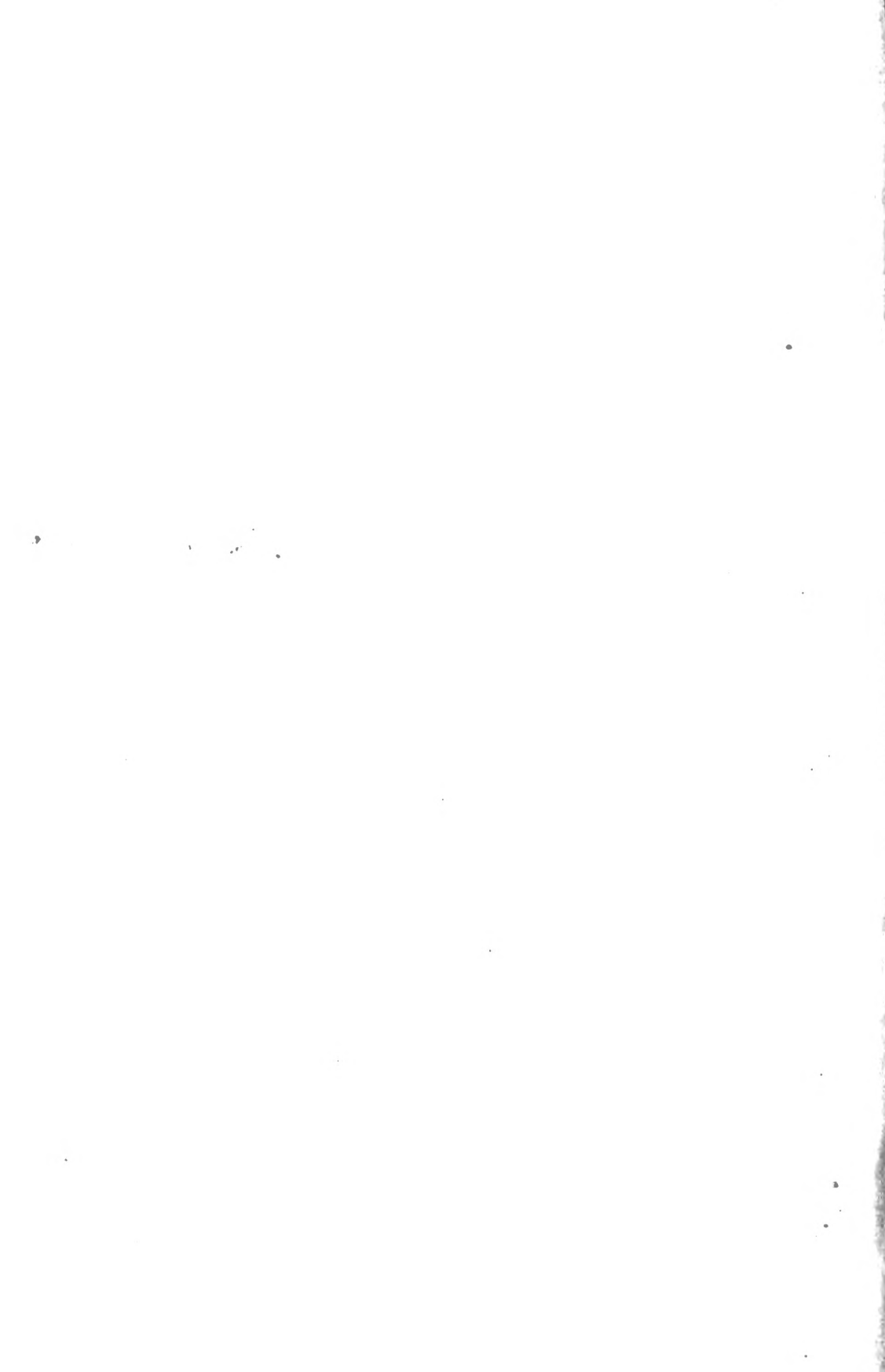




1/10/2014

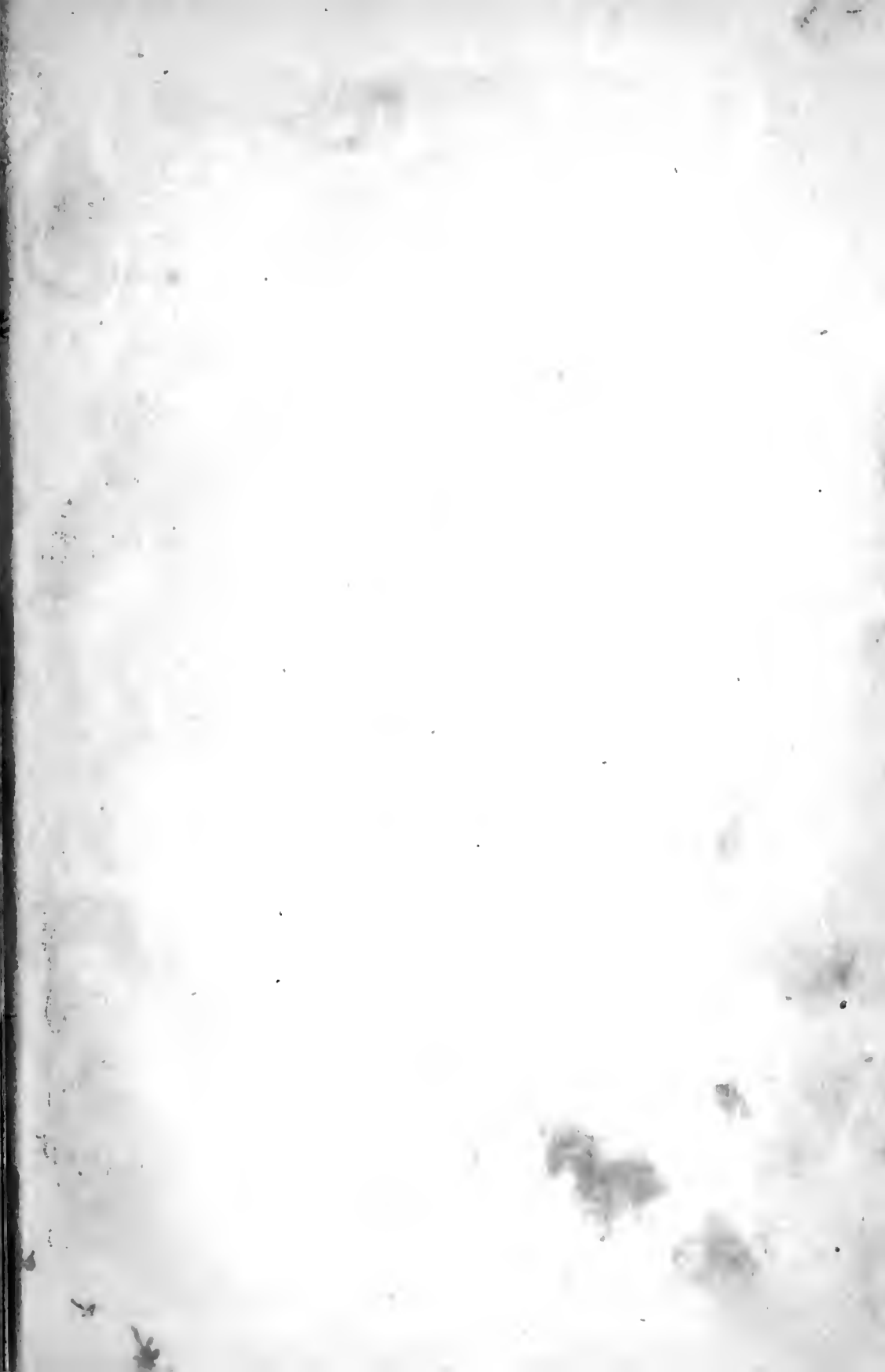
Notes

50'



Guerra. F. Seyer.
April 1873.







WINE & LIQUOR STORE

VAIL

SORROW'S CIRCUIT,

OR

FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE

IN THE

Bedford Street Mission,

PHILADELPHIA.

BY

REV. BENJAMIN T. SEWELL,

MISSIONARY OF THE

YOUNG MEN'S CENTRAL HOME MISSION.

REVISED BY

REV. J. B. McCULLOUGH,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE GOSPEL IN
THE BEDFORD STREET MISSION,

AND SOLD AT THE

PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE TRACT DEPOSITORY

No. 119 NORTH SIXTH STREET,

1859.

1859

Sewe

~~~~~  
Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by  
**REV. BENJAMIN T. SEWELL,**  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania.

