked up her ears at Aggie's request, for like all children (and some older folks) Mollie liked stories.

"What kind of a story shall it be?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"A real, true one," answered Aggie.

"That's right," he said, approvingly. "True stories are always better, and more profitable, than 'made up' ones. But what shall it be about, little lamb?"

"Oh, a little girl."

"A little girl? Let me see. Perhaps I don't know one about a little girl." (He could tell other children a very interesting story about *two* little girls.) "Yes, I remember one. It is about myself a little, too."

"Oh, wont that be *nice!*" exclaimed both the children at once.

All prepared for the story. Mollie stopped her crocheting. Mrs. Fleming laid down the book she had just picked up to read, and Aggie got ready by climbing up on her "papa's" knee.

"Some years ago, when I was quite a young man," said Mr. Fleming, "and had just started out in the work of the Lord, I stopped for a few days at the city of Rochester. While there, I called one afternoon at the house of a friend and found visiting them, from the flat below, a sweet little child about the size of Aggie here. She had bright, black eyes, and beautiful, dark-brown curls. She did not look like a very poor man's child, and I learned afterwards that her father was a professional gambler.

"I soon commenced asking her questions about her name, and age, and so on. She said her name was Ellie, and

she was six years old. I asked her if she knew Jesus, and she said, 'No, who is Jesus?' Poor neglected child! She said she had never been to church or Sunday-school, and so had never been taught anything about the Lord Jesus. Her mother was a Jewess, and had allowed her little daughter to grow up like a heathen.

"She was a very friendly child, and I soon had her on my knee, telling her all about 'Jesus and His love.' I told her how He was the Son of God, and had made the world and all things in heaven and earth. I told her, too, about the creation of our first parents, Adam and Eve, and how they sinned and were driven from the garden of Eden. I told her about heaven, and what a beautiful and holy place it was. She opened her bright, black eyes very wide when I told

her of the death of Jesus on the cruel cross for our sins, and how God had raised Him from the dead, and of His being now in heaven, preparing a place for all who believe on Him as their Saviour.

“I took her dimpled little hand in mine, and touching her fingers, one by one, taught her the five words, ‘Jesus—said,—Come—unto—Me.’ She could soon say them off, so giving her a penny, I soon after left the house.

“Some months after this, I was laboring about Albany, and had almost forgotten about Ellie, when a brother wrote me from Rochester, telling me about the little darling’s death.”

“Oh, did she die?” asked the children disappointedly, almost in one breath.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Fleming, “and a wonderful death it was. The brother

wrote that, soon after I left Rochester, the little child took scarlet fever. 'But,' he wrote, 'she never forgot the text you taught her. During her sickness she kept constantly repeating it, 'Jesus said, Come unto Me. Jesus said, Come unto Me.' Even in her delirium, she kept saying it over, and when she was in her right mind she used to tell her papa and mama that she did not want to get well, but wished to go to be with Jesus in His home in heaven. Her parents were very much affected, and Christian friends hoped it might be the means of their conversion. Whether it ever did, or not, I cannot say. But I know her simple, childish faith was precious in the eyes of God, and His word says, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained praise.'"

"I'm glad she believed in Jesus before

she died," said Mollie thoughtfully.

Aggie did not say anything. Perhaps she was thinking about herself, and wondering if *she* really believed in Jesus, like the gambler's child.

It was getting late, so Mr. Fleming read an interesting chapter from the Bible. Then they all knelt in prayer, and the two sisters were soon after in bed, thinking of little Ellie in heaven with Jesus, and wondering if they would know her when they reached there by and by. In a little while they were sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood, not in a crowded crib in a dirty tenement, as when we first knew them, but comfortable and clean, in a sanctified Christian home. And we say, with deep thankfulness, "What hath God wrought!"

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSION OF MOLLIE'S FATHER.

A WHOLE year passed before Mollie saw her father again. He had, by that time, served only three years of his long sentence, and was finding his close confinement hard to bear. He was greatly pleased when word was brought to him that his daughter Mollie was coming to see him, with Mr. Fleming. When they arrived, he could not help noticing how tall she was growing. He had seen only a picture of Aggie, but he could see from it that the two girls looked very much alike still, as when

they were little tots living in the tenement. Mollie, in turn noticed that her father looked pale, and was considerably thinner than when she saw him a year ago.

After the first greetings, and a few words of general conversation, Mr. Fleming asked him if he had read the Bible during the past year.

“No,” said he, “that Book is not for such as me. I murdered my poor wife, and there is no hope.” He spoke with very little accent, for, though of Irish parentage, he had been born in New York.

