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**MALCOM KIRK.**  
A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.  
BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,  
Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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Illustrations by Herman Meyer.

CHAPTER XII.  
THE BATTLE FOR PROHIBITION.

All the way back to Conrad his mind was at war. He knew deep down in his soul that he had no joy in the change he had planned to make. He knew well enough that his call to the ministry did not mean a ministry with the pen, but with the voice and in the personal, living, hand to hand touch with humanity.

He knew it when he said to Dorothy there by the ruins, "I will." He knew it as he penned the letter that even now he supposed had started on its eastward journey. He knew it as he felt the touch of the sorrowful mother's hand on his arm. And no reasoning or self-persuasion could convince him otherwise or satisfy him that he had made a decision that his conscience could approve.

The doctor had a patient at the lower end of the town near where they drove in on the way back, and Malcom left him there and started to walk home. As he went up the main street past the saloons Carver came staggering out of one of them.



The sight of the minister seemed to sober the man a little. He muttered, "How do, Mr. Kirk?" and was shambling on, when he suddenly stopped, as if he had remembered something, and ran back to Kirk, who had gone sadly on, sick at heart at the sight of him.

"Something of yours, Mr. Kirk. Letter you gave me to keep. No trouble to keep it. Glad to do favor." Carver stammered, his drunken brain proud of his apparent service to the minister.

He pulled out the letter Kirk had given him and handed it over. Malcom took it mechanically without a word. Carver stared at him, and as Kirk walked away he scratched his head and muttered:

"You won't give him up, will you?"

time now, but I called to tell you that I was out at the Parker district last night, and the men out there want you to come over tomorrow or next night if you can. They've never heard you. I'm sure you could do some real good work there. It's needed bad enough. The neighborhood is made up of young rascals who nearly all drink. If you can go, I can send word by one of the men who are driving out there this afternoon.

"Tell him I'll go tomorrow," said Malcom in a low voice.

"All right. Oh, by the way, Mr. Kirk," the superintendent had started on, but he turned around and came back a step—"It may encourage you a little to hear what I overheard in front of Valmer's place the other day! Valmer was out in front of his saloon, and he said to one of his customers: 'I don't care for all the other prohibition cranks in Conrad except that preacher Kirk. He has a way of getting his church members to believe as he does, and if they begin to vote that way—I didn't hear any more, but that bit of a speech ought to be encouraging. We will never give up this fight, will we, Mr. Kirk?'"

"Something wrong with the minister evidently." He shook his head in perplexity and finally zigzagged into a saloon to see if he could clear up the mystery with a fresh drink.

Malcom thrust the letter down into his pocket and walked on like one in a dream. He went by the postoffice without looking up. He met several of his parishioners and answered their good day absently. He was going over the struggle he had experienced when his baby died, only this was a new form of it. Now Dorothy was the person he was thinking of most. He was in the habit of making up his own mind quickly. If he ever did anything that his whole soul could not rejoice in, he felt suspicious of it; he felt suspicious of his whole motive now in leaving Conrad. And Philip Barton, was that soul laid on him to rescue? Was it true that he must assume the salvation of that particular individual and count him one of the lost souls he had really pledged himself to save? And this letter that had come back to him, was he to take the event as a leading of the Spirit and interpret it all to mean that he was not to send it, after all? But Dorothy, how could he ask her to lead the life of hardship she must lead if they remained in this Home Missionary field? After he had gone over all the ground for going or leaving he came back to that final question. And his mind was in a tumult.

"No; we will never give it up," replied Malcom, with the same feeling at heart that he had when he said to Mrs. Barton, "No; I will never give him [Philip] up."

He walked slowly, and Dorothy knew the moment he entered the room that something unusual had happened. Malcom could never conceal his emotions.

He took out the letter that Carver had given back to him and held it out to Dorothy.

"It has not been mailed. I don't if it ever ought to be," he said simply, but his face was pale, and his lip quivered under his intense excitement, for he was stirred deeply by the events of the day.