~~~~~  
STEREOTYPED BY JESPER HARDING & SON, PHILADELPHIA.
~~~~~

# CONTENTS.

---

|                                                    | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------------|------|
| Prefatory Address to the Reader by the Author..... | 9    |
| Author's Introduction.....                         | 17   |
| Introductory Letter by REV. W. KENNEY.....         | 21   |
| "        "    by REV. F. MOORE.....                | 29   |
| "        "    by REV. J. B. M'CULLOUGH.....        | 35   |
| CHAPTER I.                                         |      |
| MY INTRODUCTION TO SORROW'S CIRCUIT.....           | 41   |
| CHAPTER II.                                        |      |
| THE PRIEST AND THE DOCTOR.....                     | 53   |
| CHAPTER III.                                       |      |
| CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.....                           | 60   |
| CHAPTER IV.                                        |      |
| OUR FIRST MISSION SABBATH SCHOOL.....              | 71   |
| CHAPTER V.                                         |      |
| OUR DAY SCHOOL.....                                | 75   |
| CHAPTER VI.                                        |      |
| SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF OUR DAY SCHOOL.....        | 81   |

## CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER VII.

|                                | PAGE |
|--------------------------------|------|
| THE NEGLECTED LITTLE ONES..... | 87   |

## CHAPTER VIII.

|                                        |    |
|----------------------------------------|----|
| A PICTURE OF THE CHILDREN'S HOMES..... | 90 |
|----------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER IX.

|                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| HALF AN HOUR IN BEDFORD STREET..... | 97 |
|-------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER X.

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| JIM IN SCHOOL BY HIS TEACHER..... | 101 |
|-----------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XI.

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| STREET PREACHING..... | 105 |
|-----------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XII.

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| MANNER OF PRESENTING THE GOSPEL..... | 110 |
|--------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XIII.

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| FRUIT RIPENING..... | 117 |
|---------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XIV.

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| OUR BAKER STREET CONGREGATION..... | 126 |
|------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XV.

|                                                          |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A THRILLING EXTRACT FROM REV. J. GLADDING'S JOURNAL..... | 132 |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XVI.

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| CONVERSION EXTRAORDINARY..... | 136 |
|-------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XVII.

|                        |     |
|------------------------|-----|
| CONVERSION—A POEM..... | 143 |
|------------------------|-----|

CONTENTS.

5

CHAPTER XVIII.

|                                                       | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|
| CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL OF THE SUNDAY INSTITUTE..... | 145  |

CHAPTER XIX.

|                                                    |     |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A CHAPTER OF CALAMITIES, BUT GRACE TRIUMPHANT..... | 156 |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XX.

|                           |     |
|---------------------------|-----|
| POVERTY AND RELIGION..... | 164 |
|---------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXI.

|                          |     |
|--------------------------|-----|
| RELIGION UNDER RAGS..... | 167 |
|--------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXII.

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| VICE IN RUFFLES AND RAGS..... | 174 |
|-------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXIII.

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| CAN SUCH A WOMAN BE SAVED?..... | 183 |
|---------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXIV.

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| FEARFUL JUDGMENTS ON THE WICKED..... | 187 |
|--------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXV.

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| LITTLE KATY AND HER FAMILY..... | 192 |
|---------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVI.

|                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|
| MORE ABOUT LITTLE KATY AND HER MOTHER..... | 201 |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVII.

|                                                   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A WHOLE FAMILY SAVED BY TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES..... | 205 |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVIII.

|                         |     |
|-------------------------|-----|
| DYING BUT NOT READY.... | 210 |
|-------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXIX.

|                     | PAGE |
|---------------------|------|
| THE BACKSLIDER..... | 213  |

## CHAPTER XXX.

|                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|
| A GOOD LESSON FOR REPINING CHRISTIANS..... | 221 |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXI.

|                                              |     |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| TWO KINDS OF TREATMENT. WHICH WAS BEST?..... | 228 |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXII.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| MARRIAGES ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY..... | 233 |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING..... | 239 |
|---------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| JERSEY LIGHTNING..... | 246 |
|-----------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXV.

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| DEATH'S DOINGS..... | 250 |
|---------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

|                                                  |     |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A BETTER PICTURE—CONVERSION AND ITS RESULTS..... | 262 |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

|                                  |     |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| POVERTY AND ITS TEMPTATIONS..... | 268 |
|----------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

|                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| IS DRUNKENNESS A CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASE?..... | 271 |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING..... | 279 |
|---------------------------------------|-----|

CONTENTS.

7

CHAPTER XL.

|                                           | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------|------|
| A CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO DYING PERSONS..... | 288  |

CHAPTER XLI.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| BAREFOOTED IN THE SNOW..... | 296 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLII.

|                                          |     |
|------------------------------------------|-----|
| A MAN SAVED FROM BEING BURIED ALIVE..... | 302 |
|------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLIII.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| THE FATAL RESULTS OF PROCRASTINATION..... | 307 |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLIV.

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| A WARNING TO GREEN ONES..... | 311 |
|------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLV.

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| A MOTHER AND HER PRODIGAL SON..... | 318 |
|------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLVI.

|                                                |     |
|------------------------------------------------|-----|
| SETTING OUT—A CHAPTER FOR THE INQUISITIVE..... | 323 |
|------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLVII.

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| MURDERS AND MOBS..... | 332 |
|-----------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLVIII.

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| THE RAG-PICKER..... | 337 |
|---------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XLIX.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| SPEAK TO THAT GIRL :—SHE IS MY CHILD..... | 342 |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER L.

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| THE FORLORN HOPE..... | 346 |
|-----------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER LI.

|                               | PAGE |
|-------------------------------|------|
| THE PAST AND THE PRESENT..... | 355  |

## APPENDIX.

|                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| CONSTITUTION.....                                     | 407 |
| ACT OF INCORPORATION.....                             | 411 |
| OFFICERS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CENTRAL HOME MISSION..... | 413 |
| RESOLUTIONS.....                                      | 414 |
| OFFICERS OF THE LADIES' CENTRAL HOME MISSION.....     | 415 |



## AUTHOR'S PREFATORY ADDRESS.

---

TO THE READER:—It is customary, I believe, for authors to give, in the beginning of their books, a portraiture of their own faces in lithographic form. Well, I suppose, custom in such cases makes law. I therefore conform to the law, and give to the reader on the opening page of this book, a faithful delineation, not of my own, but, of the real author's face. For I do not wish to lay myself open to the charge of plagiarism by representing myself as the author, when the world knows very well that I am not. I am only "editor for the author."

But lest any should be disposed to censure me too severely for being found in such close proximity to such a suspicious looking personage, I would simply say, in self-justification, that I have long since learned to give even Satan his due; and I hope, moreover, in editing our author's works, to contribute somewhat to the advance

of the cause of Temperance and Religion in this, our highly favored, and once truly happy, but now rum-cursed and sorrow-stricken country.

Turn over the leaf then, kind reader, and take a look at our author's face.

On the right of the picture you see a sign—"Wine and Liquor Store." There is more than that stored there! But wine and liquor would do no harm, if there were not some trusty fellow employed to deal it out to the charmed ones.

But there he is—a man of good manners,—a clever fellow,—very talkative and jovial. He keeps good liquors—(of course he has no bad) and cheap liquors, and often tests their qualities himself by drinking in the presence of his customers, so as to excite their thirst for the intoxicating draught. But, as I said before, there is more than wine and liquor stored there. Sorrow is also stored there, to be dealt out in large measure to all the faithful ones that meet to worship at the "shrine of Bacchus." 'Tis true, they seem for the time being to have a happy time of it while drinking, and singing, and dancing; but when the fiddler's to pay, then comes a "change o' the scene."

The shifting scenery takes us from the groggery to the *once happy home* of the once sober, industrious, and well-clad, but now drunken, idle, and disgustingly wretched

man. You see *he lives* (pardon my blunder) right next door to the "Wine and Liquor Store." But more than that is seen, if your eyes are doing their duty. The infuriated husband and father, raving under the maddening influences of the poisonous contents of the bottle, filled but a little while since by his accommodating neighbor, is now using that same bottle in felling his unoffending companion to the ground. See! he has her by the throat, and is choking her to death! There too are their children,—a boy, and a girl, and an infant,—weeping bitterly, and frightened almost out of their senses at the horrid spectacle which they are forced to behold.

But the people in the neighborhood seem not to care a straw about the matter. Such scenes indeed occur so frequently in the neighborhood of "Wine and Liquor Store" that they have become accustomed to them,—nay, find enjoyment in them.

P. S.—I have seen persons fighting in the street,—the one stabbing the other,—and while the blood was running in torrents from the wounds, the people stood laughing at the belligerents, or at my efforts to part them, I know not which,—perhaps both.

But to proceed. Next door you see a man!! pouring down his throat the contents of his bottle, which he loves better than he loves his wife, or his only child, or

indeed himself; for while he repulses those that should ever have the first place in his affections, he clings with a desperate grasp to *their enemy*, aye, and *his own*,—*the bottle*.

But we must hasten on. We have not time to stop long on our visits, nor indeed would it be desirable to do so in such a place as this.

See there! a colored man has just brought that man home in a state of beastly intoxication. He lives, 'tis true, a little further off from "Wine and Liquor Store," but not so far as to escape its degrading and blighting influences, for, as you see, he gets drunk there and has to be brought home on a wheelbarrow.

P. S.—I have seen the "live picture" scores of times within the bounds of my Mission field.

But just look at that boy, perhaps ten years old, who is leaning against the door-post with a segar in his mouth! He blushes not for his father's degradation, for he himself has already the swagger of the loafer, and is sure to be one before long, if he does not become an inmate of the House of Refuge. That poor little girl is too young to know how much she is disgraced by the brutality of her father; but filled with fear at the ghastly sight which he presents, she seeks for refuge with her heart-broken mother. But, poor woman! how can she protect the child? She will be obliged to fly for her own safety

as soon as her drunken husband gets upon his feet again.

But let us return to the corner store. Aha!! there is a row there. Hold on—not too near. See! That man lying upon his back is about to fire a pistol into the body of his antagonist, who is pummelling him with his fists; while a third stands with a huge knife drawn ready to plunge into the heart of the “bully.”

But let us leave those murderous villains, and go and see what that darkened mass is which is lying yonder in the gutter. In all probability it is a human being. And sure enough, it is a man, or rather the wreck of a man. His empty bottle is lying by his side, indicative of the cause of his degradation, while the filthy swine is rooting around him in the mire, and occasionally snorting, as if in disgust at the sight of a being once bearing the image of Deity, but now, by his own act, more degraded than itself. Poor man! He will never rise again from his degradation. He is even now breathing his last, and his poor body, when borne from this filthy spot, will be deposited in the drunken pauper's grave, while his ruined soul, I fear, will sink into the drunkard's hell.

P. S. again.—I have seen this picture more than once in Baker and Spafford streets. Male and female have been found, whose death, the coroner's jury decided was occasioned by “visitation of God;” but on closer

examination by myself, was found to have resulted from *visitation of the bottle*.

But to return to our picture. Just stand where you are, and take a look at the proprietor of "Wine and Liquor Store." With folded arms and a "three-center" between his teeth, he seems to be enjoying the fun amazingly. What, indeed, does he care who's cut, or shot, or robbed? It's a part, a legitimate part of his business, and cannot be separated from it. Indeed the two are as closely united as the Siamese twins. They live by a common life-blood, and must ultimately perish together. "But," says one, "the landlord makes his money by the sale of intoxicating drinks; and ought not every man to try and make an honest living?"

Honest, indeed! Look at that last penny he took from his next-door neighbor. Why, sir, you need not ask whose image and superscription it bears; for it is all stained with blood, and on one side you can see written in legible characters Murder, and on the other Plunder. Indeed the very beams of his house, and the stones in the wall, cry out against the injustice and extortion of the man; while every wind that passes his dwelling seems to be freighted with the sighs and death-groans of the victims that have been slaughtered within.

Such, then, dear reader, is the author of this book, or at least, the furnisher of its materials, and the occasion

of its publication. He still lives, and fares sumptuously every day; and withal, he has a host of friends who plead manfully in extenuation of his little improprieties, while they assert that he deals in "God's creatures," and is not therefore to be scandalized by teetotallers.

Wishing to do this author ample justice, and allow him to speak for himself on all points affecting his reputation, I shall now proceed to lay before you the materials with which he has furnished me in the "Five Points" of Philadelphia, the neighborhood of Bedford Street Mission, and ask for them a patient hearing before you pronounce judgment upon the character and conduct of our author.

B. T. SEWELL.





## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE Rev. Edward Griffiths, fifty years ago, said, "My ravished eye beholds the kingdom of Christ advanced to the glories of the heavenly state;—looks through the vail which conceals the heavenly world, and discerns thousands of millions of happy beings, ransomed from destruction, and brought to their Father's house. It beholds the church encircling the throne of her Redeemer, casting her honors at his feet, buried in the ocean of his glory, united to the Father by ineffable relationship, while all heaven is ringing with hosannas for Redeeming Love. There, there is the august kingdom completed, which God at first undertook to erect.

Say, now, Christian reader, is not the *object worthy of all the means employed for its attainment?*

Do you hesitate? Look, and think again. Follow only one soul into eternity. Trace its endless course

through delights which flesh and blood could not sustain. Pursue it through the ascending degrees of its eternal progression. See it leaving behind the former dimensions of Seraphim and Cherubim, and still stretching towards God.

Great God! What an event! the conversion of a single soul! O! the infinite mercy that redeemed and saved such countless millions! O! boundless compassion of Christ! an ocean of love without bottom or shore! "O! the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," which are here unfolded!

Now the Judgment is come, and past. What think you now, my skeptic brother? What think you now of Christ, Julian, Porphyry? Now speak, Voltaire, Hume, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, Paine. Where are the tongues that once blasphemed the Lord's Anointed?

Let our subject burst like ten thousand thunders upon those, who, in rejecting Christ the Mediator, resist all the designs of God; who would destroy the *only interest of the universe*; who are fatally contending with all the energies of Omnipotence.

Oh that I had a voice to reach the hearts of impenitent sinners of every class!

Knew ye the infinite glories of our Messiah,—the darling of heaven,—the wonder of angels! Knew ye your

ruin and your necessities!—Knew ye the tenderness of Him who wept because you would sin, who, to save sinners, sweat great drops of blood, and then, after hanging three dreadful hours in pain, expired upon the cross, amid an excited and blood-thirsty mob!

Will you thus pass idly by the reeking sacrifice? Will you refuse Him reverence, and coldly cast away the benefits of his dying love?

I would that I were able to summon all the kingdoms of the earth to rise in mass, and urge forward the cause of the Redeemer.

What have you to do, O ye nations, that ye will not serve the cause of the Lord's Anointed?—that ye will not join with us in earnest efforts to hasten the universal spread of his kingdom?

Let your throbbing bosoms swell with desire to be fellow-workers in the great field which is already white for the harvest,—in the great work of saving fallen man, and bringing him up to the *sublime felicities of eternal Life.*"

Come with me through "Sorrow's Circuit," where sin grows like rank weeds in a neglected garden, and where sorrow's sighs go heavenward for help;—where the fettered victim walks among the tombs:—where father and mother in loud wailings are hunting a lost son or daugh-

ter,—perhaps both:—or wife, in agonizing despair, is still praying for a long, long-lost husband:—or husband, frantic, cries, “O sir! do something for my wife’s salvation!” Come with me, and learn your duty and your privilege.

# INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

BY REV. W. KENNEY,

*Pastor of the Asbury M. E. Church, Wilmington, Del.*

---

DEAR BROTHER:—The work of evangelizing the world is entrusted to human instrumentality. God works, but he works by men; pouring the streams of light and healing upon the dark and disordered heart of humanity, through the channels of a sanctified and far-reaching sympathy. The *performance* of the assigned work, is at once the test and condition of fellowship with God. “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his;” and, animated by that Spirit, the world takes knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus; while at the same time the indwelling of that Spirit harmonizes all the heart’s desires and energies with the divine plans and purposes, thereby making us “co-workers with God” in reclaiming the world from the dominion of sin.

The work is vast—it appalls by its very sublimity. To reclaim an allied world, and bring it into willing allegiance to its Sovereign—to harmonize its teeming millions as members of the “Commonwealth of Israel”—to give light and hope and joy and blessing to the dwellers in the region and shadow of death; until every wilderness and solitary place shall be glad—until every desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and all hearts shall break forth into joy and singing—is a work before which the highest achievements of worldly ambition fade into utter insignificance.

And yet, unspeakably grand as it is, it is the very work to which the Church of God must give herself in the singleness of absolute consecration. It challenges the undivided faith, and energy, and means with which God has invested her. Her lighted candle must be on the candlestick, pouring the light of a divine and purifying radiance like a baptism upon the heart of the world. She must come up from the wilderness, and meet the responsibilities of her divinely ordained mission as the “city on a hill,”—occupying the high places assigned her by the Divine Head, until “the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it.” Her voice, heralding the glad ti-

dings of a free, full, and present salvation, must be heard by all that are afar off, and *by them that are nigh*.

For it is not alone in the far distant regions of the Pagan world, we are to push our quest for adequate fields for missionary enterprise and achievement. These lie at our door. Their borders trench upon the very gates of Zion's palaces. The desolate waste, the moral wilderness, the valley of death, give back in sad and wailing echoes the sound of our Sabbath-bells, as they summon worshipping multitudes to the sanctuary of God. The heathen are in our midst. Physical and moral wretchedness as repulsive and appalling as ever lined the shores of the Ganges, or darkened the plains of India, is found in the very centers of our highest civilization. The wail of the perishing sweeps past our thresholds upon every breeze, and the sunlight of every day reveals to the observant eye multitudes of every age and color, crowding through unblest graves to a dark and hopeless eternity.

These home fields of missionary labor and sacrifice, it is true, are not the most inviting. They are invested with none of that romantic charm which lures the man of God across oceans to the distant places of the earth. They are at home, and therefore homely. Their contiguity renders impossible the "distance which lends enchantment to the view." But to the eye of a true faith,

they reveal wants as pressing, demands as legitimate, and claims as imperative, as the most remote corner of the missionary field.

And shall the church be deaf to the supplications of neighborhood necessities? Because no long, expensive, and perilous journeyings are needed to bring us into the midst of fields perishing for lack of reapers, shall we refuse to put forth the sickle and gather the harvest for God? Is a soul in Bedford street less precious than in Africa, Turkey, or India? Is it less a christian duty to give bread to the hungry, raiment to the naked, instruction to the ignorant, and salvation to the perishing, because the recipient is at our doors?

It is cause for devout thankfulness to God, that the past few years have brought to us the dawn of a better era in the history of missionary effort. Increased effort and liberality have been awakened towards *distant* fields, and this has disciplined the heart of the church to a clearer appreciation of duty in regard to *home* wants. For confirmation we have only to look at the "Causeway" in Baltimore, the "Old Brewery" in New York, and "Bedford street" in Philadelphia. These fields owe their continued and successful cultivation to the spirit awakened in the Church by enlarged missionary labors abroad. For the genuine missionary spirit is like the tides of the ocean. In its ebb, it bears away the treasures



cast upon its shore, while the returning current repays abundantly by its munificent compensations. Increased liberality towards the *foreign*, has filled the treasury of our *domestic* missions; while increased devotion to the *home* work, has resulted in a vast enlargement of the distant field. Indeed, the *home* and the *foreign* are one and harmonious. One in spirit, for this is the love of souls for whom Jesus died; and one in object, for this is to bring *all* men, whether near or remote, to the knowledge of the truth here, and to all the blessedness of Heaven hereafter.

I have said, the missionary work appalls by its very sublimity. If I do not greatly mistake, *you*, my dear brother, will fully understand me. For years, you have stood alone in the midst of that valley of dry bones, prophesying in the name of the Lord your God. Alone did I say? Nay, not alone. For as with Saul when he went home to Gibeah, there has gone with you, in your self-sacrificing employment, "*a band of men, whose hearts God had touched;*" and though of *you*, as of *him*, "*the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us?*" yet the Lord, the mighty God, has been with you, breathing through your utterances a spirit and a power, which have clothed many a skeleton in *your* "*valley of vision*" with all the beauty and energy of a new divine life. And then, ten thousand prayers, ascending as pure

incense from regenerated, grateful hearts, have brought down upon your soul a ceaseless baptism of joy, as you have seen the power of the gospel exemplified in the salvation of these neglected outcasts.

I most fully and heartily endorse your purpose to give to the Christian public in book form, some of the many stirring facts and incidents which have marked the progress of your labors in the "Bedford street" mission. You have abundant means to verify the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." For no fancy could paint, no imagination conceive, the scenes and facts with which you have become either painfully or joyously familiar. And I indulge the earnest hope, that every incident recorded in your forth-coming pages, will fall with stirring power upon the sluggish waters of Christian sympathy, and result in a vast enlargement of the means for prosecuting your Christ-like work.

I am somewhat familiar, as you know, with the field in which you labor, as well as with the means by which that labor is sustained. I have gazed with unutterable emotion upon the scenes of misery that cover the sphere of your mission. I have talked to the children in your school, and listened to their joyous songs. I have witnessed the untiring, self-denying, and wasting labors of the devoted Christian ladies, who, though fitted by nature and education for the most refined associations, prefer to

forego all other pleasures, for the rewards of well-doing, as they toil on in their daily task of instructing those who have no other instructors; and I *have felt*—I *now feel*, that the church is not half awake to the sublime importance of giving increased and unfailing efficiency to this great and noble work. But still, the work will go on. The “handful of corn” planted by your toil, and watered by your tears, “will shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.” Strong hands and willing hearts are enlisted in its support. The gold and silver are the Lord’s; and many, who till now have been unfaithful stewards of their Master’s goods, will yet come to your aid, that they too may inherit the blessings of Him who was ready to perish.

Friends of humanity, lovers of Christ, and lovers of souls for Christ’s sake,—ye whom God hath blessed with homes and plenty—who never have felt the pinchings of literal and spiritual famine—whose jubilant hopes, as they grasp the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come, give light and joy to your happy Christian homes—*will ye not*, from the loftier position to which God hath exalted you, come down once and again to cheer the man of God in his toil; and pour the means of hope, and joy, and salvation, into the always open treasury of the “Young Men’s Central Home Mission?”

And you, my brother, take courage. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Already "the glory of Lebanon and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon" have dawned over the dark desert where with toil and tears, you have gone forth, bearing precious seed. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Then shall ye "go out with joy" to look upon the triumphs of grace, in reclaiming these waste places for Christ; as over all the scene, "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

W. KENNEY.

*Wilmington, Del., July 29, 1859.*

# INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

BY REV. F. MOORE,

*Pastor of the Wharton St. M. E. Church, Philadelphia.*

---

To a mind earnestly tracing the footsteps of the Divine man, Christ Jesus, few incidents of his toilsome life-journey are invested with more tender interest than that which clings around the occasions on which he retired apart to the solitudes of nature, to pray. One of those occasions was when he had not only healed their sick (which he did on both occasions), but had also miraculously fed, by the multiplication of the five loaves and two fishes, the weary multitude, which, at the time, thronged around him, and heard him gladly. Before the narrative of this amazing miracle, and of the fact that "He went up into a mountain apart to pray," occurs the passage of inimitable beauty and unutterable fullness of meaning, "And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward

them, and he healed their sick." Now, with this scene of the weary, and ignorant, and sinful multitude, fresh in his mind, can we suppose that, in the fervent prayer which he offered up amidst the majestic loneliness of the mountain, which, for the time, he had transformed into an altar of purest devotion, he had forgotten to pray for those whose condition had so deeply moved his compassions? Oh, no, no!--he, doubtless, prayed the Father in their behalf, possibly, at this very time, called on God for the fallen and sorrow-smitten, "with strong crying and tears." But the expression once of the mind and heart of Jesus, where a great principle touching human salvation is involved, is the expression of that mind and heart forever, for all time. While, therefore, the sympathies of the risen and glorified Jesus are co-extensive with the race redeemed with his "precious blood;" while his soul is going out for the heathen—his promised inheritance; while his yearnings are for the ends of the earth—his promised possession, we cannot doubt that he breathes into the ear of the Father Almighty, his blood-sprinkled intercessions for the depraved and benighted multitudes within the limits of Christendom, who "are as sheep having no shepherd."

Home and Foreign Missions have both the deepest interest of our Saviour and Lord. It is obvious, then, that while the one should claim the ear and the efforts of

the Church of Christ, the other should not be neglected. What is needed, however, to arouse the energetic, working attention of Christians, is the communication of facts connected with both the home and foreign departments of missionary labor. Let simple and reliable statements be given of the deplorable condition of men in whose behalf an appeal is made to our hearts. Let narrations, concise and earnest, be recorded for the perusal of Christians, of the triumphs of the Gospel, its ability to save the ignorant and outcast. Let all this be done, and such truth will soon show itself mighty, and must prevail to open the coffers of the church, and to scatter their contents with an unsparing hand. Such truth will also prevail to unseal the fountains of pious sympathy in multitudes of Christian hearts; will move many to prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, who, sent by the Father in the name of the Son, will come down in subduing majesty, "Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce," till he shall "opposers all o'errun; and every law of sin reverse."

The following work of Rev. B. T. Sewell claims not to be an elaborate exhibition of the great question of Missions, but it is rather a repertory of solemn, awful, startling facts, which are designed to be as coals of fire glowing "right on the naked heart" of the church. It is to be hoped this unassuming volume will find many

readers who will be excited, by its thrilling narratives of woe, and of Gospel victories, to an increased interest in the cause of Missions.

The cause is Divine. It must, sooner or later, triumph everywhere. It cannot be stayed until the earth is renewed, all over, in righteousness. As the gracious Redeemer sat on the mountain overlooking the little sea of Galilee, and thought and prayed, how sad, in one aspect, was the sight presenting itself to his soul! He looked then over the earth, and through the ages of time, and saw how sin was smiting the earth with plague and pestilence. He saw how sin was forever carving out graves for the teeming masses of the living, and poisoning evermore the souls of all ranks of men. He saw sin, as a hideous monster, with the heart of humanity writhing and bleeding in his loathsome grasp, and uttering perpetually moans of sorrow which were rolling and reverberating down the gallery of ages. He saw earth and time symbolized by the sea of Galilee upon whose breast the night shadows were gathering thick and black, and over whose breast the tempest was sweeping, banking the waters into billows of fury and foam. So the shadows of sin and sorrow had fallen with an *awful gloom*, upon the human race; the earth all over was heaving and seething with passion. He saw, he felt, he prayed. He prayed with an unction, a power which is being unfolded by each suc-



cessive age of human history. Now he is enthroned, and awaits the rewards of his tribulations—he triumphantly anticipates the fruits of “the travail of his soul.” He sees all the events of history working together to produce a far different prospect from that which greeted him when he prayed on the mountain apart. As Galilee was, after the night of storm had passed away, bright and gleaming in the morning sunlight; so he now looks into the future, and beholds the sea of humanity stilled at his feet, mirroring in its depths, the bright things of heaven, the blessed beauties of holiness.

*Philadelphia, Sept. 7th., 1859.*

The first part of the history is a general account of the state of the world in the beginning of the world, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is divided into three parts: the first, the second, and the third. The first part is the most interesting, and the most important. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present.

The second part of the history is a general account of the state of the world in the beginning of the world, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is divided into three parts: the first, the second, and the third. The first part is the most interesting, and the most important. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present.

The third part of the history is a general account of the state of the world in the beginning of the world, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is divided into three parts: the first, the second, and the third. The first part is the most interesting, and the most important. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present. It is the history of the human mind, and of the progress of the human mind from that time to the present.

# INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

BY REV. J. B. M'CULLOUGH,

*Pastor of the Ebenezer M. E. Church, Philadelphia.*

---

READER, you are just on the precincts of "Sorrow's Circuit," a district over which I have been wandering for some days past, while reviewing, at Brother Sewell's earnest solicitation, the manuscript of the interesting book you now hold in your hand. The scenes that will open upon your view as you proceed will not be the most fascinating imaginable, but they will be none the less interesting and profitable on that account.

True, you may not find a great deal in this work to gratify mere literary taste, but you will find that which is of more importance, something that will better your heart, and improve your life; something that will suppress all disposition to murmur at the lot assigned you by Divine Providence; that will humble you in view of your ingratitude for the many blessings and comforts

you have enjoyed in the past; and that will, I trust, inspire you with a new zeal for God, a new love for religion, and a new interest in all the benevolent enterprises of the Church.

Had our brother been able to turn aside, for a time, from the frequent interruptions and the continued toil incident to a missionary's life, he would doubtless have given us a more finished picture of his mission field, and, on the whole, a more finely written book. But this could not be, and hence the work, as now presented, had to be written in detached portions and at irregular intervals, just as other duties would allow. A careful recasting of the whole by an experienced editor might have improved the style, but could have added nothing to the force of the facts narrated. And as the presentation of these facts in a plain unvarnished style, for the information of the people and the good of the Mission, was the grand object had in view by the author, it has not been thought advisable to make any material changes in the original work, except to lop off occasional redundancies, or to soften the tone of some of the descriptions that were thought likely to be offensive to good taste. Not that our author was wanting in taste, or that he was devoid of a proper appreciation of the chaste and the beautiful; but so familiar had he become with those scenes of dissipation and vice, and so anxious

was he to give a truthful description of the whole, that sometimes he overleaped the boundaries, which, perhaps, an over-fastidious community have thrown around the pen of the author.

The fact is, a full and perfect delineation of the Bedford Street Mission could not be written, or, if written, could not be read without a blush, or put in a book designed for general circulation without injuring its sale, and what is worse, injuring the morals of the community.

But as far as our brother could do so without doing harm, the reader may rely upon it, he has given us a faithful representation of *facts*, many of which are confessedly "stranger than fiction."

And in the presentation of these stubborn facts, he has shown us that there exists in the very heart of this beautiful city, a district, which in point of moral turpitude and extreme degradation, can hardly be surpassed by any other in the world. He has shown us that right at our doors, and almost within the shadow of our churches, there are thousands of immortal beings that are just as degraded as the idolaters of India, or the Hottentots of Africa, and who will as certainly perish forever as they, unless they are reached by direct missionary effort. He has shown us, too, that while the Young Men's Central Home Mission of the M. E.

Church, under whose auspices he is now laboring, was organized by a noble little band of pious men and women, who have till the present stood by it, they have been left by the great mass of Christians in this city, to drag along as best they could, under the weight of constant pecuniary embarrassment, and, as a consequence, constant discouragement. And that, too, while these same Christians were sending away thousands and tens of thousands of dollars annually, for the conversion of the heathen in foreign lands. How strangely inconsistent—to allow missions organized for the conversion of the heathen at our doors to languish and die for want of pecuniary support, while we are full of sympathy for those abroad! But I suppose in this, as well as in some other things, “distance lends enchantment to the view,” and the danger of a sinner is proportioned to the distance he is removed from the observer. When will the church adopt right views upon this subject, and our home missionary enterprises receive the same sympathy that is now bestowed on foreign fields? Not that we give too much abroad, but we do too little at home. In doing the one, the other should not be left undone. We should remember that in the estimation of God, “He that provides not for *his own*, and especially for his *own household*, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.”

Now this book is published for the special purpose of giving information concerning the "Bedford Street Mission" in this city; and whatever profit may arise from its sale will be devoted sacredly to the support of this Mission. While therefore you enjoy the pleasure afforded by its perusal, you will also have the additional satisfaction of knowing that you are contributing to the support of a most worthy cause. And I trust that such will be the sale of this book, and such the interest that it will wake up throughout the country in favor of the Bedford Street Mission; that the poor will be induced to send in their mites, and the rich to contribute of their abundance, till the managers of the society shall be enabled to conduct their operations on a scale proportioned to the magnitude and importance of the work, and commensurate also with their largest desires, and most sanguine expectations.

Then shall the "Five Points" of Philadelphia,—this moral plague-spot of our city, and this reproach to our land, be speedily renovated, and its desert wastes be made to "blossom as the rose."

*Philadelphia, September 7th, 1859.*

The first of these was the...  
 second...  
 third...  
 fourth...  
 fifth...  
 sixth...  
 seventh...  
 eighth...  
 ninth...  
 tenth...  
 eleventh...  
 twelfth...  
 thirteenth...  
 fourteenth...  
 fifteenth...  
 sixteenth...  
 seventeenth...  
 eighteenth...  
 nineteenth...  
 twentieth...  
 twenty-first...  
 twenty-second...  
 twenty-third...  
 twenty-fourth...  
 twenty-fifth...  
 twenty-sixth...  
 twenty-seventh...  
 twenty-eighth...  
 twenty-ninth...  
 thirtieth...



# SORROW'S CIRCUIT.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### MY INTRODUCTION TO SORROW'S CIRCUIT.

WHEN I first entered upon my duties\* as missionary in the "Five Points" of Philadelphia, my heart sunk within me. For, although I had seen hard service among rough men on the canals, where I used to preach and distribute tracts as a Colporteur, yet, when I looked upon the hundreds of drunken paupers with which I was here surrounded, and beheld the wretched hovels they lived in, and heard the awful language they used, I asked myself with deep emotion, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

I felt as though I was about to lead on a forlorn hope

\* The reader will observe that I commence with my personal experience in the Bedford St. Mission, which was about one year after its organization. For its early history, see chapter 51.

of forty young men and fifty Christian ladies, the zealous supporters of the Mission, against a Citadel, the taking of which seemed to demand a standard-bearer of better courage, and of more zeal for God and fallen humanity than I possessed. But it was whispered to my heart, "The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong;" and with this encouragement I went to my work, looking to God for wisdom and for strength to aid me in the performance of my duty.

At 10 A.M., on my first Sabbath, I preached to about a dozen hearers, white and colored, in an old shanty fifteen by twenty-five feet in size, located on Bedford street. This house, small as it was, held our congregations and accommodated our Sabbath-school for some time. In the afternoon of the same day I went round into Baker street, just one square from the mission-house, and found there an abundance of just such wretched people as then filled Bedford, and Spafford, and Seventh, and St. Mary's streets, and all the little filthy courts and yards in their vicinity.

My reception in Baker street that first Sabbath was anything but flattering.

After giving out; and, with the aid of the brethren around me, singing a hymn, I commenced praying; but I had scarcely begun, when a scene occurred which completely spoiled this part of our exercises.

Some one having taken a large dog from his home in the vicinity of our meeting, had tied an old wash-kettle to his tail, and then started him homeward again. On he came with rail-road speed. On, too, came the crowd, close on the heels of the dog;—men, women, boys, and girls, all eager to see the fun, and with their yelping, shouting, hurrahing, whistling, jumping, stamping, laughing, &c., making the welkin ring.

We, of course, ceased praying for the time, and waited a moment for the storm of excitement to pass by. One of the brethren having released the poor dog from his awkward position, and brought the tin kettle and placed it by my side, we commenced singing a hymn, determined, if possible, to defeat the devil and his agents by holding this new accession to our congregation,—the people meanwhile stopping, and with open mouths and wondering eyes, looking to see what new scene had been introduced into the programme.

The singing being over, I announced my text, prefacing my remarks thereon, by observing, that we had not come there to quarrel with any one about his religious opinions, as we had long since learned, that *opinions were not religion*; but we had come to do them good, and to try and persuade them to be Christians; and, if we succeeded in this, we should then have accomplished

all that we contemplated in the establishment of this Mission.

These conciliatory remarks were necessary to allay their prejudices, since some of my predecessors had given great offence by their unguarded remarks in relation to Popery, and had thereby brought down upon themselves a shower of dead cats and rats, interspersed with stones and brick-bats. My moderation saved me from similar assaults, and subsequently led the owner of the "Old Aster house," from which the before-named missiles had been thrown, to offer me his large yard as a preaching place. This offer, I, of course, gratefully accepted, and from that time till the present, whenever the weather would allow, we have been found on Sabbath afternoons, preaching in this yard to the drunken, the starving, and the naked,—as unsightly a congregation as ever a minister addressed. And, I thank God, our labor has not been in vain; for even in this wretched locality, the truth has been received, and precious souls have been converted.

But notwithstanding my introduction to the motley crowd in Baker street, on the afternoon of my first Sabbath in the mission, I was still at a loss to know how to acquaint the people of this sin-cursed district more generally with the object of my mission, and the

design of my sojourn amongst them. An opportunity, however, soon offered itself.

On the following day a poor drunkard died next door to the Mission-house. I proposed to preach a funeral sermon over him before his remains were borne away to their last resting place in the pauper's grave. This was something so new and unlooked for in this locality, that the poor creatures with great delight ran all round the neighborhood to tell it. When the hour arrived, therefore, I was greeted with a large congregation, made up of persons of all sorts, sizes, colors, and conditions. I tried to make the services as impressive as possible, taking for my text the pointed declaration of the Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." The sober part of my audience wept freely, while the drunken part, among whom was the wife of the deceased, only grunted assent to my pointed remarks. Whatever may have been the merit of this performance, it is but right that I should say it soon brought me plenty of work in the house of death;—work, which I always perform with pleasure, because of the opportunity it affords me to do good to those miserably degraded creatures.

While we were concluding our service with prayer, the agent employed by the overseer of the poor, came with his rude cart, and white pine box, to bear away the

remains of the deceased. He waited patiently for the conclusion of our prayer; for we lingered long at the mercy-seat. We felt that we had hold of the horns of the altar, and that God was hearing and answering our petitions; for the people were weeping and sobbing like children. The sight of those ragged drunken creatures, as they kneeled around me in the yard, deeply affected me, and as I turned away from them with an aching heart, I earnestly inquired, "Can these degraded wretches be saved?" And as the response came back from the blessed Jesus, "All these are the purchase of my blood," and "though their sins be as scarlet they may be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they may be as wool," I inwardly resolved, that, with the assistance of divine grace, I would do what I could to lead them to the Saviour.

My next successful introduction to these outcasts was on the following day. A poor woman having fallen on the pavement in a drunken fit, I had her carried to the Mission-house, where we administered some remedies prescribed by the books, and at length succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the effects of her debauch, we gave her some wholesome food, and directed the old colored woman, who had charge of the house, to remove her rags, give her a thorough washing, and clothe her anew in some

garments which we had procured for the purpose at a neighboring Jew shop. Thus clothed and in her right mind again, we administered to her the *pledge* in the most solemn manner we could, and then sent her on her way rejoicing.

This occurrence brought me many subjects; for the news spread abroad, that the new Missionary was practicing what he preached. My readers will say, "These people came because of the loaves and the fishes." True, but in getting food and clothing they got also the Gospel of Christ in all its plainness.

On the second Sabbath we had a full house morning and evening, some of whom were so stupidly drunk that when we kneeled for prayer they were unable to rise again, but remained sleeping upon their knees till the close of the service, when they waked up considerably sobered.

We never turn a man out of our meetings for being drunk. Indeed we give instructions to our friends, to bring all such into the church, if they will only behave themselves.

My next successful advertisement of our mission was in Baker street. The subject was a tall fine looking white woman, about thirty years of age, whose dress and appearance indicated that she had not always resided in this wretched locality. Nor, indeed, had she, for, as I

subsequently learned from those who knew her connections, she was a poor prodigal from one of the best families in this city.

But such a wreck! There she stood leaning against the door-post, too drunk to stand without a support, and bitterly weeping.

But what think you she wept for? Can you believe it, reader? This woman of commanding appearance, regular features, dark eyes, raven hair, and fine address, —this woman, who had been respectably educated, and might have passed in any society, wept because during her absence in prison, another *woman had taken her place in the affections of an ugly negro!*

“Well, G——,” said I addressing her, “how are you? What’s the matter with you?”

Raising her head slightly she responded, “Who’s that that knows my name?”

“A friend,” I replied, “that sympathizes with you, and wishes to help you out of your wretchedness.”

Here let me digress a little, and ask the reader to go with me for a moment, and take but a single glance at the filth and misery amid which we found this erring creature. Look through that window, if you please, that opens into the room against whose door she is leaning. Oh, horror of horrors! A dozen persons in that single room, and they all drunk! Men and women, half



naked, mingled together indiscriminately, and covered with filth and vermin! How disgusting the sight! Let us hasten from the scene. No, pause a moment, and look in at that next door. The inmates here are not so drunk as the others, but they are drunk enough to cause them to make the place worse than Pandemonium itself. Such cursing, and coarse jesting, and ribaldry is enough almost to make one ashamed of his race, or at least to abandon such drunken, vulgar wretches to their fate. But no—duty compels us to remain with them. Here is our work, yes, right here; and here we must remain day after day, week after week, and month after month, until we are honorably discharged, or this desert waste is made to “blossom as the rose.”

“Yes, G——, we are here to help you, and we will be your friends, if you will allow us. Come along with us, and leave at once this dreadful place.”

“I’ll go with you anywhere, and go now, for this is hell on earth. I want to quit this way of living;—I might as well be in perdition as here. But there is no hope for me.”

“O yes, there is hope still. You are not too old to reform. You may yet be a respectable woman.”

We took her to the Magdalen Asylum, one of the noble institutions of our city of “brotherly love,” where

many a poor unfortunate female has been redeemed from obloquy and ruin.

From this place, after a few weeks, she went to reside with some of her relatives then living in the state of New York. Here she was thrown into respectable society, and surrounded with new associations and a new circle of friends. The result was, that in about a year from the date of her reform, she again stood in the presence of the Missionary, accompanied by a fine looking gentleman, who desired to be united with her in "holy matrimony." Never before did I perform a marriage service with such a hearty good will; and never did I pray more earnestly for the future happiness of a wedded pair. The ceremony being ended, with many thanks for my kindness, and with earnest prayers for my future success and happiness, the now happy pair left me to return to their distant and quiet home in the *country*.

So much for the influence of a few kind words addressed to a poor infatuated woman,—the erring child of devoted and pious parents. "Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

My next introduction was in the capacity of Doctor; for, though I have no diploma, I, nevertheless, have to perform the part of a physician occasionally. And most

happy am I when the cases presented are such as require but little skill in the practice of medicine.

My first call was to see what could be done for a poor woman, whose skull had been fractured with the blow of a club in the hand of some drunken ruffian. Of course, I could do nothing here, nor the "Poor doctor" either. The woman died, but her murderer escaped.

My next case was that of a man, who had been badly beaten, while engaged in a drunken row. He also died, while the murderer escaped.

My third case was a more hopeful one, and in its treatment I was more successful. A poor woman had given birth to a child about eight o'clock in the morning; but not being able to secure the services of a physician,—it being a rule among the M.Ds. of this neighborhood not to prescribe for a patient without the payment of fifty cents in advance,—this poor creature was left to suffer till after nightfall, when we administered to her a large bowl of catnip tea, when, lo and behold! in half an hour, heir number two made *his appearance*. This established me as *Doctor Sewell* without a diploma; and on I went feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, and preaching the Gospel to the poor. And truly God most signally blessed this work. Our congregations steadily improved, so that our house of worship soon became too small for us, and we were

obliged to provide a more commodious place. This being done, through divine aid and the benevolence of our friends, a protracted meeting was commenced, which continued without intermission from the first Sunday in September till the last Friday in March. And during all those intervening months, we were never without one or more penitents at our rude "mourner's bench," earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls; and scores who thus sought found the "pearl of great price," and were made happy in Redeeming love. Some of them have since died in the Lord, and gone up to join in the songs of the blood-washed throng that encircle the throne of God, while others have become respectable citizens and useful members of the Church of Christ. "Not unto us, O God, not unto us, but unto *thy great name be all the glory.*"

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PRIEST AND THE DOCTOR.

DURING my first summer in the Bedford Street Mission, there was a great deal of sickness—many cases resembling the Asiatic Cholera. Within two squares of the Mission-house, I counted thirty deaths in thirty days, the subjects having all the appearance of those who died with the plague in 1832, when it first visited Philadelphia, and when more than a hundred were daily borne by it to their long home.

In my visits to the dying I more than once met the Roman Catholic Priest. He came to give “extreme unction,” and I, a little of “Doctor Aaron Comfort’s Cholera Mixture.” This he gave me free of charge, in any quantity I desired. I found it to be a first rate article that never failed to give relief when taken in time.

Now I hope my Allopathic and Homeopathic friends, the doctors, will not get miffed at me, for I use a little of all their medicines. I am a sort of Eclectic in my

practice, using with caution such remedies as I know are safe, in cases where a regular Physician either *cannot* or *will not* come.

On one occasion as I was passing along Spafford street near Baker, I was called into a house where a man and woman were thought to be dying with Cholera. On entering I found them both very ill indeed, cold on the surface, with cramps and stupor, accompanied with vomiting.

On examination I found that I had no medicine on hand. I, therefore, hastened with all possible speed to Doctor Comfort's Store in Market street, to obtain a supply, which was cheerfully granted me. With this I returned as quickly as possible to the bed-side of the sick, hoping that I might yet be able to save them. But on entering the house I found the man already dead, and the woman, though still alive, suffering very greatly. To her I administered my remedy by rule, and, as the result, had the satisfaction of seeing her sitting up in the evening. Leaving some medicine and the necessary direction for its use, and cautioning her particularly against the use of any other stimulant, especially whiskey, I left her for the night

But when I called in the morning, I found her down again, and suffering a good deal of pain. On looking round, I soon saw the cause of the relapse, in the pre-

sence of an empty whiskey bottle which sat upon the table.

“What!” said I, “have you been drinking that stuff? If so, you need not take any more of my medicine, for the two will not agree together.” Strychnine and whiskey are synonymous terms. Only think of Nux Vomica being deposited in large doses in the stomach of one who was nearly dead yesterday!

But I could not make her and her associates believe, that there was the least harm in taking a “wee dthrap of the crathur.” *She*, however, took it in *large doses*. I called at noon, and found her worse. At 2 o’clock I called again, and just as I was entering, the Romish priest came in for the first time, dressed in his peculiar style, and ready, I suppose, to perform the last offices of his religion to the dying woman. But will you believe it, reader, this sanctimonious priest, this *good man*, who neither gave bread to the hungry, nor medicine to the sick, *turned me out of the house*, and *shut the door in my face*, and presently sent after me the rest of the family?

What he did in our absence, or what he did not, I, of course, do not pretend to know with certainty.

I suppose, however, in accordance with the rules of his church, he first “confessed her,” that is, he received her confession of the fact that she had been a great sin-

ner, and needed much cleansing to fit her for heaven. And well she might confess, for, to my certain knowledge, she was possessed of more than seven devils, and first among them was the *Rum Devil*. And do you not think, kind reader, that this little priest must have had a stout heart to attack so many devils, and he all alone? But he, you know, claims to be the vicegerent of God, and can therefore drive out the devils at pleasure, and open the door of heaven to whomsoever he pleases.

So, I suppose, after receiving the confession of this woman, and *exorcising* her evil spirits, he absolved her from all her sins, gave her extreme unction and holy anointing for her burial, and then pronounced her all right for heaven, except a few sin-marks that would have to be removed by a brief stay in the fires of Purgatory.

Thus we found her at 4 P. M. I was not permitted to give her any more medicine, for she had received the last sacrament which the Church of Rome administers, and now she must die, or else there would be confusion in the Creed.

The dying woman had in her right hand a burning candle, which was held erect by the hand of a brother. Presently a female entered, and asked, "Who is that



Candle?" meaning, to what saint had it been dedicated? She was answered, "Queen Mary."

"Are there no more candles?" she inquired. Another was produced, which was said to be "St. Elizabeth." This being lighted, was placed in the other hand, and held erect by another brother. A prayer-book was next called for by the officiating lady, which, after a long search, was found and placed in her hands. I thought of some of our Bibles, whether they would not also be hard to find sometimes.

And now all was ready for the departure of the dying woman. The candles, I suppose, were intended to light up her passage through "the dark valley of the shadow of death."

I thought that I should want a better light than tallow candles can give when I came to die. O yes, I shall want the reflections from the sun-lit countenance of my dear Redeemer to illuminate my pathway through the valley of death.

The pious lady above referred to, then commenced running over "the prayers for the dying" with the rapidity of a proof reader of a *thirtieth edition*, or of a Rail-road train, when the conductor is behind time. But rapidly as the prayers were being read, the spirit of the poor woman had fled before they were concluded.

And now all was over, and, according to the teachings of Popery, this woman, bad as she had been in life, and drunken as she had been even in death, had only to stop for a brief period in the fires of Purgatory, and then pass on safely to the Paradise of God, the home of the *pure* and the *good*.

Fatal delusion! to suppose that the prayers and manipulations of the priest, and the fires of a mythical purgatory, can do for us that which can only be done by the all-cleansing blood of Christ!

On another occasion, the priest and your humble servant met in a cellar over a dying woman. But we were both too late to be of any service to her; for her struggles indicated that Death's work was already well nigh done.

The Priest pettishly inquired why they had sent for him at 'so late a period; gave me a scowling look, as much as to say, "You meddling heretic, what are you here for?"—And then turned away, without even administering a word of rebuke to the drunken woman that occupied the same wretched room, or leaving a loaf of bread to satisfy the hunger of the starving children of the now dying mother.

This kind of work was beneath his cloth, and could safely be left to the Missionary sent there by the *heretics*

of the "Young Men's Central Home Mission;" he caring but little who fed or clothed the people, so that they remained in allegiance with the *Holy Catholic Church*, and entrusted to *him* the care of their souls and *their money*.

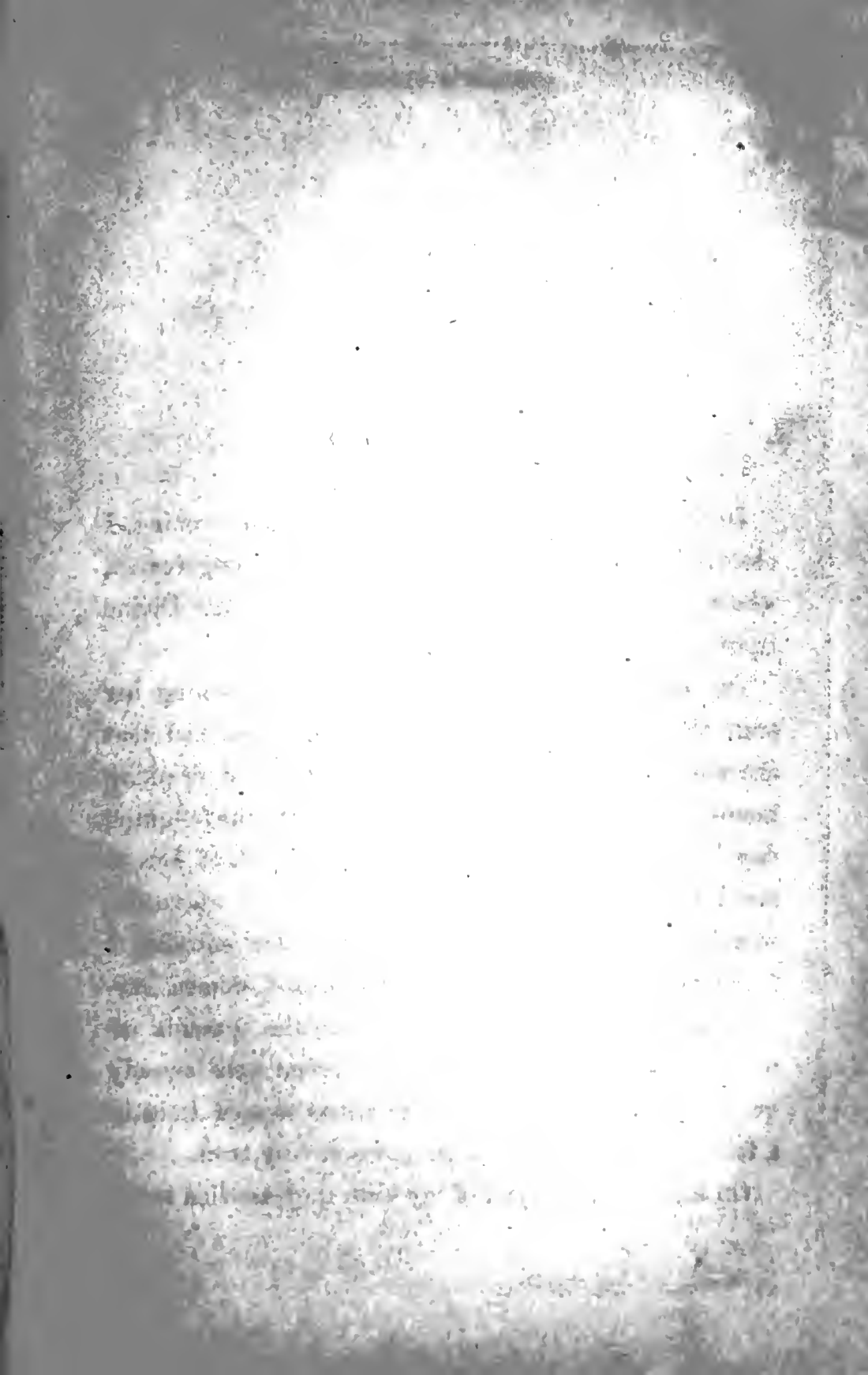
## CHAPTER III.

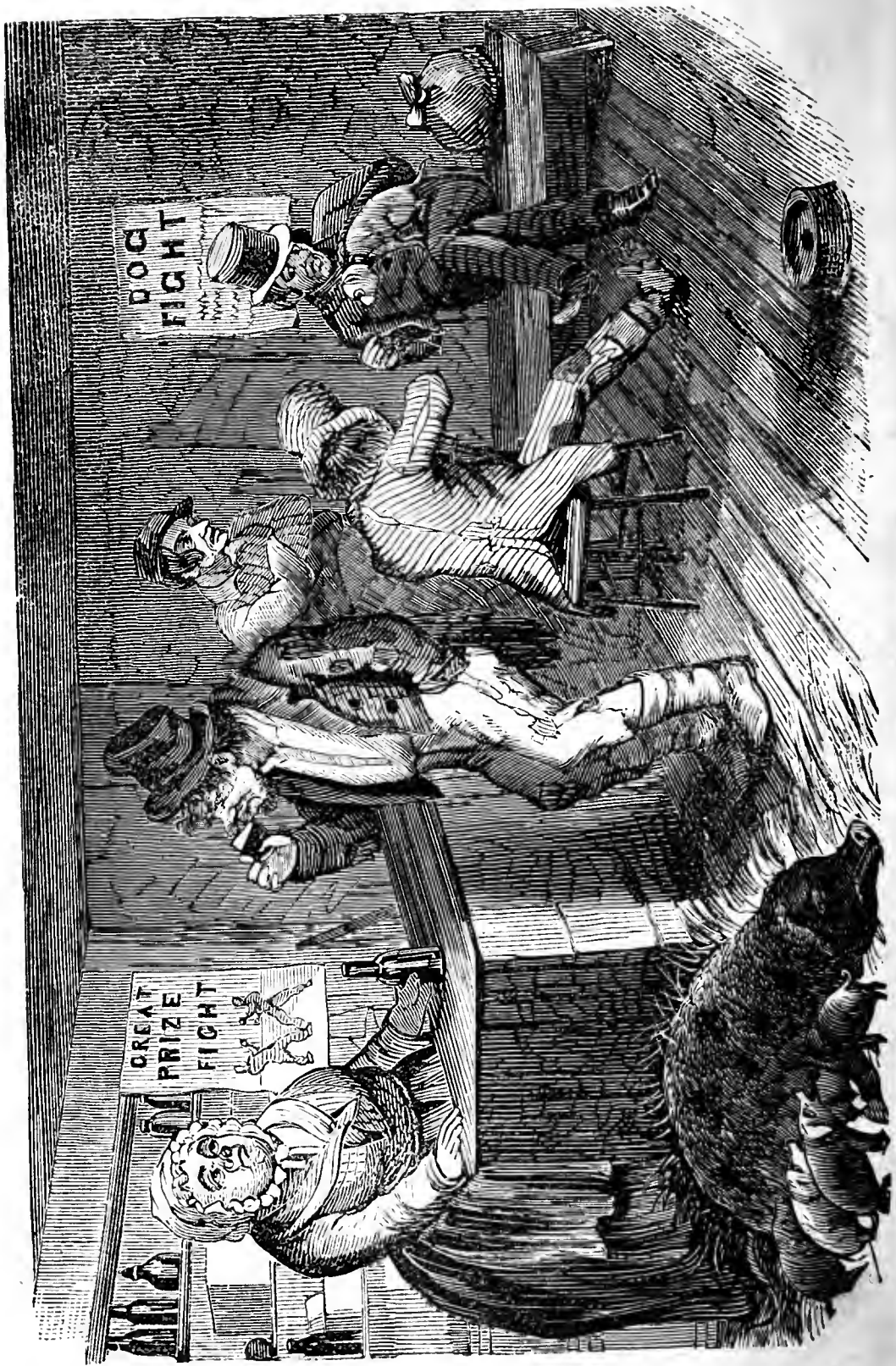
## CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

DURING the progress of our meeting one evening, I observed in the congregation a fine-looking young woman, whose heart seemed to have been touched by the Divine Spirit.

On approaching her, and inquiring concerning her state of mind and her place of residence, I learned that she was an inmate of one of those wretched drinking houses, with which this place abounds. On the following day I went to the place designated in pursuit of her, to see if I could not induce her to go to a place where she would have an opportunity to reform. On entering, I found the room full of respectably-dressed women, surrounded with ale and porter bottles, the contents of which they were freely drinking. Some were already quite drunk, and the most of the others seemed to be in a fair way to occupy the same position very soon.

On learning the object of my visit, they assailed me in





A BAR ROOM IN BEDFORD STREET.

no very polite terms, cursing me to my face for attempting to interfere with them or their friends, while indulging in their sensual enjoyments.

I however paid no attention to their abuse or their threats, but continued to plead with my fair auditor, and urge her to leave at once that den of vice. After much persuasion, she at length consented to go with me to the Magdalen Asylum, and I turned away to seek a *permit* for her admission.