Mr. Fleming tried to tell him of the power and love of Christ, whose words were that all manner of sin and blasphemies should be forgiven unto the sons of men.

“O man, you don't know me!” he

broke in almost fiercely. "Why," said he, setting his countenance, and raising his arm, "*my heart is as hard as that iron door!*" and he brought down his clinched fist with terrific force against the steel-sheathed door of his cell. Mollie was frightened at her father's words and looks, but Mr. Fleming said quietly:

"Yes, that may be, but in the Book I have been advising you to read God says, 'I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh.'"

"Does it say that?" asked Malone, looking very much surprised, "Tell me where." And for the first time since he entered the cell three years before, he reached to the shelf for the Bible (every cell in the prison was supplied with one) and with Mr. Fleming's help, turned to the reference given, Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

After giving him a few more suitable references Mr. Fleming and Mollie said good-by, and left the prisoner with the Holy Scriptures in his hand.

After this Malone read the Bible every day, sometimes for hours at a time, and became deeply interested in what he found written there. He had never read the Bible before, having been brought up a Roman Catholic, and he was astonished at the wonderful stories and teaching he found in it. One day in his reading he came upon 1 Tim. iv.: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to

be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Here he threw down the book angrily, and kicked it into the furthest corner of his cell. "The lying heretics," he cried. "The priests always told us their Bible was doctored up to suit themselves. That's the way they hold us Catholics up." The passage fitted the church of Rome so well that he really believed it was written by some Protestant to suit their own designs.

He did not read in the Bible for some time after this, but time hung heavily on his hands, and the histories were entertaining, so he made up his mind to read that portion of it only. One day the thought came to him, "Send for a Catholic Bible and see just how false the Protestant Bible is." So when the first opportunity presented itself he asked for

a Catholic Bible from the library. The keeper looked a little surprised at his request, but soon he was given the Douay or Catholic version of the Scriptures. He set himself diligently to compare it with the Protestant version, and the first chapter he turned to was the fourth of first Timothy. He was astonished to find the very same words, only there were foot-notes, trying to explain away their meaning. But he paid no attention to these, as he knew they were the work of men.

He compared passage after passage both in the Old and New Testaments and found the only difference to be in words, not in sense. He read it more than ever now, and became greatly interested in its *teachings* as he had before become interested in its stories. It wrought a wonderful change in him.

He first of all became convinced that the teaching of the priests was contrary to the word of God, and then greatly concerned about his soul's salvation. Mr. Fleming soon heard of this, and frequently sent him plain gospel tracts, showing from Scripture, God's simple way of salvation. "The entrance" of God's word gave "light," and he was soon rejoicing in the knowledge of salvation.

Oh, how glad the people of the mission were to hear of poor Malone's conversion. But Mollie's joy was almost boundless. God had answered her prayers, and she could say she had a Christian father now, though he wore a convict's dress. As soon as they could, Mr. Fleming and Mollie went to see him. He looked so different to her now, and the keeper kindly opened the cell-

door, that the *new* Mr. Malone might kiss his happy child. He told them just how the light broke in. When under very deep conviction Satan seemed to say to him, "Why can't you be a good Catholic? Send for the priest, make confession to him, and get his absolution."

"But," said he, "I knew the Catholic religion did not make anybody good excepting, perhaps, a few priests and sisters. Then I thought of the prison chaplain, but I knew what he would do. He would tell me to be sorry for my sins, and ask God for forgiveness, and I had done that already. I wanted peace — salvation, and thank God, I got it." Here he broke down with weeping. Mollie cried, too, but it was for joy.

"Tell us how you found peace," said

Mr. Fleming, after Mollie's father had composed himself somewhat.

“Well,” said he, “I went back to the Bible. I said to myself, ‘That Book showed me my sin, and it must show me the remedy.’ I read the ‘Whoso-
evers’ and said, ‘That means me.’ Then I cried right out, ‘Glory to God, I’m saved!’ One of the guards was just passing my cell and he asked, ‘What’s the matter?’ ‘I’ve found Christ,’ I cried, ‘my sins are all forgiven, Glory to God!’ He threatened to report me if I did not make less noise, and I found it hard to keep still.” Here he broke down again. Mr. Fleming could see that it was really a work of God in his soul, so after giving him some good advice, he knelt before the cell and prayed to God to keep him, and to give him

grace to let his light shine in the "dark place" of his imprisonment.

They then left him with his new-found joy.

How he was, at last, pardoned and became a useful member of society we must reserve for the following chapter.