"What does it mean?" Dorothy asked as she took the letter, looking at Malcom and letting the letter fall from her hand upon the table near which she had been sitting.

"It means—I think—yes, I am sure it means that I must stay here. Neither my heart nor my mind has any real joy in the thought of leaving my work here. Dorothy, I cannot leave without seeming to myself, to my church, to the citizens, to all my friends here, to be guilty of running away from my duty because of hardship. I cannot persuade myself that the Lord wants me to preach with my pen. I know as well as if he spoke to me with an audible voice that he wants me to speak to living men in close contact with them, to bear their burdens near by, to be one of the multitude in the struggle for a better world. Especially I do not dare to silence the conviction within me that I ought to stay by the temperance fight in Kansas just now. The Lord has seen fit to use me to his glory in this great crisis for the cause of home and native land. Dorothy, if I were only rich! If I only had the means to give you what you ought to have!"

He was within a block of the house now and still walking on absorbed, when some one touched his arm. He looked up and saw one of his church members, one of the poorest men in his congregation.

"How do you do, Mr. Kirk? Wife and I have been talking over what we could do toward helping on the new church parsonage, and we have concluded to give this as our share." The man handed to Kirk a \$10 bill. "We're sorry it isn't ten times as much. Our crops failed, you know, along with the sickness and Jim's death last spring. But we want to do something in memory of the boy. His mother—"

The man choked up and did not finish the sentence.

"That was a good sermon you gave us, Mr. Kirk, last Sunday. It did us a world of good. We're praying for you at our house. God bless your work among us."

The man was gone, and Malcom stood there holding the money, and it was impossible for him to prevent his mind from trying to guess by what self-denial, hardship, sacrifice, that \$10 had been saved. It was a little thing, but the meeting with his poor parishioner profoundly moved him.

He went on slowly and had almost reached the house when, as he turned a corner, he came face to face with the superintendent of his Sunday school. The superintendent was one of the leading temperance workers in Conrad. He had been specially active in the work carried on in the country districts. He was one of Malcom's best friends, one of the comparatively few men with whom he often counseled and one whom he trusted cordially.

"I've just been to the house, Mr. Kirk, to see you. I won't take your

For the first and last time in his life he was deceived in Dorothy. She suddenly lifted her head and smiled, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Do you think, do you think, Malcom, that I could ever be proud of you again, ever feel satisfied if you acted a part that was not true to your convictions? Do you think I married you for your money?"

"I always knew you never married me for my good looks," replied Malcom, with a smile that revealed inward joy, "and you certainly did not marry me for my money, for I told you at the time that I hadn't any. But, oh, Dorothy, you know how I long to do and be everything to you, don't you?"

"Yes, I know it very well," Dorothy answered. She had come over to her husband and the anxious look on his face had given way to one of relief. She had the letter to the Boston edi-

tor in her hand. Malcom took it from her.

"If we are not going to mail this, what do you think we ought to do with it?" he asked, looking at the stove significantly.

"Save the stamp, Malcom," said Dorothy. "You may need it if we are not going to live in Boston."

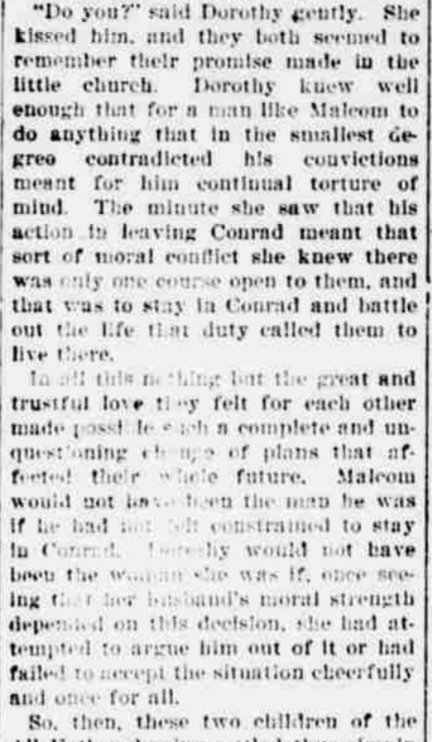
He tore off the corner of the envelope where the stamp was and opened the stove door and threw the letter into the fire.