As I left the door a brewer's dray drove up, and left in that very house a fresh supply of that sensualizing beverage that had already degraded its unhappy inmates. As I passed the dray, I read on its side the name of the brewer, and the place of his establishment, but thought no more of the matter for the time being. On I went in pursuit of the Managers of the Reformatory Institution, anxious only to secure the safety of my valuable prize. Finding at length the Secretary of the Board, I was directed to go to Mr. A. B. C., a very kind-hearted and benevolent man, who might be found at his office, and would doubtless gladly give me the desired permit. I hastened, therefore, to the place designated, to obtain from this *very good man* a passport to a place of safety for my poor penitent.

But whom think you I beheld when I got there? Could I be in the right place?

Yes, the number is right, and the name is also right. I cannot be mistaken. This is the identical spot from which the brewer's dray came, and Mr. A. B. C. is the owner of this establishment for the manufacture of porter, ale, and beer. Through this extensive brewery I was sent in pursuit of its *benevolent owner*.

But I did not succeed in finding him, for the employees were all too busy to give me any directions or to pay much attention to me.

What an inconsistency! thought I, as I left the building. Here is a man, who is an officer in a benevolent institution, and who gives a hundred dollars a year to aid in reforming women, who are made wicked, and whose vices are promoted and strengthened from day to day, by the very business in which he is constantly engaged, —the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

Reader, have you any thing to say in extenuation of this man's guilt? What apology can you offer for the man, who, to enrich himself, will send down to Bedford street the drunkard-making drug to enervate the bodies, weaken the minds, and destroy the virtue of weak women, and thus prepare them for the reformatory process at a heavy expense to the benevolent?

“O consistency, thou art a jewel.”

Is it any wonder, in view of such facts, that notwithstanding the Herculean efforts put forth constantly by our



society, aided, as it is, by Sabbath and day schools, and by a Missionary who is constantly employed, there is so little apparent change for the better in this beer-commencing and whiskey-finishing community?

Need we wonder that here, in the immediate vicinity of our Mission-house, we still have bottles, bottles, bottles, kegs, kegs, kegs, barrels, barrels, barrels eternally without number or end; and at every turn brewers' drays and bottler's wagons running and rattling, accompanied with the chorus of buttermilk, hot corn, crabs, and pepper-pot, and the whole slightly improved with the deeper chorus of oysters, seabass, and sturgeon, making the welkin ring with hideous noise; that we have the scene interspersed here and there with a grand set-to, a la Hyer or Sullivan, or despising the rules of the pugilistic ring, a regular rough and tumble fight, the crowd crying, "Stand back and give fair play," the boys hurrahing, the women laughing, the men swearing, and the combatants bleeding, muddy, and ragged?

Need we wonder that these scenes are here repeated day after day in all their disgusting details, when with a few pennies these wretched beings can purchase at "humped-backed Jimmie's" or some other low groggery, a few glasses of "*Pale ale*" from my *friend's* brewery, or a little of something stronger from the distillery of Mr. C. A——, an honorable gentleman, a member of a

most estimable family, all of whom are regular communicants in the Rev. Mr. B.'s church; the son of a worthy sire, who, notwithstanding his long connection with the still, and the ruinous results of his business, lately died in peace within the bosom of the church; and the brother of one who maintains the dignity of his father's house and of the state as a representative in the National Legislature at Washington? While indeed this pauper-making and soul-destroying business is carried on and upheld by such persons, and is recognized by the better part of the community as an honorable calling, what can we expect from the poor wretches in Baker and Bedford streets?

But these respectable brewers and distillers will quiet their consciences by replying, that the products of their manufactories are used for mechanical and medicinal purposes, and that they are not responsible for the abuse of articles so useful, and, indeed, so indispensably necessary.

This reply may possibly satisfy them now, and tend to quiet their fears, but what will they say when they come to stand in judgment before that God who now looks right down into their hearts, and who knows perfectly the motives by which they are influenced?

“But the Judgment is not yet.” No, thank God, it is not yet. And well it is for those engaged in the man-

ufacture of intoxicating drinks that it is so. For if it is true, as the Bible asserts, that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," what will be the doom of that man, who, for the sake of gain, carries on a business, that results in the ruin of thousands and tens of thousands, both for time and eternity?

But independently of considerations that relate to the future world, let every man engaged in the business, and every apologist of the traffic, reflect seriously upon its results, in the present, upon every department of human society. And to aid you in these reflections, let me ask you to carefully read the following testimony on this subject, given before a special committee of the Canada Legislature by Rowland Burr, Esq., of Toronto.

Mr. Burr, being interrogated with regard to the effects of the unrestricted use of intoxicating liquors, and the only remedy against the evils produced thereby, said: "1st. I believe the morals of the public are greatly injured by the use of intoxicating liquors. My experience as a Justice of the Peace and Jail Commissioner for nearly twenty years, shows that nine out of ten of the male prisoners, and nineteen out of twenty of the female prisoners, have been brought there by intoxicating liquor. I have visited the jails from Quebec to Sandwich through the length and breadth of Canada, and I have personally examined nearly 2,000 prisoners in the

jails, of whom two-thirds were males and one-third females; they nearly all signed a petition that I presented to them for a Maine Liquor Law, many of them stating that it was their only hope of being saved from utter ruin, unless they could go where intoxicating liquors were not sold.

“I examined the jailers’ books, wherein they all kept a record of the number of persons, their age, country, and occupations, and their crime, also whether they were brought there by the use of intoxicating liquors. In four years there were 25,000 prisoners in the jails, and it appeared from the records that 22,000 of that number had been brought there by intoxicating liquors, and I believe, from the 1,000 whom I examined, that 24,000 out of the 25,000 would never have been there had it not been for the liquor trade and licence law. I have the record now before me, kept by myself, of the liquor dealers of Yonge street, for 54 years past, 100 in number, and I will mention the abstract of the record, viz.,

|                                                     |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Number of ruined drunkards in the 100 families..... | 214     |
| Loss of property once owned in real estate.....     | £58,700 |
| Number of Widows left.....                          | 46      |
| “ Orphans.....                                      | 235     |
| Sudden deaths.....                                  | 44      |
| Suicides publicly known.....                        | 13      |
| Number of premature deaths by drunkenness.....      | 203     |
| Murders.....                                        | 4       |

|                                                        |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Executions.....                                        | 3     |
| Number of years of human life lost by drunkenness..... | 1,915 |

“I have been acquainted with these 100 families, and I have kept written records of them, for the purpose of printing them, leaving out the names.

“2d. The remedy, and the only remedy in human power is a Prohibitory Law.

“In this opinion I am supported by the report of the committee of thirty-nine of the most illustrious members of the British House of Commons, commending such a law after sitting in committee during three months, and taking evidence from judges, sheriffs, mayors, jailers, magistrates, naval and military officers, from all parts of England. The report of the committee occupies nearly 600 pages, mostly of evidence of such a black character as I never saw before.

“I am also supported by the testimony of thousands of persons wishing in their sober moments to refrain, but when the liquor is within their reach, the sight, taste, or smell of it overcomes all good desires, and they are ruined.

“3d. I believe the people of Canada are prepared to sustain a Prohibitory Liquor Law. In the towns and cities there would be difficulty and labor at first; but in the city of Toronto there is a sufficient number of Prohibitory Law men to fairly support such a law if we had

it; but it must be a strong one. If the law is mystified, and not clear so that all could understand it, it would then fail. But give us a clear, strong, sensible law, and I have no fear but that in 20 years the Government would be out of debt most assuredly, and not one pauper or prisoner to where there are now ten. Some years ago when there was a bill before the House for a Maine Liquor Law, there were 180,000 persons petitioned for it, and I have no doubt that two-thirds of the householders are in favour of it now."

Read, also, the following statistics of the "Cost of crime produced by intemperance," taken from a speech delivered in England on the "Permissive Bill" by the Rev. J. W. Kirton, and reported in the New York Prohibitionist:

"On Monday, March 21, 1859, the Rev. J. W. Kirton delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, on the Permissive Bill. N. Worsdall, Esq., stated that the committee were preparing to canvass the town regarding the Permissive Bill; and he showed the necessity of legislative interference with a traffic which yielded such fearful and startling results, as exhibited in the following statistical returns: London police reports stated that 30,000 persons were taken up yearly dead drunk. 60,000 more were noticed as sadly overcome with liquor, but not taken up. 50,000 persons were engaged as brewers and distillers

throughout the land. Seven or eight confirmed drunkards died every hour. In 1858, in England and Wales, for the support of the poor alone, a sum equal to a tax upon every man, woman, and child, of 5s. 3½d. was expended. In 1858 there were in the workhouses 124,879 persons, and outside 792,205 out-door paupers. The total number of persons existing in whole or in part upon the industry of the people was 917,084, or nearly one million to twenty millions of the population. 17,666 boys and 17,416 girls, or 35,082 children were being brought up paupers, and habituated to public support. Under the care of the Poor Law Commissioners there were 27,693 pauper lunatics; of these 10,000 were idiots. The cost of the pauper lunatics alone was £480,286. The cost of prisoners in Pentonville prison was £15,000 annually; the number of prisoners, 1,054. In Millbank, 667 prisoners, costing £38,000. In Parkhurst, 424 prisoners, costing £12,000. In Portland, 1,605, costing £33,000. In Portsmouth, 1,019, costing £32,000. In Dartmoor, 934, costing £35,000. In Chatham, 649, costing £37,000. In Buxton, 921, costing £16,000. In Fulham, 187, costing £5,630. In the hulks, 485, costing £12,000. So that the total number of prisoners in these places, irrespective of all those in prison in county and borough gaols, was 7,840, which cost the nation £255,000, or nearly a quarter of a million

sterling, including the counties. In these returns there were nearly 15,000 prisoners, costing close upon £500,000. The Governor of Newgate said a few years ago, that of every 100 prisoners brought in, 99 came in through intemperance. Dr. Ellis, a competent authority on lunacy, stated that out of twenty-six prisoners who through derangement had become inmates of asylums, twenty owed it to drunkenness. Mr. Kirton delivered an interesting lecture, and when the vote *pro* and *con* was taken at the close, the whole audience voted for it; one solitary hand being held up against it, apparently more in jest than earnest."—*Cor.*



## CHAPTER IV.

## OUR FIRST MISSION SABBATH SCHOOL.\*

SOON after the organization of our Mission, the question of, What can we do for the children? became an absorbing one, and led to the appointment of a committee, who were instructed to look out for an eligible room which we could use for a Sabbath-school, and in which we could continue to hold preaching and prayer-meetings, when the inclemency of the weather should drive us from the preaching stations on the streets.

After a thorough search through Baker, Spafford, and Bedford streets, the committee reported that only one building could be obtained. This was an old dilapidated frame building in Bedford street, then used as a receptacle for old bones, and rags, &c. But so forbidding was the aspect of the building, and so noisome the stench arising from the putrefying bones and rotting rags, that it was thought it would endanger the health of those who might attempt to occupy it.

\* Written by a Member of the Board of Managers.

However, having become responsible for the rent, it was agreed to try the effect of scraping, scrubbing, white-washing, and a liberal use of Chloride of Lime. This was attended with such good effects, that, notwithstanding the place was still offensive to the olfactories, the managers concluded to open in it our first Sabbath-school.

No difficulty was experienced in gathering in a sufficient number of children to compose a school, for excited by such a novel spectacle as a Sabbath-school in Bedford street, they came in crowds. But such a Sabbath-school, as that first one was, was beyond all doubt the rarest thing of the kind that any of the good brethren interested had ever before witnessed. The jostling, tumbling, scratching, pinching, pulling of hair, little ones crying, and larger ones punching each other's heads, and swearing most profanely,—altogether formed a scene of confusion and riot that disheartened the teachers in the start, and made them begin to think that they had undertaken a fruitless task.

As to the appearance of these young Ishmaelites, it was obvious that they were badly off for soap:—hands, feet, and faces, exhibited a uniform crust of mud and filth; while the tangled hair, of that indescribable hue known as sunburnt, gave unmistakable indications of the existence of a busy multitude whose haunts had never been

disturbed by any instrument more formidable than finger nails.

As it was necessary to obtain order, the Superintendent, remembering that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," decided to try its effects on the untamed group before him; and giving out a line of a hymn adapted to the popular tune of "Lilly Dale,"—he commenced to sing it. The effect was instantaneous. It was as oil on the troubled waters. The delighted youngsters listened to the first line, and then joined in with such hearty good will that the old shanty rang again.

The attempt to engage and lead them in prayer was, however, a matter of greater difficulty. They seemed to regard the attitude of kneeling as very amusing, and were reluctant to commit themselves so far to the ridicule of their companions as to be caught in such a posture.

After reading to them a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and telling them of Jesus, they were dismissed, greatly pleased with their first visit to a Sabbath-school.

As for ourselves, we also had received a lesson. We found, what indeed we had expected, that the poor children were very ignorant; but we also found what we did not expect, namely, such an acute intelligence, and aptitude to receive instruction, as admonished us of the danger

of leaving them to grow up under evil influences, to become master spirits in crime, and pests to society.

Many of the faces that we had just seen were very expressive, indeed painfully so. Some of them seemed to exhibit an unnatural and premature development of those passions whose absence makes childhood so attractive.

Hunger! aye, its traces were also plainly written there. It is painful to see the marks of hunger on the human face; but to see the cheek of childhood blanched by famine—to behold the attenuated limbs, and the bright wolfish eyes, ah! that is a sight.

Come not near it, ye children of Luxury, lest ye feel disquieted in your minds;—lest the sight be to you like “the fingers of a man’s hand on the wall,” writing that “you are weighed in the balances and are found wanting,” in that you *have literally taken the children’s bread and cast it to your dogs.*

## CHAPTER V.

## OUR DAY SCHOOL.

THE following article appeared in our Mission Journal for March, and from it we take the liberty of transferring it to our pages:

From the time of the organization of the Sunday-school of the "Young Men's Central Home Mission," the teachers and those laboring with them were aware that most of their scholars were spending their time through the week amid associations calculated to destroy the effect of the Sabbath's teachings. They believed that something more must be done, if the end was gained, which they were seeking.

A day school was proposed, in which the children might receive instruction suited to their peculiar circumstances. But very many difficulties were in the way. The expenses of the Mission already exceeded the contributions of those, whose sympathies were enlisted in the work.

The selection of a teacher too was a matter of great moment. It was deemed important to secure one possessing a true Missionary Spirit,—one who felt the burden of souls upon her heart.

Then it was, by many, thought to be unsafe for a lady to remain in this locality alone, even though a suitable one should offer.

These obstacles were all thoughtfully and prayerfully considered; but believing the work to be of God, and that his blessing would attend it,—they ventured to bring the matter before the Board of Managers in the month of March 1854. This resulted in the election of a teacher;—and on the following Sabbath an invitation was extended to the children to meet the teacher on the next morning in the same building at nine o'clock.

On the second of April, about thirty neglected little ones came from alleys and lanes around the mission, and were found waiting when the hour for school arrived. But when admitted, very few of them had any conception of the purpose for which they were collected. The efforts of the teacher to seat them proved a failure. The prevailing idea seemed to be, that each one should take some part in amusing the company. One would jump from the back of the bench upon which he had been seated, while others were creeping upon the floor;—another, who deemed himself a proficient in turning

somersets, would be trying his skill in this way; while his neighbor equally ambitious, would show the teacher how he could stand on his head. Occasionally they would pause and listen to the singing of a hymn, or the reading of a little story;—then all would be confusion again. And thus the morning wore away.

The first session having closed, the teacher retired to her home, feeling that a repetition of the scenes through which she had passed could scarcely be endured.

Two o'clock found her again at the door, and the children soon gathered around her. Upon entering the school-room, most of them were induced to be seated, and a hymn was sung which they had learned in the Sabbath-school. When it was finished the question was asked, "Shall we pray?" With one accord they answered, "Yes." "And will you be quiet?" They again replied in the affirmative.

All were then requested to be silent and cover their faces. In this posture they remained until the prayer was closed, and after resuming their seats, for some minutes, order was preserved. This was the only encouraging circumstance of the day.

For many weeks a stranger would scarcely have recognized a school in this disorderly gathering, which, day after day, met in the old gloomy building. Very many

difficulties, which we may not name, were met and conquered.

Fights were of common occurrence. A description of one may give the reader an idea of what frequently came under our notice:

A rough boy about fourteen years of age, over whom some influence had been gained, was chosen monitor one morning; and as he was a leader in all the mischief, it was hoped that putting him upon his honor would assist in keeping order. Talking aloud was forbidden. For a few minutes matters progressed charmingly, until some one tired of the restraint broke silence. The monitor feeling the importance of his position, and knowing of but one mode of redress, instantly struck him a violent blow upon the ear, causing him to scream with pain. In a moment the school was one scene of confusion, the friends of each boy taking sides; and before the cause could be ascertained, most of the boys were piled upon each other in the middle of the room, creating sounds altogether indescribable. The teacher realizing that she was alone, and not well understanding her influence, feared for a moment to interfere; but as matters were growing worse, something must be done. She made an effort to gain the ear of the monitor, and asked why he did so? He, confident of being in the right, replied:



“Teacher, he didn’t mind you: he spoke, and I licked him. And I’ll do it again, if he don’t mind you.”

His services of course were no longer required. Many other incidents of a novel character might be narrated in connection with the early history of the school.

Commencing with thirty pupils and one teacher, the number has gradually increased until *more than two hundred* are now daily receiving instruction in our Mission-school from three young ladies, whose hearts are in the work.

We are constantly admitting children of the most degraded class;—yet we have always in attendance enough well-trained scholars to give character to the school, which we think will not suffer by comparison with the schools around us.

In connection with the elementary branches of an English education, strict attention is paid to the moral culture of the children, the teacher endeavoring to become acquainted with the peculiar vices into which they have fallen, and also the habits of their parents, that they may be able to suit their instruction to each individual case.

We are careful to admit none to our schools, but those whose poverty excludes them from the public schools. This may not be understood by every reader.

They come to us without shoes, ragged and dirty,

just as they leave the garret or cellar in which they live.

To provide clothing and shoes for those under our care is no small task. This has been undertaken by a society of ladies, called the "Ladies' Central Home Mission," who meet once a week to make garments for the children, and who depend upon the contributions of the benevolent around them for sustenance in this department of the work of the Mission.

Dark days have at times spread a gloom over our work, and to some it seemed as though our school-room must be closed; but the prayer of faith has gone to a throne of grace, and answers have been sent, our necessities have been met, and we still trust in God who has the hearts of all men in his hand. And we believe that he will continue to incline those who have much of this world's goods to remember us in our great work among the children and their parents.

“ Here we come to search the Scriptures,  
Here our off'rings, too, we bring,  
That the wilderness may blossom,  
And the desert places sing ;  
That the many now in darkness  
May arise to light divine,  
And the Gospel, in its brightness,  
O'er the darken'd earth may shine.”

## CHAPTER VI.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF OUR DAY SCHOOL, AND A PLEA  
FOR ITS SUPPORT.

BEFORE dismissing the subject of our day-school, the reader, who has been so deeply interested by the account given of its origin and success in the last chapter, will not, I am sure, object to the insertion of the following plea for its support taken from the "Journal" of July 1859. The writer says:

The preaching of the Gospel is the chief instrumentality which God employs to save man from the power and dominion of sin; to rescue him from nature's darkness, and introduce him into the marvelous light of the kingdom of his dear Son. But in order that the preaching of the Gospel may have its desired influence upon mankind, the cultivation of the mind ought at the same time to be kept constantly in view. While education—strictly so considered—cannot convert the soul, yet in connection with religion, it may be made highly condu-

cive to the best interests of humanity. In fact, education ought ever to be considered as the *handmaid to piety*, and in this associate capacity it is invaluable. In accordance with this principle, we find education incorporated with every missionary enterprise, and cultivated in every field of labor into which Protestants have entered.

When Bedford Street Mission was first organized, the recovery of the sinner from the error of his ways was the momentous object which engrossed our attention; and to effect this, street preaching, and visiting from house to house were very properly regarded as the great desiderata. The Gospel of the Son of God was thus brought to the doors of many who had never before heard its saving truths; and through the blessing of the Almighty, many a backslider was arrested in his downward course, many a devotee of Catholicism had the veil removed from his darkened understanding, and many, oh! how many, had the happiness to find a long neglected Saviour in their last extremity, and died exulting in the mercy of a gracious God.

Glorious as these results were, it was soon discovered that we were not fully carrying out the objects of our mission; that there was needed the employment of other instrumentalities; that other means should be brought to bear against the *young* recruits of Satan, who were

hourly advancing to fill up the ranks of those who had been reclaimed, or had fallen a prey to their vicious propensities. In the moral, as well as in the physical world, the stream, if pure, must be made so at the fountain head. If lasting good is to be expected from missionary enterprise, the young must be sought out, they must be carefully trained to understand the high and holy obligations resting upon them as rational intelligences. This additional burthen, it was felt, must be taken up. Inadequate as our resources were, the expense must be borne, the labor must be accomplished; and although many trembled to assume the responsibility, yet trusting upon the arm of Jehovah, the trial was made, and success has so far crowned our efforts.

A school-room has been erected in connection with our place of worship, capable of accommodating three hundred children. These children, so dirty and ragged that they cannot be admitted into the public schools of our city, receive adequate instruction in the ordinary branches of an English education, together with the most careful inculcation of the fundamental doctrines of our holy Christianity, untrammelled by any sectarian code, and unfettered by any narrow minded proselytism; and we venture to assert that they are as humanely dealt with, as tenderly cared for as the most favored children in our land. A vast amount of good has been

already accomplished in this department. Many have been taken from the haunts of vice and dissipation, and placed in good homes in the country, far from former associations; and all have impressed upon their young hearts the blessed truths of the Gospel of Christ, that never shall be effaced, but will bring forth their legitimate fruit to the glory of our common Lord.

It must, however, be conceded that the burthen rests heavily upon the Mission. On several occasions we have been almost brought to a stand-still; but by the good providence of God, have hitherto been supported. When nearly bankrupt last spring, by the kindness of several of the Society of Friends, we were furnished with nearly one thousand dollars, which supplied our then pressing wants, and enabled us to float off, rejoicingly, with our happy crew. An enterprise so fraught with good to the community should not be allowed to languish for want of funds. We need not merely a supply of twelve hundred dollars per annum to meet our wants in the contracted scale in which we are now operating; but we want reliable resources which will warrant us in enlarging our sphere of action, and to bring under the fostering care of our Mission, not a part only, but the whole of the children in that densely populated but much neglected neighborhood. Those of us who are engaged in this good work should not require

to be reminded of our duty to these suffering outcasts. A stroll through the neighborhood, a few visits to these dens of want and ignorance, ought to be sufficient incentives to us, more especially when we trace our steps to the school-room, and see those worse than orphans diligently engaged in receiving instruction from their considerate teachers, and amid all their rags and squalor, giving evidence—many of them—of no common share of personal beauty and intelligence. Indeed, the scene is so affecting, the prospects of good so favorable, that we sometimes wish it was in accordance with the arrangements of Providence that we had large means to expend in this noble charity.

It may be there are some who can scarcely credit the statements we publish from time to time. They suppose we draw largely upon the credulity of the public, that our representations are over-strained. To such we say the Bedford Street Mission is no myth, it is a sober reality. The statements made are the naked truth, and require no dressing up to attract attention or sympathy. All we desire is that people would come and see for themselves, and they will readily conclude that “the half has not been told them” of the sin and misery of “*Sorrow’s Circuit.*” Our school will re-open in September; the teachers will be upon the spot; the Missionary is constantly at his post; and every facility will

be afforded to ladies and gentlemen who desire to become conversant with the workings of the Mission. We do not merely desire that they take a cursory glance at the neighborhood, and see the school in its holiday dress. We are anxious that they dive into the cellars, climb up into the garrets, navigate the alleys and courts, visit the abodes of the sick and the dying, and then let conscience speak, and the claims of the Mission, we are assured, will not be disregarded.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE NEGLECTED LITTLE ONES.

THE following article appeared in our Monthly Journal of April, and is worthy of preservation in some more permanent form:

“What an anomaly among the harmonies of the universe is a melancholy child!” And yet in our experience among the little ones of Bedford street, how many such we meet! Children with whom the holy influences of home are as unknown as is the nature of those orbs which light up the firmament.

Children whose earliest breath is drawn in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of filth; whose nourishment is little less than poison; whose dawning consciousness is greeted with all the sad details of poverty and crime; whose unfolding affections meet with no warm response of love. These are a few of the sad experiences of the little ones of Bedford street and its vicinity.

Often, as we have gazed on little faces prematurely

old, as we have seen these children, who should be but a "little lower than the angels," *adepts in crime*, have we turned from the picture with a sad heart. Sometimes we meet with little ones whose better nature, all the adverse circumstances of life have been unable to extinguish. In the midst of the deepest degradation, "where God was but a dark cloud of muttering thunder in the soul," have we seen little germs of humanity spring up, like flowers far away from their native soil.

We know of no sight worthier of the artist's pencil than that of one of these little ones, amid dehumanized men and women. If any thing, save the grace of God could bring these miserable captives of sin back to their Father's house, methinks, it would be the melancholy sight of these little ones, of whom Jesus said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

And let those, with whom poverty, with all its associations, is experimentally unknown, over the cradle of whose little ones hover a mother's love and a mother's care, remember that these neglected children of Bedford street are just as precious in the sight of God as their own loved ones; that within each of these is a soul which must live amid the joys of heaven, or go down to the abodes of death eternal."

“ How serious is the charge  
    To train the infant mind !  
’Tis God alone can give a heart  
    To such a work inclined.

While wicked men unite  
    Our youth to lead aside,  
’Tis ours to show them wisdom’s path,  
    In wisdom’s path to guide.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A PICTURE OF THE CHILDREN'S HOMES.

THE following picture of the wretched homes of our children was drawn by a lady from the original, and sent by her to her friend, with the privilege of using it in any way she saw proper. In the exercise of the privilege granted, that friend has handed the communication to me for insertion in my book. The writer is well known to the Christian church in Philadelphia, as an eminently holy woman, and, therefore, her testimony is the more valuable to us at this time:

DEAR E. :—Had you been with me this morning, you would not think New York the only place where poverty, wretchedness, and crime congregate, and where efficient Christian effort is put forth to lessen the one, and relieve and elevate the other.

I have just returned from a visit to the Young Men's Mission, in Bedford street, with my friend Mr. C., who is about to take charge of a somewhat similar mission in

the West. We were very much interested in the school; the dear little children behaved beautifully, sang and recited admirably.

But we took another *view* of Bedford street, which I want you to look at with me.

After leaving the school, we went with one of the teachers, who is also a visitor for the Union Benevolent Society, on some of her errands of mercy,—when, like Job, she went to search out the cause which she knew not. As we passed down the street, she turned up a dirty alley into a still dirtier yard, built up on each side with what I supposed to be cow stables, but such stables as no farmer would be likely to recognize. I remember having seen some such on a vacant lot in the suburbs of our city, where the poor animals *grazed on brewery slops*, instead of grass and hay. But no poor cows were lodged in these sheds, which are about *ten feet* square and six in height. A little round hole cut in front of each, was the only admittance for air and light, except the doors, which, although fastened by a padlock, swung two or three inches away from the posts. They were really not good enough for animals, and yet they were used as *boarding houses* for those poor human beings, who had no homes of their own in this populous district.

These incomparable lodgings are rented out at ten cents a night, invariably in advance.

A few days before, a poor victim of consumption had breathed his last in one of them. He lived there for weeks, without bed, fire, or any of what we consider the necessaries of life even in health, until the visit of the Missionary relieved and supplied his wants.

Think of such a shelter from winter's winds and snows, for a poor creature dying with consumption.

We went back into the street, and, passing an alley where, a few nights previous, a murder had been committed, in which all the actors were of the most degraded and revolting character, we turned three or four corners, and knocked at the door of a miserable looking shanty, a few degrees superior to the *boarding houses* above mentioned. As we entered, the family were at dinner. The first glance brought a vivid appreciation of the "*great unwashed.*" Father, mother, and six or seven little children seated on the floor around a dirty piece of cloth, on which was spread the meal, which consisted of boiled cabbage served up in a rusty washbasin, coffee made in a tea-kettle and poured out into two or three bowls, which were passed round from mouth to mouth, and a loaf of bread. The last coals in the house had been used to cook the dinner. A settee was filled with dirty old rags, and on a bundle of the same in a corner, lay a little baby three or four months old.

While the wretched father fed himself with his pocket-

knife, we talked to him, and ascertained the wife had been on a journey, on foot, to Baltimore and back, by way of Lancaster. She had carried, besides her baby, some of her household goods to sell. I cannot well imagine what she ever had to spare. They could not be prevailed upon to part with any of their children to go out to service, but preferred to keep them all at home!

Upon inquiry for the next person we proposed to visit, we were sent back into a yard, where a flight of stairs on the outside led up to the second story. We knocked at the first door we came to, but were sent still higher up one or two more dark staircases till we came to the garret. Here we found a woman in bed, with her face bandaged up and poulticed. A baby six months old, whose only clothing was a boy's old roundabout lay by her side. Two other pretty, bright-looking little children stood by a wash-tub of dirty suds in the middle of the floor.

As you may suppose, there was nothing like a bedstead in the room, but the filthiest bed I ever saw lay upon the floor.

There was no stove, but part of the wall of the chimney had been knocked out, and some sort of a place fixed up to hold coals; a small table, a broken chair, and a chest, completed the furniture.

She accounted for the condition of her face by saying

she had fallen down stairs with a tub of clothes, and hurt herself against a pile of bricks. We did not mention what suggested itself to our minds as the more probable cause of her injuries—a drunken brawl with her husband.

She promised to send her children to the school; and she said, “they were very nice looking indeed, when they got dressed up,” of which fact I have no doubt, for they were very pretty.

Along side of this room, in a most remarkably narrow little loft, we found an old man, who said he had lived in that place, alone, for, I think, thirteen years. He had had nothing to eat that day, and had no money. He made his living, such as it was, by gathering and selling old rags; but, from his appearance, I think the tavern got most of his earnings.

Our next visit was to a very different family. Poor enough the house looked, and old enough the furniture was; but cleanliness, and the appearance of something like housework, formed so strong a contrast to what we had just left, that I was surprised when I learned how destitute they really were. The thin face and evidently weak frame of the woman who talked with us, told of suffering. Her husband had been hurt in a fall, had been out of work a long time, and they were really reduced to great extremities. But we found a modest hes-



itation in making her case known, and a trust in God that showed the refining influences of grace.

I thought of the remark I once heard a dear old Christian lady make, "that the *Lord's poor* were never reduced to absolute beggary; they never did reach the degradation and wretchedness of the *devil's poor*," as she called them. Their heavenly Father always supplied their necessities by his own special providences.

From here, we went to call upon two poor women, a mother and daughter, who had been snatched from the pit of immorality and wickedness, made to rejoice in the Saviour of sinners, and induced to lead pure and honest lives, through the instrumentality of the Mission.

Happier Christians I have seldom seen. The old mother was so crippled she could scarcely use her limbs at all; and the daughter said sometimes they had meat and potatoes, sometimes only bread, but still they rejoiced in the Lord. They spoke in raptures of the time of their conversion, of the privilege of attending class, and the gratitude they felt to God for the religious friends who instructed them; and had you been there, your heart would have felt the happiness that reigned in that little house. While we knelt in prayer, I felt that God truly honored that poor little room with the glory of his presence, and that He who preached the gospel to the poor, often supped with those poor women, while the spacious

halls and loaded tables of the rich, did not entertain the glorious guest.

And now, Dear E——, I want you to show this letter to our friend Hattie, and tell her to say, right honestly, if she could afford to wear a \$500 set of furs this winter, and give one hundred dollars to the poor besides, whether she is not sorry she did not reverse the amounts, and give the \$500 to the poor.

*Ask her which will pay the best interest in eternity.* Perhaps she may think it an impertinent question, and perhaps it is; but it will do us no harm to balance such accounts once in a while.

Though I do not know that I can say, with M. De Renty, "I almost envy the poor their poverty," there is need of much wisdom and courage to rightly discharge the responsibilities of Prosperity.

Truly yours,

S. L. R.

*Philadelphia, March, 1859.*

## CHAPTER IX.

## A HALF HOUR IN BEDFORD STREET.\*

CITY SORROWS! Yes, there are sorrows, grievous, heart-rending sorrows; but, thank God, there are joys likewise. The cup is not all bitterness; for there are drops of sweetness mingled therewith.

Had you been with me the other day, my dear friend, as I sat in the Bedford Street Mission-house for half an hour, you would have been convinced of the truth of this remark, and would, I am sure, have been converted into a strong friend of the Mission, and filled with an earnest desire to aid it in its benevolent work of lessening the sorrows of the poor, and adding to the cup of their enjoyment.

During the half hour that I was there, I had the gratification of seeing some sixteen persons supplied with fuel. There they came from miserable, squalid, poverty-stricken abodes; black and white, great and

\* Written by a Member of the Board of Managers.

small, ragged and dirty, with baskets, and buckets, and pots of various sorts and sizes. And, as each presented to the Sexton a ticket, which had been given him by the Missionary, as he passed around among their desolate homes, he was politely shown the way to the cellar, whence in a short time he emerged with smiling countenance, and bearing in his hand as much Anthracite as he could well carry. Thus one after another bore away the *precious gift*, happy in the thought that they and their little ones would once more enjoy the warming influences of a comfortable fire.

After a while the Missionary came along. He had just returned from a visit to Baker street, where he had unconsciously ushered a young lady, who accompanied him, into a nest of small-pox.

It was a colored family who had seen better days, but who had been reduced, by misfortune, to the necessity of selling all they once possessed to save themselves and little ones from starvation. When found by the Missionary and his companion that day, they were without either bed or bedding; and destitute of every comfort.

And was poverty, destitution, cold, and hunger, not enough? Must the cup of their sorrows be rendered still more bitter? So thought an all-wise Providence, who, though he afflicts, does not do it willingly. He saw proper to add affliction by disease to the other evils they

endured, and that disease *the loathsome one of small-pox.*

Now, child of luxury, spoiled favorite of fortune, nay, brother Christian! surrounded with your happy family in your comfortable and well furnished home, just imagine a fellow creature, without bed or bedding, reclining on the bare floor in this inclement season, and exposed to the ravages of that painfully loathsome disease, which requires the tenderest nursing and the most skillful appliances of nourishment and medicine; and then ask, How can such a state of things exist in this city of Brotherly Love? How can *I enjoy my superabundance*, while so many are destitute of the *mere necessities* of life, and, amid scenes of deep bodily affliction, have not a single physical comfort left to cheer them?

I fancy I hear a sigh escape from your swelling bosoms, as with tearful eyes you acknowledge past delinquencies, and promise to be more diligent in the future in looking out and relieving *God's suffering poor.*

But stop a moment. Brother Sewell has already granted some relief to this suffering family; and now he takes from the closet a roll of ticking, cuts off enough for two beds, has them made up as quickly as possible, filled with clean straw, and sent off to the needy ones.

And now how changed their situation! How comfortable they appear! And all, too, at the expense of

only a few dollars. Mark, too, the gratitude of the recipients, and hear the thanksgivings that they offer to their heavenly Father for putting it into the hearts of their benefactors to relieve their wants.

And thou God, their God, dost also hear the thanksgivings that ascend, day by day, for the benefits conferred by the benevolent men and women, who established and who still support the Bedford Street Mission; and hearing, thou wilt also bless this noble band, and give to them in return for all their outlay, "a hundred fold in the present world, and in the world to come life everlasting."

## CHAPTER X.

## JIM IN SCHOOL, BY HIS TEACHER.

IN the summer of the year 1857, there came into our Sabbath-school one of the most unpromising looking boys, of about twelve years of age, that the eye ever beheld. His general appearance defies description. The rags that covered him were reeking with filth, his hair matted, his face so covered with black dirt as almost to conceal the original color, and worse than all he was beastly drunk.

As he came reeling into the room, a feeling of sadness came over me to see one so young so depraved. He was very boisterous. The first impulse was to eject him from the room, but compassion for him changed my determination. After some persuasion he became comparatively quiet, and the exercises of the school progressed.

The hour of dismissal having arrived, as was our custom, we closed with singing, and while memory lasts, never will the recollection of the effect produced by that

song of praise upon the young inebriate be effaced. His eye sparkled with delight, and as if bound to the spot, he remained without motion. Music soothed his troubled spirit, and the heart of him upon whom sin and misery had cast a shadow was joyful for the moment. It exhibited the finer feelings of his nature, which remained to be developed.

My interest increased for him at this manifestation, and a determination was formed to endeavor to save the soul of poor Jim. I spoke kindly to him, and persuaded him to promise to attend on the following Sabbath.

The next Sabbath found him punctual, and although under the influence of ardent spirits, yet not to the extent of the previous Sabbath. As week after week passed, Jim was always found in the school. He was a peculiar case,—only as circumstances presented themselves, could instruction be imparted to him. We could not persuade him to unite with any particular class, but he would wander from one to another as suited his fancy. He was always attentive, and appeared delighted.

In course of time he became a pupil of our day-school, and thus we had him under our care continually. Not being used to control, it was difficult for him to submit, and many times it was thought useless to make further effort with him. At times we thought the seed sown had taken root; but evil influences would dispel the ray



of hope, and at present the young waif upon society remains incorrigible.

The reader may ask the question,—“Why do you persist in laboring with him?” We answer, Jim has a soul to be saved, and in his character we have discovered a principle to work upon, and by God’s assistance and earnest prayer, we believe he will be saved.

An incident that occurred some months since will better exemplify what we mean.

He came into school one day very much under the influence of liquor, and was disposed to be boisterous. After opening the exercises, I went to him. At first he was disposed to repulse me, and stretched himself upon the floor. I paid no attention to his position, but continued talking to him of the sinfulness of his conduct, and how displeased God was with him. During the conversation he became quiet, and turning his full, intelligent eyes upon me, said with emotion, “Oh, don’t talk that way to me, you make me feel so bad.” From that moment my heart took courage, and I determined to make poor Jim a special subject of prayer, and do all in my power to induce him to seek a change of heart.

“Who shall the book of Judgment write?

That awful book, young sinner, thou,

Year after year, with all thy might,

Hast written, and art writing now.

## SORROW'S CIRCUIT.

Each guilty thought, each sinful word,  
Each wanton, wicked act of thine,  
Leaves there its mark, and shall be heard,  
As thou thyself hast writ the line.

Oh! who the dreadful page can blot?  
Who rend it from the Judge's hand?  
Sinner, if thou repentest not,  
The guilty lines shall always stand!"

## CHAPTER XI.

## STREET PREACHING.

“Go out quickly,” says the Saviour, “into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the *poor*, and the *maimed*, and the *halt*, and the *blind*.” “Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.”

And what is this but street preaching? And yet certain ones turn up their pious noses, or give a holy groan at the decay of the church, in countenancing such a gross departure from the customs of the fathers, who thought it was robbing God to preach anywhere but behind a velvet cushioned pulpit.

The fact is, street preaching is so very unpopular, that it requires a considerable amount of grace to enable a man to stand on the street and declare God's holy truth. I have often had my feelings wounded by the conduct of professors of religion, who, on passing by, observing a crowd around me, would hurry up to see what was going

on, and finding it "only a man preaching," would walk off grinning, as though they did not wish to be identified with "*that party.*" 'Tis true, there are a few willing ones who give countenance to street preaching, and once in a great while stand by us as we stand up on the high-ways to preach Christ; but these are "few and far between." And besides the laymen, many of whom are more ready to frown than smile on us, there are not a few of the "ministry," who discard the movement altogether. Some of them, it is true, will encouragingly say to us, "Go on;" but you can't get them to say, "Come on," and to lend their assistance by preaching occasionally themselves to the moving masses. And yet I hope the day will soon come when both pastors and people will recognize it as a part of their work, to go out on the streets and into the market places, and hold up the cross of Christ to dying sinners.

In the further discussion of this subject, I will present the views of one of our managers, brother George Milliken. He says, in the April number of our Journal, that,

"There are some people, who, like the Greeks of old, regard preaching as foolishness, and street preaching especially, as the very acme of foolishness.

"Are there not churches enough? they ask, then what good can result from out-door preaching? We

greatly fear, indeed, that even many well-meaning Christians stumble and faint at the very outset of duty by indulging in this querulous spirit. They seem to forget that sowing and watering is the plain duty of Christians, and that they have nothing to do with the result, that resting in the hands of God alone.

“And we are satisfied that were Christians to do *their* duty faithfully in sowing the good seed of the word, God, on his part, would never fail to crown their labors with a plentiful harvest.

“The spirit of the Gospel requires us to *seek* the lost sheep; and hence, if we can find out a class of the community who will not come to our churches, we must carry the Gospel to them, and preach the good news of salvation at their very doors, or else we stop short of the requirements of Christianity, and fail to obey the plain command of Christ.

“The operations of our Mission were commenced with street preaching. At that time we had no Mission church, but the weather being favorable we determined to commence the work by establishing street preaching on a number of by streets and lanes, and on some of the wharves.

“The first difficulty, usually, was to find out a neutral ground, as many a time have the preachers been driven off the ground of Bible-haters, if not with blows,

with curses most liberally bestowed on them and their Bible.

“The spot selected was often, from necessity, the filthiest place in the street, where the pestilent atmosphere produced by decaying animals and vegetable refuse, was rendered still worse by the *wallowing of hogs in the reeking slime pools*. Here taking their stand, a verse of a hymn would be sung, which usually attracted the attention of a few stragglers. Often two or three drunken men or women would stagger up and form the nucleus of a congregation; then some of the prostrate occupants of the sunny spots on the pavements and cellar doors would wake up after their noonday nap, and brushing away the flies, would gather their rags about them, and settle into an attitude of listening; half naked, bloated and battered men and women would creep forth from their underground lairs, and woolly heads would appear from out of broken window sashes, till gradually a considerable audience would be giving attention to what was going on.

“Occasionally a scoffer, or a disciple of Tom Paine would come along and create some disturbance. Sometimes a handful of mud or a brick-bat would be aimed at the preacher, and on one occasion a poor little girl, who was standing in the crowd, was so badly cut on the head by a piece of brick that we thought she was

killed. However, as the preachers boldly stood their ground, (one or two cases excepted,) outrages of this nature grew less frequent, and they are now able to preach the Gospel of peace without any very serious apprehensions of getting their heads broken.

“What will be the result of these efforts, we may not know now. The seed of the word, sown on these occasions, is carried off in the hearts of many a stray waif on the great ocean of life, and may take ‘root downward and bear fruit upward’ on far distant shores; as those winged natural seeds that float off on every zephyr, and after being driven hither and thither by the winds, at last fall to the earth, germinate, and spring forth with an appearance of spontaneous growth.”

“Jesus, thy wand’ring sheep behold!

See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see

Poor souls that cannot find the fold,

Till sought and gather’d in by thee.

Lost are they now, and scatter’d wide,

In pain, and weariness, and want:

With no kind Shepherd near, to guide

The sick, and spiritless, and faint.”—C. WESLEY.

## CHAPTER XII .

## MANNER OF PRESENTING THE GOSPEL.

OUR manner of presenting the truth of God is with all plainness of speech, and not with high sounding words or metaphysical reasoning, or, as an old colored man once said of a very nice sermon, "That it was sheep's fodder put in the cow's rack." This we avoid,—and always try to put the *fodder* where it can be reached by the humblest hearer.

Mr. Wesley, after having preached a great sermon, once said, "I have aimed too high,—I must aim about a foot lower." Meaning, he had been preaching to the head instead of the heart. And hard words, too, we avoid. The fact is, the people here are too poor to buy Walker or Webster even in abridgment—and many of them are too ignorant to understand anything but the purest English. But in this, perhaps, our Bedford street congregations are not peculiar. Ministers, I fear, often presume too much on the intelligence of their con-



gregations, and hence use language that is not understood by the masses.

The Rev. Doctor Kennedy, of the New York conference, at one of our anniversaries told an incident that occurred on board of a man of war, illustrative of this point: "A minister of the Gospel was invited by the chaplain of the vessel to preach to the officers and crew. He complied with the request, and did his best to present the truth in its simplest form. After the services were over, the commander of the ship complimented the stranger on his happy manner of setting forth the truths of the Gospel, and turning to the chaplain he remarked, 'That is the way to preach to these men,—they could understand that kind of preaching, it was so plain.'

"Well, sir, do they not understand me? I thought I spoke plain enough for every sailor to comprehend me,' said the chaplain.

"No, sir, you do not,' said the officer. 'For instance, you made use of the word "Tantamount" frequently in your last sermon.'

"Well, don't every body know what Tantamount means?' said the chaplain.

"We will see,' rejoined the officer. 'Here, Jack, come this way.' The sailor approached the commander

in a respectful manner, hat in hand, to receive his orders.

“ ‘Jack, can you tell me what Tantamount is?’ Jack stood scratching his head,—showing that he was exceedingly puzzled.

“ ‘Tantamount—tanta—tanta—tantamount—there is *no such rope* in the ship, sir.’

“The chaplain looked blank,—owned up,—and promised hereafter to use words that people could understand.”

We endeavor to make our sermons practical and pointed. For instance—in using the Parable of the Prodigal Son on a certain occasion, while I had a dozen drunken people around me, when I came to speak of the rags and hunger of the young man, and, to contrast his present condition with what it was a few months ago, when his pockets were well-filled, I remarked that, “then he had plenty of friends, but now all are gone. Then he was followed and applauded by the multitude; but now that his money is gone, there is none so poor as to do him reverence.

“And just so it is now-a-days,—while you have money,” said I to the drunken ragged crowd around me, “the rum-seller considers you clever fellows, and will do almost anything for you. He will resent your insults and injuries, take you out of jail, go your bail, in

fact, nothing is too much trouble for him to do in your behalf, while you are in funds. He sticks to you like a leech as long as you have a dollar, or even a shilling, in your pockets, but when that's gone, *good by, friends.*"

"That's a fact." "That's so." "You're right," said a number of voices in my congregation.

"And if you are naked and hungry, they won't turn their hand to help you."

"You're right again."

"Right, to be sure I am right, and you are wrong to allow such treatment. Just look at yourselves. Why you are as bad off as the prodigal, ragged and starving, and, like him, you have brought it all on yourselves by your own folly, your own imprudence. You have wasted your substance in riotous living, and what else can you expect but to be like him, and to be obliged to follow a mean trade? He fed hogs,—a mean business for a Jew. You pick up rags and bones out of the filth on the streets, a business equally contemptible to all nice people. If anybody had told that young spendthrift and libertine, the day he left his father's house, that he would come home again in a few months ragged and starving, he would have felt himself grossly insulted, and would have promptly resented such an insinuation against his honor and strength of mind.

"Just so with you. Ten years ago, who would have

dreamed that you would ever have gone from door to door to beg? or with basket, or bucket, or bag, have wandered up one street and down another in search of rags, or bones, or something more foul? Had any one at that time even intimated that such would be your fate, you would have repelled the base insinuation, and treated its author as your enemy. But so it is. And now just think of the nice home you once had. Think of the smiling faces, and warm hearts, and loving ones that greeted you there. Think of that table fairly groaning under the weight of roast beef and every thing to match. Think of the great big feather bed, so large that when you were on it you could hardly be seen, and the elegant covers over you. Think of the wages you used to earn, six, seven, or eight dollars a week."

"Yes, twelve of them, Mr. Sewell, and I had all them things you speak about too; and more than that, I was a *Christian man, and a happy one*. You're a little hard on us poor devils, but you tell the truth."

"Hold on a little, Jack, I am not done yet, hear my sermon through. I want to ask, and you may answer me, what would have become of the young Prodigal spoken of in my text, if he had not resolved, and put his resolution into practice, to go to his father, and confess his fault, and ask forgiveness?"

“Why he would have starved to death among strangers,” said one of the crowd.

“Exactly so. And in conclusion, let me ask, what will become of you if you stay here and continue the course of life you are now in?”

“Death and potter’s field for the body, and the soul lost in hell for ever,” said Jack. (Poor Jack! he died of mania a potu in Moyamensing prison.)

“And will you not arise and go to your father who waits to be gracious, and who is full of mercy and compassion? Let us sing from page 250 :

“Wretched, helpless, and distress’d,

Ah! whither shall I fly?

Ever gasping after rest,

I cannot find it nigh.

*Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,*

*Fast bound in sin and misery,*

Friend of sinners, let me find

My help, my all in thee.

Jesus full of truth and grace,

In thee is all I want ;

Be the *wand’rer’s* resting-place,

A cordial to the faint.

Make me rich, for I am poor ;

In thee may I my Eden find ;

To the dying, health restore,

And eyesight to the blind.

“ Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,  
With meek humility ;  
Put on me that glorious dress,  
Endue my soul with thee.

Let thine image be restored ;  
Thy name and nature let me prove ;  
With thy fullness fill me, Lord,  
And perfect me in love ?”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## FRUIT RIPENING.

WHEN we came to this Mission five years ago, there was a man among the many "loafing" about Baker street, who was as complete a sot as ever walked these streets. A more helpless or hopeless case could not be found. He was, indeed, the very last man one would expect to see reform.

But with God all things are possible, in the salvation of man, whenever the heart yields to Divine influence, becomes willing and obedient, and he, truly *repenting and forsaking* his sins, flies to Christ for salvation, and feels to say,

"In sorrow I lament  
 Before thy feet, my God ;  
 My *passion, pride*, and discontent,  
 My vile ingratitude.  
 Break thou, O break the chain ;  
 And set the captive free ;  
 Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,  
*And haste to rescue me.*"

Then there is hope and joy and peace. Then by faith salvation is given, and the helpless, hopeless sinner is taken into the family of God, and becomes an heir of heaven. Being *washed* in the blood of Christ, and clothed in his righteousness, he now sits at the feet of Jesus, renewed and in his right mind. And though he may have had even seven devils cast out of him, he may triumphantly sing,

“ I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me ;  
A token of his love he gives,  
A pledge of liberty.”

The subject of this chapter seemed to have been possessed, like the man spoken of in the Gospel, of a legion of devils, the Rum devil being in the ascendancy. By these the poor fellow was being led rapidly to the lowest depths of degradation, and to the very gates of perdition itself. According to his own account, he was now in jail, and now in the grog-shop; now alive and noisy, and now half dead with excesses and exposure, running on from bad to worse until he was well nigh ruined for time and for eternity.

One day as he emerged from the prison walls of Moyamensing, the county jail for Philadelphia, he was told that his wife had been dead several days. But this,



instead of making him pause and reflect, only seemed to give him larger license to sin. And now more reckless than ever in his mad course, he seemed determined to kill himself with whiskey, just as his wife had done before him. This poor woman stood before the Mission church door the very night before she died, cursing the congregation and myself to her heart's content; and then, after getting her fill of filth and iniquity, staggered to her room, where in five hours afterwards she was found, cold and stiff in death, and whence she was borne in the poor-house cart and deposited in potter's field. Thus ingloriously ended the life of this wretched wife, and thus it seemed probable would also end that of the equally wretched husband.

But no, thank God, through his abundant mercy and forbearance, the poor, wretched, filthy drunkard has been washed in the "Fountain of Life," clothed upon with the righteousness of Christ Jesus our Lord, and is now in his right mind and happy on his way to heaven.

Last Sabbath this same man stood up in Baker street before his "old cronies" on the old loafing ground, and there declared the Gospel of Christ to be the power of God unto the salvation of every sinner who cometh to him with a repenting and believing heart, and offered the

proof in his own salvation, which he regarded as a wonderful exhibition of the love and power of God.

His old comrades in sin looked on with amazement, hardly willing to believe either their ears or eyes as this metamorphose stood before them.

He reminded them of what he had been and what he had suffered, reciting some thrilling scenes he had passed through of destitution, and starvation, and imprisonment, —everything, said he, but death itself, and then concluded with a powerful appeal for the Gospel. This resulted in some seven or eight promising to seek the Lord, and asking our prayers. At night they made the same expressions in our church, and again on Monday night, and some on Tuesday night, thus giving evidence of deep conviction if not true repentance. They assure us that they are determined with the help of God to lead new lives, and to try to get to heaven.

Is not this "Fruit ripening?" In truth, is not this a source of encouragement to every lover of the spread of the Gospel among the "Home Heathen?" Does not your heart, Christian brother, bound with joy to know that under the guidance of Jesus Christ, "the Captain of our salvation," we are turning the enemy's guns on themselves, and planting our banners on the outer walls of their strongholds; while many of them are be-

coming "prisoners of hope," and obtaining thereby "the liberty of the sons of God?"

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to man," and let every Christian say, *Amen.*

