

## THE STORY OF NELLIE CONROY.

(Told by a mission worker)

I had just come out of the place appropriately named "Hell Gate," when I first met Nellie Conroy. She was supporting herself against a post, as she was much intoxicated; all and thin, one could see then that consumption was doing its fatal work. She had no hat, no shoes; a dirty calico dress was the clothing she had on, and that not in condition to cover her nakedness. Her hair was matted and tangled, her face bruised and swollen; both eyes were blackened by the fist of a huge negro who held her as his slave, and had beaten her because she had not brought him as much money as he wanted. I invited her to the meeting, and passed on. Near the close of the meeting she came in; with tearful eyes she listened to the story of Jesus, and was one of the first to request prayers. After the meeting she expressed a desire for a better life; but she had no place to go, save to the dens of infamy from which she came. I decided to take her to a Home for fallen women, and, accompanied by a friend who had assisted me in the meetings we started.

We were going toward the cars, and congratulating ourselves that we had gotten away unobserved, when we were confronted by the very negro we sought to escape. With an oath, he demnaded, "Whar you folks takin dat gal to?" It was a fearful moment, near midnight, a dark street, and not a soul in sight. I expected every moment to have him strike me. I was no match for him. Signaling my friend to go on with the girl, and taking the negro by the coat, I said excitedly: "I am taking her to a Christian home—to a better life. If ever you prayed for anyone, pray for her; I know you are a bad man, but you would be glad to help any girl away from this place. So pray for her as you have never prayed before."

All this time my friend and Nellie were going down the street as fast as possible. I had talked so fast that the negro did not have a chance to say a word, and before he could recover his astonishment, with a last injunction "to pray for her." I ran on. He did not attempt to follow.

Four cars were hailed before they would let us on. The driver would slacken up, but, seeing Nellie's condition, would whip up his horses and rive on. Finally, when the next driver slackened, we lifted our frail burden to the platform before he could start on.

Arriving at the Home, I helped her up the steps and rang the bell. She turned to me and said, "You will be proud of me some day." I smiled then, as I thought the chances of being proud of her were slim; but how many times since, when an audience has been moved to tears by the pathos of her story, or spellbound by her eloquence, have I indeed been proud of her! But I anticipate.

Nellie was admitted to the Home, and in time secured a place. The work in the dance-halls had attracted the attention of a gentleman and the work, through his liberality, was moved to larger quarters,

and took the form of a work among the night classes, with a Home for the fallen women, at 21 and 23 Bleeker Street, called the "Florence Nightingale Mission." I gave my life to the Master's work as all-night missionary. Word had reached my friend that Nellie had left her place and gone back to her old haunts in Baxter Street. He left a card with the address of "The Florence." The whole matter was forgotten, until late one night there was a ring at the bell, and the poor, wretched object proved to be Nellie. At the meeting the next night she was the first to come forward. When asked to pray, she lifted her pale face to heaven, and quoted with tearful pathos, that beautiful hymn: "The mistakes of my life have been many,

The sins of my heart have been more:  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door."

Then followed a touching prayer, a humble confession of sin, an earnest pleading for pardon, a quiet acceptance of Christ by faith, a tearful thanksgiving for knowledge of sins forgiven.

Her life from that time until her death—nearly two years later—was that of a faithful Christian. She gave entire satisfaction to her employers; she was blessed of God in her testimony at the mission, and soon she was sought after by churches, temperance societies, and missions, to tell what great things the Lord had done for her. She spoke to a large audience of nearly three thousand people in the Cooper Union, New York, holding them spell-bound with her pathetic story. One of the daily papers, writing of her said: "Miss Conroy is possessed of a wonderful gift of language and natural Irish wit; this, with her thrilling story, makes her one of the most interesting and entertaining speakers before the public." She was uneducated, but had a remarkable memory; she soon became familiar with the Bible, and many were won to Christ through her testimonies. Her pale face would become flushed with a hectic glow as she spoke of the wonderful things God had done for her.

"Glory be to His great name!" she would say; "it was no common blood that washed Nellie Conroy from her sins, and no common power that reached down and took her from the slums of Baxter St., after nine years of sin and dissipation. It was no common blood that washed and gave her back purified to the bosom of virtuous society; it was the precious blood of Jesus. Glory to His name! Won't many be surprised when the roll is called in heaven to hear Nellie Conroy answer to her name?"

Another testimony I remember: "Where are those who started down life's stream with me, young, fresh and happy, without a care to burden or annoy? We started out to gather the roses of life, but found only thorns. Many of them today sleep in nameless and dishonored graves in 'Potter's Field,' and their souls—O! where are they? While I am spared, redeemed. Glory to God!"—Exchange.

"I've made it a rule to consider as infirmity in my brother what I would treat as carnality in myself."—J. H. S.

## "JUST LOVED ME."

Two little four-year-olds were at play on the lawn when the tiny girl slipped and fell. In a moment her companion had helped her to her feet again and stood with an arm about her until her sobs ceased.

"What did little cousin do for you when you were hurt?" asked the mother a few minutes later.

"Nothing, just loved me," answered baby, the tears still standing in her blue eyes, but the comfort of the tenderness she had received shining through them. "He just loved me over it."

Oh, the divine wisdom of the treatment! There are so many falls and hurts where older people feel called upon to bring reproof, advice, warning, wise-sounding platitudes instead of the blessed love that would heal and strengthen. Many a weakness, many a slip, many a wound grows into permanent scar and deformity for lack of the balm of sympathy and tenderness. Many a warped life and embittered heart might be saved if only there were some one to "love it over" the hour of hurt and danger and temptation.—Ex.

## THE GREATEST OF ALL.

My greatest loss—To lose my soul.  
My greatest gain—Christ my Saviour.  
My greatest object—To glorify God.  
My greatest prize—A crown of glory.  
My greatest work—To win souls for Christ.

My greatest joy—The joy of God's salvation.

My greatest inheritance—Heaven and its glories.

My greatest victory—Over death through Christ.

My greatest neglect—To neglect so great salvation.

My greatest crime—To reject Christ, the only Saviour.

My greatest privilege—Power to become a son of God.

My greatest bargain—The loss of all things to win Christ.

My greatest profit—Godliness in this life and that to come.

My greatest peace—The peace that passeth understanding.

My greatest knowledge—To know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent—From Battle Cry.

## OVERBOARD!

Ever see a man overboard? I did once—and we threw him a life preserver. How he swam for it—struggled through the angry waves until he had grasped it. Then he hung on for dear life—and he was saved! He didn't hesitate and debate as to whether the life preserver was seaworthy, nor did he announce that he would wait for a boat. He didn't criticize the color of the preserver and ask for a pot of paint so that he could recolor it more to his heart's desire before he would permit himself to be saved. He grasped the means of his Salvation and was saved!

If you are swimming in the sea of doubts and uncertainties you are in as grave a danger as was the man who fell overboard. You have only one hope for Salvation—the old rugged cross.—Sel.