"So that settles it," said Malcom gravely. There was a pause in the little room. "I feel better," he added, looking steadily at his wife.

"Do you?" said Dorothy gently. She kissed him, and they both seemed to remember their promise made in the little church. Dorothy knew well enough that for a man like Malcom to do anything that in the smallest degree contradicted his convictions meant for him continual torture of mind. The minute she saw that his action in leaving Conrad meant that sort of moral conflict she knew there was only one course open to them, and that was to stay in Conrad and battle out the life that duty called them to live there.

In all this nothing but the great and trustful love they felt for each other made possible such a complete and unquestioning change of plans that affected their whole future. Malcom would not have been the man he was if he had not felt constrained to stay in Conrad. Dorothy would not have been the woman she was if, once seeing that her husband's moral strength depended on this decision, she had attempted to argue him out of it or had failed to accept the situation cheerfully and once for all.

So, then, these two children of the All Father, having settled this simply but decidedly this question, faced the life before them bravely and silently, and no one in Conrad knew until years afterward how near they had come to losing two of the greatest souls that ever came into the place. Malcom never told his church people. He simply picked up the thread of his affection for them where he had seemed for awhile to drop it and went on to love them more and more, and they, in turn, never dreaming of the moral conflict he had been having, grew to love him because they were enduring hardship together.



At the first church meeting held after that eventful night and day in Malcom's and Dorothy's lives Malcom boldly called on his members to rally around the building of a new church.

He read the two letters, the one from the superintendent and the other from the church building society. The members listened in silence. Malcom looked into their faces quietly. They were gathered in the little storeroom in the main street. Next door was a saloon, and that Sunday, as on many others the congregation could hear the clinking of glasses and the drunken laughter of the men at the bar.

"We might as well accept the facts," said Malcom, and as he talked it is certain that the Holy Spirit was present in that little room in wonderful power, as he always is after a temptation and an overcoming. "We shall have to build this church without outside help. You know what my views are about raising money by means of fairs and suppers. I think the Lord will show us a better way. We are all poor together. I do not need to say that I am willing to share this struggle with you. We are not only going to build a house of wood in which to worship, but a church of Jesus which has for its habitation the throne of a human soul. This saloon"—Malcom paused, and in the silence every one could hear through the thin wall the noise in the other room—"this saloon represents a destructive force that we as a church must, by God's grace, overcome. How much do we value the church? Are we ready to sacrifice, to go without some necessities even, to build up the kingdom and destroy the works of the devil? If we

It was after dark before he came back to Conrad. Philip Barton had died that afternoon, unconscious at last of the prayer that Malcom had offered by the side of his heartbroken mother.

"God of mercy," cried Malcom as he entered the street that night, "grant that this day's work in our state has killed the power of this enemy that has killed this boy and broken this mother's life!"

The election was over, but no one could predict the result. As Malcom came up the street it was crowded with men and women. The Christian Temperance union had been at work all day. It had served a free lunch to all the voters and now was holding a prayer meeting in front of Valmer's place.

The crowd filled the wide street and overflowed the broad sidewalks. Free whisky had flowed all day. The crowd was full of men who had been drinking, and they were now in a condition to quarrel.

Dorothy was kneeling in the center of the women. Malcom forced his way up to the edge of the sidewalk in front of the saloon. He had never loved his wife as he loved her now. Her face was glorified by the Spirit's work within. He was conscious of an unusual disturbance behind him, coming from the saloon. There were shouts and oaths and a pistol shot. But still he continued to gaze at Dorothy, who as calmly as if in her own room knelt there while the confusion in front of the saloon increased. And never again in all his life will Malcom Kirk feel the satanic venom he felt that night in the rum power which on that eventful day faced the prayers and the homes of the women of Kansas.