Already, has our brother, referred to above, been called on to fill appointments for other congregations, and his words have "run like fire through dry stubble."

Just think of it. A man, who, for many a day and week, lay beastly drunk in Baker street, going right back to that horrid locality, not to get drunk, but to declare the saving truth of Jesus to those that are ready to perish;—to the very same rum-sellers who used to sell him penny whiskey, and to some of the very same loafers who used to drink it with him. I say *some of the same*, for they die off so rapidly, that I am prepared fully to endorse the opinion of a physician in New York, who had made it a matter of study and observation, "*that the average life of the dissolute does not exceed four years.*"

How wonderful often are the changes in the affairs of men! A tide of flood and ebb. Here is a man who takes flood tide for the balance of the way through life; and if he continues with the tide will be led to pros-

perity, if not to fortune. In my next chapter I will speak of some of his old associates who knew him in those days, that to him were full of evil and of sorrow. A sketch of his auditors in Baker street, will, perhaps, exhibit the nature of our work as clearly as anything else I could present.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## OUR BAKER STREET CONGREGATION

Is made up of every grade and shade of human kind; some of those that compose it never lived anywhere else but in Bedford street or its vicinity. These know not the advantages of virtue and refinement. They do not even understand the terms. They think that they refer to proud, or rich, or great people, but beyond this view they never go, and seem not to want to go. They do not, indeed, trouble themselves with the subject, nor with any other, save to know how they may get a dollar in the easiest way possible. This is the acme of all their knowledge and skill.

Then there is another class that do not care if they never see a dollar while they live, if when one penny's gone for "Jersey lightning," they can only secure another, and thus keep GROGGING along through the *short life* they are staggering over to the end of the dark way—the way to death and hell. One penny is all they crave

at a time. That will keep them happy for a whole hour. Dear me! what a wonderful amount of happiness one of those hair-lipped bipeds, who go into the Chestnut street saloons, and sip brandy through rye straws, at 12 cents per glass, might procure, by going into Baker street and "putting a few crowds through," at one cent a glass. And then it would look more sociable and democratic; and besides this the splendid fortune amassed by the toil and sweat of a kind but misguided father would last longer, and procure a much larger amount of sensual gratification. But, hold on, I will take back the invitation. These tippling dandies are in a fair way to get there soon enough. They now drink mint juleps at a shilling per glass. In a little while perhaps they will gather the mint from the swamps, and, with toady face and swelled shins, go from one groggery to another to sell a three cent bunch to the rum-seller, who will make mint slings for the new generation of *rising* drunkards; while his former customers will limp back to Bedford or Baker street to spend their pennies with ragged loafers, and after they have broken their father's heart by their dissipation and degradation, the sheriff, in all probability, will break their necks. (See the account of the four men who were hanged in the city of Baltimore, April 8th, 1859. Three of those were young men connected with respectable families, who committed murder while

they were drunk.) Or, if they do not get that high in the world, they will probably live in some cellar with a gang of dirty men and dirtier women, and with a hooked stick go from street to street, and from lot to lot, in search of rags and bones, or with bucket in hand pick cinders from the ash barrels along the curbstone, or else go from door to door begging cold victuals to satisfy their hunger, or for old clothes to cover their nakedness.

But turning from the young "Bucks" that now promenade Chestnut street, and frequent its splendid Billiard and drinking saloons, making a circuitous but certain road to Baker street,—to the ladies who sip wine or "Tiff," with their lady friends, and flirt with splendid exquisites, laughing to scorn the temperance pledge and its advocates, allow me to say, these too are laying a train to their future disgrace and utter ruin. How little do these wine-drinking ladies now think of the dangers of the road in which they are walking! How they would turn up their pretty lips, and draw down their intelligent looking brows at the insinuation of danger, and how indignant they would be if I were to say, "Take care, young ladies, you are in the road to Baker street, and instead of a fine tailor-finished gentleman for a husband, you will possibly be housed with some ugly ragged darkey in these haunts of vice, after an apprenticeship in Pine alley!"

“Stop, stop, stop, for mercy’s sake, stop. Don’t make one sick, if you please. I’ll throw down the book, and never read another word in it, if you don’t stop. Such talk is disgusting.”

I know it, yet the picture is not half drawn. You are so fastidious that I cannot bring out the whole scene. But will you allow me to bring to recognition what I have already painted? You recollect I began this chapter with the intention of giving a history of my street audience. Of those born in this locality we have already spoken. Of those born in influence and affluence we shall now, with your permission, speak.

One Sabbath afternoon as we stood in Baker street, proclaiming salvation to lost sinners, a young man, perhaps thirty years of age, came and sat within a few feet of our standing place. He was covered with rags and dirt, as foul and forbidding a specimen of a loafer as could well be found in these parts. If he had been born and raised a beggar, he could not have fitted the character better than he did, both in word and look. It was a sad sight to behold one so deeply fallen. There the poor fellow sat shivering, not because it was cold, for the thermometer was about 90 degrees, but because he had on him a fit of the *shakes*, as the rummies call it, or delirium tremens, as the physicians name it. Notwithstanding his sufferings of body and mind, this degraded



wretch tried to listen to the discourse, some of which, drunk as he was, he had sense enough to regard as personal.

We were telling of a man who once stood fair in the M. E. Church, as a well educated, and seemingly pious man, well connected, and in a fair way to fill an honorable position among Zion's watchmen. He was a young man of fine talents, and therefore, great hopes were entertained of his future usefulness in the church of Christ. But that man now lies about these streets among the dirty grogeries. He is at this moment within the sound of my voice, a poor, miserable, bloated, almost naked pauper.

"Mr. Sewell, you are personal. I am not so drunk but that I can tell who is meant."

"Yes, Charley, (this is a nickname he is known by in Baker street,) I mean you. You are the man. And, sir, let me say there is a fearful doom awaiting you, I fear, not many months hence. For death will come and cut you off forever from the land of hope, and then your destruction will be sealed to all eternity. And there seems to be no help for it, for you will not pick yourself up, nor allow any one else to do it. I tell you, sir, your road is short, and your descent rapid from the PULPIT to a drunkard's grave, and a *drunkard's hell*."

"Ah, sir, you are too hard on us poor fellows."

“Too hard, Charley! Just think of the time when you stood up in the pulpit at O——, recollect how you were loved by, and how much you loved that pious mother, and those kind friends who doted upon you, and painted for you a glorious future. Look where you once were, and to what a depth of degradation you have now fallen—a Baker street loafer. Do I tell anything but the truth?”

Dear reader, I do not wish you to know the name of this unfortunate man, and I pray you, therefore, never to ask me to disclose it; for such a disclosure would only open afresh the wounds that his sad fall has made in more hearts than one.

A number of our auditors on every Sabbath are men of fine minds, and good education. These often carry our sermons through a severe criticism. The wife of one of this class, brought me some papers, some time since, on which was written from memory two thirds of a sermon I had preached. The report was a faithful one, remarkably so. Of course such close attention to the preached word must have its influence on the heart of such a careful hearer. And in this case the fruit begins to appear; for the man has been strictly sober ever since last October, which is a wonderful thing for him.

I gave wine drinking ladies a hint awhile ago, that instead of a comfortable home and an honorable husband,

whose care and kindness might make that home an "Eden," they were in a fair way to reach Pine alley or Baker street, where every vestige of self-respect will be extracted by the immoral atmosphere that abounds in these horrid places.

Dear lady reader, think of it, will you? and at once, and forever, dash the fatal cup from your lips. Warn your daughters, too, to beware lest they realize in their own sad experience the truth of the following tale of woman's woes:

Two hours before I penned this I was sent for by a female, now in the Moyamensing prison, sent there as a drunken vagrant.

This woman, whom I suppose to be about 25 years of age, is the daughter of a respectable man in the State of Delaware, and her brother is a successful merchant in the same state. The poor creature was brought to this city to learn the millinery business, but was enticed from virtue's path by first going to the theatre, then to the ball-room, then to the grog-shop. Now she fills a wretched cell in the prison, whence she calls on me to visit her. Poor Sarah! her road is short, and dark, and leads to death.

My own heart, though accustomed to such scenes in Sorrow's Circuit, saddens and sickens while I give this picture of woman's degradation. I fain would throw

over the whole the vail of eternal forgetfulness ; but this I dare not do, while others are preparing to fall into the the same fearful vortex.

Here are the portraits (badly drawn, I admit, but what can we do better, when our subjects are so bad?) of two others. The first is the heroine of "Old Susy's" grog-shop, in Bedford street. This woman once belonged to church, and was thought to be an earnest Christian. But she is now the "bully" of Bedford and Baker streets. I once saw her absolutely taking the coat off of a man's back, in the middle of the street, he being unable to resist her powerful arm. She already had his watch, and would soon have had his coat also, and all would have been sold for whiskey if I had not interfered. I saw this same woman fight a man for twenty minutes "rough and tumble" fashion, with a long knife in her hand, which she tried repeatedly to plunge into him. My blood chilled in my veins, but the gay crowd would not allow any one to interfere.

This woman !!! can and does whip any man in these parts whenever she feels like it. She is one of my street auditors.

Another woman !!! used to sit on her step and curse me to my face, in a tone loud enough to disturb the sober part of my congregation ; and no words of kindness could stop her noise. She would swear the most terrible

oaths that ever came from mortal's lips. But for the last two years she has been sober and attentive to the word of life, taking pains to prepare me a preaching-place before her door, by setting out her table and broken-backed chairs, with pitcher and tumbler and a Bible which I gave her.

She, and her husband also, attend many of our meetings in the Mission house, and I hope they will yet be saved.

“Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.” Luke xiv. 21.

## CHAPTER XV.

A THRILLING EXTRACT FROM REV. JOHN GLADDING'S  
JOURNAL.

Nov. 21.—This evening found me at our Mission-room in Bedford street—the place was literally jammed with a congregation such as is seldom seen, embracing every shade of color, and almost every grade of character, some of whom I should be unwilling to meet in a lonely place if I had valuables about me.

I looked on the mass, and my heart was moved. I thought, however objectionable their appearance, and however desperate their condition, they were susceptible of being washed in that fountain, that “was opened in the house of David,” and of shining as stars of the first magnitude in the kingdom of heaven.

The preacher who addressed them was laboring under considerable hoarseness, and requested that strict attention should be given, or he could not be heard. But this request was entirely unnecessary. The deep inter-

est felt caused a deathlike stillness to pervade the assembly, interrupted only by a groan of anguish, now and then, from the sin-burdened heart, under arrest by the Holy Spirit.

It was evident he was not addressing Gospel-hardened sinners, such as are found in all our churches, but those who (many of them at least) had not been inside of a place of worship for many years. And when the plain Gospel was brought to bear upon them, they trembled exceedingly, became alarmed, and like Saul of Tarsus cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

After a short sermon, the prayer-meeting was commenced. But what a scene was now presented! The cries of distress were heard from every part of the house. Evidently the slain of the Lord were many. Those that could pressed through the crowd, and kneeled at a front bench prepared for them. Others being wedged in by the crowd kneeled where they were. One man in front of me, I observed to be very uneasy. He tried to get out of the room, but could not for the crowd. He would then attempt to pray. Then again with hat in hand would look for an opportunity to escape. Then as if in agony, he would kneel, and again attempt to pray. I listened for a moment, and heard him use the following language.

"O God, I have been a hardened wretch. My crimes

are such that it would be unsafe for me to confess them to any but thee."

Then rising to his feet, he said, "Suicide would be preferable to my present condition."

The man next to him presented the most wretched appearance imaginable. But half-clad, filthy in the extreme, and most disgusting to behold; yet, he was in deep distress on account of his sins. He was a man of some intelligence, and had evidently seen better days; but intemperance had brought him to his present condition. It had, almost, done its worst for him. He could not sink much lower and be out of the bottomless pit.

Two others by his side were in a similar condition. A little to the left a tall man lay full length upon the floor, as if a musket ball had pierced his heart. Soon he was on his feet praising God for his pardoning love.

Near him was a colored woman, decently dressed and of respectable appearance, imploring mercy. I never saw a person more in earnest. Soon the struggle was over, and the "new song was put in her mouth." She "walked and leaped and praised God." Similar scenes were witnessed in other parts of the room. Before ten o'clock the meeting was closed, and all withdrew in the most orderly manner,—many with arrows piercing their hearts, others rejoicing in God's pardoning love. The scene altogether was such a one as I shall never forget.



“O join ye the anthems of triumph, that rise  
From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the skies :  
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains ;  
Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigns !—

Rejoice, ye that love him ; his power cannot fail ;  
His Omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail ;  
*The triumph of evil will shortly be past,*  
*And Omnipotent mercy shall conquer at last.”*

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CONVERSION EXTRAORDINARY.

“CAN a confirmed drunkard be reformed and converted?”

This question has been asked me a thousand times, perhaps, and a very proper one it is, and one too that I take great pleasure in answering; but I would rather the enquirer would come and see and hear for himself. Come to our class meetings or prayer meetings, or love feasts, and you will see, and hear, and feel that God's amazing power is able to save to the uttermost, to save even the vilest of the vile.

“None are too vile who will repent.”

No, blessed be God, none! as I have reason to know, not only by my own experience, (for I was a great sinner, taking into view the careful teachings I had, and the tearful prayers of pious parents which were so frequently offered for me,) but also from observation. If I

ever had any doubts of the salvation of drunkards, they have been long since removed. Let me give an example :

An old man, at one time one of the most desperate of men, in the old district of Kensington, after filling himself with rum, and happening to be near one of the uptown churches, was attracted to the door by the singing, walked in, and took a seat near the entrance. The congregation thinned out, as the hour of nine drew near, but the altar by this time was crowded with penitents. The old sinner, a little sobered, drew nearer to see the fun. Those at the altar were earnest in their cries to God for mercy. This made him feel badly, and he resolved to leave the house. But on rising for that purpose, instead of going out, he went straight to the altar, not knowing what he did. His heart became greatly troubled at the turn things were taking, and he absolutely began to pray for mercy.

One of the trustees told me, that they thought at first that the old man was "cutting a shine," and so they resolved to have him arrested the moment he made any disturbance. But the poor old drunkard remained orderly.

Observing this, one of the trustees drew near to him, and with astonishment heard this notorious man, with heavy groans and in a suppressed tone, crying, "God be

merciful to me a sinner." This he reported to his brethren, who, beginning to think there possibly might be some seriousness in the old fellow, gathered around him, and began to point him to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." On this he raised his tearful eyes to heaven, and with a throbbing heart, and in an earnest manner, began to cry aloud to God for mercy.

At ten o'clock the preacher in charge, after a few remarks to the penitents, by way of encouragement, dismissed the congregation, requesting the penitents to rise and go to their homes, and go, expecting to find the mercy they so much desired.

All arose but the aforesaid poor old drunkard. The friends requested him to rise also and retire with the rest, and come again to-morrow night. But he most positively declared "he would not leave the altar until God had converted his soul," and now pulling off his coat, went at the work with more earnestness than ever.

Eleven o'clock came, and the brethren again requested him to rise and retire to his home, but he again declared, "No, not until I'm converted." Another hour of toiling with, and prayer for the trembling sinner passed; and the brethren growing weary, again requested him to

retire, assuring him that God would bless him at his home, if he would continue to seek him earnestly.

It was now midnight, and but few of the members remained with him. But still he persisted, that, there at that altar, and before he left it, he must be converted. The brethren rallied once more, and near one o'clock in the morning the "Power of God" came down, and fell with unmistakable evidence on this truly repenting drunkard. The "still small voice" was heard within, in sweet whisperings of mercy, sending a thrill of joy through his soul, that brought him to his feet, and "he leaped and praised God."

The transformed man now thought of his home, and away he started, shouting as he went, the friends also accompanying him, all excited, all happy.

He had not far to go to find that home which his abandoned life had long made wretched. His daughter was looking out at the window waiting for her father's return, for they never dared to go to bed, as this daughter afterwards informed me, while he was out. The poor affrighted girl seeing her father coming making a great noise, and accompanied by quite a crowd, ran to her mother, crying, "O mammy, run and hide. Here comes daddy. Run, he will kill you, for he's got the mania a potu. Run, for God's sake, and don't let him kill you. Run, mother, run, don't let him catch you!" But while they

were trying to hide "mammy," in rushed the poor fellow, who had always been a terror to his family, and finding his wife he threw his arms around her neck, and shouted, "O wife! I'm a converted man. This night God has converted my soul. Glory, hallelujah!" The wife wept tears of joy, and so did the daughter, and the rest of the family. But the old man continued to shout the praises of God, and so did the brethren and sisters that had accompanied him. After holding a prayer-meeting there until three o'clock A.M., the happy man said, "Now we'll go to my sister M's." And over they went, roused them up to hear the good news, and here also held a prayer meeting. Then he wanted to go and tell another sister, and away they went, and after communicating the glad intelligence here, they sung and prayed, and shouted until daylight. "Now I'll go to work," said the happy man, and to work he went. A great change, indeed, in the affairs of this family, for he had not worked for years, his wife being obliged to support the family at the wash-tub. Now they are all comfortable. The man through his frugality and industry, aided by the blessing of God, is in easy circumstances, and surrounded with the comforts of life.

This is a remarkable example of the power of God over the human heart. This man had abused his family most shamefully, and his wife in particular. She had

once been a member of the very church where her husband was converted, "but," added his daughter in telling us the particulars of this thrilling incident, "*daddy had actually kicked the religion out of mammy;*" and under no circumstances could she go to church, or attend any meetings for religious worship. All day would she stand at the wash-tub to earn money to feed and clothe her family and to buy him whiskey, and then at night she was compelled to sit at home and take his cuffs and kicks and curses. So that between poverty and abuse the poor woman became dispirited, and in her despair let go her hold on the promises of God, and became a cold and callous backslider. All the finer feelings of her heart seemed to be frozen, and, strange to relate, remain so to this day. Although her husband, since his conversion, has been as kind as husband can be,—caresses now,—and now weeps over her,—prays for her every time he bows before God, in secret or at the family altar; and brings the influence of pastor and members around her, all seems to be in vain. The fountain of her soul seems to have been dried up, and her heart riven by the abuse of an unnatural husband; and though that abuse has long since been forgiven by her, yet its effects upon her moral nature still remain, and exhibit themselves in an entire indifference to the subject of religion and her soul's eternal interests. But the reformed husband with

his gray locks is beloved by all both in the church and out of it. His children are Christians, and he is a class leader, and now stands before the world as one of the pillars of the church of Jesus Christ.



## CHAPTER XVII .

## CONVERSION—A POEM.

“There is a spot to me more dear  
Than native vale or mountain ;  
A spot for which affection’s tear  
Streams grateful from its fountain.  
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,  
For this on earth is heaven ;  
*But 'tis where I my Saviour found,*  
And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,  
Long tossed upon the ocean,  
Above me was the thunder’s roar,  
Beneath, the waves’ commotion :  
Darkly the pall of night was thrown  
Around me faint with terror ;  
In that dark hour, how did my groans  
Ascend for years of error !

Sinking, and panting as for breath,  
I knew not help was near me;  
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death,  
Immortal Jesus, hear me!"  
Quickly as thought I felt him nigh,  
My Saviour stood before me,  
I saw his brightness round me shine,  
And shouted, Glory, Glory!  
Oh happy hour! Oh hallowed spot!  
Where love divine first found me;  
Wherever be my distant lot,  
My thoughts shall linger round thee;  
And when from earth I rise to soar  
Up to my home in heaven,  
Down will I cast my eyes once more,  
'To where I was forgiven.'

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL OF THE SUNDAY INSTITUTE.

SOON after the commencement of our labors among the denizens of Bedford street and its vicinity, there came a woman to the Mission-house to take the total abstinence pledge. She had been a most abandoned character, but she seemed earnestly desirous to reform her life, and as a leading step to that reformation, resolved to give up the use of intoxicating drink. For some time she kept her pledge sacredly, and we entertained strong hopes of her complete reformation, but I am sorry to say, she has since relaxed into her old habits. About two years after the taking of the pledge, her son, a young man of intelligence and a successful mechanic, in his 24th year, searched out his mother, whom he had not seen since he was five years old. The reason of this long separation was this. His father died when he was three years old, the mother became a

profligate, and the child was put in the alms-house. Here he was found by a Dr. H. of Lewistown, Pa., who admiring his beauty, asked for and obtained the little orphan with the design of adopting him as his son. Mrs. Dr. H. treated her little protégé with great kindness and care, training him at her knee to call on God for protection and salvation. As he grew up he became a great favorite with the family, and until his 17th year he stood fair (as the Doctor had no children of his own) to fall heir to the rich estate of his adopted father. But unfortunately for him, Mrs. Dr. H. died, and the poor fellow was left once more without the fostering care of a mother.

To add to his misfortunes, a quarrel occurred between himself and the doctor shortly afterward, in consequence of which he ran away, and came back to Philadelphia under an assumed name, with the intention of going to sea. But failing to get a berth on board a vessel, he roamed the streets until his little capital (some 15 dollars) was all gone. Then he applied for and obtained a place as an apprentice to the printing trade. Here he continued under his assumed name some seven years, when, by some unexpected turn of the providence of God, he learned that his mother was still alive, and that she was living in a wretched locality. He began the search, and sure enough, found her in Baker street,

among the vilest of the vile, and with her he also found a beautiful sister, whom he had never seen before, she being the daughter of a second husband.

This young and fair sister, though not yet 15 years of age, had already become quite an adept in sin. Poor child! she knew not what she did. How could she know, raised as she had been among the very worst and most debased of human kind? In her *home!!* she slept in the same room where several men and women lodged. If she sat at the window of that room, it was to look upon drunken men and drunken women enacting all manner of wickedness. So that, she could have no proper conception of the word *Virtue!!* and, indeed, I doubt whether she could have given an intelligible definition of the term. She never saw it to know it; never was taught it until brought into our Bible-class, where she developed only duplicity and deceit, thus showing that she had been surrounded with the worst of influences, and had been cursed with the blighting effects of a *wicked mother's example*.

This tender plant was growing up in the midst of mire, like the lily of the valley, inhaling into her inmost soul, the corrupting and poisonous miasma of sin in every form:—A delicate flower surrounded by rank weeds, beneath the shadow of whose leaves she was withering, all unconscious of the deadly influence they were exerting over her. Such was the mother, and such

the sister, of the young man when they were discovered, and by him rescued from the blighting influences of this region of sorrow and of death. But, unfortunately he brought no religion with him into the comfortable home he had provided for them far off from the infected district.

He was an infidel, not from early education, but from association with infidels. The "Sunday Institute," that devil's trap for unthinking young men, attracted him thither by their flaming advertisements, "of Ministers of the Gospel vanquished, &c." Here our young friend learned to disbelieve the Gospel, and here, he henceforth spent most of his Sabbaths and other leisure hours.

To such a person my visits, as a Minister of the Gospel, were, of course, not very acceptable; and I should have been forbidden the house altogether, had it not been for the fact, that I had often relieved his mother and sister from suffering and want.

But the Lord worketh all things for his own glory. They were not in their new home many months, before the blighted flower began to wither and droop. The mother saw it, and sent for me, not however without some opposition on the part of the infidel son. But the earnest entreaties of the girl, joined with those of the mother, at length prevailed, and I entered upon the great work of preaching Christ to the dying sinner.

It may be urged by some, that, to offer Christ to a dying sinner, is an unwarranted assumption on the part of the minister, and that death-bed repentances are not to be relied upon. Well, so I think, where the parties have had the advantages of a religious education from their childhood up, and where divine truths have been instilled into the mind and written on the memory. And yet the door of the temple of mercy stands open night and day, and who will dare to say that even *these* may not enter and obtain mercy at the hand of our merciful God? *And if they may*, surely I could say to the poor child of misfortune and humble birth, "FOR YOU THE SAVIOUR DIED."

And I did say it, and with emphasis too, *for my faith is, that none are damned before they die.*

In this benevolent work I was encouraged and assisted very greatly by our venerable Brother in Christ, E. J. Yard, a man of great experience in the sick room, especially among young men; many of whom he has been instrumental in waking up to a sense of their lost condition through sin, and of leading with trembling step, but with an unwavering faith, to the blood-bought mercy-seat.

We labored for weeks with this poor child of misfortune, without seeing any fruit of our labor. But one day, while Miss S. and Miss H. were supplicating a

throne of grace, the mercy came in rich effusion, and the dying penitent rejoiced in a knowledge of sins forgiven. It was a precious season to our souls; and we all felt that it was worth a life-time's toil to be permitted to witness such a conversion.

But 'tis said, afflictions seldom come alone. And so it proved to this unfortunate family. The young man, now the stay and support of his mother and sister, was attacked with the same fearful malady that was bearing off his sister,—inflammation of the lungs. We hoped he might be saved, but our hopes were mingled with fears, for we saw that disease was working slowly, but surely, and that remorseless death would in all probability soon carry both sister and brother to an early grave. The work was increasing on our hands, and now we needed the wisdom of the wise, and the caution of the timid. Here was a case that must be handled with a skillful hand. One single mistake in its management might result in the eternal destruction of a deathless soul. Oh what need of divine direction and of divine instruction!

There was one fact that gave us a faint hope in his case. It was this. He seemed to be pleased with his sister's peace of mind, obtained, as we teach, and as she believed, through Jesus Christ. Still he could not bear a word applied to himself.

In a short time the sister passed sweetly away to that



“undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.” Her last words were encouraging to all who were privileged to stand around her dying couch. This delicate flower that a short time since lay trailing in the mire, plucked by the hand of Jesus, is now transplanted into the Paradise above, there to bloom forever in beauty and with unfading loveliness. This precious gem, picked up from amid the corruption of Baker street, burnished by the Spirit of God, now glitters in the diadem of Jesus.

Oh, who would not prize a religion that reaches man in the lowest depths of degradation, and raising him up, transforms him into an angel of light!

But to return to our young infidel friend. He was now confined to his bed, and consumption, that foe of our race, was slowly but surely doing his work. He saw it, and murmured at the providence of God. We also saw it, and tried to find the door to his heart. This was a difficult task, for infidelity had barred every avenue, and unbelief sat as a sentinel to guard the soul against the first approach of truth. Yet this wicked watcher was troubled at the sight exhibited on Calvary's rugged hill; and the scenes associated with the tragic death of Jesus in the “place of skulls,” caused the dying sceptic to spend many a sleepless night.

Oh, who, that has come to Christ for salvation, does

not remember the fiery ordeal through which unbelief caused him first to pass! And who, that has passed this ordeal, does not feel to sympathize with those that are now enduring its bitter anguish!

“Mr. Sewell, I wish I could believe in the divinity of Christ,” said this wavering sceptic to me, one day as I sat by his bedside.

“Well, my friend,” I replied, “this is no time to argue this matter; for you are too weak to endure it. But I’ll tell you how to get at the truth in the easiest and simplest manner possible. Just get out of that bed when you are alone, fasten your door, kneel down, and ask God for light upon the subject. My word for it, you will not remain long in the dark.”

He promised to try this simple cure for infidelity, and kept his promise. The experiment worked just as I expected. He became uneasy about the future, and said he wished he was a Christian. And now, with confidence we went with him to a throne of grace. Brother Yard, and some of our lady managers, with myself, spent a great deal of time at his bedside, helping all we could with our prayers, and tears, and faith. At length one day while we were close by his couch on our knees, struggling in prayer for his deliverance, we observed his steady gaze heavenward, his finger also pointing in the same direction; and while we looked, presently his face

was lit up with a heavenly smile, and shone with the radiance of glory.

His soul was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and so filled with peace and joy, that he shouted aloud the praises of God. This brought his mother to his side, and then followed such a scene as I never witnessed before, and a part of it I wish never to witness again.

With eyes streaming with tears of joy, he cried, "O mother, I am a Christian! O mother, mother, mother, I'm a Christian!" This he repeated until his strength being exhausted, he lay weeping like a little child. But the tears he now shed were refreshing tears, the *overflowing of a grateful heart*.

The neighbors, hearing the noise, came running to see what was the matter, and the young man told them how happy he was with so much eloquence, that we indulged the hope that more than one heart was pierced with a barbed arrow from the word of God, the quiver of the Almighty.

But we are sorry to add, we cannot indulge in this hope for the mother. She was drunk at the time of her son's conversion, and has often been drunk since then, some sprees lasting for weeks. And this is the reason why we said above that we hoped never again to witness a part of the scene presented, when the son communicated to his wretched mother, the fact of his conversion.

O rum! thou curse of our race, when wilt thou cease thy work of ruin and of death! Steadily to the end did this convert from the Sunday Institute and its diabolical doctrines believe and trust in a *risen Saviour*. Steadily to the end did he feel the precious presence of Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost to comfort and support him. Yea, even while going *through* the *dark* valley of the shadow of death, he was enabled to lean upon the arm of his Saviour, and to exult in prospect of a glorious immortality. Being called away to the bedside of my dying brother (according to the flesh) who lived in Baltimore, I could not be with my young friend in his last moments. But brother Yard spent the last three hours with him.

“When I went,” says brother Yard, “to his bedside, he said, ‘Talk to me, *I cannot talk.*’ I took his right hand in mine and talked of heaven. He waved my hand expressive of his joyful prospect beyond the skies. When he could no longer wave my hand, he would press it, still holding on to me, until his hand was powerless, and he speechless. We then laid his hands on his breast, and still stood over him, until the last breath had passed: and oh, how sweetly solemn was that hour and that place! No death struggle, no distorted feature, no groan, but a calm tranquil passage from earth to heaven.”

Thus passed away two precious ones, saved through the instrumentality of the Mission.

*We laid them both in the same grave, there to rest in quietness until the resurrection of the just, when we hope to meet them again.*

To each of these redeemed ones we can say to-day, in the beautiful language of the Poet :

“ Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low :  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

A CHAPTER OF CALAMITIES—BUT GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DURING the deep snow that fell in March 1857,—a snow which all that were then in Philadelphia will recollect,—the subjects of this chapter were severe sufferers. At the hour of midnight they were roused from their slumbers by the sound of falling walls, and by the violent movements of the floor beneath them. The house next door to them had already fallen, and they had barely time to escape before their own dwelling came down with a fearful crash, burying in its ruins their furniture and all that they possessed in the world.

This was a severe calamity for a poor family, but it was not the last they had to suffer. Their sorrows had but just begun.

In the month of May following, Mr. T. fell from a building and broke his leg, a disaster which confined him to his house for eleven months, during which time he never earned a penny. Mrs. T. was obliged in the in-

terval to toil at the wash-tub to support her sick husband and five children. But even in this she was interrupted by the birth of a sixth child, and by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, which resulted in a confirmed consumption.

In this state of things it may well be guessed there must have been want, dire want. Stern poverty had not only "looked in," but had taken possession of cupboard and fireplace, and now while December winds howled around their poverty-stricken dwelling, making melancholy music for the inmates, the yet sadder tones of "Mother, I am hungry, O mother, give me bread," fell upon the hearts of these stricken parents. "Oh where shall I get bread?" said the distressed father of this suffering family, one day as he wandered up and down the streets, almost frantic, in search of work, now that he had gathered a little strength. But, alas! he had to return weary and footsore to his humble dwelling and famished children without bread.

"Father, did you fetch us any bread?" was the first words that greeted his return. But no answer came. His heart was pierced; and overcome with sorrow and with hunger, he fell fainting to the floor.

*No bread came that night.* And now for a desperate act. What was it? Did he eye that passing gentleman's gold chain, and say, There is bread in that, and

one well-directed blow would secure it for me and my famishing children? Or looking at that fine house, did he say, There's money laid up there that would save us from starvation if we had it, and to night when all are wrapped in sleep I must and will have it?

Who would have condemned him without mercy, if he had thus thought and thus acted in a moment of desperation? But, even if the temptation was in his heart, he refused to yield to it, and weathering out the storm, he remained an honest man.

But when we found him and his sick family, three of whom had the small-pox, and the fourth was an idiot, there was neither bed, nor fuel, nor food in the house. Every thing that would sell had been sold to buy bread. They would lie at night around the stove, when there was any coal to make it hot; but the night before we found them, they slept on the hard floor without fire.

And now hear the testimony for Jesus and his Gospel. "Mr. Sewell, I think I was living too far from the Saviour, and that this is the reason why I have been brought into this narrow place. He has done this to bring me nearer to himself, and I feel that it has had the desired result. And now I'll trust him for all things," said this afflicted woman, who was converted to God when only nine years of age. "For I see that after *he* had



tried my faith sufficiently he sent you, as an angel of mercy, to prevent us from starving."

Here was a Christian with nothing but grace to live on. Nothing but grace did I say? Yes, but grace is everything. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And truly she was testing in her own experience the faithfulness of God, and learning what it is to live by faith in his promises.

But another serious trial yet awaited her. She was in the fire and must walk awhile there, until the remaining dross of sin should be separated from her, and she be fully fitted for heaven.

The trial came on the 29th of January, 1859.

Little Julia said, "Mother, let me go to Mrs.——, to get something for to-morrow, for we'll get no soup from the soup-house on Sunday, and there will be nothing for us to eat."

"Well, child, you may go and ask Mrs. —— to send me something for to-morrow, if she pleases. Tell her I am very sick, and we have nothing in the house to eat."

So away went poor little Julia with confidence and buoyant with hope; for the kind lady had helped them before, and the child knew from late experience that there was bread there for them. (I wish I dare tell this good lady's name. But never mind, it is known in

heaven.) But alas for human hopes! How often, just as we reach out the hand to grasp the cup of blessings, is it snatched away from us and dashed rudely to the ground!

Poor Julia was arrested as a street beggar by the police, according to the mayor's instructions, just as she was entering the alley of the house, where the kind lady above mentioned lived. After locking the poor thing up in the Station-house, the officers waited on me, as one likely to know a good deal about beggars, and inquired whether they were a worthy or a drunken family.

"They are a worthy family, and you must liberate that child at once, and let her beg," was my answer. "There is no whiskey drunk in their house, but they are sick and poor, and must beg or starve. For we have so many to divide our meagre funds with, that we cannot help them as much as they need. They must beg until the man can get employment."

The officers consented to comply with my request, and went their way to set the poor little frightened captive free. And as they did so I hastened to Mrs. T. to tell her her child would soon be home. As I approached the humble dwelling, I heard the voice of plaintive supplication,—agonizing prayer to God to deliver her from this fresh trial. Her language was:

"O Jesus, have I not always trusted thee, and in my

weak way tried to serve thee? And O Jesus, thou hast delivered me from many a trial before this, and now *I will trust thee.*”

“Amen!” said I, on entering the house. But it was all I could utter; for my heart was full of this poor woman’s sorrows.

She prayed on, and I learned from her to pray as I had never prayed before. At last I said:

“Mrs. T., I have come to tell you that your prayers are answered, and your daughter will soon be home.”

On the reception of this intelligence, she immediately sent heavenward to her loving Jesus a burst of praise. “Thank you, Jesus,—thank you, Jesus,” she exclaimed with joyous lips, while tears of gratitude fell like rain drops from her swimming eyes. My own heart was deeply moved at the scene before me, and with tears of joyousness, I joined her in offering praise to HER prayer-answering God.

This afflicted Christian subsequently made a remark, which I think I shall never forget. She asked:

“Mr. Sewell, have you ever had a view of death by an eye of faith?”

“No madam, I have only seen death when others die. I have never looked upon death *in any other way.*”

“Well, I have had such a view. He came in dreadful form, and rushing toward me so fiercely. But just then

Jesus stepped between me and death, and told him to go gently; and *he has been coming gently ever since.*"

Myself and a few other friends were by her bedside when the *cautioned messenger* came. We found her sinking to rest as quietly and calmly as the setting sun of an Autumn's evening. A few people, poor as herself, were singing hymns around her in cheerful notes, as she waded into Jordan's dark wave. On approaching this humble disciple of Jesus, we asked:

"Do you feel Jesus precious now that death is near?" She tried to answer, but could not. The tongue was palsied, her eye was dim, and her hearing almost gone.

"Well, Mrs. T., give us some token by which we may know whether you can now read your title clear to heaven, and whether you now feel a blessed assurance that when you are done with earth, God will receive you into his everlasting kingdom."

And slowly she raised her hand, and pointed upward, and there held it until death rendered it powerless. After a few struggles with nature, she passed sweetly away, *to where Jesus is*, leaving behind a poor emaciated body for death to exult over, in connection with that of an infant not two days old that lay by her side, the spirit having departed but a little in advance of that of its mother.

“Calm on the bosom of thy God  
Dear spirit, rest thee now :  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.  
  
Dust, to its narrow home beneath,—  
Soul, to its rest on high ;—  
They that have seen thy *look* in death,  
No more may fear to *die*.”

## CHAPTER XX.

## POVERTY AND RELIGION.

RELIGION,—after all the talk about it, *what is it?* Walker's dictionary says "it is piety; to be disposed to the duties of religion; reverence to God; a system of divine faith and worship." The Ciceronian etymology defines it, "to reconsider." While modern grammarians say it means, "to bind fast; or rebind." And last, and farthest of all from the truth, the Romanists say, "it is to be bound by the vows of celibacy, and poverty, and austerity."

Well, I believe these are the strongest definitions of the term *Religion* that I can find outside the Bible; but they do not satisfy me. So I turn to St. James for an answer to my question,—What is religion? He says,

"Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Again, the same apostle says, in describing it under the

title of Wisdom, that wisdom that cometh from above, "It is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

Now take up either of these definitions as given by the apostle, and carefully examine it under the microscope of faith, and you will find in the centre and in the outline of each principle embodied, and each duty enjoined, *Love only,—love in essence, and love in action.*

True religion, then, consists in *supreme love to God*, and in such a love for man as will induce us, under all circumstances, to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. With this Godlike principle in the heart, the humble follower of the Lord Jesus is prepared to believe all things, and to *endure* all things. And it is hard to tell in which this Christian grace shines most clearly, whether in the rich or in the poor.

I heard a good brother once say in love-feast, that he had tried religion in prosperity and adversity, and had found it in both situations to be equally valuable. At one time whatever he touched in the way of business seemed to turn to gold. Money flowed, with very little effort, constantly into his coffers. His family were healthy, comfortable, and happy, and prosperity seemed to attend him on every hand.

But a day of trial came; first affliction, and then

death. His children one after another, in quick succession, fell into the grave, until all were gone. This was a severe blow, but his trials were not over yet. The destroyer came again, and took away his wife, and he was left alone with a desolate heart.

But he was not yet through the waters. His riches also took to themselves wings and flew away. And now all was gone! In two short years he had been bereft of family, of wealth, and of every thing he possessed but his religion. He had been taken, in an unexpected hour, from the very pinnacle of prosperity, and rudely hurled into the deepest vale of adversity.

“But,” said this man of God, “I have always found my precious Saviour near me. In all my prosperity, as well as in my adversity, I found *religion* to be a source of comfort to me. I have always believed that God would make all things work together for my good. My trust is still in my God, and through my precious Saviour I expect to meet my dear wife and little ones in heaven.”



## CHAPTER XXI.

## RELIGION UNDER RAGS.

“I HAVE been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,” saith the sweet singer of Israel. True, David, but you have not yet been in Bedford street, or you might have seen some of God’s poor, who, if not forsaken by their great Preserver, have at least been greatly neglected by their fellow men. Come with me, kind readers, and I will show you just such a case, one that may do your soul good, and teach you to be thankful for the many mercies you enjoy.

Well, here we are, just a square and a half from the Mission-house. Walk in, brethren. No, stop a moment till I first give you a brief sketch of the history of the person we are about to visit.

Mother N—— is a poor old woman, who has been serving the Lord in her weak way for about fifty years. She is now over seventy, and has grown gray in her

Master's service. This poor woman seems to have been neglected or overlooked by the charitable. The fact is, there are so many suffering poor, who are worthy, in our large city, that my wonder is, that a great many do not actually perish for want of food. But I am glad to believe that *none are allowed to starve to death* in this city of Brotherly Love. And as I have had five years' experience in visiting among the poor, making thousands of visits annually, my observations and experience in this particular will not, I am sure, be regarded as valueless. True, I have known some who have apparently perished through want, but in all such cases, it has been ascertained, when the truth was known, that their want was superinduced by the immoderate use of whiskey, and that nature itself was exhausted by their debauchery.

But this suffering child of God is not only poor, but age and feeble health have made her very helpless, so that she is obliged to depend wholly upon God, and those whose hearts he fills with charity, for her daily bread. And who knows but that we have come at the very time when our presence is most needed! We enter now her humble dwelling, and find in her a trusting Christian, who never has for a moment doubted, but that the Lord would provide for the supply of all her real wants. And though she has often been in straits, not knowing whence

she was to obtain a mouthful of bread, yet she has resolutely clung to the promise, "*The Lord will provide.*"

One day as I drew near to her door I heard her voice, but found she was alone. No! not alone, her Saviour was there, and she was holding sweet converse with him. I heard her say, "Come, precious Jesus, take thy poor old suffering child home. She is only in the way here. She can't do any good. Do, blessed Jesus, come, and take me *home.*"

After listening to her pitiful pleadings awhile, I entered, and found her prostrated by sickness. My list of sick was so large, and my pocket book was so poorly stocked with the needful, which by the by is often the case, that I had to be careful and calculating in my rounds through Sorrow's Circuit, and the want of money had actually kept me for several days from this suffering Christian. For I cannot bear to look upon suffering poverty, and have no means to relieve it.

"Well mother N——, how are you to day?" said I, on entering.

"O honey, I am happy. My blessed Jesus has been here all day. Oh! I'm so happy! bless his name, he is good to the poor old creature."

"Well, but how do you get along?" Not comprehending my question, she answered,

"O honey, my soul is feasting."

“But how do you make out for bread?”

“Oh, my soul has been feasting all day.”

“But I want to know about the bread that perisheth. I don't see anything here to eat,” pointing to a sort of a cupboard.

“Why, as to that, my child, I haven't had much of anything to day. *Yesterday I had two potatoes and some tea; to-day I had a little tea, but no potatoes.* But it's good enough for such a poor old worthless creature as I am, plenty good enough.”

Was there not more than a prophet here, to bless this poor widow's “handful of meal and cruse of oil?” And had she not heard the voice of the blessed Jesus, as he pronounced those words of encouragement, “Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid?” On hearing her words of thankfulness for the meager fare she had had, I could not but exclaim, half aloud, “My blessed Saviour, can it be possible that Christianity can do so much for a poor sinner?” “What! two potatoes and some tea accompanied with the presence of Jesus, not only satisfy the body, but keep the soul in ecstasy for two days! Can it be possible? Yes, it is even so; for here is a living example.” *Two potatoes and some tea with Jesus*, was the picture before me for days; and often, since then, has that same picture come up to rebuke my distrustful heart.

What fare! you say. Yes, what fare! For who that has given his heart to Christ, and continues to be his, does not *fare well*? What matter, whether banqueting with the rich man and his companions, or lying at his gate covered with sores, associated with sympathizing dogs, and fed with the crumbs that fall from his table, if *angel bands* are waiting near, to escort his soul at last to its blissful home in the paradise of God?

And thus this suffering and wonderfully patient saint of God, though passing through poverty's vale, continued to bless God for her present mercies, and to exult in prospect of a home in heaven, where her weary spirit should be forever at rest. And while she continued to trust God day by day for the necessaries of life, we took good care to put bread in the cupboard and coal in the box, and to meet the landlord's demands for rent; so that she was not again permitted to want while she lived. Nor did she want in death; for that same Jesus, who had stood by her in her hour of trial, *and had multiplied the two potatoes and the little tea until there was enough for two days*, was still with her, and she was enabled to lean her head upon his soft bosom, "and breathe her life out sweetly there."

Dear reader, have you ever been inclined to murmur at the trials you have had to pass through, or may now be passing through? Do you say, "It is hard that I

can't get along better; I see others enjoying all the luxuries of the season, while I have to live very plainly, and after all can hardly make all ends meet?"

Come with me, murmurer, and let me exhibit to you another scene that may help to make you satisfied with your lot. Follow me up these stairs, another flight, and yet another, in here, sister miserable, brother murmurer, be seated.

"Well, sister B——, you sent for me, I was told."

"Yes, sir, my daughter lies very low, and I am afraid she will never get well. I wanted you to pray for her, and to talk with her about her soul. She is not prepared, I fear, for another world, and I don't want her to die as she is."

"Yes, madam, we will do all we can to lead your child to Christ, the Saviour of sinners. Let us pray."

"Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Why, every time we adverted to the mercies of God, this poor afflicted woman praised the Lord."

And now, after giving a word of exhortation to the dying daughter, we are about to retire; but, getting a peep into the cupboard, we find that there is no bread there.

"Why, have you no bread in the house?"

“No, sir, we have had no bread since yesterday morning.”

“What! no bread for 36 hours, and yet did you not hear her praise God for his mercies, between almost every sentence of my prayer?” Oh, what a religion we have! Oh, what a merciful God!

Dear reader, these are no fancied sketches, but are veritable realities. The names of the parties alluded to stand on our donation book, in which a faithful record is kept of all that receive aid from the Mission, not for public inspection, but to show the managers what disposition is made of their money, and where it is gone. Gone! what need of recording this? Why it has gone to heaven along with the rest of our treasure. Since the organization of our Mission some forty souls have carried up the precious deposit right into heaven's bank, where it has been properly acknowledged and accredited; and from it the donors will doubtless receive, if faithful, the enormous interest of “an hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come Life Everlasting.”

“Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where?—but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

## VICE IN RUFFLES AND RAGS—A CURE PROPOSED.

I HAVE seen a picture, somewhere, in which Virtue and Vice are exhibited in contrast. Virtue is leaning rather pensively against a column with a pleasant face, and attired in clean but well-worn garments. On the opposite side, stands Vice with brazen face, and attired in ruffles and gold, with pendant necklace, costly bracelets, and diamond breastpin, all of which she seems to be contemplating with wrapt admiration, the very impersonation of what she was intended to represent,—vice.

But neither of these is the picture I am about to present. Vice in rags is my subject now.

Mary P—— was the wife of a man who owned and worked his own boat on the canal, running by the way of Bristol, Pa. to the Lehigh Coal Region. This poor man fell overboard at Richmond in a fit, and was drowned. Some one took possession of the boat, under pretence of taking care of it for the widow and her



children. But alas! that was the last she ever saw of either man or boat; and thus she lost several hundred dollars' worth of property.

Mary struggled hard for a while to support herself and family respectably, but, having no "grace to help in time of need," she at length yielded to the tempter, and became a wretched outcast. When we first saw her, she could hardly be recognized as a white woman. Her face was begrimed with dirt, her head covered with an old greasy hood, and her body clothed in tatters.

This miserable woman asked me for something to eat, saying she was hungry, and had not tasted food all that day. I went into a shop, where they retail the cold victuals that is begged from door to door, and bought Mary enough for her dinner. This opened an acquaintance between us, and, after that, I embraced every opportunity that offered, to persuade her to quit the whiskey. But, to my earnest entreaties, she replied, "When I am cold and have no place but the ground to lie on at night, and when I am hungry and have but a penny that some one has given me, what else can I do but buy a dram? That answers for food, and at the same time warms me. But I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Sewell; if you will get me work, and give me some clothes, I'll go to work and earn my living."

"But, Mary, I fear you won't keep sober." And I

really feared she *could not*, for she was the most unpromising looking of all the outcasts of Bedford or Baker streets.

“Yes, I can, and will. Oh, for God’s sake, give me one trial.”

“Well, let me see you remain sober, and I’ll talk more about it.”

“Mr. Sewell, it’s no use to try here. Any one that stays about Baker street must drink; he can’t help it, for this is hell on earth.”

Not far from the truth, thought I, as I left her with a promise to give her a trial. And now having made this promise, I set myself to work to get her some clothes, and to find her a suitable home. In both efforts I succeeded very nicely. She went into the family of my friend, J. H. G., in the northern part of this city. They were much pleased with her willingness to work, and they encouraged her in her efforts to save her money, and to fit herself out with good and comfortable clothing.

The first time she appeared in our Mission-church, after she had dressed herself, the metamorphosis was so complete, that we could hardly recognize the identity of Mary in rags, and Mary clothed and in her right mind. Never did we see before, nor have we seen since, so complete and satisfactory a change brought about in so

short a time. Why, she now looked like some matronly lady, that felt a deep interest in the poor of our Mission, and had come to hand me a donation to aid in their relief. And so she did come, like a lady, to present a heart full of gratitude to your unworthy servant. My heart overflowed with joy to think that Jesus does look on sinners of every grade and of every dye, not to see how much, nor how long they have sinned, but how sincerely they repent of their past sins, and how fully they confide in him for pardon and salvation.

Poor Mary did not deceive us, but exceeded our most sanguine expectations. She changed her place after a little while for lighter work at a gentleman's country residence. One design she had in making this change was, to recruit her health; and another, that she might earn her living among strangers who did not know her history; and a third, and that the best of all, that she might be away from the temptations that were in her way at every step while she remained in the city.

And here, let me say, is the great drawback we have to contend with in the prosecution of our work. The allurements to vice are so numerous, and so frequently presented, that scores who would reform, and who indeed have made the effort, are overcome in the outset by the tempter's influence, and thus lured to destruction. Hundreds of these outcasts have come to us, and with tears

begged us to send them away from the temptations with which they are here surrounded. Such was the power of habit and the strength of appetite, that the very sight of liquor set them mad, and produced in them an insatiable desire for its possession, and in their agony they have wished that there was not a drop in the world.

“Well, if you hate it so much, why don't you quit it?” we have sometimes ventured to say.

“So we might, if the appetite was not formed. It is easy to say, Quit. But ask the old tobacco chewer or smoker, or laudanum drinker, or the opium eater, why they don't quit the use of these drugs, and they will answer, ‘We would if we could.’ That too is *our* answer.”

A man who once held an honorable position in one of our large city churches, became a sot. He felt his degradation, and joined the “Washingtonians” in the spread of total abstinence principles. They made him president of their society, and his friends did all in their power to save him. He moved a hundred miles away from his old associates; but in about a year he returned again, a miserable bloat. He called on Mr. William J. Mullen, and said in pitiabie tones, “For God's sake, put me somewhere, to keep me from liquor.” Mr. Mullen complied with his request, and kept him for months employed. He went forth into the world again as a sober man, but in less than a year he returned again a ragged

vagrant, making the same request as before. This time he came near dying. His whole system seemed to be shocked, and after various ineffectual efforts to reform, and after days and weeks of suffering, and years of disgrace, this man of intelligence died in the alms-house a poor pauper. His drunkenness had become a disease, which neither prison walls, nor suffering, nor moral suasion, nor consciousness of disgrace could cure.

Such is the power of the appetite for stimulants over its victim, that unless the disease can be checked by the revulsions of his nature, and cured entirely and finally, the patient is always in danger. And we ask, when will the community awake to this subject, and establish a "House of Correction," where drunkenness may be treated as a disease, and the proper remedies applied?

I believe that every physician in the land will agree with me that all intoxicating liquors are acronarcotic, and consequently when taken into the human system act directly upon the brain, and inflame all the parts they come in contact with. Depression of spirits and loss of appetite with nervous debility, must follow this dreadful overtaxing of the system, and if persisted in, it must ultimately produce insanity and death.

The engineer could not introduce into his boiler water impregnated with soda, without disordering and ultimately destroying the whole machine. Much less

can man introduce into his stomach the intoxicating draught without disordering and finally destroying his entire organism. Hence tampering with liquor as a medicine is, to say the least of it, dangerous business. It may cure one disease, but is apt to produce another more frightful in its nature than that which it cures, a disease that affects both body and mind, for time and for eternity.

I have met with drunkards who were made so by doctors' prescriptions. Many a nurse too has brought her patient and her newly born babe from the sick chamber confirmed in the love of alcoholic stimulants, a secret only learned by the unhappy husband and father, when both mother and child have become confirmed inebriates.

I may here give as an illustration of the foregoing remark, as well as a warning to my readers, the unhappy experience of a woman with whose history I was familiar. Her career was short and melancholy. She formed the habit of putting a little "pure" brandy, or some good old port wine, or some good porter, in all the nourishment she prepared for herself or child. The result was that both mother and child soon became confirmed sots. In less than eight years after the birth of that child the mother died a fearful death,—*died of the mania a potu*. The child died in a few months afterwards, notwithstanding every effort was made to cure it of its burning appetite. It died pleading in the most heart-

rending tones for gin, and bearing all the marks of one long addicted to the intoxicating draught.