CHAPTER XI.

MOLLIE'S FATHER RELEASED.

THERE was a great change in Mr. Malone's conduct at the prison after he became converted. Some of the other convicts said he was only "putting it on," in hopes of getting pardoned, but the keepers saw it was real, because *lasting*. He gave them so little trouble, and behaved so well, that after he had served ten years of his sentence, he was recommended for pardon by the prison authorities, and was soon after set at liberty.

Then his trials of faith commenced. Nobody cared to employ a released convict, and it was difficult to know just what to do—whether to tell all about

his past life, or to say nothing about it. But it would be quite sure to leak out after a while, anyway, and then he would almost certainly be discharged. Mr. Fleming helped him all he could, and after a while found a place for him, on a ferry-boat, with a professing Christian. This man wanted him to do unnecessary work on Sundays. He told him frankly that he could not do it. Said he, "I am not only a reformed man, but a *Christian*, and cannot do unnecessary work on the Lord's day."

"But you are no better than I," said his employer. "I am a Christian and have to work on Sunday, and you must too. I want you to be on hand next Sunday morning."

Mr. Malone did not go to work when Sunday morning came. Monday morning he presented himself for work, but

was told that his services were no longer wanted. "Well," he said, "then I will trust in God." But he would not leave until he could speak with his employer. He found him in the pilot house of the ferry-boat.

"Captain Roberts," he said, "Is it so that you have discharged me for not working on the Lord's day?"

The captain shifted uneasily, but made no reply.

Mollie's father asked again, "Am I discharged for keeping the Lord's day according to my conscience, captain?"

"If you don't want to work Sundays, I have no use for you," replied the captain shortly.

"Very well; but captain, I think you are a strange kind of a Christian. Good morning." So saying he walked away to hunt another place.

Mollie was still at the Home on the Hudson, no longer as an orphan needing a home, but as one of the matron's most valued assistants. They liked her so well, and she was so quick and accommodating, that when she became of age to leave the institution, the managers would not hear of her going, so she just remained and became an assistant. At the time of her father's release she was a tall, beautiful young woman of seventeen, though she had the ways of a person much older than this. She was a consistent, happy Christian, and her father was very proud of her. They were to keep house together, as soon as he secured a good, steady situation, and in his trials at finding such a place, Mollie's letters and prayers were a wonderful means of strength and encouragement to him.

After his discharge from the ferry-boat, Mr. Malone got work as a long-shoreman. He got along pretty well here, till he rebuked a fellow-workman one day for swearing.

“What!” cried the man, “are you a parson come among us?”

“No,” said Mr. Malone, “I am a Christian—a poor sinner saved by Christ.”

From that day he was a spotted man, and was soon after compelled to give up his job.

But God had something better in store for him. A friend of Mr. Fleming's gave him an all winter's employment, watching a cozy little yacht down the Bay. Here he had plenty of time for reading his Bible and prayer. In the spring, of course, this job came to an end and it was some time before he succeeded in

getting steady employment. Sometimes he would be discharged just because he was what his Roman Catholic fellow-workmen called a "turncoat." They hated him whenever they found out he had once been a Roman Catholic and had "turned," as they put it. Some of his relatives tried hard to win, or drive him back to the church of Rome. When he was a poor degraded convict none of them appeared to bother their heads about him. He might believe what he liked for all that they cared. But now that he was out of prison, and leading a quiet blameless life, they seemed determined, by fair means or foul, to "convert" him back to his old religion.

One of them came, one day, with a priest, to visit him. "I am the one to fix him," boasted this priest. "I am a converted Protestant and know both sides."

“Well,” said he, as he shook hands with Mollie’s father, “I am here to convince you of your errors.”

“Very well,” answered Mr. Malone respectfully. “If you can convince me from the word of God, I am perfectly willing to be convinced.”

“You mean the Protestant Bible, I suppose. Where did the Protestants get it from, but from the Catholic church?”

“The original Scriptures came from God. I do not care who He used, in His providence, to preserve them. The ark was preserved, for a time, among the godless Philistines.”

The self-confident priest seemed a little taken aback by this unexpected thrust. It was evident to him that Mr. Malone had been studying his Bible, and he had something more to deal with than he

had counted on. But he tried again.

“Have you ever read the history of Rome?”

“Yes, and a blacker record never was written.”

“I grant they had become fearfully wicked in Luther’s day. They themselves acknowledged that the church was corrupt, and needed reformation. But do you believe Martin Luther was a good man? He could not have been, for no good man will break a vow.”