"I propose three cheers!"

are, we can overcome. We can build our church and grow into a power. Let us believe in the power of the Spirit and go on in his might."

During the weeks and months that followed Malcom had great encouragement in his plans for building. He boldly went to several of the business men in Conrad—men who were not church members—and asked them to help. They did so and in many cases came to him before he went to them and volunteered assistance. The spirit of prayer pervaded the entire church. Before spring almost enough money had been raised to build a larger structure than the one that had been burned.

Before that time, however, the temperance agitation had grown into a

great tide of feeling in Conrad. Dorothy never forgot the evening Malcom came in and with a glow in his face that transformed it exclaimed:

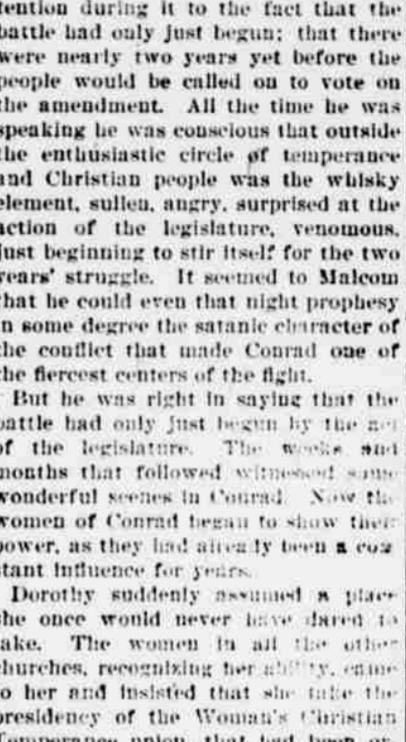
"A telegram just received says the legislature today by the necessary two-thirds vote passed the resolution to submit a prohibitory amendment to the constitution! I never cheered for the legislature before, but I propose three cheers, three times three, right away!"

Out on the main street that night the temperance people built an immense bonfire. The band came out and played, and there were speeches and temperance songs. One of the best speeches was by Malcom Kirk. He called attention during it to the fact that the battle had only just begun; that there were nearly two years yet before the people would be called on to vote on the amendment. All the time he was speaking he was conscious that outside the enthusiastic circle of temperance and Christian people was the whisky element, sullen, angry, surprised at the action of the legislature, venomous. Just beginning to stir itself for the two years' struggle. It seemed to Malcom that he could even that night prophesy in some degree the satanic character of the conflict that made Conrad one of the fiercest centers of the fight.

But he was right in saying that the battle had only just begun by the action of the legislature. The weeks and months that followed witnessed some wonderful scenes in Conrad. Now the women of Conrad began to show their power, as they had already been a constant influence for years.

Dorothy suddenly assumed a place she once would never have dared to take. The women in all the other churches, recognizing her ability, came to her and insisted that she take the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, that had been organized a short time before. She did so at first with fear and trembling, then with a brave, joyous confidence that amazed her and her husband, but the Lord was leading her.

The time passed, and the election day drew near. Night after night before that eventful day when the people of the state were to vote on the question of saloon or no saloon in their commonwealth the woman's union held street prayer meetings in front of the saloons. Dorothy worked and prayed incessantly. Her great beauty, spiritualized by her suffering, had wonderful influence. Many a young ranchman went away from those prayer meetings vowing to vote for the amendment. The saloon men would come to the doors of their places and eye the groups of kneeling mothers and wives in sullen amazement. They had cause to fear for their unholy traffic when the women of the state were thus on their knees, calling on God and heaven to help the cause of "home and native land."



The afternoon of that election day Malcom was suddenly called out to "The Forks" to see Philip Barton. He had been steadily falling during those two years, and Mrs. Burton sent for Kirk in haste, and he went, supposing it might be for the last time.

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—W. J. BRYAN.

**Tired Out**

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