There is a mother and her daughter that may now be seen every day in the vicinity of Baker street, when they are not in prison, either in a penny grog-shop, where white and black of the lowest and filthiest kind are gathered, guzzling down corn-juice and strychnine at one cent per glass; or else lying on the sidewalk, too drunk to get out of the way of the police, (when they happen to pass that way,) and surrounded by dirty children and dogs and goats and hogs. Here they lie in all their filth and wretchedness, whilst the husband and father is driving a brisk business, and making money by furnishing our citizens with his manufactured wares, his place of business being not five squares from the scene of their degradation.

This woman learned in her own comfortable home to be a drunkard. Now, the only sober moments she spends are those that pass when she is under the kind care of Mrs. Ryan, the matron of the women's department of Moyamensing prison.

And can no remedy be found for this dreadful evil? Must rum forever tyrannize over us as a people, and rudely invade the sacred precincts of our homes, and tear from us our companions and our children? Heaven forbid it! A remedy can be found, whenever the better

class of citizens are prepared to deny themselves a useless and hurtful gratification. That remedy is *Prohibition of the traffic in, and total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors*. But, till this remedy is universally introduced, let us regard drunkenness in its true light, as a disease; and let us erect Houses of Correction, or suitable Hospitals, for the proper treatment and cure of the unfortunate subjects of this disease.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## CAN SUCH A WOMAN BE SAVED?

ONE day, putting on a "free and easy" manner, I entered the dwelling of a poor old sinner, who had always shunned me, and who seemed to be afraid to have me speak to her on the subject of religion. After some desultory conversation, in which I endeavored to gain her confidence, I addressed her with reference to her soul, and the importance of making earnest efforts to save it. In the course of our conversation, I learned from her, that, though she lived in a Christian land, and in the midst of a city of churches, she had not heard a Gospel sermon for twenty-five years.

Think of that, ye who are gathering up every dollar you can find in the community to send the Missionary to the heathen abroad, who have never yet heard the Gospel.

Think of that, ye that are searching in some unknown region for a field of labor in which you may, with the

utmost effort, save some perishing soul, while there are thousands at your door who never go where the Gospel is preached, and who, unless that Gospel is brought to them, will as certainly perish as the most degraded heathen.

Well, this gray-headed sinner was at our altar in a night or two after our interview, crying aloud for mercy. Her agony was great, because through a long life-time she had been a very great sinner. The struggle continued for several days, till at length her faith laid hold of the promise of God, and she received an application of the blood of Christ to the washing away of all her sins, and was made unspeakably happy.

A good brother of another church, to whom I spoke of her conversion, being aware that he had known her terrible history for long years back, asked me if I really thought such a woman could be saved.

I replied to his question by asking him if he did not believe there was power enough in the Gospel to save any body, however vile. The Poet sings,

“The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.”

The truth of this stanza was fully realized by our aged convert. For, since her conversion, now nearly

five years, she has been living a quiet, consistent, Christian life, so that I have never had the least reason to doubt her piety, or the reality of her conversion. Often have I come suddenly upon her in her humble home, and found her bathed in tears, because she had been so great a sinner for so many years.

I was with her one night when the doctor had given her up to die, and she thought her end was near. But such triumphs, and such shouts as fell from her lips, when by faith she saw heaven near her, and herself, though unworthy, about to enter it! Such a scene I do not expect to have the privilege very often of witnessing.

“Can such sinners be saved?” To be sure they can, while the blood of the slain Lamb retains its power, and the Holy Ghost its efficiency, and the Triune God his mercy. “All things are possible with God,” and “to him that believeth.”

This one conversion is worth all the expense and labor that have been bestowed on our Mission. Not only because of the value of an immortal soul, but also on account of the influence it has exerted in her own family, and upon her relatives and neighbors.

One conversion that resulted from this, which I regard as a triumph for our Mission, I will name.

It was that of an old man from England, who, for many years, had been a miserable drunkard. This poor

old sinner told me he had heard Adam Clark and his intellectual compeers of the Old World preach. But after all his privileges in the Old World, and his opportunities of hearing these great D.Ds., he was brought to Christ, and now has a hope of heaven, through the instrumentality and humble efforts of the Bedford Street Mission of Philadelphia.

This old man is yet living a Christian life, after all his struggles and trials with poverty and sickness. He stands before the church and the world as a living monument of the "power of God to save to the uttermost all that come to him through Christ." And though he suffers from the infirmities of age, being about seventy years old, yet he maintains a steady trust in God, and is cherishing the hope that through Christ he shall be enabled ultimately to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to shout with the redeemed around the throne of God. Nor shall he be disappointed, if he continues to trust in Christ, for, as the Poet has well expressed it,

"The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

FEARFUL JUDGMENTS ON THE WICKED, AND A PICTURE  
MISSED BY FRANK LESLIE.

How fearful often are the judgments inflicted by the Almighty upon the wicked; and how suddenly and terribly do they oftentimes make their approach!

One Friday evening, a man under the influence of liquor stopped before our Mission-house, during the progress of our religious exercises, and tried to annoy us by the utterance of a multitude of the most wicked oaths. After having vented his spleen on us to his heart's content, he wended his way homeward, as well as a drunken man could, and after entering his hovel, he carefully locked himself in.

Nothing more was seen or heard of him until the Wednesday following, when his friends, becoming uneasy, broke open his door, and such a sight as greeted them no pen of mine can picture. He was doubled up in the fire-place, *dead, and his bones completely bared by the rats.*

What a death for an immortal being! Whether the rats killed him while sleeping off his potations of bad whiskey, or, watching him until he died, then set to by hundreds in horrid feasting, for several days, until his bones were perfectly cleaned of the flesh, I know not; but that ghastly sight yet makes me shudder.

But I have another melancholy incident to record. It is the sad end of a woman!!! who recently wandered into Baker street. She was not a common loafer, at least, she had not the appearance of one, for *they* carry the sign manual, invariably. But she got drunk in a very few hours after she made her debut among the loafers of this vile whiskey-drinking district. And while under the influence of her unnatural potations she lay down in a court in Baker street one night in an unconscious state. In the morning, sad to relate! she was found with her throat cut and her body much eaten by the rats. And thus ingloriously ended the life of a woman, who was respectably connected, and who might have shone in society, and after a life of usefulness, died honored and respected by all, and with a hope of a blissful inheritance in heaven.

But, reader, I am afraid you will sicken at these recitals, and yet I must ask you to read another.

In my visits one day, among the haunts of dissipation and crime, I found a woman who was, perhaps, not more

than thirty years of age, though her haggard and care-worn appearance indicated that she was fifty. She was evidently under the influence of liquor, but not so drunk as I had seen her before. I approached her and offered to help her in any way that I could. "What a shame," said I, "that you have to make the street and the curbstone your home!"

"I have no place to stay, Mr. Sewell; they drove me out of that place," pointing to a cow-stable close by. The owners of this stable, I suppose, drove her out for fear she would die there, and then the Coroner's inquest would unfold some more pictures for "Frank Leslie's swill milk illustrations." For that cow-stable was the kitchen of the house in front, and in that kitchen were kept three cows and a horse almost knee deep in dirt. And yet in this wretched place this poor woman had lived, or rather staid, for several months, and here doubtless she would have remained and perished had she not been forcibly ejected by the owners.

Well, we offered to care for her as well as we could; but while we were talking with her, she, in her endeavors to hide her almost naked body with an old greasy shawl, exhibited a black bottle.

"Now you must throw away that bottle," said I, "or I can do nothing for you. Give me that whiskey, and I will make you comfortable." But she absolutely refused,

and asking the crowd, who stood by, to help her, she dragged herself slowly along Shippen street, choosing rather to lay in a cow-stable, or, as the prospect now seemed, on the street, with her whiskey bottle, than to enjoy a good shelter and a good bed without it.

On the following day she was removed from the steps of a burning building at the corner of Seventh and Shippen streets to save her life, and thence taken by the Police to the station house, where she died in a few hours.

These are not isolated cases, dear reader, but only a sample of the terrible wickedness, and degradation, and misery concentrated in the very heart of "the Quaker city."

It is indeed painful to pen these sad scenes, and much more so to know that many a mother, or sister, or father, or brother, is now sitting weeping over the lost ones here referred to. Many a family are hiding themselves from the world for very shame, in consequence of the profligacy of the husband and father. And many a husband, too, is sitting weeping with his offspring while the mother of his little ones is drunk on these streets, or locked up as a vagrant in Moyamensing prison, or living with some dirty negro. ("I speak that I do know, and testify *that* I have seen.") And these suffering ones, ever before our imagination, seem to say to us by their looks, "Oh,



sir, can you do nothing to save my prodigal boy, or husband, or wife, or daughter?"

All this picture have I beheld with an aching heart. The outlines of it must here suffice. The details *would not, could not* be read, or tolerated by the chaste; nor, indeed, would they be believed, if written, by those who have never had a view of this infected region, in which vice in all its varied forms abounds, and its sad and blighting effects, on the happiness and hopes of man, are ever exhibited.

Here,

“The drunkard wastes away his strength  
 For that which does no good;  
 He madly drinks, and sees, at length,  
 His children pine for food.  
 And when, at last, he comes to die,  
 He shrieks in wild affright;  
 For snaky fiends are gathering nigh,  
 Hell opens to his sight.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

## LITTLE KATY AND HER FAMILY.

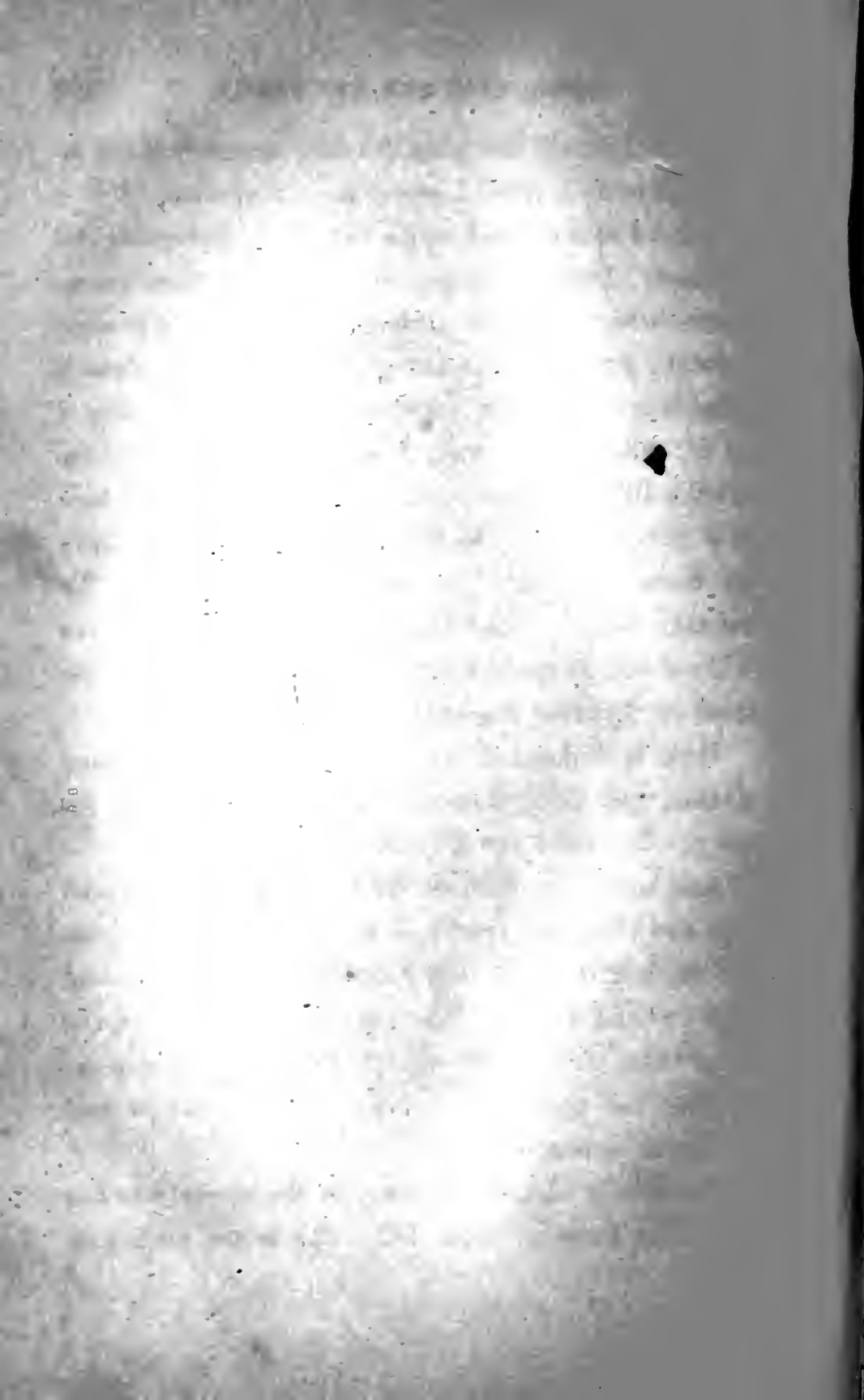
READER, you have before you on the opposite page a tolerable sketch of the face and dress of poor "Little Katy," as given by the artist. I now wish to present to you some incidents in the history of this little girl and her family, that could not be drawn by the pencil of the artist.

"Her family, did you say? Why she looks as though she had almost sprung up by chance, and had been left in Baker street to show what miserable specimens of handiwork *chance* produces."

But this is not the case, as you will see if you go with me round into Baker street, and up one of its filthy courts. Here is a miserable hovel, hardly worthy the name of a house, located right along-side of a pig-pen, and surrounded with slop-barrels and the nauseating refuse that has been gathered up in the streets for the occupants of the filthy pen. "And this is Katy's home,



LITTLE KATY.



is it?" Yes, all the home she has; a wretched one indeed, because it is the home of the intemperate.

But let us enter, and take a view of its appearance and inmates. I cannot ask you to sit down, for there are no chairs here, and a seat on the floor would not be so comfortable, for it looks as though it had not been cleaned since it was done four years ago by order of the Board of Health. By the way, it would not be amiss for the worthy Board to pass round this way again. But here is a rickety stairway leading to the attic; but we have no business up there just now, as that is occupied by another family. Just stand where you are, and you will see enough to show you that Katy's home is not the most comfortable imaginable.

Here is a drunken woman, to begin with, a young woman, who three years ago moved in respectable society. But alas! how fallen and degraded now!

And here is another, an old offender, whose bloated face and blackened eyes, and rag-covered body indicate the depth of infamy to which she is sunken, for rum and rags go hand in hand. The one destroys *all virtue*, the other takes away all *self-respect*; while both unite in excluding the unfortunate victim from all honest and honorable associations.

But here is another, hid away in the corner, who has still some sense of shame left. She is the mother of

three beautiful children, from which she has been enticed by the demon of rum. Poor woman! she has been wandering about from one grog-shop to another, drinking penny-a-glass whiskey, till she is well nigh ruined. Oh, that some kind hand could again lead her back to her home and to her children!

And here, too, are two ragged colored men. Don't be alarmed, and scold because of the unnatural amalgamation here exhibited. It is a common thing in this locality. Rum has made it so. Little Katy, you see, manifests no concern about it. She is accustomed to it, indeed has never seen much else. But as the children, with the exception of Katy, are all out either playing or begging, we will not stay longer in this wretched hovel, but pass out into the open air, where I will tell you some things in relation to this family with which you will be better pleased than you have been with their home.

Four years and a half ago our worthy President, E. S. Yard, prevailed on the parents of Katy to allow him to take her elder brother to a pleasant home in another State. He was placed in a kind family, where he has been treated as one of their own children, and where, I am glad to say, he has demeaned himself so well as to merit their confidence and respect.

And best of all, he has given his heart to God, is a worthy member of the Christian church, is storing his

mind with religious knowledge, and is even looking to the Ministry as his future calling. And what a transition would this be, from Baker street to the pulpit! from the corrupting associations of the intemperate and the licentious, to the purer atmosphere of the sanctuary and of the sacred desk! God grant that his hopes and aspirations may be fully realized, and that he may ever remain, as he now is, a monument of the utility of "the Bedford Street Mission!"

But we are not done with this family yet. A younger brother of the one referred to, a bright-eyed, well-built, intelligent looking boy, has been placed in the country, and is now learning to be a farmer. He is very active, learns rapidly, stands at the head of his class at school, and is withal cheerful and happy. He too, though taken from amidst the filth of Baker street, promises to be a diamond of the first water, which, I trust, will one day glitter in the diadem of Jesus.

I regret that we cannot give you in this connection also the picture of Katy's sister Molly. She is indeed quite pretty, but I am sorry to say, young as she still is, she used to get drunk when we first became acquainted with her family. But, poor thing! she must not be censured too severely; for such was her occupation, and such were the associations with which she was surrounded, that it could hardly be otherwise than that

she should learn to drink. When yet a very little girl, she was forced to go out and beg cold victuals ; not to supply the wants of the family, but to barter away at the "grub-shops," as they are called, for whiskey. What wonder, then, that she was induced to taste that *precious* stuff which cost her so much labor, and that she continued to taste it until she grew fond of it, and became a little sot ?

But we determined, if possible, to save this pretty but unfortunate little girl ; and, accordingly, we applied to her father for permission to take her to the country. This, he positively refused to grant, unless we would first pay him, as a compensation I suppose for her services, *ten dollars*.

This demand for purchase money placed us in a dilemma. For we were not sure that we had the right, as missionary and as almoner for the society, to use the money in this way ; and besides this, our discipline forbids the bartering of church members in human flesh and blood. But our difficulty was soon relieved. A respected member of the Society of Friends, a liberal contributor for the support of the day-school connected with our work, learning the state of the case, promptly paid over the money for her purchase, asserting that it would be right to remove the child from such a den as she was then in at almost any price. For the family



then lived in a deep, damp cellar, which had neither floor, fireplace, nor chimney; and in which there was neither table, chair, nor bed; a pile of shavings in one corner answering for both seat and bed.

With the money in hand, we went and consummated the bargain for Molly as soon as possible. Yes, we bought her from her besotted father for ten dollars.

Now I hope Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Smith and Co. will not censure us too severely. For if they do, we will push forward our Quaker friend, and take refuge behind him. For he gave us the money, and—and—and—we may as well confess it, *we made the purchase.*

But I am sure they will not scold when we tell them that we have since set her free. Yes, Molly has been freed from the society of Baker street, from the wretched employment of a beggar, from the blighting influence of drunken parents, and I trust also from the tyranny of a *depraved appetite* that must have rendered her the most abject slave through life, and then encompassed her in chains of darkness through eternity. Did we do right? I am sure you will say, *yes.*

But though the purchase of Molly had been effected, we had not yet succeeded in getting her into a new home. The father, in the mean while, took the *Mania a Potu*, and was removed to the Alms-house, where he

died in great misery, fighting with imaginary rats, and snakes, and devils.

We then had to renew our contract with the intemperate mother. After some little delay, all was ready, and we started with Molly to the home we had provided for her in the country, more than a hundred miles from the city. On reaching the place, Molly was delighted with what she saw, and wanted at once to be employed in milking the cows and making butter. When I came down stairs the next morning, sure enough, I found her at the churn making butter. Looking up in my face, she said, "Mr. Sewell, I'm making butter; aint it nice work?"

"Yes indeed it is, Molly. I wish I could live down here too; it's so pleasant, and every thing smells so sweetly. It isn't like Bedford street here, is it?"

"No, indeed, it aint, I'm glad I'm here. But you must let my mother come down and see me, won't you?"

"To be sure I will. She may come down next summer, if she will. But whether she comes or not, I will come and see you."

Poor Molly is quite happy now, in her new home, is out of the way of her old associates, and is free from her old vices. May she grow up to be a respectable, a good, and a useful woman.

Since her removal we have also sent her youngest

brother to a place within four miles of her present residence.

And now none remain but poor Katy and her wretched mother. And we are offering to buy Katy at even a higher price than that paid for her sister; but we have not yet gained the consent of her mother.

She is possessed of such a sweet disposition, and is so mild and affable, that she would make a pleasant companion in any family to which she might be removed. And she would be quite pretty, too, if she could only be kept washed, and combed, and dressed. But, as it is, she cannot be trusted with more than one suit at a time. For even if the old one should be returned, when she gets a new one, her wretched mother would sell it for whiskey.

Such, reader, is poor little Katy's home, and such her present position.

Christian mother, when you are tucking the bed-clothes around your precious jewels and kissing them *good night*; or standing with lamp in hand, you listen to see whether their breathing is natural; or when kneeling beside their little bed, you present them to God and invoke his blessing upon them, will you not bestow one thought on poor Katy, and breathe one prayer to heaven in her behalf?

Christian father, while you are dandling your little

daughter upon your knee, and listening to her childish prattle, and tracing in her face the outlines of her mother's image ; or while with your family you bow around the family altar, and offer your prayers and thanksgivings to your heavenly Father, who has given you so many mercies to enjoy, oh ! will you not think of Katy, and her drunken mother, and offer one petition in their behalf ? And will you not teach your children to pray for Katy, too, and to sympathize with all who, like her, have been cursed with drunken parents ?

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORE ABOUT LITTLE KATY AND HER MOTHER.

SINCE the foregoing chapter concerning Katy and her family was written, a great change has come over her circumstances and prospects. Katy has at last been rescued from the baneful influences with which she was surrounded in Baker street, and is now safe in a pleasant home in the country, far removed from the scenes of her temptation and suffering.

The circumstances attending this change in Katy's fortune, have been so graphically presented by a writer in the "Mission Journal" for June of the present year, that I shall take the liberty of quoting the entire article, instead of attempting a description of my own.

The writer says,

"No one who has read the first number of the 'Mission Journal' can forget the history of 'little Katy,' and the thought of her, in her miserable home, has disquieted the feelings of many a kind heart.

“It will doubtless be gratifying to those who have been touched with sympathy for her sorrows, to know that a great change has taken place in her circumstances, since the history referred to was given to our readers. For some months past her mother had been at work, binding shoes, and Katy had something to eat; while each day found her in her place at school, the merriest child in all the crowd, singing, and laughing, as *happy children* only can.

“Suddenly her mother grew tired of work, and with the pennies in her possession bought rum instead of bread, and now Katy was forced out upon the street to beg. Soon word came that she had been arrested and placed in the ‘Southern Home for Friendless Children.’

“Her teachers wept tears of joy, that she was at last rescued from her horrid home. And then the question was asked, Whose hands will she fall into now? We have loved her, watched over, and spoken kindly to her; but will those to whose care she is entrusted see anything in our Katy to love? Will they remember that she has an immortal soul to save? Will they remind her of the lessons she has learned in the Mission school? Or will she be treated only as a servant, and spend her days in forgetfulness of God, and miss of heaven at last? And our hearts were sad until we committed her cause to Him who ever hears his children when they pray; and while

it was sweetly brought to our remembrance that he loved this little girl so much as to give his Son to die for her, we rested in the assurance that all would be well.

“A few days after, a Christian lady called at our school and asked for little Katy. She wished to take her to live on a farm near her sister, which was just what we desired.

“In company with our Missionary, we visited the institution in which she had been placed. She was overjoyed to see us, and quite willing to go with the lady. Arrangements were entered into, and our dear little girl is now in her new home, far removed from the corrupting scenes by which she has been surrounded since first she had a being.

“More than six years have passed away since the writer of this article, in company with the President of our Mission, paid the first visit to Katy's family, which then consisted of eight persons; the father and mother with six children. The youngest child was soon after removed by death, before it had learned to sin. The father, too, has been summoned to meet his Maker, while the five remaining children have been placed in Christian families where they are being educated for usefulness; leaving the mother alone in her degradation. Much effort has been put forth to save her; but the power of habit is so strong, that I fear she will die as she has lived.

“When we look over the past, and recall the difficulties that have been encountered in getting possession of these children, we render sincere thanks to our heavenly Father for the success which has attended our labor, knowing full well, that without his blessing our efforts would have been in vain.”



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A WHOLE FAMILY SAVED BY TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES.

THERE are few of the charitable but what have found that, in some instances, their benefactions have been misapplied, and have proved to be curses rather than blessings to the recipients. This has had a tendency to close up the avenues to their hearts, to make them look with suspicion upon all applications for aid, and, sometimes, even to refuse to help those who are most worthy, and who are driven by the sternest necessity to ask alms.

I admit that but little good can arise from indiscriminate alms-giving. Idleness and vice are more frequently encouraged thereby, than want is relieved. But this is no reason why we should not give with proper discrimination. Perhaps none are more likely to be imposed on by idle, worthless, lying vagrants, than Benevolent Societies; and yet these societies, by exercising a proper discrimination in the bestowment of their gifts, have it in their power to relieve a vast amount of suffering

among the *worthy poor*, and, indeed, to accomplish a great deal in the way of reforming those who are dissipated and wicked. For it is a fact apparent to all who have carefully studied human nature, that the good qualities, lying dormant in the worst of men, can more readily be roused by an act of kindness than by any other means.

The following incident will serve as an illustration of this remark:

Four winters ago, a clean, tidy looking woman came to my house to ask clothes for her two boys, who were in a suffering condition for want of them. She had evidently seen better days; and the blush on her cheek as she made her request indicated that she deeply felt her present degradation, and only yielded to the direst necessity. But it was the old story; *rum, rum* had done it all. The husband had been a master-mechanic, engaged in a prosperous business, and esteemed and respected by all who knew him. But in an unguarded moment he had yielded to the tempter, and then little by little had departed from the path of sobriety and virtue, until he became a miserable sot, neglecting his business and his family, and by his misconduct forfeiting the esteem and respect of all his friends.

An older son still had employment at one dollar and a half per week; and this was all the poor family had to

depend upon, save the little that the unfortunate wife and mother was able to earn at the wash-tub. Both the boys for whom clothing was solicited had been pupils in the —— Sabbath-school; but now they were unable to go for want of suitable clothing. This grieved both the mother and the poor lads, and made them sigh for a return of the former days, when they had enough for themselves, and something to spare also for others who were needy. And besides this, the poor boy that worked was so thinly clad, that he sometimes almost perished as he went forth to meet the fierce winter's blast.

But to procure new and warm clothes was out of the question, for it required all his scanty earnings to pay the rent of the house they lived in, and thus prevent the whole family from being turned out in the pitiless storms.

Thus matters stood at the time the mother ventured to come to me, and disclose her sad circumstances. She only asked for two suits of clothes for her younger boys. These, of course, were promptly given; and the little fellows were once more warm and comfortable.

For three years we heard nothing more of the clothes or their recipients, till, at length, a married daughter called at our house, in May 1858, expressly to tell us the history and result of our little benefaction.

She said, that when her father returned that evening

from some low groggery, considerably under the influence of liquor as usual, he immediately noticed the altered appearance of his boys, and seemed for a moment puzzled to know what it meant. At length, discovering the true cause in the comfortable suits they had on, he turned to his wife and sternly asked, "Where did these come from?" She frankly replied, "Mr. Sewell gave them to me;" and, anticipating a regular tirade of abuse from her intoxicated husband, she immediately began to apologize. But without seeming to notice her apology, he turned and looked again at his boys; and then, raising his hand toward heaven, and appealing to his Maker to attest his sincerity, he promised in the most solemn manner that he would never again touch the intoxicating cup.

This promise he had now most sacredly kept for more than three years, and in the mean while, he had become an humble and devoted Christian, and a respected and useful member of the church.

The idea that his children had become beggars, and that as such they had been clothed by the charitable, roused anew all the better qualities of his nature, which for a long time had been paralyzed by rum, and made him resolve that he would once more be a man, and with his own hand support his once happy but now beggared family.

Thus with these two suits of second-handed clothing this whole family were saved. True, the wife and children were not yet lost; but who can say what influence poverty and the sad example of a drunken husband and father might have had upon them in after years, had not the whole current of their fortune been turned by these humble gifts of charity?

Now this family are again prosperous and happy, and the most of them esteemed members of the church of Jesus Christ. Long may they enjoy the comforts that now surround them, and may they never again feel the bitings of poverty, or the sad and blighting effects of *rum*.

And may we, encouraged by this little incident, continue to use that entrusted to our care by our heavenly Father, in relieving the wants of our fellow men, and in endeavoring to lead them to Christ.

“Whate’er our willing hands can give,  
 Lord, at thy feet we lay;  
 Grace will the humble gift receive,  
 And grace at length repay.”

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## NOT READY.

How sadly do these words fall upon the ear as they come from the lips of the dying sinner, "*I am about to die, and yet am not ready!*"

I shall never forget the case of a young man whose end I witnessed not long since. He was one of those unfortunate victims of vice and intemperance, who, after disgracing their friends and almost breaking their hearts, hide themselves away amid the filth of Baker street, and here meet with an early and an inglorious end. He had left a comfortable home and an amiable wife, and had given himself up to unbridled licentiousness. But God had determined that his race should be short, for disease had fastened upon him, and death was already approaching.

Being called on one evening to visit him, I found him lying in great agony upon a bed of straw, in one corner of a room about ten feet square, which was occupied for

the night, by eight persons beside himself. These looked on with a stupid, half idiotic stare, while we sung and prayed with the poor fellow, who was calling loudly on God for mercy.

When I told him that his pulse indicated the near approach of death, he looked wildly at me, and asked, "Do you, indeed, think I am dying?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "I think you have but a very few hours to live, and that you should earnestly call upon God for mercy; for he is, indeed, a merciful God, not willing that any should perish, but that all should repent and live."

With agonized look, and in the most mournful tones, he then cried out, "O my God! has it come to this? Death come, and I'm not ready—*not ready!* Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do? O my God, what *shall* I do? Struck with death, and *not ready!* O Lord, have mercy upon my poor soul. Oh, did I ever think I should come to this? *Dying and not ready!* Lord be merciful to me!"

We tried to hold up before him a risen Saviour; but he could not see him, or claim him as *his Saviour*. His faith was too weak, his heart too hard, and his moral sensibilities too much blunted by sin, to allow him to do so. And thus he died, conscious that he was going into the presence of God, and yet fully aware that he was *not ready to obey the summons*. Should the eyes of some

youth, who has already started in the downward course, chance to fall upon this page, let him take warning from this sad circumstance, lest he too be obliged to take up the doleful lamentation in his last hour, "*Dying, and yet not ready!*"



## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE BACKSLIDER.

“FATHER, I bring a worthless child to thee,  
To claim thy pardon, once, yet once again.  
Receive him from my hands, for he is mine.—  
He is a worthless child—he owns his guilt.  
Look not on him,—he will not bear thy glance:  
Look but on me,—I’ll hide his filthy garments.  
He pleads not for himself: he dares not plead:—  
His cause is mine—I am his intercessor.  
By that unchanged, unchanging oath of mine,  
By each pure drop of blood I lost for him,  
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,  
By every wound I bear, I claim it due.  
Father Divine! I would not have him lost;  
He is a worthless child, but *he is mine*.  
Sin hath destroyed him—Sin hath died in me:  
Satan hath bound him—Satan is my slave:  
Death hath desired him—I have conquered death.

I could not bear to see him cast away—  
 Vile as he is—the weakest of my flock—  
 The one who grieves me most—that loves me least.  
 Yea, though his sins should dim each spark of love,  
 I measure not my love by his returns.  
 He has no home, no right, but in my love ;  
 Though earth and hell combined against him rise,  
 I'm bound to rescue him—*For this I died.*”

The foregoing lines, quoted from Putnam's Magazine, are of thrilling importance to the poor backslider.

“What!” says one, “do your converts backslide? Ah! that was my fear, that these poor creatures, if converted, would not be able to hold out. I am afraid that the money spent on this Mission is money thrown away, money that might be expended elsewhere to better advantage.”

Hold, my friend, not too fast in forming your unfavorable conclusions in regard to the results of our work. Where are the two hundred probationers that you received into the church last winter, whom you announced to the world through our great Church organ, the Christian Advocate and Journal, as having come from among the *respectable* and *intelligent* portion of the community? I ask; Where are they? For, though the usual term of probationship has passed, but few of them have been received into the church. “Were there not ten cleansed, but

where are the nine?" And if your *respectable* and *intelligent* converts fall away, what can be expected of ours, who are taken from the sinks of Baker street, where, as a general thing, there is neither intelligence nor respectability?

But, thank God, we are enabled to save some, notwithstanding many do fall away and perish.

But I began this chapter with the intention of bringing before the reader the history of one of our backsliders.

Mary H. was born and reared in the Roman Catholic church, and, as is unfortunately too common in the country from which she came, she had early learned to take a social glass of "potyeen" (whiskey,) and sometimes even to get a little boozy over it. But this was no great offence in her estimation, and the repeating of a few "*Ave Marias*," or "*Pater Nosters*," would remove very speedily all sense of guilt from her conscience.

By some means this poor woman was led to attend our meetings, where she heard the Gospel preached plainly and with simplicity. The word at length took hold of her heart, and she presented herself as a penitent at our altar for prayer and advice. But it was difficult for her to throw away at once the results of her superstitious training, for ever and anon we would find her repeating her prayers to the "blessed Virgin" whom

she had been taught to recognize as the great mediator between herself and her God. At last, however, she was led to adopt right views upon this subject, and then with streaming eyes and outstretched hands she cried, "O Lord, for Christ's sake have mercy on me." God heard and answered that prayer, and made her unspeakably happy in a sense of his pardoning love. Her very countenance beamed with the glory she felt within, and with her lips she praised God for his wonderful condescension.

In a short time she connected herself with our Mission-church, after which she went to live with an excellent Presbyterian family, who took a great interest in her spiritual welfare, and did all they could to encourage and keep her in the good way. For nearly six months she remained faithful, giving great satisfaction to the family with which she lived, while she was constant in her attendance at the class-room, and in the performance of other religious duties. But an hour of trial came, and poor Mary fell.

An excursion of our school to Media, Del. Co., had been planned, but I was not aware that any except the children were going. On reaching the Mission-house that morning I was met by Mary G., who asked me for a ticket. I informed her that I had no ticket, and besides that, I did not know that any adults were going

along. She replied, "Yes, there are a number going; but it makes no difference, for I do not wish to go where I am not wanted." With this I went to make inquiry with regard to the matter, and while I was going, Mary left the building.

The excursion shortly after left for the country, where all spent a happy day. But what was our surprise, on returning in the evening, to find poor Mary drunk! My heart was indeed sad as I looked upon this fallen one, and thought of her happy conversion, and of her faithfulness during the past six months, and I grieved to think how quickly Satan had undone all our work with reference to her, and had blasted all our hopes.

We took care of her for the night, and in the morning she returned to her place of employment, deeply mortified and sorely grieved in consequence of her fall. She sent word to me during that week that she was coming to *confess to me* and to the *church*, and would on the next Sabbath evening go to the altar again and pray for forgiveness. We at once sent the messenger back to say to her that we did not believe in *confessing to man*, but that we would be most happy to see her at the altar making her confession to God in the presence of the church.

And sure enough, poor Mary came at the appointed time, and while Rev. T. K. Peterson was preaching, she

went forward to the altar, and with bitter tears and agonizing cries besought God to have mercy on her, and to restore unto her the joys of his salvation. We assured her, that, as God had no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but was anxious that they should repent and live, he would not turn away from her, or refuse to hear her cry, if she continued to ask in the name of Jesus. Encouraged by this assurance, she laid hold of the promises of God, and while pleading those promises, the blessing came, the blessed Comforter was given, and the sweet assurance followed, "Daughter, thy sins are all forgiven! Go in peace and sin no more."

*And she never did sin any more, for God took her.* Soon after she obtained the blessing, overpowered, as it were, by the weight of that glory which beamed upon her countenance and trembled on her lips, she fell back and for some time lay helpless. But this did not surprise us, as we had often seen the like before. But when we came to raise her up at the close of the meeting, we found that, although she was conscious, yet she was unable either to stand or sit without help. But to all our inquiries she replied, "My soul is happy, I feel that Jesus loves me, though I do not deserve it."

As she was unable to go home, we left her in the office of the Mission-house, in care of several women who volunteered to remain with her. Much of the night

she lay in a kind of half-sleep, her countenance indicating that her soul was calm and peaceful, while her lips ever and anon were heard to utter, "I am happy—I am happy."

Towards morning the women who were watching by her side, apprehending no danger, fell asleep; but on awaking, they found poor Mary in the agonies of death, and in a few moments her spirit was gone.

"She had no home, no right, but in my love.  
Though earth and hell combined against her rise,  
I'm bound to rescue her:—*For this I died.*"

And He did rescue her by removing her quickly from this scene of temptation and trial, to that better country where temptations and sin will never disturb her more.

In about twelve hours after her death she began to turn purple on the back of her neck, and the Coroner's jury decided that she came to her death by apoplexy. But the Catholics said it was the judgment of the Almighty that had fallen upon her, because she had become a *heretic*, and that all who pursued a similar course might expect to meet with the same fearful end; and thus they sought to intimidate their people from attending our meetings, or embracing our religion.

In due time the body of poor Mary, encased in a

beautiful coffin, furnished by our brother and fellow laborer, Rev. B. H. Kollock, was taken into the church, and over it a funeral sermon was preached to a large and deeply affected congregation. Thence we moved in solemn procession to the Cemetery, where we deposited the remains of this unfortunate, but redeemed sister, who had been "plucked as a brand from the burning."

“Lo! the pris'ner is released,  
    Lighten'd of her fleshly load ;  
Where the weary are at rest,  
    She is gathered unto God !

Lo! the pain of life is past,  
    All her warfare now is o'er :  
Death and hell behind are cast,  
    Grief and suff'ring are no more.”



## CHAPTER XXX.

## A GOOD LESSON TO REPINING CHRISTIANS.

How apt we are to murmur at the providence of God, especially, when we see the "wicked flourishing like the green bay-tree!" We are ready to say with David, under similar circumstances, "Behold these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches; they are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men; their eyes stand out with fatness, and they have more than heart could wish; they have no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." And it is not until we go into the Sanctuary of God, or into the chamber of the sick and dying, that we learn to contemplate as we should the perilous condition of the prosperous sinner, and the far more envious position of the humble Chris-

tian, even while passing through scenes of adversity, poverty, and affliction.

But it is not so easy for us always to realize that "the little that the poor man hath is better than the riches of many wicked," and that "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Poverty brings with it its temptations and its snares, and many, it is to be feared, fall before the storm of adversity, or perish in the traps of the devil. "Poverty," said a man in one of our Love-feasts, "has proved my ruin : it made me do things I shall always regret. For I once enjoyed the favor of God and fellowship with his saints, but in my extreme poverty I fell, and now I can only ask you to pray for a *poor backslider*."

Yes, extreme poverty has its temptations, as well as riches and prosperity, and we may hence, with great propriety, all join in that beautiful prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches ; but feed me with food convenient for me ; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord ? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

But poverty is not always a curse. When its temptations are resisted, and its trials are patiently borne, it becomes an excellent school to the Christian, and by furnishing the brightest examples of humility and con-

tentment, it often proves a blessing to the church and to the world.

The truth of this remark will be illustrated by the following incident :

One stormy evening in the middle of winter, I was sent for to visit a sick woman whom I had not before seen. I hastened to obey the summons, and was soon at the door of her humble dwelling knocking for admission. On entering, I found the room scantily furnished, but quite neat and clean. But all was cold and cheerless, for they were without fire, without fuel, and destitute of bread ; and on every countenance despair seemed to be depicted, save on that of the suffering woman, who lay on a thin bed on the floor in one corner of the room.

On approaching her, I asked if she was a lover of Jesus. She immediately looked up, and turning her large black eyes upon me, replied, "O yes, sir, I love Jesus. I gave my heart to him long ago."

After some further conversation with her, with reference to her suffering and her enjoyments, we sung a hymn and had prayer together, after which I hastened off to get the relief which they so much needed. In a short time I was back again, with fuel for the fire, bread for the hungry, and a bedstead and comfortable bed for the poor Christian sufferer. And as I left them, at a late hour, happy and comfortable, I felt that the bless-

ings of those that were ready to perish had indeed come upon me, and that my Saviour who taught me by his holy example when upon earth, to go about doing good to the souls and bodies of men, was now more precious to my soul than ever before.

In my subsequent visits to this saint of God during the three months that preceded her death, I learned from her, that, some twenty-five years before, she had married a man in the state of New Jersey, who proved to be a drunken, worthless fellow, spending his time about taverns in the company of the dissolute, and wholly neglecting his wife, whom he had sworn to love, comfort, and support while life should last.

When she was able she would work at the wash-tub, and when too feeble to do that, if she could find no other way of living, she would go to the Almshouse, and remain there till her health was sufficiently restored to justify her in attempting again to support herself. And thus she had struggled along for many years, the last nine of which she had been nearly blind. But notwithstanding the complicated ills that surrounded her, she did not murmur at the lot which Providence had assigned her.

Speaking one day of her poverty, and of the neglect of the church, which she attributed to an oversight rather than a design, she said,

“Brother Sewell, it’s all right. I believe this is the way I am to get to heaven; for if I were rich I fear I should never get there: my proud heart could not bear prosperity, it would ruin me forever. I feel confident that this is the way that God intends to bring me to himself. I could not be saved in any other.”

And thus poor Alice taught my hitherto impatient heart a lesson which I trust I shall never forget. Would that its recital here might have the same effect, kind reader, upon your heart, which perchance is prone, like mine, sometimes to murmur at the providence of God!

I was privileged to be at the bed-side of this happy child of God when dying. I say *privileged*, for

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.”

When I went into her room I saw that death was about to strike the final blow. Her sight was already gone; but when she heard my voice, she said, “O brother, I am glad you have come.” “Well, Alice,” said I, “how is it with you now? Is all well?”

“Oh, yes; blessed be the name of the Lord, I can read my title clear to a mansion in the sky. I shall soon be where Jesus is.”

We then sung several hymns, and offered several prayers in her behalf, that God, even her God, would

still be with her, and would vouchsafe unto his handmaid his presence and favor, even now, while she was passing "through the valley of the shadow of death." And these prayers were answered; for she soon passed sweetly away, exclaiming, almost with her dying breath, "God bless you, brother Sewell, I expect to meet you in heaven."

And God has blessed me in answer to that prayer ever since. For day by day I feel the influence of this dying saint's benediction resting upon me. In the pulpit, in the street, in the sick room, in the home of the poor, everywhere, I seem to hear the gentle "God bless you" of that expiring Christian still echoing in my ear, and by it I am stimulated to energy and zeal in the performance of my Master's work.

Poor Alice! how cheerfully could her freed spirit, for which angels were in waiting, pausing for a moment near the clay tenement, exclaim, "Farewell, aching head, and fevered limbs, and sorrowing heart:—farewell, ye rags of poverty, thou cheerless home, and thou still more cheerless world, to all, farewell—we meet no more. I go on angels' wings to a land where poverty will never come, where hunger and cold will never be felt, and where the inhabitants shall never say they are sick. There I shall be clothed in a robe of purity, be crowned with a crown of glory, dwell in a mansion of light, eat

of the tree of life, be surrounded with angels and the spirits of the blest, bask in the sun-light of God's countenance, and join with the unnumbered hosts that encircle the throne in ascribing glory, and honor, and praise, to the Triune God."

Come then, ye sinless spirits,

"Lend, lend your wings!—I mount, I fly—

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?"

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,

All thy mourning days below;

Go,—by angel guards attended,—

To the sight of Jesus go.

Waiting to receive thy spirit,

Lo! the Saviour stands above;

Shows the purchase of his merit,

Reaches out the crown of love."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## TWO KINDS OF TREATMENT—WHICH WAS BEST?

CHARITY, says one, begins at home. True, it begins there, but it must not stay there, or it will starve to death, or die for want of exercise.

True charity looks abroad as well as at home, and is ready to relieve want and suffering wherever found. It does not stop to inquire how the sufferer came to his present position, whether by misfortune, or by improvidence, or by crime, or in some other way, but hastens to afford the needed relief, and remove, if possible, the present suffering.

Were the members of the Young Men's Central Home Mission to restrict their charity to those who have been made poor by misfortune, or who have been afflicted wholly by the visitation of God, their work would soon be accomplished. But this they dare not do, while they remember that the Gospel of Jesus Christ inculcates a charity that reaches all men, however de-



graded they may be, or however guilty for having brought that degradation upon themselves. Would that there was more of this large-hearted charity in our world and in our city! Then would such heaven-approved agencies as the Bedford Street Mission be liberally supported, and its efforts consequently be crowned with large success.

Then, too, would those who attempt to reform themselves more frequently meet with encouragement, and receive that aid which is indispensable to their success.

Many a man has been driven into intemperance and crime by the coldness and uncharitableness of the world. And many a child has been tempted to a life of sensuality and sin by the unkindness of those that they were associated with in life.

In proof of this I have an instance at hand which I hope will do you good, and lead you to treat with more kindness and affection the children of misfortune that may hereafter come in your way.

A young girl of delicate make,—the only decent one of seven children of a wicked mother and a drunken father, desiring to escape from the blighting influences of her unhappy home, asked and obtained work in a private family in the capacity of servant.

But her new home was an unfortunate one; for there was no sympathy there for the frail one, the only object

of the family seeming to be to get as much work as possible out of her for the fifty cents per week which they had agreed to give her. Money was to them of more value than souls.

In a little while she changed this uncongenial home for another. But this was no better. She could not do enough work to satisfy their cupidity. Her inability was attributed to laziness rather than its true cause, ill-health, and she was openly charged with a desire to get her bread without working for it, and finally was dismissed from their service.

This was too much for her sensitive nature; the tempter took possession of her riven heart, and she yielded to his solicitations, and put forth her hand to steal that which she could not obtain by honest labor. She took from her late employer goods to the amount of about two dollars, was apprehended and taken before a jury, who found her guilty, and was then sentenced by the judge to 18 months' imprisonment in a convict's cell. While here she was attacked by that fatal malady, the Consumption.

At the end of her term she came forth to the world a poor, broken-hearted, emaciated being, into the darkness of whose soul not a single ray of hope seemed to penetrate.

What was she to do? If she were to ask for work,

she would be required to furnish a recommendation from her last place of service; but that had been in a felon's cell. Poor thing! she knew not what to do, or where to go. In this state of perplexity she at last drew her shawl up closely around her face to prevent recognition, and then passed into a cellar among some shivering women who were waiting for their little beggar children to return with cold victuals.

Here we found poor Eliza lying on some pieces of old carpet which had been spread for her upon the cold damp floor. From this uncomfortable place we moved her as quickly as possible to the house of a poor Christian woman, where she was made as comfortable as possible. And I wish, kind reader, you could have seen her in her new home, as the cloud of despair and misanthropy passed from her countenance before the light and genial warmth of a genuine Christian charity, and she was heard for the first time to say, "I wish I was a Christian."

"And so you shall be, Eliza, if you will only repent of your sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." And oh, how glad I felt that I was authorized by the word of God to offer salvation to this poor child of misfortune and want; to tell her that the vilest of the vile might come and partake of the waters of life freely, and even though her sins might be as scarlet or as crimson,

the guilty stains could all be extracted by the blood of Christ !

With a penitent heart, and with quivering lips she went to the mercy-seat ; and there we joined her in earnest supplications, pleading the promises of God, and trusting in the blood of atonement, till at length we prevailed, and a blessing came down upon the prostrate penitent that filled her with unspeakable joy, and carried her safely at last over the swelling billows of Jordan.

And now, kind reader, which treatment was best ? The harsh words of the families referred to, the harsher sentence of the Court, or the soft words, the careful nursing, the cheap comforts, and the Christian counsel given her by the benevolent supporters of our Mission ? The former drove her to despair and a felon's cell, the latter led her to Christ and to heaven. Which was best ?

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
False and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## MARRIAGES ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY.

MARRIAGE is said to be “an estate instituted by the Almighty in the time of man’s innocency—an estate sanctioned by the Saviour, and declared by the Apostle to be honorable among all men, and not, therefore, to be enterprized or taken in hand unadvisedly by any, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God.”

But how many there are that prostitute this ordinance to the basest purposes, while others enter upon the holy estate without any reference to the will of God, or any thought as to the importance of the matter, or the responsibilities which it imposes! But I did not begin this chapter with the intention of giving you a homily on marriage as a Divine institution, but, rather, with the design of giving you a peep at my list of marriages, together with a little insight into their history and the *enormous fees* received by the officiating clergyman.

Well, the first we come to is a sick man, who is evidently near his end. He has made his peace with God, and now carries with him an evidence of his acceptance and a title to heaven. But still there is something that troubles him, which he hesitates to reveal. At length, addressing his spiritual adviser, he says,

“Mr. Sewell, there is a matter that lies heavy on my mind, which I have been wanting to talk to you about.”

“Well, speak out, if there is anything I can do for you, you have only to name it.”

“Well, sir, I have been living with Abby for several years, and we were never married. We were too poor to pay for it; but I feel that we did wrong, and I don't wish to die without making everything right, if it is possible yet to do so.”

“Oh, well, if that's all, we can soon arrange that,” and so saying, I took out my Discipline, had the dying man seated in a large chair with his lady by his side, and then married them in as solemn and impressive a manner as possible. The poor fellow was now satisfied, and shortly after departed in peace, leaving me his dying blessing as *my marriage fee*.

I have married several others since then under similar circumstances, receiving as my fee only the thanks of the parties concerned, but feeling abundantly rewarded for my trouble in the satisfaction imparted to those who

were anxious to obey the divine law, and rectify as far as possible the evils of a misspent life.

“Mr. Sewell, I want you to marry me and Hester,” said an old man to me one day.

“Why, Green, I thought you were married long ago, but better late than never. When shall I perform the service?”

“On Thursday night if you please.”

Thursday night came, and I went, book in hand, to perform the important ceremony. But lo! another couple were also waiting to be made happy. Ah, thought I, this is quite a job, the largest by one half of anything I have before undertaken in this line. But putting on all the importance I could to hide my perplexity (I had not long been ordained Deacon) I bade them all stand up and arrange themselves properly.

After publishing the “Bans,” I united the parties in holy matrimony, and all were happy. But think of my feelings, ye ministers that sometimes receive 25 or 50 dollars for a single job of this kind,—think what I must have felt when poor Jim, one of the grooms, called me aside, not to give me a fee, but to ask for a *quarter* to get a little of something for supper. I gave him the quarter, and after wishing the parties much joy, left to attend to other duties.

Another party came to my house one night after my

family had all retired, and requested me to marry them. They were a nice looking couple, and I thought, surely, I will get something this time. And so I married them in my very best style, and then filled up a beautiful certificate for the bride. The groom remarked, as he took his hat to leave, that he would see me again. He *did* see me again, but it was only to question my right to marry. This I thought was cool, but not refreshing—not in the least.

One day an old man *eighty-four years of age*, who had been a widower *full six months*, presented himself for the fourth time at Hymen's altar, bringing with him a new bride *only sixty years old*. Here, of course, some ceremony had to be observed, and so after the *youthful pair* had been united, I had to go through the formalities of cutting the cake. This was what is known to the confectioners as a sponge cake, and probably cost full six cents. A part of it was eaten on the spot, and the rest was sent to friends with Mr. and Mrs. — compliments.

On another occasion a party of five persons entered my office, and informed me that two of them wished to be married. On scrutinizing the bride a little more closely, I found that she was barefoot and withal quite drunk; and I immediately began to excuse myself by saying, that I did not know the parties, and could not



therefore marry them. On hearing this, an old man, and one of the company, stepped forward and said, "Sure, and I know them, and isn't that enough?"

"No, not for me," said I.

"Now be afther tacking them together, for they will come together any how."

"I cannot do it. I don't know them. Why, she may have another husband, or he, another wife, for aught I know."

"Sure, and I'll go their security for that."

"But I don't know them nor you either."

"Don't know me? Sure and didn't I vote in Dock ward last election, and *haint* I a citizen?"

"You may have voted in Dock ward, and be a citizen too, for aught I know; but that don't help me any."

And so the interesting couple had to go away unmarried, notwithstanding the vouchers of their friend, the Dock ward voter.

One evening a sleek looking black woman came to my office, and requested me to go immediately and marry a couple who were all ready and waiting.

"Who are the partics?" said I.

"Oh, you know Margaret S."

"A white girl?"

"The same." (She was a handsome, well-dressed, lady-looking girl, but not remarkable for her virtue.)

“O yes, I know her, and am glad to hear that she is going to be married. She has been a bad girl, but I hope she will do better now. But who is the man?”

“My brother.”

“What! your brother—a black man! and I marry them! No, I will do no such thing.”

The would-be brides-maid vamosed as quickly as possible, satisfied, I suppose, that the Bedford Street Missionary was no amalgamationist, whatever else he might be.

But enough in regard to my marriage list. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that we publish from the pulpit that we are willing to marry all that have been living in sin, but are now anxious to do right, without money and without price, and to give them a marriage certificate into the bargain; nor do we think it a small business when we are obliged to throw in their suppers beside. *Query.* Is not a missionary needed here? Does not the cause of morality and religion demand one?

## CHAPTER. XXXIII.

A TRAGEDY,—OCCASIONED BY A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

I MENTIONED in another chapter that in our first Protracted meeting there were three Roman Catholic ladies converted, with two of whom a sad history was connected. That history in the case of one of these I have already given you in the backsliding and sudden death of Mary G——, mentioned in a former chapter. We now desire to give you the sad story of the other unfortunate woman.

Margaret V—— was one of our most faithful and zealous converts. The Catholics could make nothing off her, either by their jeers or their jests. She knew too much for them, for she had learned the secrets of the confessional when a child, and she was not slow to speak of what she knew.

This young lady became the favourite, both of our

other converts and of the lady managers, because of her intelligence, piety, and industry.

Her piety was undoubted, her attention to her religious duties was constant, her devotions fervent, her singing sweet and soul-stirring—in short, her presence in the class and prayer-meeting seemed to be indispensable.

About the time of her greatest usefulness and zeal, a very plain, smooth-looking gentleman made his appearance in our Mission as a helper. This was no uncommon thing; for brethren from other churches frequently came in, and rendered us good service in carrying on our revival meetings.

Our new helper was quite gifted in prayer, and could lead class so as to charm every body; and, as he represented himself as a member of —— church, we gave him a hearty welcome, and set him to work whenever he came, none of the representatives of the other churches offering the least objection.

And now fairly ingratiated in the good opinions of all, he set himself to work to gain the affections of Margaret in particular, taking care that I should know nothing of the matter. After pressing his suit with considerable zeal but with great caution for a few weeks, he proposed marriage to Margaret. To this proposal she would make no response till she could consult me; for since her conversion, she had been so fearful of doing wrong, that

she had taken no steps in any matter of importance without first consulting either with me or my wife. In the meanwhile the smooth-tongued man pressed his suit more earnestly than ever, assuring Margaret that he had property in the country which he would sell, and then he would marry and go West. Margaret promised an answer in a day or two; but while she was taking advice as to what she should do, it came out that this base deceiver, this wolf in sheep's clothing, had no property in the country or anywhere else, but that he *had a wife and six children*, with whom he was then living, only a few squares from the Mission-house.

As might be expected, this was a terrible blow to poor Margaret, for she had placed the utmost confidence in his word, and had really *learned to love him*.

From the very moment of her sad discovery of his perfidy and his indescribable meanness, she became unsettled in her mind, talked strangely, and seemed to have lost all confidence in professors of religion.

We all felt alarmed for her, and did all we could to dissipate the terrible cloud that we saw was fast settling down upon her intellect and her heart. But she received our attentions with coldness, seeming to have lost confidence in every body; and though we took her to the throne of grace repeatedly, and still called on her to lead in prayer herself in the prayer-meetings, yet that cloud