“A bad vow is better broken than kept. You would all say that Jephthah and Herod ought not to have kept their vows.”

The priest was caught again. But he would not give up. He quoted John xx. 23: “Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are

retained." "What do you make of that?"

"I cannot explain the verse, perhaps, but it is addressed to the *apostles*. So it can have no application to you priests; you are not apostles."

"Ah, but we are. We are the apostles' successors."

"And can you show the 'signs of an apostle,'—the *proofs* that you are an apostle?"

"The signs of an apostle'? What do you mean?"

"Just this. In 2 Cor. xii. 12, Paul tells the Corinthians (who had questioned his apostleship) what evidence he had to show that he was an apostle. He shows his apostolic credentials: as you are quite likely unfamiliar with it I will read the verse to you. 'Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among

you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds.' Can you work the signs, wonders, and mighty deeds? Can you perform miracles? The apostle Peter raised Dorcas from the dead, and Ananias and Sapphira were smitten with death before him. The apostle Paul restored Eutychus to life, and smote Elymas the sorcerer with blindness. Can you priests do any of these things?"

The would-be converter of Mollie's father rose to go. He could not stand these blows at his pretensions. "Let us leave the stubborn turncoat," he said. "There is no convincing these self-opinionated heretics, quoting Scripture as if any ignoramus could understand it."

No one tried to "convert" Mr. Malone after this. He knew the word of God, and found it a weapon that not even a

crafty priest could stand before. He often thought of that verse in Eph. vi., "And take the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God."

After many trials, he at last got a good, steady situation as porter in a large wholesale house. He was paid good living wages, and he and Mollie were soon ready to start house-keeping. They rented a nice cozy house on Staten Island, on the heights overlooking New York Bay, and were as comfortably situated as could be. As Mr. Malone compared his happy present with his dark, unlovely past, he was often constrained to say with deepest gratitude, "By the grace of God I am what I am."



CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT AT MOLLIE'S HOME.

THERE is not much more to tell of Mollie and her friends. She was very happy in the love of Christ, and enjoyed keeping house for her father very much. Of course, she had trials, as every Christian is sure to have. But she had the Lord to help her in them, and she said they always did her soul good in the end.

Her father thought everything of her. To him there was nobody in all the world like Mollie, and he was very, very kind to her. By his faithfulness and industry, he won the esteem and confidence of the firm in whose employ he

was, and in this and other ways, he adorned and commended the doctrine of God, his Saviour.

Aggie still lived in New York with the Flemings. After Mr. Malone's release from prison, she was given to understand that he was her *real* father, though how he came to be in prison, she was not told, and will, we hope, never learn. She attended the high-school in the city, and often came across on the ferry to visit Mollie. She had never confessed Christ as her Saviour very decidedly, and one day when Mrs. Fleming was visiting with her at Mollie's, they put her to a test which resulted in her coming out very bright and clear as to her salvation.

They were sitting together one pleasant afternoon, on the ivy-screened piazza, overlooking the Bay, chatting of

various "matters pertaining to this life." Suddenly Mrs. Fleming turned the conversation to spiritual things. They were speaking of the Lord Jesus, and she said, "I suppose we can all three say, 'He is a Saviour?'"

Yes, they could each say that, the sisters said.

"And we can all say, too, 'He is *the* Saviour,' can we not?"

Yes, both girls said, they could say He was *the* Saviour.

"And can we all say, 'He is *our* Saviour?'" Mrs. Fleming continued.

Mollie said, "Yes I can," at once, and Aggie *thought* she could too.

"But, now, how many of us can say, 'He is *my* Saviour'? I can."

"I can too, thank God!" said Mollie.

They looked at Aggie. She hung her head, and made no response,

“Can you not call Him, ‘*my* Saviour,’ too, dear?” asked her mother gently.

The poor child’s face flushed with emotion. The question had pierced her soul, and she arose weeping, and hurried to the little spare bed-room. Shutting the door behind her, she cast herself on her knees at the bed-side, and did not rise till she too, could say, by faith, “He is *my* Saviour.”

So we leave them.

Can *you* say, young reader, “Christ is my Saviour”? This story was written that you might be led, by it, to see yourself a sinner, and believe on Jesus as your Saviour. He saved poor drunken Mrs. Malone; He saved Mollie; He saved her convict father; He saved a doubting high-school girl like Aggie, and He can save *you*. Will you trust Him? He says, “Verily, verily, I say

unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John vi. 49).

May God add His own blessing to this simple record of these "BRANDS FROM THE BURNING."

C. K.