still remained, she was still sad and misanthropic. Deeply moved by her sad condition, and painfully anxious with reference to her future, I often saw her, and whispered in her ear the consoling promises of inspiration and of Jesus, assuring her that *they were true*, though the *word of man* might be *false*, and that she would realize their truth in her own blessed experience if she would only believe. But all was of no avail. The cloud was too thick to be penetrated by a single ray of hope, and all within remained dark and cheerless.

One Thursday afternoon she went out, telling her mother that she had an errand to do, and that she would be back in half an hour. But the half hour passed, and then another, and another, till the day was gone, and then the night and the following day came and went, but still no tidings came of the fate of poor Margaret. At length on Saturday morning, the Public Ledger announced that a young woman answering to her description had been found in the Delaware. I hastened to the Green-house, and there, sure enough, lay the body of my young friend covered with mud, and ghastly in death. Her reason had been dethroned by her terrible disappointment, and in her bewilderment she had committed suicide.

My heart sickened within me, as I looked upon her body, and thought of the causes that had led to this re-

sult, and thought also of the crushing weight of sorrow that would fall upon her afflicted mother when the sad intelligence of her daughter's tragic end should be communicated to her. I feared to make the disclosure; and yet the painful task had to be performed. Poor woman! her cup had been well-nigh full before; but now sorrow worse than all caused it to *run over*. She had other children living, but this one seemed to be her stay and her comfort. But she was a sensible woman, and calmly submitted to the will of God.

And now the Papists seemed to be in ecstasies. This, they said, was a clear case of God's curse upon those who dared to leave the "Holy Catholic Church," and unite with the heretics. And though the church was not responsible for the sad end of either Mary G. or poor Margaret, yet it must be acknowledged that the tragic death of the latter did operate as a serious drawback to our efforts in the Mission, and for some time we had but few conversions.

And oh! my dear reader, you know not how my poor heart bled and suffered in consequence of this dreadful calamity that came thus unexpectedly upon us. Can it be possible, thought I, that the devil will yet force us to give up this noble enterprise? Shall we be driven from the battle field just as we are planting the standard of

the cross upon the enemy's outer walls? Shall we be assassinated in our own ranks by a smooth-tongued deceiver, who "has clothed himself in the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil the more successfully?" Shall we be sold to the enemy by a foul-hearted hypocrite, and all our hopes of success and ultimate triumph be blasted? Heaven forbid it. It *cannot, it shall not be so*. Satan shall not thus triumph over us, for we are fighting the Lord's battles, and "He that is for us is more than all that can be against us."

But mortified with our momentary defeat, we have grown more earnest and more cautious than ever, so that I doubt not, the devil has been sorry before this for his trickery, or if he has not, I hope the poor man who consented to be his dupe has.

One thing is certain, we have learned by this circumstance to be a little careful whom we receive as helpers, and to set no man to fight in our ranks till we know all about him.

But what kind of a heart must a man have who could set himself to work for months, under the cover of religion, to ruin the peace and happiness of a poor family for time and eternity; and with the ruin of that family associate also the ruin of a noble little Mission-church? And what punishment, think you, is not such a man worthy



of receiving? Poor fellow! I envy him not his feelings here, and I covet not his doom hereafter, if he repent not. May God have mercy upon him, and as far as possible counteract the evil which he has done to the fatherless and the widow, as well as to His own cause.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## JERSEY LIGHTNING.

THIS is the name given to a certain article "bottled" after the manner of the great philosopher, Franklin, and I presume equally dangerous with his to all that presume to meddle with it.

Franklin's lightning was brought down from the clouds by "kiting;" but when my parishioners get at this "Jersey Lightning" it sends them a kiting; and it is quite amusing to see the antics they cut while they are under its influence. They remind one of a kite that is short of "bobs," that won't keep up, but goes pitching and tossing against tree, and wall, and pavement, till at last it comes down flat into the gutter.

But I began this chapter with the intention of showing how quickly this article called Jersey Lightning, now so extensively manufactured and sold, and so generally used, destroys its victims.

John S——, an honest, industrious, hard-working

charcoal huxter, came into our neighborhood from New Jersey, about three years ago. He was a man respectably connected, possessed of considerable intelligence, and well calculated to be useful, if his energies could have been properly directed. But unfortunately, as he mingled with his associates in the same business, and passed round among his customers, he learned to drink, and soon became immoderately fond of the intoxicating cup. In the meanwhile, he fell into the wiles of an *infamous woman*, one of the worst I have ever known—who dragged him down with her into the lowest depths of degradation and misery.

Poor John! we tried hard to save him; but it was all of no use. A stronger than we, a *woman, not a wife*, had him under her influence. His downward course was steep and rapid. His home was, very soon, a dirty room in a filthy alley, without stove or fireplace, bed or bedding, (save a few pieces of old carpet picked up in the street,) table, chair, or cooking utensils, save a tin pan and an old broken crock.

From this wretched hovel John wandered forth one day in quest of more rum, and was shortly after found by the Police lying in the street in an insensible condition. He was taken to the station house where he died, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death from exposure." Right—but it was exposure to the

deadly influences of whiskey drinkers and whiskey sellers. He was killed by the "Jersey Lightning."

But, as I have attributed this poor fellow's speedy ruin in part to the influence of a bad woman, perhaps I cannot do better than to append to this chapter a poetical effusion on the

"LIQUOR TRADE,"

Written by a lady of a different order, and one too, who, judging from the spirit in which she writes, had felt the sad effects of the accursed traffic.

"Tell me I hate the bowl!  
 Hate is a feeble word,  
 I LOATHE—ABHOR—my very soul  
 With strong disgust is stirred,  
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,  
 Of the dark beverage of hell!  
 What! trade in poisons for sordid gold!  
 Coil serpents round thy neighbor's heart;  
 Or touch the adder's sinuous fold,  
 That he might hurl his venom'd dart;  
 And still declare no crime in this,  
 Thus to destroy man's hope of bliss!  
 Justice, stern Justice, would she sleep,  
 While I the fiery billows roll,  
 See fathers die, and widows weep,  
 And let me sell the burning bowl?  
 Could conscience powerless expire,  
 While I dealt out the liquid fire?"

Could I resist the wife's appeal,  
Who prayed me sell her husband none :  
Or could I turn a heart of steel,  
On her who mourns a tippling son ?  
Then could I burst a tomb for gain,  
And rob from the corpse a golden chain !

Could I make paupers by the score,  
And branded culprits fill the jail,  
Make helpless orphans crowd our shore,  
And frantic mothers weep and wail,  
And yet unmoved sell on the dram,  
For gold, immortal spirits damn ?

No ! for all the wealth of Cræsus told,  
For all the fame that earth can sum,  
For mighty kingdoms bought and sold,  
I would not live by selling rum !  
'Tis tolling on a deathless knell !  
'Tis adding flames to fires of hell !"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## DEATH'S DOINGS.

DEATH is a solemn thing, even though the dark valley and the deep shadow be lighted up by the presence of Him "who is the resurrection and the life." To see the form, so lately buoyant with health, prostrate; the eye that recently sparkled with hope, glassy; the lips from which fell expressions of the tenderest sympathy, cold and dumb; these are some of its surroundings from which nature shrinks, and which invest death with a solemn grandeur and majesty appertaining to no other subject. But though the sensitive spirit may shrink from the physical aspects of death, yet, if the dying one be a Christian—one whose life has long been "hid with Christ in God"—death is indeed but the message Jesus sends to call his loved one home, and the act of dying is only falling asleep on the bosom of God.

See the child of God, who has long been tossed on the ocean of life, has encountered many a storm, and, when

the billows and trials of temptation have gone over him, has feared that he might make shipwreck of faith, and fail at last of that harbor of eternal rest promised to the faithful,—as he lies down on that bed from which he shall rise no more.

As memory retrospects the past, and faith reveals the dawns of the future; as he feels that very soon he shall be permitted to see that Saviour “whom not having seen he loves;” as before him pass the pictures of the New Jerusalem with its jasper walls, its emerald gates, and its gold-paved streets; and as he realizes that very soon the ambrosial bowers, the crystal stream, the glorious mansion, the victor’s palm, and the unfading crown shall no longer be objects of faith and hope, but of sight and rich fruition, he exultingly exclaims, “O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!”

But how different the scene when the miserable victims of sin are met by the king of terrors! To a few pictures of this kind I now invite your contemplation, hoping thereby to stir up the Christian to greater activity, and to induce the sinner, whose eyes may chance to fall on these pages, to strive to escape the fearful end of such as obey not God.

One hot day in the month of August, 1854, a ragged female lay dead on the pavement, in Baker street. She

had once been a respectable wife and mother, but had abandoned husband and children for a life of licentiousness. That life was short and indescribably wretched. How indeed could it be otherwise? She died too as she had lived.

At four o'clock in the morning she had begged a drink of water from a passer by, and when that same person passed again, in the course of half an hour, she was a corpse. At an early hour the Coroner was informed of her death, and requested to come as soon as possible and hold an inquest on her body. But the day stole away and night came on again before the Coroner made his appearance, the body, the mean while, being exposed to the scorching rays of the sun in the morning, and to the pelting of the rain in the afternoon, and only preserved from the ravenous hogs by a friendly watcher.

After lying thus ingloriously in the open street for eighteen hours, she was at last removed by the city officials, and conveyed to a pauper's grave in potter's field. And thus ended the last scene in the history of a woman who started in the world with as fair a prospect of happiness as is possessed in early life by a majority of her sex.

The next Sabbath, as we were preaching in that same neighborhood, we saw, lying on the damp pavement, the



dead body of a man who had fallen a prey to intemperance. He looked as though he had been fighting with devils in his last hour, and had been left by them torn and mangled on the field,—a sad evidence of their malignity and power, and of the truth of Holy Writ, that “the way of the transgressor is hard.” And thus ended the life of a man who in youth had been the pride of his parents, and in manhood, had been honored and respected because of his intelligence and many virtues; and on whose knee lovely children had been dandled, while they whispered that soul-thrilling word, *father*.

But do not turn away, kind reader, and say my pictures are overdrawn. I have a book full of just such sad pictures as I have presented above. Allow me to present a few more instances as a specimen of the many recorded in my journal.

April 17, 1856.—Found in Baker street near Spafford, Mary L., a woman about thirty years of age, lying on the side walk. But this is not remarkable; for I have seen fifteen or twenty lying at one time in this place, men, women, and children, huddled together more like so many swine than human beings, and all so much intoxicated that they could neither walk nor stand; and the police,—precious guardians of the public peace!—leaning against a lamp-post near by looking on with indifference.

As the woman alluded to was sick from intemperance and exposure, almost naked, and apparently in a dying condition, we hired from a woman the privilege of letting her stay in her room till the next day, when we intended sending her to the Alms-house.

Friday, April 18th.—On calling this morning to inquire after the woman referred to yesterday, I found that she had gone to the bourne from whence no traveller returns. She crept out early in the morning and got more liquor, then dragged herself into a stable-yard, and there died before eight o'clock. And thus ended the life of this poor, infatuated creature, who was connected with one of the most respectable families in the northern part of our city.

At 10 A. M., the same day, found Rebecca C. on the same corner. Poor woman! we had tried hard to save her; she had once been a lady, so far as external accomplishments can give one a claim to this title; but here she lay on the pavement, with muddy and mangled face. A rum-seller had kicked her almost to death.

“Well, Beckie,” said I, “what shall we do for you? You don't want to die on the street, do you?”

“Indeed, Mr. Sewell, I wish I was with Mary L., who died over there in the yard this morning.”

“But, Beckie, think of the result of such a death—an awful hell would be your portion forever.”

“Mr. Sewell, I think God would have mercy upon such a poor creature as I am: I do not sin with presumption, but from infirmity.”

“I admit your drunkenness is a disease, but still you are accountable, for you have brought on the disease by your presumption.”

Thus we argued until I obtained her consent to go to the Alms-house until she should get well of her bruises. On the way thither she promised my wife, who accompanied her, that she would do better in future, and then added, “Poor Beckie! there is hope for her yet.”

But Beckie did not live to realize her hopes in the enjoyment of a life of sobriety and virtue. She died of her bruises the following week; and the brutal fellow who beat her so unmercifully, was rewarded for his brutality by being put on the police force to assist in *guarding the public peace*. A few such policemen, one would suppose, would be quite sufficient even for this *large* city.

Sunday, 9½ A. M.—Found another poor wretch lying near the same spot that was occupied by the above, Baker and Spafford streets. She seemed to be in a dying condition; but the people refused to take her into their houses,—or more properly, their hovels,—and the police said it was not their business to take her away, and so we took her into a cellar, where *Captain E. lived*. Now

don't laugh at me for giving a title to a denizen of Baker street, for this *gentleman* was really a titled man, and had once been a respected and honored member of the community. The fact is, neither wealth, rank, nor dignified titles can keep men away from this vortex of ruin. At this present time, there are among the drunken, ragged wretches that burrow here, not less than four fallen ministers of the Gospel, who were once regularly authorized preachers in two of the leading Christian denominations of this country.

But to return to the history of the woman deposited in Captain E.'s cellar. No sooner had my back been turned upon the wretched place and its inmates, than Captain E.'s wife, at the earnest solicitation of the sick woman, sent out and procured for her a half a pint of whiskey, which she drank down at a single gulp. And now, gaining a little strength from this potation, she ran wildly out into the street, begged an additional tumbler full of the fiery fluid, which with horrid grimaces she swallowed down her burning throat, and then returned to the cellar where she died in less than twenty minutes.

That same night, and from the same cause, the above named Captain E. also died; so that two corpses had to be removed from that cellar the following day. Nor was this all; for my journal records that on Monday, April 21st, Ann G. was found dead in a cellar on the opposite

side of the street, thus making four deaths in four days within a few feet of each other; and all the result of *intemperance* and *exposure*.

10 o'clock A.M. This is a cold, stormy day, a searching north-east rain is falling fast; a wet, dreary day, just such a day as a Missionary is needed out of doors.

And here we are in Baker street again, this soul-desolating spot, this common sewer for all the grog-shops great and small in the city and county of Philadelphia.

And yonder is Jimmy Mc., who sells death at one cent a glass to men, women, and children;—*yes, to children*, as I have good reason to know; for only the other day I had to go to Moyamensing prison and secure the release of two of our school boys, aged respectively 12 and 13 years, who had been sent there because of drunkenness and disorderly conduct occasioned by immoderate draughts of Jimmy's penny-a-glass whiskey. And for this offence I took out a warrant for his arrest, but I could not get it served either by Constable or Policeman; for Jimmy was too *important a personage* in this community to be arrested.

But what a curious turn my journal is taking! Here I am soliloquizing before Jimmy's door. Well, I can't help it; the objects I came to seek, as might well be ex-

pected, are lying all around the entrance to his body-wasting and soul-destroying establishment.

But here come a woman and her daughter dripping with the rain. They have no shelter, and none will they get, unless they can succeed in begging a few pennies to pay for the privilege of lodging in some wretched hovel. The daughter approaching, says, "Mr. Sewell, won't you give me a few pennies to get off the street? We'll die if we have to lie out all night."

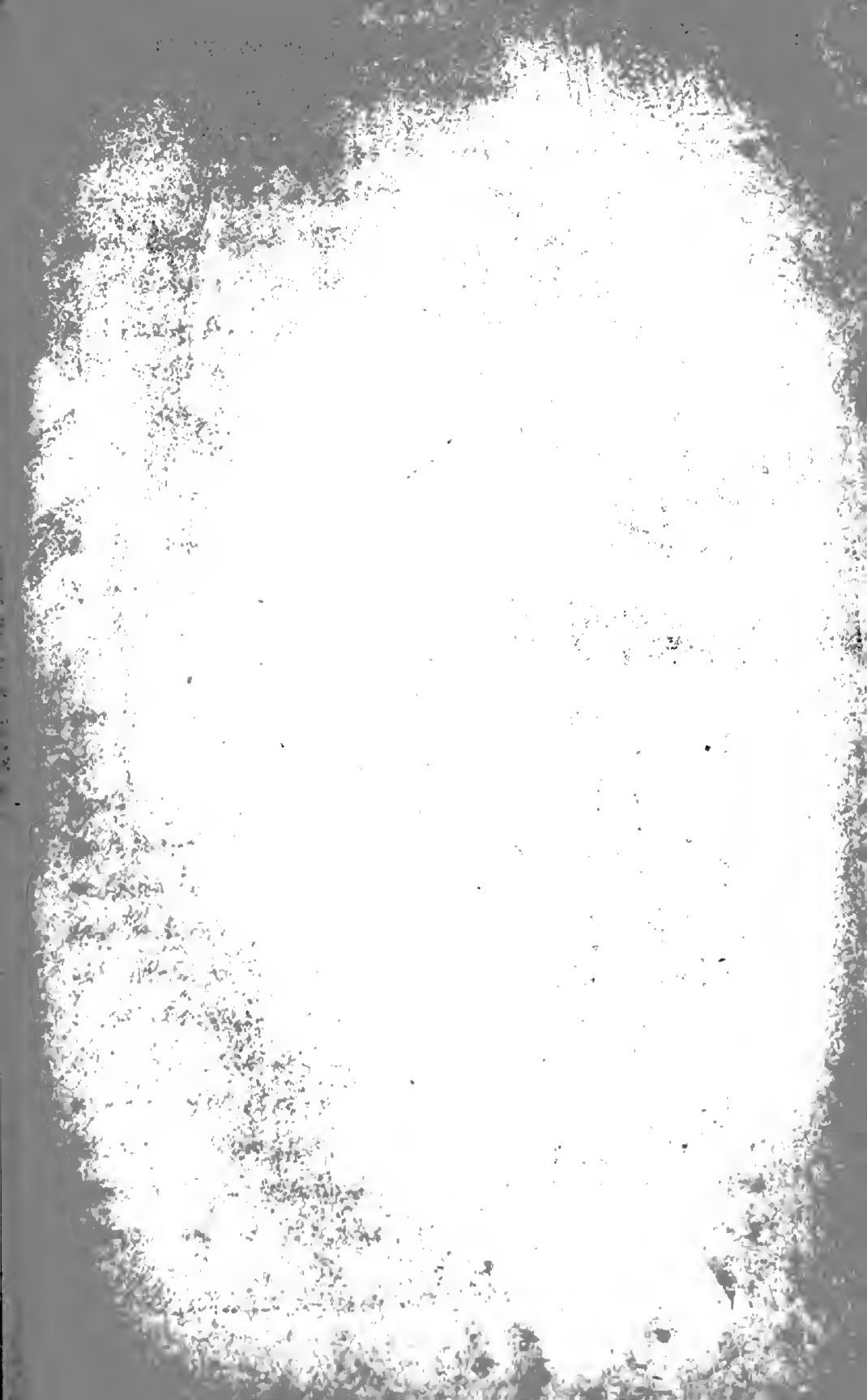
"You have lain out all night many a time, and, I fear, if I give you money you will only buy whiskey with it."

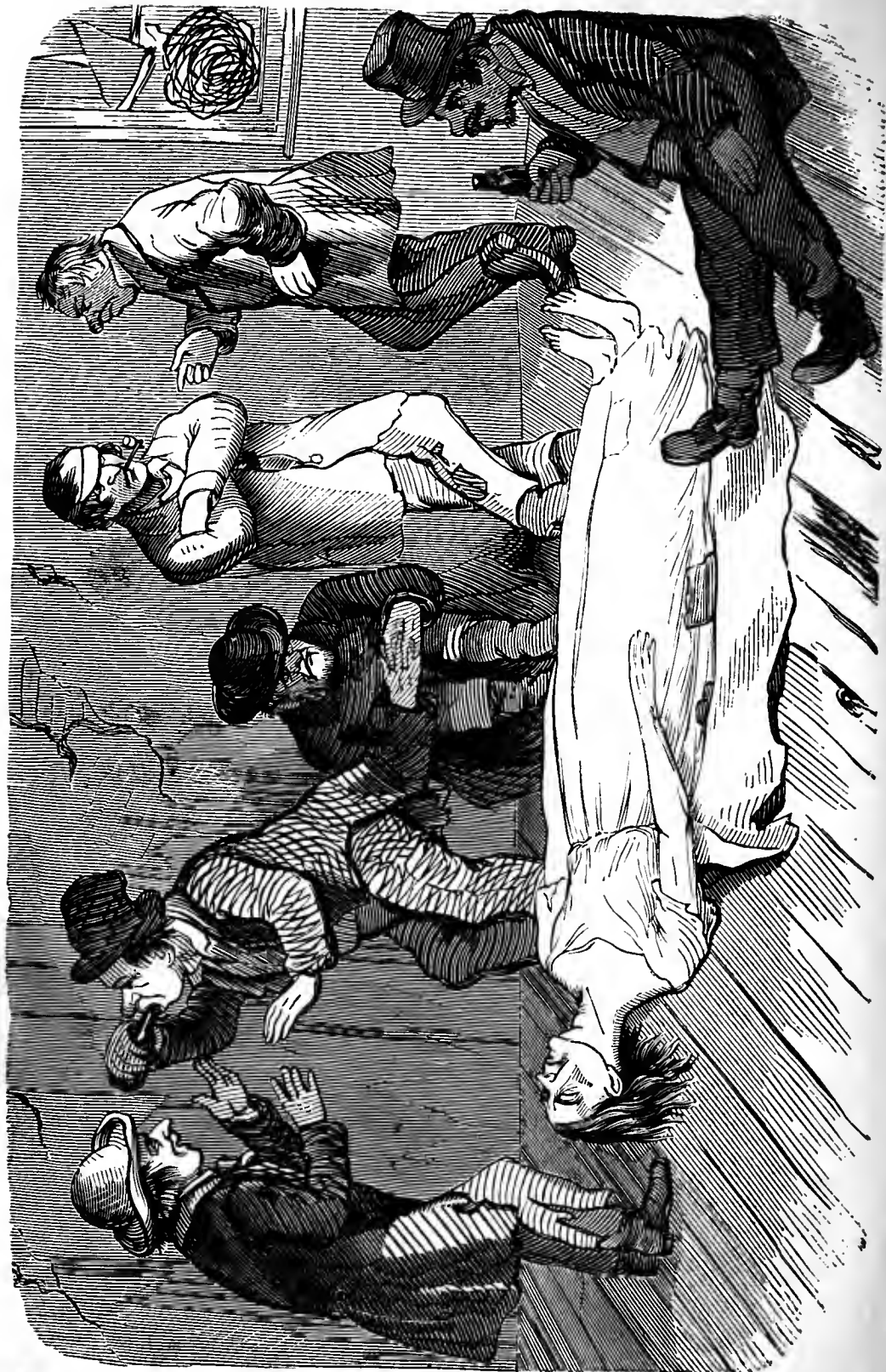
"No, indeed, 'pon my soul I won't."

"Well, Susan, here goes for another trial—here is ten cents to pay for your lodging.

And with this they did obtain shelter from the pelting storm, though not without a sharp contention between the daughter and her mother, whose thirst for whiskey was so great that, had her daughter permitted it, she would have expended the money immediately for the intoxicating draught, and taken her chance upon the street once more,—perhaps to perish in the storm.

And just think of it, this poor wretched mother was once a respectable member of an evangelical church in the upper part of the city; and even now, she has a son who is a successful merchant, and who has used every





A WAKE IN BAKER STREET.



means in his power to induce her and her ruined daughter to leave this wretched locality, and go with him to a place of respectability and comfort. But, strange to say, such is their infatuation that they prefer a *home in the street with whiskey to one in a palace without it.*

But who is this approaching? Ah! it is Emma B. How pitiful she looks!

“And I feel horrid indeed: I have been out all night on the street for want of a few pennies, and I am cold and hungry.”

“I see you are very wet. But Emma, this is all your own fault, you have brought it on yourself.”

“I know it, I know it; but don't scold me now; I am almost dead. Oh, if I could only get a commitment to Prison, or a permit to the Almshouse! But they won't give me either, and so I must perish in the street, I suppose.”

“Well, Emma, we will see if we can do anything for you,” and so saying, we went and procured for her a lodging-place, where she might spend the night and dry her clothes.

P. S. This poor woman drank on until she died, and then her miserable associates stripped the clothes from her body and sold them for whiskey; and while they were drinking this whiskey, I saw them *holding wake* over her miserable remains which were then covered with

a piece of old carpet. Does the reader startle at this terrible detail of intemperance, sensuality, and crime? So did I when I saw, not the *picture* but the *reality*; it was a sight horrible to look upon. But I have seen many such sights since then.

But to return to my Diary.

Here comes another victim of rum. What a sight! It is the wife of the before-mentioned Captain E., who has been turned out into the street by her relentless landlord, because she has not got ten cents to pay in advance for a night's rent.

"O, sir, can't you give me a few pennies that I may go somewhere and dry my clothes? My husband died last night, and I have been wandering about all day in the rain."

"Come along with me, and we'll see what can be done for you."

Here is a cellar, but there are seven in it already, shivering around a small fire; and they all say they are hungry. But that is soon fixed. Right over head is a *grub-shop*, where the street beggars carry their cold victuals, and trade it off for whiskey. Here we procure sufficient for twenty-five cents to feed the whole company, and then turn our face homeward, leaving them to enjoy their *sumptuous repast*, while we indulge the sad

reflections which their condition and circumstances have excited, and offer up a silent prayer to God, that the time may soon come when such scenes of poverty, wretchedness, and death will no more be witnessed in our streets.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A BETTER PICTURE—CONVERSION AND ITS RESULTS.

WHAT an event is the conversion of a single soul! But what is conversion?

Some call it moral improvement, some a change of opinion, some an external transition from bad to good society, and from false notions to correct belief in evangelical, orthodox Christianity, while Latin theology makes it identical with *Penance* and *Reformation*.

But in our opinion, it is more than all these combined.

The Bible represents it as a new birth,—a new creation,—in which old things pass away and all things become new. Not a mere relative change, but a divine reorganization of the whole spiritual man. As the potter crushes the broken vessel, and after passing the clay of which it was composed through a certain process, reproduces that vessel in a new and better form, so God, the great Creator of all existences, takes in hand the

broken and contrite heart of the penitent, and after further humiliation and instruction, in which man's unworthiness and God's holiness are placed in fearful contrast, the love of God in the gift of his Son is portrayed to the mind in all its rich and vivid colors, the condescension of the blessed Saviour as he suffers and dies on the cross for sinners, and prays even for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is brought out, and the soul distrusting itself, and despairing of all hope of salvation from any other quarter, casts itself unreservedly upon the atoning sacrifice, and takes Christ as his only, his present, his all-sufficient Saviour; then pardon flows into the heart, the Holy Spirit takes up his abode in the purified soul, and the man feels that he is indeed created anew in Christ Jesus. He now possesses a new principle of spiritual life, has new hopes, new desires, new feelings, and new affections. He now begins to live a new life—a life by faith in the Son of God. And indeed so thorough and so striking is the change produced in conversion, that the entire man seems to be new,—the body as well as the soul participating in the change. Hence our beloved Brother Yard, in speaking of a young man who had been converted, was led to say, "Before his conversion he was an ugly, disagreeable looking man, but now he is

so thoroughly changed, that he has become really quite handsome."

Glory be to God for the renewing and transforming power of our holy religion. The Christian is indeed a new creature.

But I began this chapter with the intention, not so much of writing on conversion in the abstract, as giving an instance of its transforming power.

Our first Protracted-meeting in the Bedford Street Mission was commenced on the first day of September, 1854, and, as I have elsewhere informed the reader, was continued till the following March. From the very beginning of the meeting our old shanty was filled with people, some of whom were sober and attentive, whilst others were quite intoxicated and stupid, often so much so, that they fell asleep on their knees during the first prayer, and remained there sleeping off their potations until the close of the meeting.

The reader may indeed wonder whether any good was done in such a congregation as this; but I am glad to be able to inform him that our altar was crowded with penitents night after night, and many were then converted who till the present have remained faithful and devoted Christians, giving unmistakable evidence in their lives of a thorough change of heart.

I shall never forget the scenes that I witnessed in our

Mission on the night of the State election in October 1854. As I entered the house, I remarked to Brother John Orr, a local preacher who had come to assist me, as he had often done before, that I had made a mistake in not suspending our meeting for that evening, as I supposed the noise and confusion in Bedford street would be so great as to render it impossible to do much in the way of getting souls converted. We went forward, however, in the fear of God and commenced our meeting, intending only to sing a hymn and have prayer together and then dismiss for the night. But as the house was full, and a feeling of solemnity seemed to rest upon the people, I was led to open my mouth in exhortation, and the Lord filled it with arguments, and so enforced the truth spoken by the energies of his Holy Spirit, that on extending the invitation to penitents, no less than *eleven* came forward and bowed humbly at the mourner's bench. And then what a scene followed! On the outside the street was lighted up with bonfires, around which were congregated a motley group of men, women, and children, who with their horrid oaths, and their loud and idiotic laugh made night hideous, and caused one to feel that he had in the scene before him a faithful picture of pandemonium itself; while within appeared in the dim light a group of spectral forms of all colors, conditions, and sizes; and around

the altar were bowed side by side the poor washer-woman, the dirty rag-picker, the miserable beggar, and the drunken loafer, all crying to God for mercy, and earnestly inquiring what they must do to be saved.

Casting aside all fear, and losing sight of all considerations, save that these poor beings were the purchase of the blood of Christ, and that God was able and willing now to save them, we did all we could to lead them to the cross, and to help them to step into the pool of salvation,—the fountain of redeeming love—by whose waters they might be cleansed from all their sins, and healed of all their maladies.

At 10 o'clock, after giving some suitable advice to the mourners, we were about to close our meeting, when a poor rag-picker sprang to her feet and praised God aloud for what he had done for her soul, assuring us that he had taken away her sins, and had given her peace and joy in believing. We urged her to hold on to her Saviour, to examine carefully the ground of her faith and hope, and not to be satisfied until she had a clear and unmistakable evidence that she was a child of God.

On the morrow she went to her usual employment of gathering rags and bones along the streets, but returned in the afternoon to her humble home, complaining that she was sick, and on lying down on a piece of old carpet—she had no bed—she said she felt as if she was going



to die. Her husband, becoming alarmed at this, asked her if she was not afraid to die, or if she felt that she was ready to meet her God.

She immediately and emphatically replied, "No, I'm not afraid to die. I was at the Bedford Street Prayer-meeting, last night, and there God converted my soul: I am not afraid to die."

And I saw her cold and lifeless in the icy embrace of death that same evening. In less than twenty-four hours after her conversion she was called to exchange her rags for a robe of glory, and her wretched hovel in Bedford street for a mansion in the Paradise of God. Oh, what a wondrous change! What a glorious transition from the home and employment of a rag-picker to the palace of angels and God, and to the delightful associations and employments of the redeemed in heaven! And what an indescribably valuable religion is that which produces these wonderful transformations, and brings about these stupendous results!

'Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name:  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## POVERTY AND ITS TEMPTATIONS.

“OH, you know nothing of the tortures we poor creatures have to endure,” said one of the members of our adult Bible-class—made up of our converts—as she conversed with her teacher on the subject of temptation. “You don’t get abused and knocked about as we do; your temptations are not like ours. What would you think if, after working hard for three days, and living on trust for that time with the expectation of receiving a proper compensation for your labor, you were to receive only 31 cents for the whole? O Miss, you don’t know what we have to put up with.”

“Well, Fannie, I know you have a hard lot of it; but pray on, it won’t last always. This is *your trial*, and if you endure to the end you have the promise of a crown of life.”

And with the assistance of God’s grace this poor woman, who was among our first fruits in the Mission, has

been contending successfully against the powers of darkness and the temptations of poverty for nearly five years. Such has been her faithfulness that she has induced her husband, who had been a notorious drunkard for many years, to take the pledge, and now for some time to keep it; so that hopes are entertained that he will yet become a Christian, and join her in striving to secure a home in heaven, where the bitings of poverty, and the temptations of the devil will never be felt.

Yes, "poverty brings its temptations," thought I as a poor woman, who was also among our first fruits, came to me one day to know where she might get some work. She said that she had been hunting up and down the streets for some time to get something to do, but had only received a single offer, and that was, to whitewash a room,—give it two coats,—for  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents.

Is it any wonder that these wretched people, when not restrained by religion, steal? Are they not often driven to it by the penuriousness of the rich who oppress the hireling in his wages, and cause the cry of the poor to enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth?

"But," my reader replies, "these poor people had better take such wages as they can get than to steal."

True, my friend, but you forget that the devil, who is always on hand, takes advantage of such circumstances as we have mentioned above, and often leads the un-

happy victim, while yet smarting under his disappointments or his repulses, to throw himself away in a fit of desperation—abandon home, and wife, and children, and virtue, and plunge at one fearful leap into the deepest degradation.

Alas! poverty without grace is a sad condition. And knowing this, we tell the poor around us that of all people in the world they have most need of religion. For, if after living hard, working hard, faring hard, they then *die hard* and are *lost forever*, it will be a terrible doom—theirs will be a terrible existence.

God pity the suffering poor, and help them to resist temptation, overcome the world, and secure for themselves a home in heaven where poverty will never come.

And may God help my readers, too, who may be brought into contact with those suffering ones, never to cast a stumbling block in their way, or by an act of injustice, unkindness, or oppression tempt them to throw off the restraints of virtue, or to turn aside from the path of piety and peace. For God himself will avenge the cause of the poor, and will hear the cry of the oppressed; and fearful will be the reward that he will measure out to those that are guilty.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IS DRUNKENNESS A CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASE?

“Is not drunkenness a constitutional disease?” is a question that I have frequently been asked, by the reflecting. I answer,

No, sir, no more than the love of tobacco. Will any man, that claims that he cannot quit chewing tobacco, defend himself with the plea that his love for it is an inherent disease arising out of, and nourished by the tobacco-impregnated blood of his ancestors which is running in his veins?

As well might he say that the deep, rich soil of earth could produce the seed that was to cover it with verdure without the Creator’s help, as to say that the appetite for liquor, or tobacco, or opium, is inherent.

No, I repeat it, the love of strong drink is not a constitutional infirmity, but it is the result of the tares sown by an enemy in the rich soil of man’s depraved nature, cultivated by a persevering hand, and covered with a

fertilizing power, that brings out in ranker growth *the fatal fruit*.

As the seed sown by the husbandman must be warmed by the sun, nourished by the showers, and cultivated by the hand; so the love of liquor must not only be formed by gradual use, but fostered and encouraged by surrounding influences before it becomes a settled disease. But unfortunately the usages of society are such, at the present time, that a man that will touch it at all, is almost sure to be ruined by it. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the intelligent and the ignorant, all use it, and use it, too, in all seasons of the year, and for every conceivable purpose.

The man of pleasure uses it because it is fashionable; the business man, to keep up his spirits; the laboring man, to recruit his wasted energies; the traveler, to keep him warm in winter, and to keep him cool in summer; the well man, to keep him from getting sick; and the sick man, to make him well.

In cookery too it is indispensable. Wine for dip, and brandy for mince pies, say our housewives, are as necessary as yeast for bread. And so we go; and what wonder is it that we are becoming a nation of diseased drunkards?

That drunkenness is a disease I am free to admit; and how could it be otherwise, after a person has run

the gauntlet as shown above? As well might a person with bilious habits expect to escape fever in moving from high lands to low bogs, as for a young man to attempt to pass the ordeal above named, and yet remain sober. But do you still ask,

“How then is the evil perpetuated if it is not inherent?”

I'll tell you. Thousands of mechanics learn to drink when they learn their trades. The journeymen carry it in their pockets to their workshops, and when the bottle is empty, the apprentice-boy is sent off to have it filled again, for which service, he robs the mail, as it is termed, that is, he takes a drink before he gets back; and in this way many a boy, by the time he is twenty-one years old, can drink as much and swear as hard as any body about the establishment.

It is perpetuated too in the social circle. It would be considered a want of good breeding to refuse a glass of wine at a party. It would cause the kind hostess to look upon the person that dared to do it, with a frown, such as woman only can give when offended, and her honorable husband, to curl his lip with a sarcastic laugh, and join with his jovial guests in pitying the man whose head was too weak to drink, or whose conscience was too squeamish to allow him to be sociable.

A case in point. I knew a young man, whose pious

mother had taken every precaution to prepare her son to meet and successfully resist all the temptations that might be thrown in his way by the perverted, and oft-times destructive customs of society.

William was her idol and her hope. She thought she saw a home in his home, where she might rest her head in her declining years. This young man was my boon companion when we were both young; but having formed a liking for strong drink, and being of a sanguine temperament, though cautious and honorable, he soon began to make too free a use of the bottle for my liking. Though I had no kind of objections to a young man's drinking moderately, and even went so far as to set down the new doctrine of total abstinence (for it was then new) as a humbug, believing that none but fanatics would advocate so absurd a notion, as that a man was in danger of being a drunkard because he drank two or three glasses of *good brandy* a day yet I had no idea of associating with any that went to *extremes*.

My company all drank a little, "*but nothing to hurt,*" we used to say. Well, let us see who of my boon companions got hurt by drinking moderately while they were young.

As I said above, my friend William traveled too **fast** in this slow but sure line of ours, and not wishing a



break down, we had to tell him plainly of his fault, and plead with him to mend his ways.

He took the advice, and quit drinking altogether. He would not touch it on any account. I recollect well the day when he was laughed at by his associates for being a teetotaller. This, in those days, was considered a reproach, and hence it galled him exceedingly to be charged with it, and led him to abandon his good resolutions and drink again. And now having entered upon the downward course again, his descent was steep and rapid, and he soon became a confirmed drunkard. We all saw it, and deplored it. His mother saw it too, and with a broken heart sunk into an early grave.

And here I would gladly throw a veil over the remaining history of my young friend, if it were not that I wish to warn others to *take care* that they do not come to a like fate.

Everybody forsook him; for he had lost all sense of respectability, of honor, and of shame, and had become so blind that he could not see how low he had fallen. Nobody would hire him, though a first rate workman, and fast too, in his sober days. Thus matters went with the poor drunkard, until one day he went to a mutual friend of ours, and asked the loan of five dollars, offering his coat as collateral security, while he would go into the country to hunt work, and reform.

The money was obtained, and away went poor William toward Darby, at which place he asked for work at his trade, but was answered, "No; we have no work for *you*." Nothing more was heard of him for ten days, when he was found about a quarter of a mile off, hanging to a sapling by his own suspenders, the hair dropping from his head, and the flesh wasting from his bones—a horrid spectacle.

Thus ended the career of as promising a young man as Philadelphia ever possessed; and here ended the hopes of the poor widow, who had spent her time, and her means, and her holy influence to make this darling of her heart *a man*. That *laugh* fixed the business; and my young friend now fills a drunkard's grave, and it is to be feared also a drunkard's hell; for, as the Poet has justly remarked,

" 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

Another of this very circle of friends, was a young man whose father was a retired gentleman. There were three sons and one daughter in the family.

When the mother died, the youngest child, the subject of this paragraph, was about seven years old; and her last dying words were, "Dear husband, take care of R." This he most solemnly promised to do, and I doubt not meant to keep his word. But let us see how he did it.

This father was one of the advocates of the doctrine: “*A little won’t hurt you!!!*” provided it be good;” and so he set good brandy on the table every day for dinner. The oldest son did not indulge to any extent; the next, for reasons sufficient, also avoided it; but the youngest boy, the one for whom the dying mother felt so much anxiety, as he grew to manhood, learned to love brandy; and by the time he was twenty-three years old, he was a common drunkard, and would even steal to get whiskey to satisfy his burning appetite; and only pity for his now feeble parent saved him from a felon’s cell. He afterward died a horrid death from the effects of a disease formed at his father’s dinner-table—the disease of drunkenness. And thus did that unhappy father perform the vow made to his dying Christian wife. (For the neighbors all said she was a Christian; and *neighbors* are the best earthly judges, outside of our own hearts, in this matter.) He did not mean to ruin his boy, who had been the darling of his mother when living, and her last care when dying; but he did ruin him, nevertheless, by continuing to plead for the moderate use of good brandy.

Oh, how fearful are the results of the fatal disease of drunkenness, formed at the side board, or the dinner-table of the moderate drinker!

“Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath conten-

tions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

“They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not *thou* upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. *At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*”

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

As we were preaching the Gospel, one day, in the old shanty that we called our church, (and it was a church, for God was always there,) a wicked woman passed before the door, and tried how much she could annoy us by cursing us as heretics, and using the most filthy and obscene language. After exhausting her vocabulary of wicked and blasphemous words, she then passed on to her lodging place, a few doors above, and going into a room that contained several weavers' looms, she lay down between two of them, and there died during the night.

The Coroner's jury said she came to her death by "visitation of God," but I presume the true verdict would have been, "*Death by visitation of rum.*"

Her husband was at that time in Moyamensing prison as a vagrant, and did not get out till after his wife had been taken to "potter's field." This, in some measure, roused the stupid drunkard a little, and gave us an op-

portunity to make an appeal to his heart. But he soon relaxed again into his former habits. And, though we continued our efforts, from time to time, for his reformation, yet it was several months before we prevailed on him to take the pledge.

He had served many years in the English army, was schooled in all manner of wickedness, and had learned to love liquor as he did bread. Indeed, whiskey seemed to be a part of his existence; and a more completely abandoned sinner I never saw. And yet he was a man that had been endowed, by nature's God, with more than ordinary reasoning powers, as he still evinced by his intelligent conversation, notwithstanding his mental energies had been weakened by *forty years' debauchery*.

Impelled by an earnest desire to save this old sinner, this wreck of one of God's noblemen, from a fearful hell, and encouraged in our efforts by his readiness to listen to our advice and counsel, we followed him up.

Well do I remember my first visit to the dirty garret, in which he and his wife,—for he was married again,—*stayed*. (It wouldn't be right to say *lived*.) Here I sat for half an hour amid the fumes of the pipe and bad whiskey, and the escaping gas of a rickety stove, *exhorting them to repent, and reform* their lives.

And well do I remember, also, another visit that I made to the same garret, some time afterward.

I found some six or seven drunken men and women there, and they were having a high time of it,—a perfect jubilee. But I spoiled their fun for that time, on this wise. I had heard that Lobelia pills were good to cure drunkenness, and as I had a lot on hand, given to me by Mr. Robert Hance, successor to Aaron Comfort, Thomsonian druggist, I concluded to try the experiment on this party, and I accordingly administered the medicine. Three pills ordinarily make a fair dose, and produce nausea and vomiting; but I wanted to make sure work, and so I gave seven pills to one, and six to each of the others. These pills worked wonders, such as I will not here attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, most of the party were sober and sick enough the next morning, and did not go back to the bottle again. We managed to keep them sick for several days with the nauseating medicine.

One of the company, however, refused to take my pills, and drank on two weeks longer, and then died from bruises she got in falling down stairs. The husband of this woman was accused of pushing her down stairs, but they were all too drunk to know how her bruises came.

This woman was refined in her manners, and had been educated in Scotland,—a poor little hump backed dwarf,—frail in the extreme, and yet she could drink more

whiskey than any woman I ever saw before or since in this terrible rendezvous of the wicked.

But we must return to our subject. Our friend, J. W. took the pledge, Sept. 5, 1856, and henceforth remained a sober man; and what is better, he soon after experienced religion, and was admitted to the pardoning favor and fellowship of his Saviour. And now every body that knows him believes him to be a converted man. Indeed without the saving grace of God and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he never could have kept from the bottle. Grace alone, he says, sustains him.

But I will let him tell his own story in his own way in the following letter, which, though addressed to myself, is full of thrilling interest to every lover of Jesus and humanity:

“DEAR FRIEND:—Without any preface, I lay this brief outline of my sinful life before you; knowing that you take pleasure in doing good, and in encouraging others to do so; otherwise I would not hold up my face to address you.

“When I look at the patience and forbearance of God toward so ungrateful a wretch as I have been all my life long, I am led to wonder that he has not cut me off long ago in my sins, and fixed my doom forever where there is no mercy. But in the midst of deserved



wrath he has remembered mercy, and given me a chance of escaping eternal ruin.

“My dear sir, when I think over my past life, it is enough to make a stouter heart than mine tremble.

“It is true, my father was not a religious man, yet he would make his children read the Bible, and did not oppose our going to Sabbath-school. But alas! at that time he drank whiskey, and was a profane swearer. Under this influence I grew up.

“I can remember the first time I was drunk. I was not more than twelve years of age. I thought it a manly thing to get drunk. Why, I had as good a right as my father; surely he could say nothing to me, I was only following in his footsteps. Such was the effect of his evil example.

“It is the custom in Scotland, where I was raised, for young men to sally forth with a bottle of whiskey and other accompaniments from one neighbor's house to another. This is called *first-footing*, and in nine cases out of every ten the parties get drunk before they return again to their own homes.

“It was in my first excursion of this kind that I fell. I was attending a Wesleyan Sabbath-school at the time. Shame took hold of me, and I left the Sabbath-school, and then commenced my wretched life; for I did not think of flying to Jesus, and throwing myself at his feet,

and praying to be washed and cleansed in his blood. No, the evil one had too fast a hold on me.

“ Oh, I pray to God that this may be a warning to some youth, before he drives himself into the vortex of ruin.

“ While I was yet young, I entered the British service as a soldier. Here I found a company of sinners of all kinds, and of almost every grade.

“ While we were quartered in Belfast, Ireland, I got into a drunken spree, which gave the officers some trouble, and they *sentenced me to three* hundred lashes on my bare back. The charge was desertion.

“ O my God, how merciful hast thou been to the vilest of the vile !

“ It appeared to me that I was cast off forever, and I became stupidly indifferent to my fate. No one seemed to care for my soul, or body either ; and feeling myself abandoned, I rushed from one scene of sin and dissipation to another, getting deeper and deeper into the mire ; and I have even prayed that God would kill me, and send me to my final doom, and so end a part of my misery.

“ While in this forlorn condition, after a lapse of years, I became melancholy, and in my gloom I would sometimes look into the Bible ; but I had no one to lead me to the Saviour, no one to point me to the cross of Christ.

“I left my country and came to America, and here plunged deeper and still deeper into crime; and misery and woe were the consequence. Now I gave loose reins to my passions and appetite, and gave myself up as lost, and wished many a time that I was dead.

“But the spirit of the Lord directed my steps to you; may God bless you! I remember well the morning of the fifth of September, Eighteen hundred and fifty-six, after a hard spree, of coming to you to take the total abstinence pledge, which you administered to me in a most solemn manner, and how this act awoke the slumbering powers of my reason, and how this first step led me to take another.

“I had no Bible:—what was I to do? I had not been to church for many years; and now that I wanted to go, I had neither clothes nor shoes. But despair was yielding to good resolutions, and I went to your church in Bedford street, sinful, self-debased, and ragged as I was. I entered the House of God, where you were preaching the Word of Life to fallen man, and oh! what strange sensations passed through my soul! I could not rest. I saw myself a hell-deserving sinner. But you presented to me the ‘Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.’

“Could there be redemption for such a sinner as I was! You pressed me to go to the altar and see; and

I thank my God and you, my dear friend, that I ever did go to that altar in the Bedford Street Mission. I was led by this means to the foot of the cross, and to Christ; and he pardoned my sins, and gave me to feel that I was adopted into his family.

“Oh, what a thrill of joy passed through my soul! Oh, what peace at home! a heaven on earth! Oh, this world seemed all made up new, enlightened, as it were, with the bright hope of eternal glory which I possessed.

“Oh, how my poor unworthy heart melts when I think of what I was, and what I am now, through the untiring exertions of you, sir, and the other members and officers of the Young Men's Central Home Mission!

“I have been severely tried since my conversion, with temptations of the evil one. My old companions too have given me trouble. Then I have been tried by poverty in its direst form; and although my weakness was apparent to you, yet your nursing and watching over me, and prayers for me, make me now feel that I stand on solid ground, and I seem to gather strength every day.

“Glory be to God for his unspeakable mercy to unworthy me. Pray for me, that I may hold out to the end, and when done with earth, *we* may meet in heaven, where we will praise God for his love, and enjoy him and the companionship of his saints forever. And with

my prayers for you and your family, I remain yours forever and ever, Amen.

*June 16th, 1858.*

JAMES W."

This man still (1859) holds on in the even tenor of his way; and feeling it to be his duty to call sinners to repentance, he is now doing what he can to prepare his mind, so that he may successfully plead for Christ and his religion before the public. And indeed he has already begun to declare, as occasion offers, that the religion of Jesus Christ is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that Christ is able to save even the chief of sinners, of which he is *a living and most remarkable example.*

## CHAPTER XL.

## A CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO DYING PERSONS.

WITHIN three days of each other, two persons died near the Mission-house, one on Monday morning, and the other on Wednesday evening. Both cases are of interest to the pious reader, and also to those who are careless in regard to their souls' eternal welfare.

William S. was an old man, perhaps seventy years of age, but not a drunkard. He had several years before given up the bottle, and had since lived a quiet peaceable life, though he still remained "without hope, and without God in the world."

This case demanded immediate attention, as he seemed to be sinking rapidly toward the grave. We urged upon him earnestness as well as honesty in his prayers to Almighty God, while we endeavored to lay before him the plan of salvation as concisely as words would admit, without leaving anything out.

With an earnest heart the poor man went to Christ

with all his sins, and for weeks he besought mercy at the hand of God. In the mean while we helped him all we could with our prayers, and faith, and exhortations, not neglecting to supply his temporal wants, when we had the money, which, I am sorry to say, was not always the case.

But there was a serious drawback to all our efforts. His wife was a drunkard, and would disturb his devotions with her drunken orgies. This we could not overcome, and so we had to work our way in spite of it as best we could. The poor man wanted redemption, and we followed him up, day after day, pressing upon him the necessity of haste, because his days were few.

One day while sitting by his side, repeating the promises of God to repenting sinners, he looked me full in the face, and said:

“Mr. Sewell, there is something wanting within. I don’t feel satisfied yet. There seems to be something within not right. I have left the world, *but somehow I can’t reach the other. There seems to be an empty space in which I stand.*”

“Well, you want to get near enough to Christ to touch him, like the woman in the Gospel, who touched the hem of his garment, and was made whole immediately.”

“That’s it, that’s what I want.”

“Well, Spencer, do you believe God’s word?”

As this question was asked, a new power seemed to take hold of his mind; and again looking me in the face, he took up his Bible, which was lying by his pillow, and holding it above his head, said, with much feeling, “Yes, I believe every word in this book.”

“Very well, then, so far so good. Now that book has this blessed promise written in it: ‘Ask, *and it shall be given unto you*; seek, *and ye shall find*; knock, *and it shall be opened unto you.*’”

“So it has, Sir.”

“And you believe that you will find mercy; but you put off the day of your acceptance, and that causes the vacuum you speak of. You believe that at some future time you will be blessed with pardon and peace; but God says, ‘Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.’”

“Come, shall we go for it now, Spencer? I see some food here on a dish. Now, suppose I had come in here hungry, almost starving, and on declaring that I was almost ready to die for want of food, had been told that I should help myself to the contents of this dish, which were free, and yet I sat still and made no effort to obtain the desired food; would the sight of the food, or the permission and invitation to eat it, be of any service in allaying my hunger, if I did nothing more? Now, that



is just your position. God's feast is already spread, and you are invited to *come now*, and eat and live forever. Let us go up now, then, if you are willing and ready, and receive the promised blessing."

I kneeled down with the aged penitent, and in our hearts we went together to the throne of grace, and there wrestled in prayer. God seemed to be very near to us, and while we were believing and pleading the promises, I heard the sick man say, "Glory—Glory—Glory! Praise the Lord! Precious Jesus!"

The work was done, and, I believe, well done. His doubts were removed, his fears gone, and there he lay, a redeemed soul, saved by the precious blood of Jesus, and washed in the fountain of life—the "fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness."

Oh, what a precious season this was to my soul as well as to his! This was on Friday, and on the next Monday morning, after sending his love to me, telling me he would meet me in heaven, and exhorting his wife and friends around him, he bid all farewell until the morning of the resurrection, and passed quietly and peacefully over the swellings of Jordan, with a strong hope of obtaining an "abundant entrance" into the realms of bliss immortal, where there are no poor, and no sick, and where there will be no more sorrow nor death.

Blessed be God for the privilege of taking the bread

of life to dying sinners, that bread "of which, if a man eat, he shall live forever."

Oh! how my heart exults when I hear a poor sinner say, "My sins are pardoned—I am free. The Son hath made me free."

Oh! how I love the precious Christ, who receives the poor rag-picker, or bone-gatherer, or the beggar that goes from door to door, with as much freedom and affection as he would a prince!

How glad I am to know that the Gospel of the Son of God is not confined to the mighty, or the noble, or the rich that are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; but that the poor especially have the Gospel preached unto them, and believing that Gospel are saved from their sins, and, blessed be God, if faithful till death, are saved forever! Thank God, the gates of Gospel grace are open to all, yea, even to the outcasts of society; and whosoever will, no matter how vile, or how low they may have sunken, may enter in, and partake of the waters of life *freely*.

But we promised a contrast between two dying persons. The history of one you have had above, and now for the sad contrast. For we do not always succeed in persuading sinners to come in faith to Christ for salvation. Some prefer to trust in what they themselves do,

and hence are not saved; they "will not come to Christ that they might have life."

One evening, while enjoying ourselves in an Experience-meeting in our Mission-rooms, I was invited to go and see a dying woman in the immediate neighborhood. Her friends desired some one to pray for her. When we entered the room, which was rather better furnished than that of the old man above mentioned, we found a crowd of frightened people, who had been attracted thither by the groans of the dying sinner.

Oh, how dreadful was this place!—a soul about to be launched into eternity, and yet unprepared for the judgment! The thought sent an icy chill to my very heart. The poor woman's agony was thrilling, and her cries heart-rending, while the horror of the scene was heightened by the awful curses and dreadful blasphemy of a wicked man, close by the door.

We urged the dying sinner to look to Christ,—to behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. We tried to show her Christ in the garden and on the cross—to exhibit to her mind the scene of Calvary just as it was when Christ cried, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. We did all we could to persuade her to look to her loving Saviour; but all in vain. She saw nothing but a burning hell before her; and though we endeavored to direct her gaze to the Crucified, yet the

fires of that hell so dimmed her vision, that she could see neither the cross nor the Saviour.

We kneeled in prayer : after singing,

“ Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die !”

The woman screamed, the man on the outside cursed, while we prayed with all the energy we possessed. The mingled sounds of groans, and curses, and prayers, presented a fearful contrast, and rendered the scene indescribably awful. Long did we struggle at the throne of grace, but rose only to find the miserable woman almost dead. Her voice was growing feeble, her limbs were getting cold, and in half an hour she died ; and almost the last words she uttered were, “ burning hell.”

Oh ! how different was her death from that of poor old William S. whose case heads this chapter, or that of a woman I visited since the above, who, when I asked her what were her hopes beyond the grave, answered most explicitly, and in fewer words than I had ever before heard used under such circumstances, “ The sting is removed !”

Four words ! but oh ! what a world of meaning is in them ! “ The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Christ by his death has atoned for sin and met the

claims of the divine law ; and now all that trust in him are saved from the sting of death, because saved from sin. Amazing love ! Wondrous condescension on the part of Jesus !

“ Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
Their Saviour’s praises speak !”

## CHAPTER XLI.

## BAREFOOTED IN THE SNOW.

THE scene that burst upon my view, as I entered the miserable hovel of a poor beggar, a few months since, is still fresh in my recollection. It was in the midst of winter, and just at the close of a most disagreeable storm that had left the streets, previously covered with snow to the depth of six inches, one continued slush.

The room which I entered was a kind of basement kitchen, about half sunken in the ground, poorly lighted, poorly ventilated, and still more poorly furnished. The water from the melting snow had found its way beneath the door, and stood in pools upon the rotting floor. The *stove*—a bottomless wash-kettle—was destitute of fire, and all was cold, and damp, and wretchedly gloomy within. In one corner of this miserable hovel was a bed of straw, lying upon the floor, and covered with rags; and on this bed was prostrate, in a helpless condition, from the effects of frosted feet which had been

neglected, a poor man, in whose bosom nestled a poorly-clad infant three or four months old, that was whining for its mother, and at whose back lay an older child shivering with cold, and endeavoring to obtain a little warmth from the fevered body of his afflicted father.

But the wife and mother was not there. She was out in the street, trudging through the slush with almost shoeless feet, and with basket in hand, begging from door to door for a little bread to save herself and family from starving. But alas! for this wretched mother. She meets with poor success; and after wandering from Bedford street to Market street, and meeting with scowling looks, and angry words, and heartless repulses alike from servant and master, rich and poor, Christian and infidel, she returns disheartened and sorrowful to her cheerless home, bearing in her basket but a *single piece of water-soaked bread*.

Need we wonder if, under the circumstances, she was tempted to regard the world as the habitation of demons rather than men, and to look upon Christianity as a grand farce, and its votaries as the basest of hypocrites? Need we wonder if she were even led to murmur against the ways of Providence, and tempted, like afflicted Job, to curse God and die?

But God, who is merciful to all his children, and whose hand is ever stretched out to relieve the wants of the suf-

fering and the destitute, had compassion on this poor family, and sent his unworthy servant, the Bedford street Missionary, to their relief, just at the moment when his services were most needed.

And most gladly did I take from the fund furnished me by benevolent friends for the relief of the needy, the amount necessary to supply their present wants, and to render them a little more comfortable for the future. The old wash-boiler stove was made warm, the table and the cupboard were supplied with wholesome food and groceries, the bed of straw and rags gave place to a more comfortable one which was placed on a bedstead, and the poor afflicted man and his half-frozen little ones were made as happy as could be under the circumstances; while the barefooted, half-naked, and almost perishing mother was made to feel that God was still good, man still benevolent and sympathetic, and Christianity still what it claims to be.

Well was it for this family that there was a Young Men's Central Home Mission in Bedford street; for had not their missionary found them when he did, they must have perished.

But as it was, Providence not only gave us the opportunity to do good to the bodies of those that were ready to perish, but, through this, gave us access also to the heart of the afflicted man. In about a month after this



he died in peace, having obtained, as we had reason to believe, reconciliation with God through the blood and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But this is only a specimen of our work, and of the sorrows with which we are constantly surrounded. For here, as our brother, the Rev. J. P. DuHamel, has truthfully sung, in a Poem written for our Bedford Street Mission Journal, here are

“ *City sorrows ! sorrows ! sorrows !*

    Wailing on the midnight air,  
As the melancholy murmur  
    Of the tempest from afar.

Like the blood of murdered Abel  
    Crying from the ground to God ;  
Come those sighings, wailings, sorrows,  
    Speaking of our brother’s blood—

Speaking of the wrongs inflicted  
    On the weak and helpless poor,  
On the weak and helpless women,  
    Begging alms from door to door.

Sorrows of the broken hearted—  
    Crushed and broken in life’s care,  
Groaning in unuttered anguish,  
    Pining, sinking in despair.

From the *Bare-Foot Beggar Children*,  
From the curs'd of age and sin,  
From the breast where fading virtue  
Sighs for what she might have been.

From the dark, damp, dismal cellars—  
Haunts of squalor, woe, and grief,  
Come these bitter City Sorrows,  
Sighing, pleading for relief—

Sorrows from the darksome alleys,  
Where the wretched prowl for spoil;  
From the high and lonesome garrets,  
Where the weak are worn with toil—

From the *Venom-Vender's* brothel,  
From the drunkard-maker's den,  
Come the sorrows and the curses  
Of inebriated men—

Come the wail of wives and mothers,  
Come the starving children's cry,  
As they lay them down together,  
Fold their little hands to die.

These are but ascending vapors,  
Till the gathering storm, o'erspread—  
Bursts in dreadful retribution  
On the doom-devoted head.

Ye who live in pomp and splendor—  
Ye who dwell from want secure ;  
Think of those who, for your plenty,  
Die of hunger at your door.

Hear the wailings of the night-wind,  
At your windows—round your bed,  
These are but the yearnings, *Sorrows*,  
Of the poor that cry for bread.

These are but your City Sorrows,  
Welling up from souls distressed,  
Crying to the *Lord's Anointed*,  
That their wrongs may be redressed—

Pleading with the Man of Sorrows,  
For the dawning of the *Day*,  
When our sighings and our sorrows  
'*Shall forever flee away.*'"

## CHAPTER XLII.

## A MAN SAVED FROM BEING BURIED ALIVE.

SOON after the organization of our Mission, some of the brethren proposed to widen the field of our operations; and accordingly they appointed a committee, who selected as a suitable place for a new preaching appointment a spot located under the trees on the Gray's Ferry Road. This spot we occupied all summer, though not without continual annoyance from one individual in particular. He would come on the ground every Sunday drunk and noisy, and consequently he gave the committee and preacher a good deal of trouble. They, however, treated him kindly,—bore with his folly, and often gave him tracts, which he would take to the tavern keeper, who, with his drunken customers, would frequently have a merry time over their contents.

In the fall, the managers rented a small church at the corner of twenty-third and Lombard streets, formerly occupied by a Baptist society, but now vacant.

Here we commenced by organizing a Sabbath-school, and soon after a society also according to the discipline of the M. E. Church. And here, in the fall of Eighteen hundred and fifty-four, we commenced a Protracted-meeting, which we continued through several weeks, notwithstanding we were holding a similar meeting at the same time in Bedford street. As may well be supposed, the holding of two Protracted-meetings at the same time, besides the constant daily calls to the homes of the destitute and dying, was a severe tax upon the physical strength of the Missionary. But the results of both meetings were of so thrilling a character, that he forgot in the excitement of success his own bodily comfort.

Pitman chapel was prospering. Brethren and sisters from other churches came with their transfer letters to the number of some twenty, and joined our infant church, thus swelling the ranks with good, and true, and efficient working Christians. And no where else, perhaps, within the limits of the city, was there needed more than in this locality, just such an organization. There was not a free seated church within six squares of this point. Churches for fashionable people with rustling silks and fine broad-cloths, were plenty; but there was no place for a man with a check shirt, or a woman with a shilling-a-yard gown. And as a matter of course, many of this class of people heard no Gospel sermon the year round,

for they were too poor to pay for pews, and they were too proud or too meanly clad to occupy the seats set apart in these aristocratic churches for the poor.

As might be expected under such circumstances, our congregation there constantly increased, and our Sabbath-school grew so rapidly that, before the close of the first year, we had the names of over three hundred pupils enrolled, and, on the whole, one of the best schools I ever saw.

It was a neighborhood of poor people, and therefore they must have a plain church, and a plain Gospel, with a plain preacher, who would not hesitate, as occasion offered, to sit with them in their humble dwellings, and to talk freely and frankly about Jesus and the Way of Life.

But we began this chapter, not so much to write the history of Pitman chapel, as to relate the conversion of a man who was indeed plucked as a brand from the burning.

The man we refer to is the one mentioned in the commencement of this chapter, who used to annoy the preacher and the people as they worshipped God beneath the trees on the Gray's Ferry Road.

For the eighth time, as he told me himself, he had been attacked with Mania a Potu ; and this time the terrible disease seemed to baffle all the skill of the doc-

tors. And after a week's fight with devils, and all manner of hobgoblins, rats, snakes, &c., &c., he sunk, apparently, into death; was pronounced dead by the doctors, washed and laid out by his friends for burial, and the time was actually fixed for his interment. But lo! while friends were weeping around him, the dead man breathed; and consternation, and fright, and joy, took the place of tears, as he sat up restored to consciousness and reason, and finally, to health.

Just then the revival at Pitman chapel was in full tide of glorious success. Sinners by scores were being converted to God, and the news of this wondrous work was spreading squares around. The dead man, raised to life, heard of it, and came to see for himself; and while there he was brought to a sense of his condition as a sinner, and led by the Spirit to bow at the altar for prayer. And here God made him *truly alive* in Christ Jesus, and he became henceforth a new creature. And thus, through the mercy of God, he was restored to the possession of spiritual life, as well as to that of the body. The first restoration was marvellous, because uncommon; the second glorious, because of its results.

And now with body and soul restored to health, this man may be seen week after week, in the Sabbath-school, teaching the young to avoid the rock by which his little bark had well nigh been wrecked, and all his hopes for

time and for eternity been placed in jeopardy. Or he may be seen in the prayer-meeting, offering up his *heart-dictated* prayers to God for grace and strength to keep in the way of life; or, in the class-meeting, telling of the wonderful dealings of God with his soul, that God

—“speaks, and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive.”

Almost five years have passed away since his conversion, and he still remains a faithful, consistent, and devoted member of the church of Christ,—a miracle of grace,—a brand truly plucked from the burning.

Long may he remain in the church militant to show to the world, that by the power of Christ, even “the dead are raised up, while the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.”



## CHAPTER XLIII.

## THE FATAL RESULTS OF PROCRASTINATION.

“WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.  
Soon, borne on time’s most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath’s heavenly light shall rise,—  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.  
Now God invites ; how blest the day !  
How sweet the Gospel’s charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pard’ning God is found.”—*Dwight.*

But what procrastinator regards Dwight, or any other Christian who presumes to admonish him of his danger,

as anything more than a zealot, who with overweening zeal, is trying to scare people to believe something and do something entirely out of the course of nature and contrary to the dictates of reason?

Or, if such believe in revealed religion at all, they reply to all who urge "to-day" as the time to seek the salvation of their souls, "I am not dying to-day—it is time enough yet—there is no danger of my being lost—I will attend to the matter in good time."

But do not those, who thus reason, virtually say, "I love sin better than holiness, and as God is merciful, I will presume on that mercy and sin on a little longer?"

And, because he is merciful, you will sin against him, and serve the enemy of your soul until you come to the few last breaths of your life; and then you will offer your filthy and polluted heart to God, just as you are dying, and when you can render his cause no possible service whatever.

Then with a repentance like a criminal on the gallows, who does not really repent of the crime that brought him there, but whose anguish is caused by the fearful death that awaits him, you will go to your offended God, impelled only by an agonizing fear of a burning hell and not by the attractions of religion, the love of God, the condescension of Christ, or the joys of heaven.

**Procrastinating sinner, read the following:**

There was a young man in the neighborhood of our Mission who was plead with, time and again, to come and hear the gospel. As the church was near, he might have come without much trouble. He was urged also to prepare for the day of Judgment. He acknowledged that a preparation for the future was necessary, and that he intended sometime to give the subject his attention, but he thought there was no need of *particular hurry*, and that it was *time enough yet*. And thus he went on, careless and prayerless, until one evening in last September, when his friend, one of our managers, called in, to give him another invitation to come and hear the Gospel, —but found *it was now too late*.

The young man had sat down to supper that evening in good health, and with an excellent appetite; but as he began to eat, he had a slight tickling in the throat, that caused him to cough, when, horrible to relate! the blood gushed out in a stream from his mouth and nostrils. He was taken into the yard where every effort was made to stop the hemorrhage, but all in vain. He continued to bleed until exhausted nature had to yield to death's stern demand; and in one short half hour, from the time he took his seat at the tea-table, *he lay in the arms of his friends a lifeless corpse*.

He waited for to-morrow,—and to him to-morrow came, but with a frown from Him whose voice he had often

heard without regard :—a frown from him, who to the finally impenitent will pronounce the solemn word *depart* ; a word that will wither the heart, frenzy the mind, and blight forever the hope offered to man in his probationary state.

“ Death enters, and there’s no defence ;  
His time there’s none can tell ;  
He’ll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven, or down to hell.  
Thy flesh,—perhaps thy greatest care,—  
Shall into dust consume ;  
But, ah ! destruction stops not there ;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## A WARNING TO GREEN ONES.

WE would warn young men, especially those coming from the country, who are desirous to take up their residence among the citizens of this, or any other large city, to be careful of their company. For I assure them that scores, if not hundreds of young men, have been allured by smooth-tongued villains into the haunts of vice, whence they have returned, if they ever did return at all, with ruined fortunes, blighted health, and blasted reputation.

A young man came here from the country, some time since, hale and hearty, and quite manly in his appearance. He had saved by his hard work about two hundred dollars, which he hoped to invest in some profitable business. This fact soon became known to a woman living near our Mission, who set herself to work most industriously to get the money. In executing her plans she was led to put her poor victim under the influence

of rum, and in this condition she kept him for about ten weeks, till the last dollar was gone, and his physical strength well nigh exhausted. He then fell a prey to the *Mania a Potu*; and being destitute of all means of support, he was sent to the Alms-house, where he died in about a week's time a wretched, hopeless death.

While I write this chapter, a man genteely dressed is lying asleep in my office. He came in to take the pledge; and now he lies sleeping off his potations of bad whiskey, while his wife, poor woman! is doubtless at her home weeping for her lost husband, and his children are wondering why father stays so long away.

When this unfortunate man put his name to the pledge that I administered, I observed that he wrote a bold, free hand, indicating that he had had the advantages of a liberal education, and that his social position had not always been what it now was. On making inquiry, I found that I was not mistaken in my surmises in regard to him. His relatives were of high standing in the community.

But coming into this locality with money and a good suit of clothes, he by some means had fallen into the hands of sharpers, who had succeeded in getting him drunk, and were now about to fleece him of every thing he possessed. Most fortunate was it for him that he found his way to the Mission-house.

Let me give another instance.

A countryman came to town to see the "Elephant," I suppose, and soon got the sight, if I am any judge. When I found him he was lying on his back in the middle of the street, and a lusty woman was engaged in pulling the coat from his back, while a dozen idle vagrants stood looking on as unconcernedly as though it was all play. She had taken his watch already, and now she wanted his coat also to sell for whiskey. I put a stop to the proceedings, and had the watch taken from her and restored to the owner. But what was the use? he would not go home, nor quit the neighborhood, and hence the stripping of the man was only a matter of *time*, not of *fact*; it was surely done.

About two days as a general thing is sufficient to empty a well filled purse, and to transform the well-dressed gentleman into the loathsome beggar, with ragged clothes, toeless shoes, and crownless hat. And the trouble is, if some one don't dress these victims of the sharpers in something whole and clean, they will never go home; for they are ashamed to go back in rags and dirt to their families and friends, and hence many of them remain here to be the victims of disease and want, and to fall a prey ultimately to a terrible death by *Mania a Potu*.

I know quite a number now that were once hard-working men and women, and who, while drunk, staggered this way, fell into the hands of thieves and rum-sellers, and are now miserable victims of sin, naturalized to this living death, and no argument can persuade them away.

Allow me in this place to say to young men coming to the city,—Take good care how you form acquaintance with strangers, or allow yourselves to be enticed into strange houses. You had better remain in your boarding-house all the time, than run the risk of being ruined both body and soul. There are sharpers on hand always, ready to get your money by the practice of deceptions calculated to deceive the most wary.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me relate the case of a merchant from Franklin county, who came to make his first purchase in Philadelphia.

He was met near the Exchange by a man he had formerly known in Chambersburg, and who at the time of their intimacy bore a fair character. This old friend pretended to be here buying goods; but as he was in no great hurry to return home, the two friends walked about town together, *drank* together, and ate together; and so the evening found them both sitting in a fashionable Restaurant, engaged in conversation, and apparently delighted with each other's company.



While thus engaged, a young man of genteel appearance entered in a great hurry, and with many apologies, asked Mr. A. if he could not cash a bill of goods he had bought that morning. The firm, he said, were in great need of a certain amount of money to make a remittance, which must be sent by this night's mail.

Mr. A. said it was all right,—the bill was correct, and proceeded forthwith to pay the amount, eight hundred dollars, to the pretended clerk, handing him two five hundred dollar notes. The sham clerk could not change the note, and here was trouble. The landlord was asked to change one of the notes, but as he had not money enough about him to do it, he of course declined, though he believed the note to be perfectly good. The note was then handed round the room to a number of fine looking gentlemen dressed with splendid suits of broadcloth, and massive gold watches, and heavy gold chains. But no one could change it. Rolls of notes turned out, but not enough; yet the note was good, and they would change it in a minute if they had the money.

And now our friend was appealed to, as a favor to an old acquaintance, and as he had to lay it out the next day, it would make no difference to him. So they said, and so he believed, and accordingly changed the note. The sham clerk left in a hurry, of course, to take the money to the firm of Gull & Co.

Soon after, the customer who had just paid his bill to the above firm, left also with a promise to see his friend soon again. But he did not return, and my friend thinking and feeling a little queer, perhaps in part from drink, and part from the slowness of his friend to redeem his promise, returned to his lodgings, showed the note to the landlord, who pronounced the thing to be a rank counterfeit. And so he lost five hundred dollars by being "green." His Chambersburg friend proved to be a stool pigeon for a gang of thieves that infest the city of Philadelphia. He was afterwards apprehended, tried, convicted, and sent to the Penitentiary for three years.

I give these cases as a warning to young men coming to the city either to live or to deal. Be on your guard, and learn the following verses, so as to repeat them, without the book. They may save you a good many aches and pains, or pence and pounds, as the case may be.

" Bid me of men beware,  
 And to my ways take heed ;  
 Discern their every secret snare,  
 And circumspectly tread.

My spirit, Lord, alarm,  
 When men and devils join ;  
 'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,  
 In panoply Divine.

Oh may I set my face,  
His onsets to repel ;  
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase  
The fiend to his own hell.

But above all, afraid  
Of my own bosom foe,  
Still let me seek to Thee for aid,  
To Thee my *weakness show*."—C. WESLEY.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## MOTHER.

OH WHAT music is in that word—Mother! There is a charm in its very sound that thrills the soul. Who does not know its power?

He whose heart cannot be aroused by that sweet word must be far gone in crime, and devoid of the feelings of common humanity. Or else, that mother has not taken pains to show a proper regard for her offspring—has not drawn her children to her heart, and bound them there forever by her untiring care and kindness—has manifested no anxiety for them when she discovered their rebellious or licentious spirit; or, even by her silence, when reproof was needed, *seemed* to give them licence to sin.

One day we met a man in Baker street, nearly naked. I soon recognized in him the son of one of the best families in the upper part of the city. I knew his father to be an influential and devoted Christian, and his mo-

ther, to the last hour of her life, one of the faithful few who "stood up for Jesus," and the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ.

Mother W—— was a woman of dignified and noble bearing, and when we (in former years) saw her walking down the aisle, to her seat in the church, we were prone to say, "Behold an Israelite indeed." She was not one of those everlasting "talkers" about religion, but a doer of the work; but her words, when she told her experience, took a deep hold upon the hearts of all that heard them. Her "words were with power."

And then her care for her children was untiring. She was firm and discreet, yet kind and affectionate in the exercise of discipline. Her code of moral ethics was drawn from the teachings of Christ and his inspired apostles. She would make no compromise with any other teacher, nor for a moment allow the opinions of men or the *customs* of the world to interfere in her God-inspired work of instilling religious principles into the hearts as well as the heads of her children.

In this school—nay, that is not the word; it wants a sweeter word—a name, too, that has a charm in it—that name is Home—in this home was reared as fine a family as the city can boast of. Most of the children are grown to majority, and are prosperous, because they are virtuous.

But you may imagine my consternation in seeing a son of this sainted woman in Baker street, near the door of a grogshop of a noted burglar, where black and white of the very lowest grade gather to drink whiskey at one cent per glass.

As I approached he tried to shun me. Shame was not all gone. I called him to me, to have a private talk. He commenced by saying:—

“Mr. Sewell, I am very sorry you have caught me in such a place as this. You see me in a sad plight.”

“Can it be possible I find you here—a young man of your raising and education and skill as a mechanic? What could have induced you to leave your excellent wife and those sweet little babes who are mourning your absence? Think of those you have left to do the best they can, while you are here swilling down that poisonous stuff, that will most certainly kill you, soul and body, if you do not speedily abandon it. And it will soon do its work of death! Why, close to where we stand—in that yard—a man died from drinking too much rum—and yonder in that stable yard, not long since, a woman met the same fate from the same cause—and round in Mrs. ——’s cellar two died in one day from whiskey—and opposite to where we are standing a woman, a young woman, died drunk—and in that place Emma B. fell

dead while begging another glass. Now, my dear fellow, wake up to your terrible danger.”

“I know it, I know it, it’s all true. I am going home.”

But I saw I had not reached his heart. In vain did I point out to him his ragged associates; in vain did I show him his own rags; all was vain, until I reminded him of that mother whose mortal remains now lie low in the grave, and how that holy woman had prayed for him, and in her closet prayed with him. Now she had ceased to pray, her voice he could no longer hear; but, said I, yonder she is in bright glory, and now mingles her voice in sweet melody with the redeemed; or, perhaps, she is looking earnestly and anxiously to see whether you will turn your feet into the narrow path, and by and by meet her in heaven.

“Oh spare me!” said he. “Don’t mention my mother. You hurt my feelings. I’ll go away from this as soon as night comes.” And with streaming eyes he signed the temperance pledge. His heart was reached by that precious word *mother*, when every other argument had failed, and all those sad and tragic pictures presented to his view had left him unmoved. Yes! that single word, Mother, whispered in the poor loafer’s ears, roused him from his stupid infatuation—broke the enchanting chain that bound him to a life of wretchedness,

that was dragging him down in fearful haste to endless ruin—broke the spell that bound him to this evil spot, where fiends incarnate reveled in his downfall.

After signing the pledge he went to his home, in the neighborhood of which I since saw him, comfortably clad and sober; and let us pray that his heart may be changed by grace divine, and when his father falls, which soon must be (for he is old and infirm), he may take his place in the church of God.

“The long lost son, with streaming eyes,  
From folly just awake,  
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise,  
His heart begins to break.  
With deep repentance I'll return  
And seek my father's face;  
Unworthy to be called a son,  
I'll ask a servant's place.”



## CHAPTER XLVI.

SETTING OUT—A CHAPTER FOR THE INQUISITIVE READER.

I AM often asked by persons passing through this district, "How do the people live in this neighborhood? Where do such immense numbers come from? Where do they stay?"

Why, sir, you have not seen the half of our population yet. Just get up a dog-fight, or a man, or woman-fight, and then you'll see a crowd of wretched beings that would beggar all description.

But "where do they come from?"

Well, sir, I'll tell you. Though you may not believe it, yet it is nevertheless true, that there is a family in every room of almost every house in this vicinity. The exceptions are but few. In some houses there are from ten to sixteen families stowed away, whilst many others have eight and ten; and in some places I know of two and three men and their wives living, cooking, eating, and sleeping in the one room.

I saw a woman not long since die on the floor of a room, (or rather a cellar,) in which there were two beds, but no room for her in either of them.

All these tenants pay by the week, or night, counting six nights to the week, and paying invariably in advance; the rent rating from six to twelve cents per night. If a cellar has no floor in it, it can be had for six or eight cents; if there is a floor, then twelve cents per night can be obtained very readily for its use. If the rooms above ground are plastered, and a good many are not, and are hardly fit for cow-stables or hog-pens, the rent is twelve cents per night. The landlord taking good care not to allow more than two or three nights to pass without the rent; and when the tenants come short of this rule, a sort of sham notice,—a piece of printed paper issued by that important dignitary, which belongs to, and is so essential in a neighborhood like this,—I mean an Alderman. This paper is served with a great deal of dignity by the Ward Constable, and purports to be a notice to move within five days, which if they do not do, they are *set out according to the law of the Fourth Ward of Philadelphia*.

This "*setting out*," I have often witnessed. Sometimes the landlord in addition takes the privilege also of whipping his tenants, because they do not pay up. Only a few days previous to the writing of this chapter, I

found a man with his head badly cut with an iron bar in the hand of his landlord, because he was going to the fisheries (where he could have earned the money) in debt for rent to the amount of seventy-five cents. For this meagre sum the poor fellow was so badly beaten as not to be able to go to his work for some time.

This beating the money out of delinquent tenants is no strange thing, and has ceased to be wondered at in this community. Indeed there are no wonders here, unless it be a man who keeps strictly sober all the year round, or a woman who lives in this infected district and yet retains her virtue. But even when such wonders are found, which is occasionally the case, such is the low state of morals among this people, that, as a general thing, the sober man and the virtuous woman are no more respected than their drunken and profligate neighbors.

But we must keep to the text. We were telling of landlords whipping the rent out of their tenants, and then turning tenants and furniture all out into the street.

I have known this "Comedy of Errors" to be carried so far as to put the tenant in prison besides; and not once merely, but many times have I had to use my influence to get them out again, so that they might look after their homeless children. This thing on one occasion ended in a tragedy.

The case was this. A German, by the name of Ereheart, was being set out in Bedford street near our Mission-house, and because the poor man remonstrated, the landlord whipped him severely, and then trumped up a charge against him before a celebrated Alderman not a mile off, who, being of that class of these functionaries, (there are others like him,) who send all to jail if the *costs* are not paid, which are "*managed*" up to the amount of two dollars, made out a commitment for the unhappy man; and so poor Ereheart, for the first time in his life, was locked up in Moyamensing prison, for he knew not what, leaving his wife, a blind woman, and her two children homeless, and as he thought, friendless. The poor German in his despair and fright, that same night, took his cravat, tied it round his neck, and then fastening it round the iron grating of his cell, hung himself, and was here found, on the following morning, by the officers of the prison cold in death; all of which is still fresh in the memories of the hundreds of thousands of readers of the city dailies.

An appeal was made by the then President of our society, Brother E. S. Yard, to the humane of this city through the columns of the daily press; and a noble response to the amount of six hundred dollars was handed over to him for the benefit of the widow. But though blind and destitute she is not disposed to be a

tax upon the benevolent if she can help it. She has therefore commenced the sale of matches in the street, where she may be seen almost every day. And I hope, kind reader, if you should meet her in your walks that you will encourage her by purchasing some of her matches, even if you give them away, and thus add your little mite to the poor widow's treasury.

But how mysterious are the providences of God! and how often does he make the wrath of man to praise him! This poor blind woman would, perhaps, never have heard the Gospel but for this event. She found that she had friends, and though she could not see them, she wanted to hear their friendly voices; and in doing this, she heard also the Gospel of Christ, became awakened, was led to our altar, where she was pointed to Him who restoreth sight to the blind; and, spiritually, she came seeing Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us, believed in Him as her Saviour, and found the peace for which she sighed. This has been flowing through her soul now for about five years, and she says she is determined to fight on till the end of the war, when she expects to receive the victor's crown from the soft hand of Jesus, the Captain of her salvation, whom she shall then look upon with her opened eyes, and forever praise with an unfaltering tongue.

I undertook, on one occasion, to stop this "setting

out" in so summary a manner, and accordingly wrote a note to a landlord, saying, that if he turned a certain poor woman out without the "*thirty days*" notice required by law, I would spend some money in testing the legality of the proceeding. The fellow, on meeting me shortly afterward, walked coolly up to me, and asked if that was my writing, showing me at the same time a paper. I answered in the affirmative. He then gave me to understand that he would do as he pleased, and more than that, if I persisted in my undertaking, I would find that I was treading on dangerous ground. I knew what that meant, and as I was not quite good enough for martyrdom, nor quite *willing* enough to sacrifice my life, I let the whole thing take its course. And so now, when we find the poor turned out into the street, we go and hunt a room somewhere else and put them in it, pay a week's rent in advance, pray with them, and then go on our way rejoicing that we have the privilege of doing good.

One more case and we will dismiss this sad subject. And I hope the hero of this almost tragedy which I am about to relate will read this chapter, and be led to pray to God for that mercy which he so much needs. He will know himself when he sees this picture.

A poor old Christian woman, perhaps seventy years of age, had a sick son, somewhere rising thirty. This

young man was all the support his aged mother had, and all of kin, except a daughter in New York, that she could claim on earth.

When we found him we at once saw that he was rapidly sinking with consumption, and that both mother and son would, in all probability, soon find a common grave. We, therefore, set ourselves to work to do what we could to help both to get safely out of this world of poverty and suffering, and to secure for themselves an admission to the happier climes of Paradise.

I found in that old mother a submissive sufferer of the will of God; and many a time has my heart been filled with emotions of joy in listening to the experience of this infirm child of poverty and of sorrow, and in hearing the recital of the thrilling scenes of other days through which she had been called to pass in the wilds of America. Her trials of faith in her long sojourn in the wilderness, were indeed valuable lessons to my own murmuring heart; and even yet I still fancy that I can see and hear that excellent woman, as she would stand up in the majesty of a Christian, and with tearful eye and heaving bosom, declare "that God was good, and that she put *all* her trust in him."

But the war was not yet over, nor the last victory won. Unknown to us, for she did not like to tell us, and unavoidably upon her part, she had fallen behind in the pay-

ment of her rent to the amount of about three dollars. But as her landlord held a pew in a church, and talked some fine things in sympathy for the poor, and was a contributor to soup-houses, &c., &c., &c., of course the poor woman felt somewhat easy as to any serious consequences on this score. She said, if she could only see her son well once more, then all would be made right with the landlord and everybody else. In the meanwhile we were doing our best to bring comforts to the sick man, and to provide food for his mother. But what was my surprise, on knocking at the door one day, to be told by the next door neighbors that they had been "*set out*" by this very landlord! And if he don't know it already, let him know it now, that the sick man died inside of a week after that setting out; and I have no doubt the excitement and change of atmosphere hurried him to his long home, leaving the poor lone widow to wail in solitude and in sorrow over her only stay and only son. The last prop of an earthly kind had been knocked away, and she had none to lean on but Jesus. Here, and *only* here, could she rest her hope, for who cares for the poor? If they are "God's poor," say the world by their conduct, let him take care of them himself.

Reader, does this language grate on your ear? Well, let us see if there is not cause for its use. Here is a Mission appointed, as we believe, by the Lord of Hosts, to



gather in the outcasts, hunt up God's poor, search for the lost sheep; a work owned and blessed of God more than the most hopeful looked for; hundreds converted, scores returned to grieving parents, or husbands, or wives; hundreds of children saved from ignorance and vice by sending them to the country, where they are happy; and yet after all this, and notwithstanding the church knows it all, for the life of us, we can't keep out of debt. Foreign Missions can get their hundreds of thousands for the heathen in foreign lands, *while the hundreds of thousands of HOME HEATHEN are almost totally neglected.* Oh! when will the church take a right view of this subject?

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## MURDERS AND MOBS.

IN what I am about to write I shall have to use caution, or my book may get me into trouble. Indeed I would not offer the following to the public at all, if I did not think it needful that the community should be shown the dangerous ground we occupy, and the reader be led to sympathize with our converts, and to earnestly pray to God in their behalf.

Mary F., a colored woman, is one of our first converts. She has a miserable drunken husband who abuses her in a most shameful manner. He will sometimes come to the church door while I am preaching, and call out at the top of his voice, and with oaths command his wife to come home; and in this and many other ways, he torments this poor woman from day to day.

Added to these sore trials, she has a drunken son, a vile and worthless fellow, and had also a daughter about eighteen years old, who *was* the completest sot I have ever seen.

But amid all these great trials, poor Mary stood firm “as the beaten anvil to the stroke” for nearly five years. But a greater trial than all awaited her.

After a night's carousal in some den of infamy, this daughter was found lying on a cellar door at daylight the next morning. The Police officer of the beat tried to get her on her feet, so as to lead or drive her away ; but she was too drunk to stand up. The officer grew impatient, and, it is said, struck her in the mouth with his mace, or *black jack*, or something else hard enough to knock off several teeth, and bruise the flesh in a most shocking manner. But this did not help her to walk, nor enable the officer to get the better of his temper. On the contrary his rage now grew to frenzy, and he stamped on her breast with his foot and heavy boot repeatedly. This fixed the business ; and the poor wretched creature had to be carried to her mother's house, where I found her a few hours after in an insensible condition, and bleeding from the chest profusely. A doctor was called in ; but he failed to stop the bleeding ; and, as we had kept her too long to claim admission into the Pennsylvania hospital, we had her sent to the Blockley almshouse for proper medical treatment ; and there she died in four and a half days from the time she was beaten.

Poor Sister F. ! it was a terrible blow to her to have

her child die so entirely unprepared, and in such a way; but still she put her trust in Him who will avenge his elect.

Perhaps I am asked in your mind, What was done with the officer? I answer, nothing! no, not anything, except to give him a mock hearing before an Alderman.

I told the woman to get her witnesses, and to have him arrested. I gave her the name also of one who told me that he saw the whole of it, and promised me to be ready when wanted. (But when the time came he was missing.) I directed the sister to Alderman —— as a man that I thought would see that justice was done. The warrant was given; a hearing was had; the Alderman demanded a certificate from under the doctor's hand as to the cause of her death; and after a day's toil to come up with the doctor of the Alms-house, she appeared before the Alderman without the certificate; but she had with her a witness who was ready to testify to the beating by the officer, and if he had been bound over for trial she could have brought the doctor's testimony in due time.

But in the face of all this the Alderman dismissed the case; at the same time warning the poor heart-broken mother that she must look out, or she would get herself into trouble for bringing such complaints against the officers of the law; and when she remarked, that it was

hard her child could be murdered in the street in open daylight and she have no redress, the Alderman bid her give no impudence, and clear out of the office.

The reader, perhaps, is again asking why I did not take this case in hand and see that justice was done.

I answer, I dare not; for if I were to have any one punished belonging to a *certain class* of which this officer was one, I should have to pay for my temerity with a broken head, if not with a bullet or dirk through my heart.

Only a few weeks before the writing of this, there was a mob of Young Killers, men and boys, playing ball on Sunday, and mixing their play with bad whiskey. This game of *play and drink* was carried on all the forenoon unmolested by police officers, and when an unlucky wight would pass under their ball, he or she was sure to be beaten by the whole crew, and that without stint. They had beaten one man so badly in the forenoon that he had to be taken to the hospital, and the games of drinking, playing, and beating were still going on in Spafford street at three o'clock in the afternoon, quite a number being beaten in a most brutal manner; and all this time the police were on Sixth street electioneering, for it was within two or three weeks of the Mayor's election. At last I came in for my share of the fun on this wise.

I saw a woman that they had beaten standing crying, and on stopping to enquire who had beaten her, I was immediately surrounded by the whole rowdy gang. I asked them why they had whipped the woman, *and they answered by whipping me.* I was badly hurt, but managed to stay on the ground until I had the mob broken up, and several in prison. The officers were very energetic when they found *I* was hurt. There are none of them in office *now.*

I was not able to fill my street appointment that afternoon or my pulpit at night; but thank God, it's all over now; I am well of my beating, and feel a satisfaction in the consciousness I have that I did the State some service by breaking up a mob, that, if let run on until night, might have cost much bloodshed before it was quelled. The fellows implicated afterward begged hard, and made fair promises, and so I let them off.

As I said, I dare not use the law. If I did, either myself or our fine building, or perhaps both, would have to pay the penalty. We must be content therefore to use only the law of love, and where we cannot conquer our enemies with this, and secure our rights, we must be satisfied to do the best we can, and quietly suffer the rest, leaving God to avenge us in his own way, and in his own good time.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## THE RAGPICKER.\*

RAGS, ra-a-a-ags! is the burthen of his song, as he plods his way along the gutters, and up and down the lanes and alleys. See him! What a Joseph's coat he wears! Long since, that coat made its debut in very distinguished society. What a thrill of conscious superiority it sent through the breast of its first wearer! Thanks to the tailor, in it he felt himself a man! Then those fluttering, well-ventilated unmentionables! But we won't mention them.\* Boots! boots in rebellion, like Æsop's members of the body. The soles of those boots won't submit any longer to be trampled on, and have got twisted up, leaving the leg to do duty as a sole. Shirt he has none, quite a superfluity that! With a bag on his back, and a stick in his hand, behold the man! for he may be "a man for a' that." His bag is not a beggar's bag. Would you like to view its contents? Rather be excused? Well, we sha'n't insist.

\* Written by one of the Board of Managers.

But observe! his keen eyes have spied game. How he does grub through yonder refuse heap, picking up the bits of paper, scraps of old rags, and bare bones; for although the latter are of no further account to "Snap" or "Jowler," yet are they tit-bits to the rag-picker, and are carefully deposited in his bag. An old kettle without spout, bottom, or handle, does not come amiss to him; he makes it more portable by flattening its sides with a few kicks, and into the bag it goes, puzzling the beholder to know, "what he will do with it." Worthless wretch, do you say? Please to re-consider that hard speech. We think he is far from worthless. He can neither read nor write, to be sure; yet is he indispensable to literature. That mighty power, the press, would be like Sampson shorn of his locks, were all the ragpickers to turn beggars. Let us not, then, despise him for his calling. Could we hope to get you interested in him, we would ask you to go down with us to where he lives, and see him at home, for he is not altogether homeless, nor, we were going to say, houseless; but we are not so sure that we ought to use that word. Just imagine a little court, twenty or thirty feet deep, by about three feet wide, opening out into Baker or Bedford streets, through an old doorway just sufficiently wide for the ingress or egress of one person. In this court you see a confused pile of old boards which, after



some strong efforts of faith—for sight does not suffice to convince you—you believe are human habitations. Some of the tenements are vacant, and the old boards have fallen off the sides, leaving large holes, which, with the open doorways—windows are too great a luxury—are very convenient as receptacles for ashes, and refuse matters from the other hovels. Not unfrequently these dismal dens serve as the last asylum for poor wretches, who, having reached the lowest point of degradation and misery, after spending their last penny in buying rum, creep in among the ashes and filth, and there die, in darkness and desolation. Winter tells a sad tale here; the keen wind, passing freely through the old shanties, sings in its dismal song the requiem of many an unfortunate wretch, literally frozen to death.

But it is summer now. Do you see that low roof covered with rags and bones, drying in the strong heat of the sun, and adding to the vile smells of the place? Well, that is where our ragpicker lives. He brings the contents of his bag, wet and filthy rags, and putrefying bones, and spreads them out on the roof of his shanty to dry. Rather trying to the olfactories! but the denizens of the court are not squeamish; they like to be let alone, and the Board of Health lets them alone!

The inside of our ragpicker's house is in proper keeping with the outside; the strong stifling fumes from the

glowing stove take you by the throat when you attempt to enter, as there is neither top nor pipe to the stove, nor chimney to the shanty. The rubbish in the corner was once clean straw; that is his bed! And now the inventory of his chattels is complete.

As we said that our ragpicker cannot read, you need not be surprised that he has no Bible. Would you believe it, though? He has only lately heard of Jesus. Nobody told him! The preachers stayed in their churches, and he stayed in his hovel; the preachers did not seek him, and as little did he seek them. Hence those extremes never met. It was not that the preachers were unaware of his existence, for in their pulpit ministrations they often referred to him, thanking God, on behalf of their flocks, that in fixing *their* lot in life he had dealt more favorably with them.

The ragpicker was thus good for an effective contrast, which, however satisfactory it might be to the more fortunate, was anything but consolatory to him; he cannot appreciate that theology which would make of him merely "a thing to thank God upon." But my brother ragpicker, 'tis not so. God your Father has not dealt hardly with you, for "Jesus, by the grace of God, tasted death for *every man*." Sin, and sin alone, has wrought this upon you. No, my Christian brother, God has not dealt unfavorably towards him, but *you* have; ay, *you*

have. Your commission, What is it? "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." *Have you preached it to him? Have you?* He has lain at your door for a long time, and you have never called in his ears, "Behold the Lamb of God." What think you? At whose hands will his blood be required in that great day?

But he has lately heard of Jesus. The good news reached his ears, conveyed, it may be, in the simple words spoken by a lowly and humble disciple of Christ, or it may be he has stopped for a few minutes to listen to the street-preaching of the Missionary. At all events, the good seed has fallen in his heart, and will spring up and bear fruit. Let us not despise him, he is our brother. By and by our Father will take him home, and Jesus himself will give him fraternal greeting, as his elder Brother.

For a little while longer he may pursue his lowly but honest calling, and plod his weary way, and sing his doleful song of rags, ra-a-a-a-gs, about the streets; but by and by he'll tread the golden streets of the heavenly City, and a new song will be put in his mouth, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Amen." Hallelujah!

## CHAPTER XLIX.

SPEAK TO THAT GIRL—SHE IS MY CHILD.

A VERY genteely dressed lady made the above remark to me one day in Baker street, with tears in her eyes. Her whole demeanor was that of a respectable, but spirit-crushed woman. Indeed she looked the picture of despair; hope seemed to have departed for the time, and there she stood ready to sink upon the street. And no wonder, for her daughter, a young woman of about eighteen years of age, very comely in her figure and face, healthy looking, but beastly drunk and wild with excitement, was staggering around among a clan of drunken men and women, white and black, all mixed up together in social familiarity, and she the drunkest of the wretched party.

The sight was heart-rending in the extreme. Just think of a young woman, clean, healthful, and good looking, roving round Baker street, the very worst spot of all this worst of places, on a regular spree like some

old toper of fifty, on whom the soul-destroying habit has fastened itself so closely that it now seems impossible to shake it off.

“Speak to that girl, she is my child!” Poor heart-broken mother! how far from thy *every thought* was the sad picture before thee when thou gavest birth to this beautiful child! In thine own heart thou didst promise to thyself years of pleasure with this new gift from God, while on thy bosom it lay, looking up in sweetest innocence into thy face, crowing its little words of love, and sending the sweet music deep down into thine inmost soul.

How far, even from thy dreams, mother, was this sad picture, when that child of thine first stood before thee and with almost angelic sweetness pronounced that word that ever sends a thrill of pleasure through all the soul of the young wife—mother! That word, that caused thy heart to beat more rapidly, and to swell unutterably full of matronly pride. That word, that made thee gaze with new delight upon the priceless jewel; that caused thee to press it anew to thy bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon its dimpled cheek, bear it away to thy husband, and lay it in his arms with as much exulting as though it were untold wealth just acquired, or an empire’s crown recently won after hard fought battles.

“Speak to that girl, she is my child.”

“In her infancy I had fondly hoped that, when my head grew gray with cares and fleeting years, this child of mine would be my pride and comfort; and when passing from earth away to the land of peace and joy to which her father has already gone, she would be there to fan my fevered brow, and smooth my pathway to the tomb; and when the death-damp was gathering on my face, she would be near to wipe off death's token, and wake up my drowsy nature by whispering in my ear, now nearly deaf to earthly sounds, those sweet, soul-animating words, ‘Mother, Jesus is here.’

“But look, sir, look there! See! see all my fond hopes *buried alive* in that loathsome being you now behold mad with dissipation. Look, sir! O, look, and pity me! nay, pity us both, and help us for the love of God; help me to save my child, who, though young in years, is old, very old, in sin.

“O sir! if you have any heart of sympathy, look at the fearful precipice at the end of the broad way in which she is running. Yes she is running, and will soon get to her fearful end, the drunkard's doom. Oh, how can I endure it? how can I bear this? It will kill me, my aching heart will burst. O Mr. Sewell! help me to get my child away from this horrid place. She is young and might yet be saved.”

And while we were, in substance, thus conversing, the

young woman came screaming, and staggering where we stood. Her eyes were red with the poison she had been drinking. She tried her best to get the clothing her mother had brought to put on her, so that she might go genteely clad through the streets, to her home which was located in a respectable part of the city. And she did get the clothes, and ran off with them to barter them away for more whiskey. And that was the last I saw of either mother or daughter. The latter went to jail shortly after for drunkenness and disorderly conduct; and the mother doubtless returned to her home to weep in silence and seclusion over her *lost child*.

## CHAPTER L.

## THE FORLORN HOPE.

WE are battling away at the enemy of souls with the "forlorn hope" of forty young men and fifty ladies of the M. E. Church, reinforced by a noble little band of volunteers from the Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal, and Friends denominations. We are fighting in the very heart of this stronghold of sin and Satan, in which there may be found *hundreds of rum-shops* and *thousands of drunkards*—yes, thousands, concentrated within about nine squares.

Added to these the army of second hand clothing-shops, who are aided and comforted by the pawnbroker, who jumps over his counter and stands behind the *Law*, while the drunken thief presents his booty to any amount, and gets it exchanged for money. Three balls hang on one corner, a rum sign on another, and *old clothes* on the third, while a distillery stands on the fourth corner of the same square. And so they go, up



one side of the street and down the other. And thus you see their name is "Legion."

I would like the census takers next year to be particular and mark the above named establishments, and then mark their victims, (yes, that's the word—"You steal and we'll buy," says Mr. Pawnbroker; "And we'll furnish the liquor," says Mr. Wine and Liquor store, "and when we get rich enough we'll all retire from business, join the church, pay the parson, and then die in peace, while the thousands of our ruined victims are in jails, penitentiaries, almshouses, or lying about in dens of infamy.") Yes, *mark the victims*, and let us know how many thousands of men, women, and children there are in this vicinity who are ruined, wretched, and starving.

I know but little of the "Five Points" of New York; but after what I have seen in the vicinity of our Mission, during the last five years, I can scarcely conceive how that place can be worse than this.

And here we are in these dirty streets, lanes, and alleys, bringing in the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And oh! how my heart swelled with joyous emotion, on the Sunday night previous to the writing of this, whilst I was commenting on the above commission of my blessed Master to his disciples, in Parable, to see a man, who, though not old, was already much addicted to drink, *led to our altar by his two little girls*, nei-

ther of whom was more than eight years old. And there the father kneeled between his children, they weeping bitterly on his account, and he weeping for himself because he was a sinner. Oh, what a sight!

I cannot close up this chapter without relating an incident that will tend to remove the gloom that I may have been instrumental in bringing upon the mind of my reader. It is the history of a conversion extraordinary of a young man who had been trained in the school of vice. This young man lived with his parents, who kept several houses of the lowest character, in an alley notorious for its wickedness. No one having the least regard for character would live in this place. It seems to be set apart for the special habitation of women of abandoned character and of thieves. And for the last named personages there is a peculiar fitness of things, as to hiding or dividing the spoils, or procuring bail if unhappily caught in the act of stealing. All these arrangements work like a well made clock, and this alley may be truthfully and emphatically called "*a den for thieves.*"

It was here we found the sick man living with his mother, who was titled "queen of the alley," her subjects not being in subjection to either State or moral laws.

Poor Harry! as soon as I saw him I knew that death was near, and told him so. He said in reply,

“I know it, and have sent for you to talk with me about my soul’s salvation. I am not fit to die.”

Though I have but little faith in death-bed repentances, yet here was a special case. This youth had never heard his mother pray, though he had often heard her swear and curse when angry; he had never in his life been in a Sabbath-school; he had no one to take him by the hand and lead him to the house of God; no one to pray for him or teach him to pray; but he had constantly been surrounded by wicked associations and influences.

To him therefore I went with the belief that he might be saved. And *he* also believed that salvation was yet within his reach; and so believing, he continued in earnest prayer day after day for some two weeks. In the mean time we made frequent visits, reading the Bible, exhorting, encouraging, and praying with him, till at last, blessed be God for his unbounded mercy, I heard him say he had found peace in believing, and could now rejoice in a sense of the Divine favor. On Sunday evening he sent for me to be with him in his dying moments. As soon as I had finished my sermon, and persuaded a few persons to come to the altar to seek salvation, leaving my meeting in charge of a faithful brother, I hurried away to my dying friend, whom I found sinking rapidly. I questioned him as to his hope beyond the grave, and with firmness he answered, “I feel Christ

precious. I rest my all on him; I believe he will take me to heaven."

His tongue now grew thick, his sight failed, his limbs became frigid, and poor, unfortunately-born, Harry, left a home of luxury and vice for a purer (we trust) and more peaceful home in heaven, where there is no sin, and hence no sorrow or death.

In preaching his funeral sermon on the Wednesday following, I was surrounded by scores of women and men of the basest kind; and oh! how I prayed for words that would take effect in some heart. What good resulted from that sermon I have never learned; but I know that fearful deaths happened to three of my auditors very soon afterward.

A young man, a companion of the one that had just passed away, was smothered to death in a chimney while pursuing, with murderous purposes in his heart, a young woman who had deserted him for another. A young woman, a companion of this same man in vice, for some cause, unknown to all but God, drowned herself in the Delaware that same night. While a third, who lived next door to where Harry died, has since passed away in the most fearful manner, seeing, as he thought, all sorts of hobgoblins, &c. He died a rum maniac, screaming as he died. All attesting the truth of Holy Writ, that "the way of the transgressor is hard;" and all declaring in

unmistakable terms that it is a fearful thing to sin against God.

Such, dear reader, is our field of labor; and truly may it be said, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few;" and I may add, these few are not sustained. Why this is so, I cannot divine. It is not because it is not an important point in the Gospel field. For vice, disease, poverty, ignorance, wretchedness, and death, abound on every hand, and call loudly for the soothing, hallowing, and saving influences of the Gospel.

It is not for want of success. *Forty-one* souls in dying have testified to the saving power of Christ in their hearts, all of whom were brought to this testimony through the instrumentality of this Mission.

Scores in our Mission-church, and scores in other churches are living witnesses of our success. Some of these are burning and shining lights.

Our day and Sabbath-schools, numbering about two hundred and fifty children, drawn for the most part from the purlieus of vice, are of thrilling interest, and have been crowned with the most unlooked-for success.

*Why then are we not sustained?* Why have we always been staggering under a burden? Why have we to resort to all kinds of expedients to get a dollar a piece from 3,000 Methodists, out of the hundred thou-

sand members in the State of Pennsylvania, besides Delaware, parts of Maryland, and New Jersey?

Last year we received about 1,600 dollars from the Methodist church, and 900 dollars from the Friends, or Quakers, and about 400 dollars from persons that do not belong to any church.

Brethren of the Methodist church, owned of God and blessed above all others, will you let this burden crush us?

Will you not with a generous liberality send us the means by which we may be enabled to give bread to the hungry, and clothing to the naked, and the Gospel to the poor and degraded that are found in almost countless numbers in garret and cellar, in court and alley, throughout this sin-cursed district?

And lest my personal plea for a liberal support might be suspected, or be thought to have something of selfishness in it, I will ask you to read the following communication of the Rev. J. R. Adams, lately published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. He says,

“MR. EDITOR,—It was with a mingled interest of pain and pleasure that I read in the last week's *Advocate*, Brother Sewell's article in reference to the condition of the Bedford Street Mission—the “Five Points” of Philadelphia. No Christian nor philanthropist, acquainted with the moral and social condition of that locality, can

fail to feel an interest in the permanent existence and most extensive success of the Bedford Street Mission. It was my privilege, a few months since, to be present during a session of the 'Mission Sunday-school;' and as I looked upon the neat inner walls of the but recently-erected Mission-house, the band of noble, self-denying young men and women engaged in efforts to impart religious instruction to the children then present—children gathered from the hovels and sinks of poverty, vice, and misery, of which the immediate locality is so largely composed; the fountains of my sympathies were broken up, and I could but invoke heaven's blessing in the most grand success of the noble enterprise.

“I regret to hear that the Mission is pecuniarily embarrassed. This ought not to be. The work in which it is engaged is so sacred, so fraught with immortal interests, it ought not to suffer for want of means.

“And to propose a plan for the immediate removal of this painful embarrassment, and to supply its exhausted treasury, even to repletion, has prompted this communication. It can be done. *It can be done.* And what will then be done? Let each reader of the *Advocate* say, What? Let each reflect upon the glorious results of such assistance to that Mission: and then say if you cannot answer in the affirmative this question:

“*Will you not assist to the amount of one dollar?*”

My plan is, that each reader of the *Advocate* immediately send at least one dollar to the address of Brother Sewell, the Missionary. Just let each reader resolve to do it, and then all will do it, and it will be done; so here goes my dollar right to Brother Sewell. And may the great Source of all good abundantly bless the Bedford Street Mission."

*Philipsburg, N. J.*



## CHAPTER LI.

## THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

IN the former part of my book I have given brief and roughly-drawn sketches of our Mission field and of scenes and incidents that came principally under my own observation. I now wish, in conclusion, to present in as concise a form as possible the "past and the present" of our Mission, as seen by others rather than by myself.

And first, I shall ask you to read a description of the field we occupy, as furnished by one of the intelligent reporters of the "North American and United States Gazette," after a personal inspection, and published in that paper in August of the present year, 1859. He heads his article "The Five Points of Philadelphia," and proceeds to say:

"If ever we longed for the inspiration which waits upon the pen of Dickens—and we have done so many times—it was yesterday morning, when, under the guidance of officer Anne, we made a tour through that part

of Philadelphia which unfortunately corresponds but too closely with the Five Points in New York. We refer to the locality of Bedford, Spafford, and Baker streets, between Sixth and Eighth streets, with the network of courts and alleys that branch off from these streets at almost every step.

“A few doors from the corner of Seventh and Bedford streets we made our first pause. The very atmosphere of this locality gives a foretaste of what afterwards greets the eye of the visitor. The building in question is a groggery, where whiskey is sold at a cent a “drink,” and at six cents a pint. About its portals, clustered in lazy attitudes, were a dozen or more of people, black and white, male and female. At the first glance our eye was met by a spectacle that more than repaid us for the trouble of our visit. A bin for holding coal, which is retailed by the half-peck to the people of the neighborhood, occupies a place in front of the door. Upon it sat three colored men, one of whom is a character that Dickens would have immortalized. There he sat, basking in the sun, clad in a suit of faded black, with a white felt castor surmounting his poll. Thousands of people have paid a quarter-dollar each for the privilege of staring at him, yet, though now neglected, he is as great a curiosity to-day as he ever was. This singular personage is a colored man. His age is ninety-two years. What renders

him especially remarkable is, that many parts of his body are a *pure white*. His forehead, which is high and bald, parts of his face, and his entire neck, are bleached as white, gentle reader, as your own, no matter how fair may be your skin. Ruling out the exception of some spots upon his hands and face, he is literally a white negro. The upper part of his body is also white. His lower limbs are black as jet, while his beard and hair are white and fleecy as merino wool. He is a native of Westchester, and was born at a time when all the colored people in the state were slaves. His parents were the property of Mr. John Brinton, at whose death he passed into the possession of a brother, named Joseph Brinton. He lived as the slave of the latter until slavery was abolished. We tested his recollections of the war of the Revolution, and found them historically accurate.

“Washington he remembers very well, and also Lafayette. The former he describes as a ‘very nice man, that looked like a Methodist preacher.’\* Until he once heard him swear, our colored friend informed us he had taken Washington for a military chaplain—‘he looked so solemn like.’

“Shortly after gaining his freedom, our colored friend found, to his dismay—for he prided himself upon undiluted Congo origin—that parts of his body were turning white—a transformation that continued to increase until

\* I hope for the honor of Washington this is incorrect.

he suddenly found himself famous, and scores of people came to see him from all quarters. His fame as a *lusus naturæ* ultimately reached the ears of a showman, who went from New York to see him, and after some negotiation engaged him to travel with him. As a great natural curiosity which puzzled the heads of the medical world, our 'spotty' friend made the tour of the United States, and was everywhere pronounced a piebald phenomenon. He lived while he lived, and having laid by little or nothing for a rainy day, lives now as he best can. Should any of our readers for a moment fancy that a particle of exaggeration is blended in this narrative, they need only go to the above named locality, and ask for 'Mr. Curtis,' to verify our statement.

"Reluctantly cutting short the anecdotes of 'the times that tried men's souls,' as given by our voluble friend, we passed to an establishment across the street, that evidently made some pretensions as to style. We arrived at an opportune period. The house is a hotel, on a small scale. It contains ten rooms, cellar included, whose average dimensions are eight by ten feet. The cellar is rented to an organ grinder, who, with his family, eat, sleep, and live in this subterranean apartment. The floor is simply the earth trodden into solidity, while the furniture comprised a three legged table, two chairs, and a bundle of straw in one corner, upon

which the man, his wife, two children, and an old woman all slept.

“The room above the cellar is a Restaurant. We arrived just in time to see the purveyors returning from ‘market.’ The purveyors aforesaid were four little girls, who deposited tolerably well-filled baskets upon the boards that constituted the counter. The viands are begged from door to door, and given by tender-hearted servant girls, who suppose them to be intended for the suffering parents of the children.

“Bless the innocence of some good people! The contents of these baskets are devoted to a very different purpose. The bones having meat upon them are sorted out, pieces of bread ditto, upon different plates, which are sold to customers at from three to six cents each, while the bones and inseparable masses of ‘cold victuals’ are jumbled together in a tin boiler, and converted into soup, which is sold at three cents a bowl.

“Rooms overhead are rented to families and transient guests, eight cents a night being the price per room, or three cents for a single person. The sleeping accommodations, in the latter instance, consist of a piece of carpet laid over some straw; in the former case, persons are expected to ‘furnish’ for themselves. The passport to these accommodations is the three or eight cents. No ‘references’ are required, nor a candle held to the faces.

of applicants to ascertain their color or nationality. The swarming occupants of the house are about evenly divided into black and white, and nearly all of them are in the 'rag and bone business.'

"The next place we entered was also crammed with human beings. The proprietor is a German. His house comprises seven rooms, and boasts a side yard. We entered the yard first. It contained a cart, with a windlass in front of it, by which to raise dead horses and cattle. The proprietor is in the employ of the party having the contract for removing offal. His house is also filled with families, who pay for single rooms from sixty to seventy-five cents per week, according to location.

"A door or two from this we found another building, in which we beheld scenes to make one's heart heavy for a week to come. We descended the cellar from a flight of steps outside. The only furniture it contained was a table, two broken chairs, and a clay furnace. Upon a scanty mattress, made from an old carpet stuffed with straw, lay a young widow woman, with a baby two days old, while creeping about the floor were three others, nearly as helpless. The mother of the woman informed us that her daughter was a widow, that she herself had been living as a domestic in Kingsessing, and coming down on a visit had found her daughter in a condition

that rendered impossible her immediate return. A brother of the sick woman lay asleep upon the floor, with no bedding underneath, and no pillow but one of the steps of the stairs which he had placed at an angle against the wall. Like the others whom we had seen, except a few Germans, the parties were all Irish people. For this cellar they paid seventy-five cents per week, the entire building being rented originally by one person for about seven dollars per month, and re-rented at these exorbitant prices to God-stricken wretches, unable to better their deplorable circumstances.

“Passing by the swarming rooms of this dwelling, all of which are so contrived as to have separate entrances, we found a pen in the back building, occupied by a singular couple, a Hungarian, who came over with Kosuth, and a black woman whom he has since married. A farmer’s hog would have squealed dismally if forced to enter the pen in which these wretches live; yet, on the whole they seemed to think themselves tolerably well off, except that, having a sore foot, the man could not pursue his avocation of bone gathering in the streets.

“As nearly the whole of Bedford street is thus occupied, and a description of one house is a description of all, our trusty guide conducted us into Spafford street. The first crib into which we entered was a tavern, over

whose door was inscribed 'Shady Harbor, by Owen Clark.' Owen is now in prison, but his wife manages diligently in his absence. A liberal application of white-wash, lately enforced by the Board of Health, has considerably neutralized the foul odors of the place, but the scent of whiskey, which appears to have fairly saturated the woodwork, is beyond all the efficacy of lime to eradicate. About the door of the place we found several blear-eyed women, some of whom had once perhaps possessed pretensions to beauty, but whose blotched and bloated countenances showed them the victims of intemperance, exposure, and disease. With a shudder, we passed into the yard, and looking over the partition fence, beheld a pile of old boots and shoes, collected in the streets by ragpickers, which are purchased by manufacturers of glue. On the other side we saw a kitchen shed, in which lay six fatted pigs, while a lot of lean ones, not yet destined for slaughter, were squealing outside for a share of the meal which their doomed brethren were discussing from a triangular trough. Adjoining this piggery is the cellar in which lived Mary Smith, the woman who was found dead, with her head bruised, on last Sunday se'nnight, by the patrol of the beat.

"Ivory place, in Baker, below Seventh street, is another locality where no man, who values his life, may enter with impunity, unless accompanied by a police-



man. Under the care of officer Frederick Anne, we entered its pestiferous atmosphere, but what we saw there our pen refuses to record. *Suffice it to say that philanthropists need not look to foreign countries for a field in which to exercise their benevolence. Neither need any one look to the southern plantations for cases of misery among colored people.* Nothing of which we ever read in the multiplicity of volumes that followed the publication of Mrs. Stowe's excellent work, portrays misery so acute and so revolting as can be exhibited every day in the neighborhood above indicated, by our intelligent officer Frederick Anne. *The Young Men's Central Home Mission have established a house of worship in the very heart of this infected district, and are diligently sowing good seed among its inhabitants; but to remove the leprosy which affects the entire region, will require vast efforts and a degree of patience which can be inspired only by the influences of pure Christianity."*

And this was written, mark you, in the year of our Lord 1859, after six years' earnest labor on the part of the "Young Men's Central Home Mission," through whose instrumentality much good has confessedly been accomplished. You may well ask, therefore, if such is the present condition of Bedford street and its vicinity, notwithstanding all that has been done to improve it,

what must have been its condition when first occupied by our Mission in 1853? and what reasonable hope can be entertained that this Augean stable, this centre of iniquity, this sink of pollution, will ever be renovated, or its inhabitants elevated and saved?

In the sight of man, the task undertaken by the patrons of the "Bedford Street Mission" seems not merely Herculean, but utterly impossible. But what *man in his weakness* regards as impossible, *God in his omnipotence* can easily accomplish. And hence relying upon the Omnipotence of grace, promised us in Christ Jesus, this almost hopeless task has been undertaken and prosecuted until the present.

With what success the effort has thus far been crowned, I leave you to judge from the following ably-written reports of the Board of Managers.

In the first of these reports, which was published in the spring of 1854, we have a most interesting account of the early history of the Mission, and hence we give it entire, believing that nothing that we could write would so fully exhibit to the view of the reader "*the Past*" in relation to this Mission as *this* report. It is as follows:

"THE YOUNG MEN'S CENTRAL HOME MISSION, in presenting their First Annual Report, would express their unfeigned gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for

the signal success that has crowned their feeble efforts, and the encouragement afforded them not only to continue their efforts, but to renew their diligence in their 'work of faith and labor of love.'

"As our society is new, and almost unknown to the public generally—scarcely a year having elapsed since its first organization—we deem it expedient to say a few words in reference to its origin.

"In the early part of last spring, several young men connected with the different Methodist Episcopal churches in our city, having the love of God in their hearts, which always prompts to the performance of every good word and work, beheld, with painful solicitude, an extensive class of the community in their very midst, to a great extent, owing to their peculiar condition, shut out from the light of the Gospel, and sunken to the lowest depths of moral degradation and wretchedness—presenting a picture, the dark shades of which made an impression upon their minds never to be erased—and led to the conclusion that something must be done, and done at once, to elevate them from their degraded condition, by affording them in every possible way, to the utmost of their ability, both physical, moral, and religious aid. Accordingly, a meeting was called of individuals favorable to the object, and a society organized to be denominated

'The Young Men's Central Home Mission,' of the city and county of Philadelphia.

"At a subsequent meeting, a Board of Managers and Officers were elected, a Constitution and By-Laws adopted, and the society entered upon its truly philanthropic and Christian work.

"As may be supposed, the Board of Managers, in many of their plans, were at a loss to know the best course to be pursued, until developed by experience; hence, many alterations in their Constitution have, from time to time, been made during the year; the necessity of which they could not at first foresee. By one of these alterations they have become directly connected with the Methodist Episcopal church.

"It was decided that their principal field of labor should be in that district embracing Baker, Bedford, Spafford, and St. Mary's streets, with their vicinities; concluding that no greater amount of degradation and misery could be found in our city or districts. They saw the necessity of employing a Missionary who could devote his whole time and energies to the work. Finding the Rev. John Henry, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, out of employment, they at once engaged his services until the conclusion of the conference year.

"A preaching place was established in Bedford street, another in Baker street; and preaching continued morn-

ing and afternoon, with very few exceptions, until the cold weather compelled us to abandon our post, and retire to a room fitted up for the purpose.

“Our general plan of proceeding in our out-door operations has been as follows:—

“The preacher would take his stand on the side-walk, or on a chair, and commence singing a hymn, attended by one or more members of the Board, who would assist in this important part of the exercises. Soon the congregation would gather around the preacher, or present themselves at the windows, doors, and surrounding alleys. After singing he would engage in prayer; then sing again; after which he would commence his discourse to the people.

“The character and appearance of the congregation, especially in Baker street, beggars all description. We have frequently seen eight or ten at a time, male and female, either reeling under the influence of ardent spirits, or completely overcome, and lying prostrate within a few yards of the preacher; while others were fighting, brawling, or swearing, presenting altogether a scene such as might cause devils to triumph, but upon which the Christian philanthropist could not look but to weep, and to inquire, Can any thing be done to alleviate the condition of this wretched, this degraded portion of the community?

“Some, however, are attentive. Frequently they have been seen to weep—been deeply affected under the word, and have inquired, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ And several instances have come to our knowledge during the year, of individuals who have given good evidence of their sound conversion to God.

“On one occasion the preacher, in Baker street, observed two females standing before him, whose appearance indicated that they had long been familiar with a course of iniquity, but who were evidently not void of feeling, as was manifested by their strict attention to the Word of Life, and their occasional efforts to wipe away the falling tear, as the truth under the Spirit’s influence reached their hearts.

“After the exercises were closed one of them addressed the preacher in the following language: ‘Sir, we are sisters, [pointing to the female beside her,] and we were members of the St. John’s M. E. Church; we have long since backslidden from God, and have forsaken the path of virtue: all that you have said is true; we know it—we feel it—we would reform, but what can we do in such a place as this?’

“In the commencement of our efforts, we experienced much opposition. This opposition was manifested principally by the Catholics, or through their influence. They were determined to drive us from Baker street al-

together. Frequently stones and other missiles were hurled at the preacher, or those who were with him, but no one was injured except on one occasion, when a heavy stone, aimed at the preacher, striking against the house, fell upon the head of a little girl, who was borne away insensible, having a severe wound inflicted, from which, however, she finally recovered after weeks of suffering. This persecution was carried to such a length that our lives were in danger whenever we appeared in Baker street, which induced the Board to apply to the Marshal of Police for protection, which was promptly attended to. After this we had but little trouble from this source.

“A few months evidently produced a great change in the views and feelings of the people in Baker and Bedford streets. The conciliating language and kind feeling manifested towards them evidently had a softening influence, breaking down almost entirely their opposition, convincing them that our sole object was to do them good; so that before we closed our out-door operations, in the fall, we felt no need whatever of the protection of a police force. We felt perfectly safe—no one apparently wishing to do us harm.

“We had also preaching regularly on the wharf, foot of Walnut street, until the cold weather compelled us to

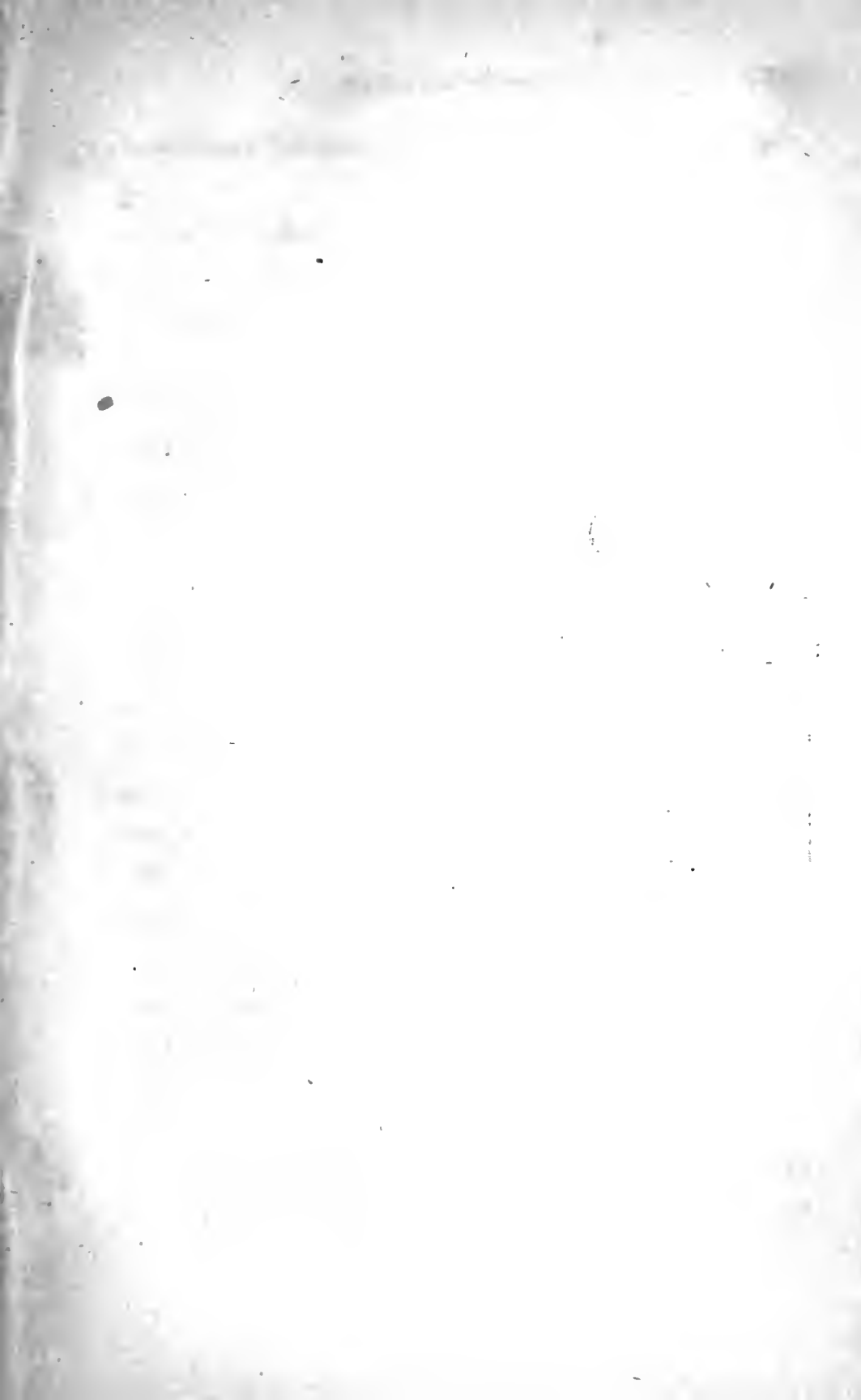
desist. Our afternoon congregation at this appointment was generally large and attentive.

“We were greatly accommodated by the kindness of Messrs. Loper and Baird, who allowed us to hold our meetings on the decks of their barges, which afforded ample room for a large congregation.

“In addition to the above, we had a preaching place, which was continued during the warm weather, on the commons, near Gray's Ferry Road, below South street. This has been a most interesting field of labor; the congregation has been invariably large and attentive.

“When we could no longer labor in the open air, we concluded to curtail our operations during the winter, confining our efforts principally to the Mission Room in Bedford street. In this place we have had preaching regularly, morning, afternoon, and evening, with but few exceptions, during the winter. We also held a Protracted meeting, night after night, for several weeks, which, we think, was productive of much good. Many interesting scenes have been witnessed in this place. Here the hardened sinner has been seen to tremble under the power of Gospel Truth. Here the penitent has been heard to cry for mercy, and here the language of praise has been uttered under a sense of sins forgiven. Here the saints of God have labored, and wept, and rejoiced together, as they have presented the penitent at the foot of







THE OLD BUILDING, AND A FAIR SPECIMEN OF THE SIDE-WALK,  
WHEN THE SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED, IN THE YEAR 1853.

the cross; as they have implored Divine mercy in his behalf, or as they have heard the shout of rejoicing as he has emerged from 'darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God.'

"The Mission-room is contracted in its dimensions, inconvenient in its arrangements, and altogether unsuitable for our purpose; but we will not despise the 'day of small things.' The scenes here beheld have rendered it dear to many members of the Board.

"The Sabbath-school at this place was organized last fall. At the commencement we had thirteen scholars; the number has gradually increased, until now we have fifty, who are generally regular in their attendance.

"We have heretofore labored under great disadvantages, by not having a suitable room for the accommodation of the colored children, who are very numerous in Bedford street and vicinities. This difficulty is now obviated. We have rented a room at the corner of Bedford and Spafford streets. This place has long been known as one of the lowest grogeries that infest this neighborhood. We have here organized a school for colored children.

"Instead of the streams of liquid poison, there are now flowing in this place the streams of salvation. Instead of drunkenness and profanity, the voice of prayer

and praise is now heard. Where is the individual that can witness such a change and such a scene unmoved?

“We have also opened a school at No. 25 South street, near our preaching appointment on Gray's Ferry Road. It is well attended and in a flourishing condition. The Sabbath-school department we conceive to be of vital importance. While it is almost a hopeless task to attempt the reformation of those who have long been addicted to a course of vice, as we have learned by sad experience, with the children it is far otherwise. We find them ardently attached to their teachers, listening attentively to their instructions. Having secured their confidence by love and affection, the way is open for imparting moral and religious truths; the incalculable benefits of which, the annals of eternity only can disclose.

“Although we have labored under many disadvantages, yet the good effects of the Sabbath-school are clearly seen. At first it seemed impossible to bring the children under any restraint: one might be almost ready to conclude they had never known the benefits of civilization. The teachers soon found, however, that among this rough material there were to be found bright gems. They discovered that all that was wanting, was care and attention on their part, and under the Divine blessing, they might look for results the most glorious. Their

feelings of discouragement gave way to those of deep interest and pleasing anticipation.

“Many of the children were sadly deficient in clothing; but through the kind aid of the friends of our Mission, we have been enabled to clothe them comfortably, thus preventing much suffering.

“The Dorcas Societies of Union, Trinity, and Eighth street M. E. Churches have made us liberal donations of clothing; also several benevolent individuals have greatly assisted us, whereby we have been enabled within the past six months to distribute more than five hundred garments: for which they have our sincere thanks and our earnest prayers that the Divine blessing may rest upon them.

“As has before been observed, we have labored under serious disadvantages for the want of suitable rooms; and it appears absolutely necessary that we should purchase a lot of ground and erect a suitable building, so that we may have ample room for holding our meetings, accommodating the Sabbath-school, &c. We have had a Committee upon the look-out for several months past, to procure a lot for the above purpose. Several have been presented, but a clear title could not be obtained; we have within a few weeks, however, been successful in finding a property every way suited to our purpose, with the title indisputable. The purchase has been made, and

the property is now in our hands. It is situated on the north side of Bedford street, above Spafford street, nearly opposite our Mission-room. It is twenty-six feet front by sixty feet deep; we have a prospect of procuring the adjoining lot, which will give us a front of thirty-nine feet. We now feel as if a new era had dawned upon our Mission. We contemplate erecting a suitable building without delay, when many of the difficulties we have heretofore had to contend with will be overcome. Here will be a Bethel in the very centre of this infected district, this scene of moral corruption, degradation, and death. Here the Gospel Banner will be unfurled, and here the messenger of salvation will present this glorious Gospel truth, that 'Christ Jesus, the Lord, came into the world to save sinners,' even the most erring, the most abandoned. From this central point the tide of salvation will flow out, until this moral waste, this region of the shadow of death, shall feel the influence of its healing streams, until the incense of prayer shall ascend where now profanity is heard; and the songs of praise reverberate through every street and alley of this neighborhood, where now drunkenness, revelry, and obscenity, every where salute the ear; in a word, until the Son of God shall exert an influence that shall change the entire aspect of things, raising up those that are fallen, bringing back those that have erred from the

path of virtue, checking the rapid tide of intemperance, which is now rushing on as a torrent of death, and producing an incalculable amount of distress and anguish, while its victims, by scores and by hundreds, are hurried onwards to the vortex of eternal ruin. The ladies, who are always ready for every good word and work, have rendered us very efficient service. Hearing of our operations, they felt deeply interested and desirous to aid us in our plans and pursuits; but more than this, they carried out those desires. Many present recollect the interesting evening's entertainment afforded them on the night of the festival, gotten up and conducted entirely by our early and firm friends, the *ladies*: the entire proceeds of which, amounting to seven hundred dollars, were placed at our disposal: this amount has been invested, and is to be appropriated towards erecting our Mission-house in Bedford street. May the blessing of those who are ready to perish rest upon them.

“They have, within a few weeks, formed themselves into a society, adopted a Constitution and By-Laws, and become auxiliary to the Young Men's Central Home Missionary Society.

“From their co-operation our Mission, will no doubt, receive substantial benefit. There is a department of our work which could not be intrusted to better hands. (Indeed we know not how we could do without their

aid.) We allude to the distribution of clothing among the destitute. By their well-arranged plan of operations this will be attended to effectually; as well as every thing else they may undertake.

“In conclusion, we would observe that notwithstanding the past year has been to us a year of labor and anxiety, and although we have met with many discouraging circumstances, yet we have witnessed much calculated to encourage us in our work, and urge us to increased diligence. We feel as if we had cause to be greatly humbled in view of the little we have done, in comparison to what we might have done. May the time past suffice wherein we have done amiss; may the future witness that we are ‘in labors more abundant,’ ‘provoking each other to love and good works;’ and may the field of labor of the Young Men’s Central Home Mission be no longer a moral waste, but become as the ‘Garden of the Lord.’”

The contemplated Mission-house was commenced during the summer of 1856, at as early a period as practicable; and the corner stone was laid on the afternoon of the fourth of September. Of this most interesting event in the history of our Mission, the following notice appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*:

“The beginning of the end is now fairly begun. On last Thursday, September 4th, we laid the corner stone



of our Mission-house. We had a most interesting meeting; the services were commenced with prayer by Rev. M. D. Kurtz, followed by Rev. Dr. Hodgson, and Rev. John Chambers, and Rev. Andrew Manship, in addresses to the people, who gave us five hundred and twenty-eight dollars toward the erection of the building. After the collection, the Rev. Wesley Kenney made a powerful summing up, and then did the honor, hammer in hand, of laying the corner stone. Benediction by Rev. G. Dixon Bowen. Such a sight was never witnessed in Bedford street before, and many a poorly-clad female might have been noticed manifesting a deep interest in the success of our undertaking, and for good reasons; they have husbands, and sons, and daughters that they feel anxious for. These threw in all they could, praying for us as they put the money on the plate.

“The building is to be three stories: first floor for office, class, and Dorcas society-rooms; second floor for the church and Sabbath-school; and the third floor for the day-school; the whole to cost six thousand dollars, independent of the ground, for which we paid two thousand dollars.”

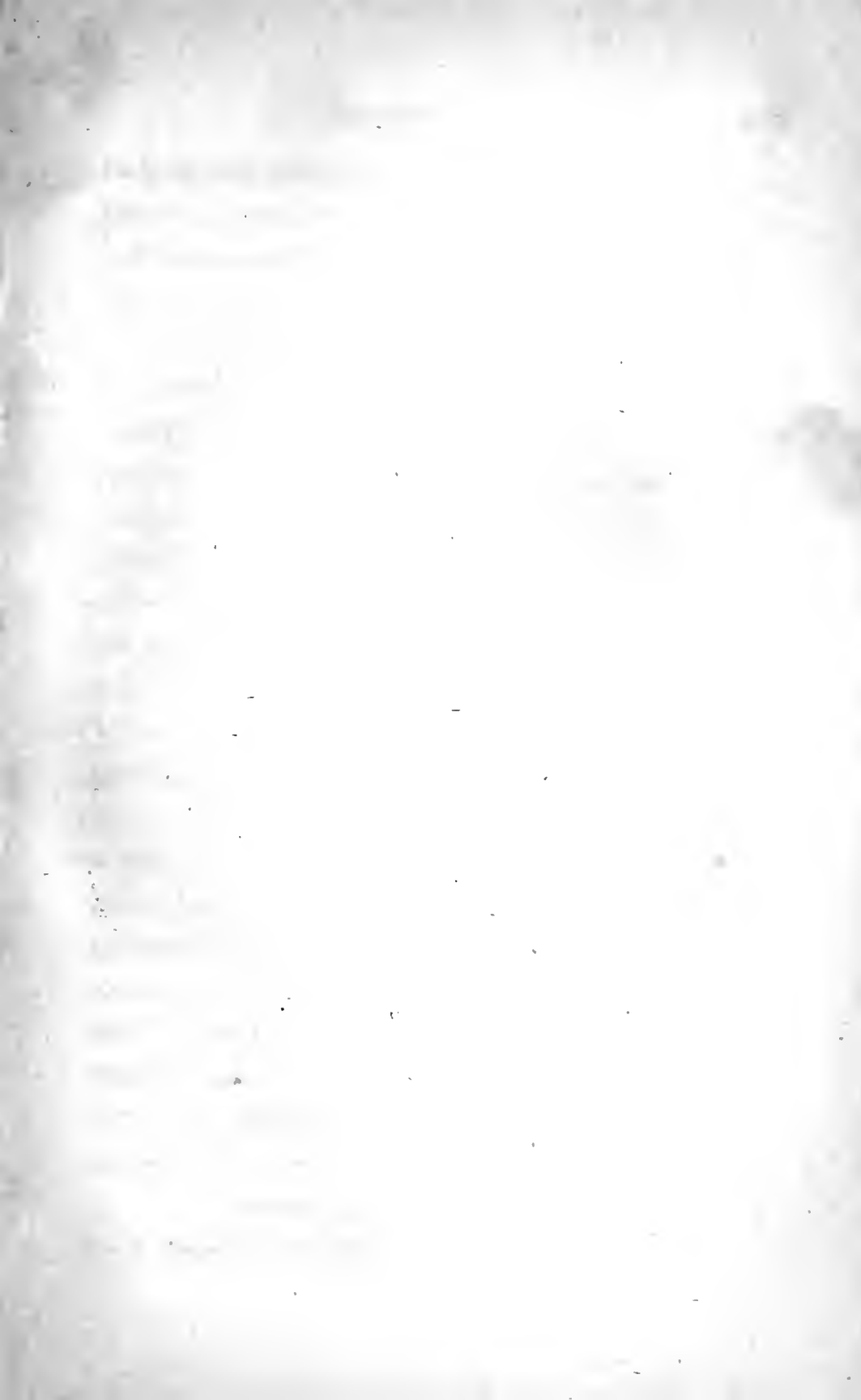
The following interesting account of this same important event appeared in the “Evening Journal” of this city on the following morning:

“LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.—A large number of

persons assembled, yesterday afternoon, in Bedford street, above Sixth, to witness the ceremonies connected with the laying of the corner stone of the new building intended for the use of the Young Men's Central Home Mission. The joists of the first floor have been laid, and to accommodate those who felt an interest in this institution, a temporary floor was laid and seats placed thereupon for them. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, and addresses, by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Rev. Mr. Chambers, Rev. Mr. A. Manship, Rev. W. Kenney, and others; and a collection was taken up to aid in the construction of the building. The tin box placed in the corner stone contained a copy of the Bible, Act of Incorporation, names of officers, contributors, teachers of schools, religious and all the daily papers of this city, gold and silver coin, &c.

“The Mission was established in May, 1853, by a number of young men connected with the M. E. Church, and a small frame house in Bedford street was rented by them for the use of schools attached to the Mission. Notwithstanding the degraded character of many of the inhabitants in this immediate section, the Mission flourished beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and now a new building is necessary to accommodate the numbers flocking to the Mission.

“The building to be erected will have a front of 26





NEW MISSION BUILDING, A. D. 1857.

feet and a depth of 53 feet, and will be three stories high. The first floor will be devoted to the use of the Missionaries and officers; the second story for public preaching and Sabbath-school for white children; the third story for the uses of a day-school. At present, one hundred and thirty children attend the day-school, and one hundred and fifty white children the Sabbath-school, and about sixty colored in another building. Much good has already been effected by the Mission, and with a new and enlarged building, and new friends, much more will no doubt be accomplished. The collection taken up on the ground amounted to \$528."

The house thus auspiciously commenced was completed the following winter, and on the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1857, was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God by the Rev. Bishop Scott.

The following description of the building, and notice of the dedicatory services, furnished at the time for the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, will, I doubt not, be acceptable to the reader:—

"MR. EDITOR:—We told your readers last September that the 'beginning of the end had fairly begun;' now we can say the end is come. Our Mission building in Bedford street is now finished throughout, and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and also to teaching the children of the poor the great lesson of Christ;

for which purpose we have accommodations for two hundred, and a splendid room for our day-school, which numbers about one hundred and sixty. Our building is a model for its purpose; the church is a pattern of neatness and arrangement. Mr. Wm. Brown, member of Wharton street Church, was the builder; the whole cost, including the lot, was \$8,000.

“Bishop Scott performed the dedicatory services in his usual happy manner. The sermon was from the text, ‘Let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them.’ He argued that the providing a sanctuary for the Lord was a condition required at the hands of the people, and that no neighborhood could be blessed without it.

“He was assisted in the services by our excellent presiding elder, Wm. Cooper.

“In conclusion the bishop made an appeal to his hearers for aid in extinguishing the debt that remained unpaid, and in a very short time the entire sum (\$2,300) was made up, from an audience less than two hundred. Glory to God, and thanks to the people. Our noble edifice is now free from debt. It was a glorious day in the history of our Mission, not yet four years old. Our young Methodists, men and women, who are laboring in this work, felt like praising God, and they did it, too, in right good earnest when it was announced

that the money was raised; and the people outside, who live in their miserable sheds all around us, were ready to cry out, Amen. For (say they) now we have the Gospel permanently established in our midst. We had thought that 'no man cared for our souls,' that we were only loafers, and therefore had no right to the sympathy of our more fortunate and less erring brethren of Adam's race, and what we had no right to they send us as a gift. God bless them, we hear in cellar, in the sheds, and in the garret; God bless them, is sounded up and down these streets, and we send back into their wretched homes a response, God bless you."

Of this beautiful and commodious building the editor of the "Evening Journal" thus speaks:

"'LUX IN TENEBRIS.' A light-house in a dark region of our city is the Bedford Street Mission House. As you pass down Sixth street, look up the first street below South street, and you will see the banner of strong canvas, suspended by ropes from opposite chimneys—'YOUNG MEN'S CENTRAL HOME MISSION OF THE M. E. CHURCH.' Central indeed it is! Here, as in New York, our deepest heathenism is found—not in the outskirts of the city, but in its very heart. That dismal quarter below Pine street, with its collection of frame tenements, of all shapes, and proportions, and hues, is within a stone's throw of the residences of wealthy citi-

zens, and within a short walk of our business center. A remarkable fact in the real-estate view of the matter ; but this is not our present point of view.

“This Bedford Street Mission hangs out its banner as a denominational enterprise. Many will think this is the wisest course. For other minds, Union efforts have a charm. Certainly there is a freedom, and a force, and life in the action of men who are of the same religious connection, which does not belong to a Union organization. In the latter there may be delightful manifestations of charity, and a noble supremacy of regard for the great essentials in which all agree ; but there will be something of restraint, timidity, hesitation, and a kind of cautiousness which gives the appearance of feebleness. There are advantages on both sides.

“In the midst of the dingy frames stands the good brick edifice of the M. E. Mission. It has the office of the Association on the first floor, the chapel on the second, and the school-room on the third. In the latter is held the week-day school. It is a fine, light, airy room, well fitted up, and in every way inviting. Here are daily instructed more than one hundred children. The three ladies in charge conduct the school with tact and energy.

“In the chapel there is religious service in the morning and evening of every Sunday, and the Sunday-school is held in the afternoon. It is delightful to find gentle-



men and ladies willing to forego an after-dinner rest, and to hasten down into this disagreeable quarter, and instruct these children of poverty. Frequent religious meetings, are held in the evenings of the week ; so that this Mission chapel is a place of almost daily worship in some form.

“The Missionary, who is the Superintendent and constant laborer in this work, visits the dwellings in this rum-stricken and poverty-stricken district, and seeks to bring out the children to be instructed. He visits the sick, and obtains relief for the needy, and endeavors to console the suffering, and to carry the light and power of the Gospel into these dark abodes. His work is a forbidding one, and he has to struggle with opposing influences of the most disheartening character. But he is laboring on, and the Association has a youthful vigor which cannot fail to accomplish much. We trust that they will remove many children from this miserable quarter, and greatly alleviate the condition of those who must remain.”

Passing over a space in the history of our Mission of several months' duration, during which many interesting incidents occurred, some of which we have noted in the preceding chapters, we now ask you to read the following ably-written report, which was prepared for publication in the spring of 1858 ; but was never published, because

the society was actually too poor to spare from its Treasury the amount of money necessary to pay the printer's bill. The Managers say :

“In presenting the Fifth Annual Report of our Mission, we would, with gratitude, acknowledge the gracious providence of God, who has hitherto led us, and whose continued presence is still so manifestly apparent in this great work. Through his sustaining influence, the Mission has successfully passed through five years of probation, and it is no longer ‘an experiment.’ ●

“Small and feeble was the commencement of the work, and, for a time, much opposition was encountered; many of the residents of the district were decidedly hostile to such innovations as the preaching of the Gospel, or the establishment of Sabbath-schools; but, happily, this spirit of hostility has, in a great measure, passed away, and although many still hold aloof, and look with no friendly eye on the work, yet open opposition is now rarely manifested.

“The leavening influences of the Gospel are already seen in the district; many of the turbulent brawlers, drunkards, and other pests of society, have been brought under its controlling power, and, in their renewed lives, and consistent Christian walk, they exhibit such a contrast to their former sinful course, as to make them ‘living examples to be seen, and read of all men.’”

“ Although the Gospel seed has, in many cases, fallen on barren ground, yet, even here, the promise is fulfilled; some has fallen on good ground, has already sprung up and borne fruit, even to the extent of a hundred fold.

“ Among the various departments of the Mission, the day and the Sabbath-schools demand particular attention. It may be proper, here, to state that the necessity for a day-school existed in the extreme destitution, and neglected condition of the poor children of the district, whose parents are too improvident to provide them with decent clothing, and too careless to obtain for them admission into the Public Schools.

“ Many of the children found in such districts are orphans, or waifs, who, left without control, exposed to all the evil influences and bad companionship of the streets, and having to trust to their wits to obtain food or shelter, soon become adepts in petty crime, and grow up to figure on the criminal records of our courts, and to occupy the cells of our prisons. Although the first experiment of assembling these poor children together, was, owing to the morbid activity of their worst passions, sufficiently trying; yet, through the firm, but kind, management of the ladies who undertook the arduous task of instructing them, they were, in a wonderfully short period of time, brought into such a state of order and

decorum, as to compare favorably with the best regulated schools in the city. Many of them evince an extraordinary aptitude to receive instruction, and a desire to make the best use of the opportunity afforded them.

“Although the curriculum of our school is necessarily limited and simple, yet it is well adapted to the practical necessities of life, and calculated to smooth the way in future efforts towards self-culture. Religious instruction is combined with that which is secular, so as not only to counteract former bad influences, but also to implant and foster good principles, and so far as possible, to “train up the child in the way in which he should go.” Our space will not permit us to enlarge on the successful working of our schools; we would merely state, that, thus far, the results have exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Some of the former pupils of the school are apprentices of exemplary conduct, who bid fair to become useful citizens, good and true men. The school, at present, numbers 175 pupils, and would be much larger, had we room to accommodate the applicants for admission, many of whom, from this cause, we have been obliged to refuse.

“With regard to the work among the adult population, we can, with gratitude to God, record unparalleled success. The work is steadily progressing, and is of such a character, as to convince the most skeptical of the efficacy

of the Gospel of Christ; we have here strong living arguments, demonstrations which doubters 'can neither gain-say nor resist.' Many have perseveringly knelt as penitents, for weeks and months, seeking pardon, and desisting not in their strong cries for mercy till they were able to set to their seal that God was true.

"In many Christian churches, seasons of religious revival are looked upon as somewhat out of the regular order and course of things; and are considered to be of such importance, as to call forth public notice in the newspapers. The Mission work in Bedford street is an unceasing revival; anxious inquirers are constantly coming forward, conversions are always prayerfully looked for, and are generally of such a decided and unmistakable character, as to stand out in bold relief.

"Nearly every night in the week the church is crowded, and earnest penitents are found kneeling in the appointed place, crying for mercy. See that gray-headed old man feebly tottering forward! His careworn and deeply furrowed face exhibiting his anxious desire to flee from the wrath to come; he kneels, and—his feeble age strengthened by the strong struggles of his soul after eternal life—continues kneeling, till the last of the congregation having departed, he reluctantly rises, and with a heavy heart leaves the church. He has not yet received the blessing he sought; but, not discouraged, he

comes again and again, till, at last, he is enabled by faith to lay hold of the hope set before him. God's Spirit speaks in the thrilling, small, still voice of pardon, and, oh! what a change is there! Joy illuminates the countenance, the eyes sparkle, and the aged man, with the strong voice of youth shouts, 'Glory!' and the shout is re-echoed by God's children around, 'Glory! Hallelujah!'

"And may we not direct the eye of faith upward and see that group of shining ones! May we not by faith listen to their shouts of Glory! their Hallelujahs! 'For there is joy among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.'

"Or again, see among the group of penitents, that pale, emaciated woman! Many years ago she stood hopefully and trustingly at the altar with the husband of her youth; their future seemed bright. Why is she here? Alas! alas! the drunkard's curse has fallen with blighting influence on their once happy homestead; her husband now nightly reels to his home, a thing of loathing and disgust. She is now the daily victim of his brutal blows and curses. Their children are found among the outcasts in the street, clad in tatters, and, perhaps, initiated in crime. She has heard of a compassionate Saviour, and has brought her load of sins and sorrows to the foot of the cross, where she earnestly

seeks rest for her weary spirit. And not in vain does she seek. Weary and heavy laden, she casts her soul on the promise, and finds rest. Her load is removed, and conscious of God's pardoning and adopting love, she leaves the house of prayer with a gladdened heart and lightened step. Imbued with a true missionary spirit, and with the two powerful incentives of woman's love for her dear ones, and the love of God in her own heart, she hopefully enters on her work. Her Mission field is at home with her husband and children, and by the blessing of God on her efforts, she shall succeed, it may be, after many trials and discouragements, but she shall succeed; and our glorious Christianity—that Christianity at which the infidel sneers—shall set that house in order, and remove the moral plague that was within the dwelling.

“These are no fancy sketches; many of the incidents of the Mission work approach so nearly to the incredible, that we pause ere publishing them; we would rather invite the Christian public to see and hear for themselves.

“The monthly reports of the Missionary present many thrilling incidents; our space will only permit us to make a few extracts. In the report for May, he writes:

“‘Last night I married four persons in Kelly's court, and then had to give them twenty-five cents to get their supper; they had no beds to lie on, nor have they had

any all the winter.' In that for December, he writes: 'There have been several fearful deaths during the past month. One poor wretch who was found dead was considerably eaten by rats.' Again we read: 'It is no uncommon thing to find ten or twelve wretched beings living together in one room ten feet square, and without a particle of bed or bedding.' 'Often have we known men and women to procure their own commitment to prison, preferring this to the miseries of Bedford and Baker streets. - We often find men from the higher walks of society, settling down in this sin-cursed district. Many of them are men of talent. Several former ministers of the Gospel make this place their occasional resort. One man who used to preach the Gospel of the Son of God, is either in Baker street or jail the year round.' 'Another came from Scotland, with letters from distinguished divines of that country, to some of the most eminent men of this city; but we found this man hatless and lying on the street, too drunk to be moved for hours.'

"But we reverse the picture. In one of the Reports, alluding to some recent and unexpected conversions, he writes: 'Our work has already reached families who seemed beyond our influence, but the Divine power has extended farther than our faith; for, although we asked largely, yet were we unprepared to witness such triumphs



of the Gospel, as have been recently exhibited in the conversion of some whom we never expected to see in a house of prayer.'

"In alluding to the steadfastness of some of the converts, he writes: 'One whose case was considered almost hopeless before her conversion, has, for nearly three years, maintained a consistent Christian course; and, lately, when she thought death was near, she triumphed gloriously, in the hope of an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'

"Of persons converted through the instrumentality of the Mission, between thirty and forty have died in the full triumphs of faith, besides one hundred and sixty, whose names continue on the Church Register, as acceptable members. About two thirds of those who have professed conversion remain steadfast.

"During the past year, the Missionary has made about two thousand visits, and assisted about five hundred destitute families. Many, both of adults and children, have been sent to the country, where, removed from the temptations to which they were formerly exposed, and surrounded by better influences, they are able to maintain their integrity, besides earning for themselves an honest livelihood.

"About two hundred and fifty sermons are preached

during the year, and during the summer months street preaching is attended to. Through the cheerful co-operation and efficient aid rendered by the local preachers, many are thus brought under the sound of the Gospel, who would never seek it through the regular means. Besides the meetings for preaching, we have two prayer, and four class meetings every week; making five hundred and sixty meetings for the worship of Almighty God during the year.

“Strange as it may seem, this Mission is looked upon by some well-meaning Christians, as a hopeless undertaking; they consider that both Christian zeal and money are wasted in the endeavor to make any good impression on such a degraded population; and, that the whole work is only a spasmodic effort of a few over zealous young men, who will soon be forced to abandon the barren field. True, the field is not very inviting. Here are no ‘sunny fountains’ nor ‘Ceylonic spicy breezes.’ No interesting heathens bowing down to their idols of wood or stone. Nothing can be found here to gratify a taste for the romantic or the sentimental; squalor and wretchedness meet the eye at every step, the ears are constantly assailed with blasphemies and obscenity, and the atmosphere is poisoned with the noisome exhalations arising from the filthy streets and lanes. Nevertheless the Managers and promoters of this Mission entered on

their work, with full faith in the power of the Gospel, in its capability to reach and to save the sinner, even in the last and lowest depth of degradation, this side of the grave; and believing furthermore, that the continued enjoyment of God's favor was, in a great measure, conditional on a faithful performance of Christian duty, in doing all in their power to carry the glad tidings of peace to those who were less favorably situated than themselves, whether found among the dark-minded devotees of heathenism or the equally degraded Pariahs of civilization.

“The Divine Founder of Christianity gave, as one of the prominent proofs of His Messiahship, that ‘the poor had the Gospel preached to them,’ and, perhaps it will be found, that Christian churches flourish, or decline, in the same proportion as this godlike duty is attended to, or neglected.

“Much of the ground is still unoccupied. The amount hitherto contributed for the support of the Mission has barely sufficed to meet its most pressing wants. Indeed this is the only discouraging feature of the work; while many noble hearted Christians have contributed largely, and still continue the steadfast friends of the Mission, yet we have to deplore an indisposition on the part of the church generally to recognize or to support the work. Still we would believe that, as God has hitherto so gra-

ciously blessed the efforts of the Mission, and made it the instrument of salvation to many immortal spirits, he will also incline the hearts of his people, so to sustain the work, as to enable the Board of Managers not only to persevere in their present efforts, but also to enlarge the field of their operations, and carry the glad tidings of salvation to some other of the benighted localities, by which the Mission is surrounded. God has said, 'The silver and the gold are mine,' and we believe his faithful stewards will not withhold what is needful to sustain, and carry forward his own work."

To the foregoing interesting evidence of the progress and success of our Mission, I will take the liberty of appending the account of our last Anniversary, as published in the April number of the "Mission Journal," together with our last Annual Report:

"OUR ANNIVERSARY.—We always feel somewhat anxious in relation to the success of our Anniversary. That momentous affair took place on the 23rd of last month, at Concert Hall. And we can again breathe freely. And truly we have reason to be thankful for our success. That beautiful room was well filled in every part; scarcely a seat unoccupied even in the gallery; and, indeed, it presented a very imposing appearance. On the platform we were favored by a goodly number of Methodist ministers, who were in attendance

at the Conference then in session. The children under the care of the Mission, with their teachers, and the Board of Managers, likewise occupied seats there; among whom we observed 'Little Katy,' quite a privileged character. The children did not present that look of squalid poverty which might have been expected from dwellers in 'Sorrow's Circuit,' but had for the most part a pleasant, healthy aspect. Their clothes were none of the finest, you may be sure, and were rather extensively patched, but, on the whole, showed the good care bestowed upon them by their patrons and teachers; and as opportunity offered, (which was not unfrequent,) the pleased urchins did their very best in applauding the eloquent speeches of the Rev. Messrs. Wiley, Cookman, and Chambers. Indeed those gentlemen acquitted themselves in a most happy manner. Always eloquent, on this occasion they were particularly so, because *they felt their subject*. The addresses were listened to with marked attention by the vast audience present, and elicited repeated bursts of applause. Indeed they produced all the effect that could have been desired—but *one*—that is, *they did not bring much money!* Much money in a basket collection we scarcely expect to realize from a Philadelphia audience, they are so much accustomed to donate largely in pledges. Our great aim was, therefore, to give publicity to the enterprise, and that

we trust, has been effectually done. And now, dear reader, carefully digest the report, *and send us the means to pursue our labors.*”

“REPORT.—In presenting the Sixth Annual Report of the Bedford Street Mission, we would most gratefully acknowledge the goodness and mercy of the Lord, which have been vouchsafed to us during the past year. While we have had various discouragements and difficulties to contend with, we too have seen the gracious providence of God displayed in an eminent degree, both in supplying our temporal wants, as well as in shedding forth his Holy Spirit upon the people among whom we labor.

“To strangers visiting the locality in which our Mission is situated, it might appear that but little has been done towards ameliorating the condition of its wretched inhabitants; but to those acquainted with that neighborhood before the institution of the Mission the contrast is very striking. The scenes which then met the eye were disgusting in the extreme, demoralizing, and offensive to decency. Drunkenness and vice in their worst shapes everywhere abounded; horrid oaths and blasphemies were heard on all sides; whites and blacks herded together on the sidewalks in a state of beastly intoxication, so that it was impossible to walk any distance without stepping over some prostrate inebriate; while brawls and fights were of hourly occurrence. Now, however, these

things do not exist to the same extent, or, at least, are not so openly displayed; and were it not for the filthy condition of the streets, *ladies* might walk square after square without inconvenience or embarrassment. Such is the moral power of this Mission! feebly began, like most other Christian enterprises, it already wields a healthy influence over these degraded beings, teaching them to respect the comities of civilized life, not by physical force or coercive enactments, but simply by the benign suasion of the Gospel of Christ.

“In conducting the affairs of the Mission, various means are used, various instrumentalities put in requisition, to meet the moral and physical wants of the denizens of that district. Consequently the preaching of the Gospel holds a prominent place in our operations.

“There are four religious meetings held every Sabbath in the Mission-house; we have also prayer and class-meetings, or experience-meetings, five evenings of each week—making in all about 500 meetings annually for religious exercises, besides extra services, and open-air preaching at several points in the vicinity when the weather permits. As the result of this (we speak advisedly), *hundreds* of persons have been brought under the influence of the saving grace of God! Many of these poor creatures were of the most abandoned character, and soon fell victims to disease, engendered by their

former vicious habits; but, some are yet among us, giving daily evidence of a work of grace in their hearts, and showing, by their walk and conversation, the power of the Gospel in their salvation, to the praise of Him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvelous light.

“After these reformatations have been effected, the great difficulty lies in preserving the converts from the baneful influences of former companionships. Reduced to the lowest state of poverty, and having great difficulty in obtaining employment, they are obliged to resort to cheap lodging houses, where they are exposed to powerful temptations; and although many have remained faithful for years to the new service upon which they have entered, yet it is obvious to the least discerning that they ought to be removed entirely from old associations, in order, as far as possible, to prevent a relapse into former habits.

“A temporary home should be provided for them, where they might form *new* associations, learn habits of industry, and be placed in a way of earning their livelihood. Until this is effected our work is but half done, and we would strongly recommend to the friends of the Mission the propriety of at once taking steps to secure such a desirable object. Were the house provided, there would not be much difficulty in supporting it, as it might



in a short time be made self-sustaining. As all the contributions are faithfully appropriated to the purposes for which they are designed by the donors, we hope this new enterprise will not be lost sight of.

“Notwithstanding all that may be done in this direction, we need scarcely expect that those unaccustomed to industrial pursuits, and notoriously unthrifty in their habits, can, in advanced life, be thoroughly reformed in these particulars. The habits of adults may be modified, but not eradicated; the young are the hope of the world. The future is only the development of the present. Our principal expectation is from the rising generation, and upon them we find it necessary to make our strongest efforts.

“We have, accordingly, established both Sabbath and day-schools in connection with the Mission. The average attendance in the day-school and infant class is now about 250, and as far as order is concerned, will compare favorably with any school within the range of our observation. Not only are the children instructed in the ordinary branches of a common school education, but, which is of yet higher importance, the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion are carefully and persistently inculcated. The Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, together with appropriate texts of Scripture, are learned by every child in

school, and we feel assured that the good seed thus sown in tender hearts will spring up in after years, and bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God. In the case of the children, we are in many instances happily enabled to remove them from their accustomed haunts and vicious entanglements by placing them in homes in the country. About fifty have been thus provided for during the past year, and in almost every instance the reports from both the children and their masters are highly satisfactory. To support these schools we require to raise about \$1200 annually.

“During the past year the school fund became very low, and our faith was severely tried; but that Providence which has so long watched over the interests of our Mission, sent relief in a most unexpected manner. A Friend was directed [Divinely directed no doubt] to visit the school during last spring, and, being gratified with the aspect of the Mission, not only made a liberal donation himself, but influenced others likewise to contribute; by which means that department was at once relieved from pecuniary embarrassment. The Board of Managers would thus return their heartfelt thanks to those gentlemen for their timely assistance, without which we should have been very much hindered in our operations.

“The Mission has labored under a very serious disad-

vantage ever since its establishment, for the want of proper medical advice. Many, it is feared, have died in consequence of neglect in this particular, it being frequently impossible to obtain the services of a physician in case of emergency; and when procured, his instructions could not always be complied with, there not being money at hand to purchase medicines. A few weeks since a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of establishing a Dispensary for the benefit of the poor of that neighborhood. They reported favorably, and we have the pleasure of announcing that a medical office is being fitted up in the Mission-house, which will be furnished with every thing necessary for the wants of the sick; and we trust that the afflicted in that vicinity will never again suffer for want of proper medical attendance. It is designed not only to give advice at the Dispensary on certain days in each week, but as well to administer to the wants of the sick at their own homes when required, without distinction of creed or color. *Wherever there may be distress we desire to relieve it.*

“In cultivating this destitute portion of the great Gospel field, we feel much circumscribed in our operations for the want of sufficient funds. It is true, God has signally favored our efforts, and often supplied our wants, when we knew not which way to look for assis-

tance. But when we look around us and see so much need of Christian effort, we sincerely deplore our inability to do more, and sigh for the opportunity to enlarge our sphere of action. We have supposed that, were the Christian public aware of our circumstances, there would be no lack of money to supply our wants. Various means have been thought of, and recently it was deemed advisable to publish a paper, in which to exhibit the state of our affairs, and thus to invite a more hearty co-operation in the prosecution of this great work. We have accordingly issued the first No. of 'City Sorrows, or Bedford Street Mission Journal,' and distributed it extensively both in town and country. Should we meet with success, the sheet will be enlarged and published monthly. We propose sending it regularly to those who will subscribe one dollar or more annually to the support of the Mission; trusting it will not only be useful in exhibiting the workings of the Mission, but also that it will be productive of much good, in furnishing healthy matter to the domestic circle.

“ While endeavoring to promote a moral reformation among the poor and destitute of Bedford street and kindred localities, it is always desirable, nay indispensable, that their physical as well as their spiritual wants be judiciously attended to. The Gospel, with all its infinite worth, does not appease the cravings of hunger, nor im-

part warmth to the naked, shivering outcast. It is vain to expect the preaching of the Gospel, *by itself*, to effect a healthy permanent reformation among these masses. The Gospel was never designed to go alone on its errand of mercy; and in losing sight of this, it has not been as efficient as it might have been. St. James hath said, 'Faith without works is dead, being alone;' and while the Divine Author of our holy religion preached the glad tidings of salvation to the poor, he did not forget to alleviate the miseries of fallen humanity. He not only went about teaching and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, but likewise 'healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people.' When sending out his disciples to proclaim his coming Kingdom, 'Go,' said he, 'heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils.' And when they would on one occasion have sent the multitude away fasting, who had been with them for three days, He fed them, not only to show his power to work miracles, but to inculcate the practice, the duty of contributing to the physical wants of those to whom they might be called to preach. In fact, the Gospel, unlike any other system of religion, provides for both worlds. It has the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come; and if we would make this Mission highly successful, if we would work a thorough reformation in that sin-cursed,

degraded neighborhood, we must contribute more largely of our means. Preaching the Gospel with us does not cost much; we glory in a free Gospel: prayer for our success is *cheap, very cheap*. We must preach, we must pray, we must supplicate the Throne of the Heavenly Mercy for success, (for success alone cometh from God;) but we must as well perform our duty faithfully, vigorously, and in a cross-bearing, self-denying spirit. It has been said of us, 'We don't expect to see this wilderness blossom as the rose.' And why not? We again ask, Why not? Give but the Gospel fair play, and we shall see it. The power of the Gospel *can* do it! But the power of the Gospel must not be felt *merely* by the poor, wretched inhabitants of Bedford and Baker streets. No, no! *It must be better felt by Philadelphia Christians.* It must awaken their dormant sympathies; it must impart to them a spirit of liberality; it must arouse them to action—continued, persevering action. Let the filthy dens in those places be cleansed and purified; let the naked be clothed, the starving fed; let the drinking hells be broken up! Do all this, and at the same time preach the Gospel of the Son of God with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, and this place will soon cease to be a valley of Gehenna, a receptacle for all that is filthy, and vile, and disgraceful in this great city; then, 'instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir-tree,

and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree ; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off.'

“Attached to this Mission is the Ladies' Central Home Mission, auxiliary to the Young Men's Central Home Mission, who render very efficient service in clothing the children, and in other self-denying and praiseworthy duties. They meet in the Union M. E. Church on every Friday afternoon to make garments for the children of the school under our care. They have distributed, through the teachers, about 900 garments, 300 pairs of shoes, and 100 caps and bonnets, since our last report. The Board of Managers return their sincere thanks to the ladies of Bristol for their many liberal donations, received through Mrs. Rankin, during the past year. We also thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a large number of cast-off garments from Girard College—a present most opportune, and highly appreciated by the poor children. We would likewise remember with gratitude the many donations in money, clothing, coals, and other necessaries, which we have received from various quarters ; and hope to make due acknowledgments hereafter in our paper of the liberality and kindness of our friends.

“The Treasurer reports the following, viz :

|                                                                                        |        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Total amount of receipts for 1858 for school and<br>current expense account, . . . . . | \$2950 |
| Total expenditures for same time, . . . . .                                            | 2886   |
|                                                                                        | <hr/>  |
| Balance in Treasury, March 21, 1859, . . . . .                                         | 64     |
| “Due and unpaid on account of school fund, about<br>\$200.”                            |        |



# APPENDIX.

---

## CONSTITUTION.

### PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, there are in the city and suburbs of Philadelphia, many who never statedly or occasionally attend any place of "public worship;" likewise many children not attached to any Sabbath-school, being destitute of that instruction calculated to make them "wise unto salvation;" and, believing it to be our duty to do all in our power to promote the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, and to ameliorate both temporally and spiritually the condition of the human family, we do hereby agree to adopt the following Constitution for our government as an association under the name and for the objects herein specified.

### ARTICLE I.

This corporation shall be known by the name, style, and title of "THE YOUNG MEN'S CENTRAL HOME MISSION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH," for the City of Philadelphia, and by that name shall have perpetual succession, with power to have a common seal, device, and inscription, as they shall deem fit and proper, and the same to break, alter, and renew at their pleasure, and to make contracts, sue

and be sued, and to take, hold, mortgage, sell, and convey any estate, real and personal, not exceeding in the whole the clear yearly value or income of Five thousand dollars.

#### ARTICLE II.

##### *Objects.*

The objects of this Society shall be : 1st. The holding of preaching, exhortation, and prayer-meetings, in destitute places. 2d. The establishing of Sabbath-schools wherever practicable. 3rd. The distribution of Bibles, Tracts, or other good books to the destitute. 4th. The education and relief of destitute children.

#### ARTICLE III.

##### *Government.*

The business of this Society shall be conducted by a Board of forty managers, to be chosen at the Annual Meeting in March, *viva voce* ; and the present managers, to wit : James Watts, George Milliken, Edmund S. Yard, William B. Eltonhend, Josiah B. Steelman, Joseph Thompson, Daniel Kearcher, Robert McNeal, Archibald Nichol, John M. Maris, Francis A. Fidler, D. H. Loudenslager, John Orr, John Cline, John Gladding, Charles Stockman, Franklin Jenks, S. P. Darlington, William Kearcher, Charles H. Chubb, J. Shurlock, Joel Rammel, Samuel Griffith, Edward McKee, A. H. De Haven, Thomas McCloud, Alexander J. Dougherty, Thomas Walkins, William Stevenson, Frank Shoemaker, Joseph L. Loudenslager, Samuel Mott, Thomas Sappington, J. Hopkins, E. J. Kenney, J. O'Conner, I. Lewis, William S. Martin, F. G. Vangunden, John Field, shall continue until their successors are elected from the annual contributors to the Society.

## ARTICLE IV.

*Vacancies and By-Laws.*

The Board shall have power to fill all vacancies that may occur in their own body, and shall also make such by-laws for their own government as shall not conflict with the provisions of this constitution, or the constitution and laws of the United States, or the constitution and laws of the State of Pennsylvania.

## ARTICLE V.

*Anniversary.*

The Board shall call a meeting of the Society annually, during the month of March, at which time they shall give a report of the proceedings and the state of the Mission.

## ARTICLE VI.

*Officers.*

The Officers of the Board of Managers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be elected by the Board, at their first Meeting succeeding the Anniversary, from their own body by ballot and by a majority of the votes cast.

## ARTICLE VII.

*Missionary.*

A Missionary shall be appointed by the Bishop presiding at the Philadelphia Annual Conference, or the constituted authorities of the Church, and shall be a member of the Board by virtue of his office, and entitled to all the privileges thereof, except that of election to office, and shall receive such compensation for his services as the Board of Managers shall from time to time direct and appoint.

## ARTICLE VIII.

*Terms of Membership.*

Any person being a citizen of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, paying the sum of One Dollar or upwards, annually, shall be a member of the Society; and the payment of Five Dollars, or upwards, shall constitute a member for life.

## ARTICLE IX.

*Quorum.*

At the meetings of the Society, seven members shall constitute a quorum, and a less number may adjourn from time to time.

## ARTICLE X.

*Amendments.*

This constitution may be altered or amended at any meeting of the Board; provided two-thirds of the members present vote in favor of such alteration or amendment: written notice of the same having been given at a meeting of the Board at least one month previous.

EDMUND S. YARD,  
*President.*

D. H. LOUDENSLAGER,  
*Secretary.*

# ACT OF INCORPORATION.

---

CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA, ss :

*Be it remembered,* That at a Court of Common Pleas held at Philadelphia, in and for the said City and County, on the fifth day of November, A. D. 1855, the above instrument of writing was presented to the said Court for the purpose of incorporation : Whereupon, the Court ordered the same to be filed in the Prothonotary's office of said Court, and that public notice be given of the application for incorporation, agreeably to the provisions of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided : And now, to wit, December third, A. D. 1855, due proof having been exhibited of the publication of notice agreeably to the order of the Court, and no cause to the contrary being shown ; and it appearing to the Court that the objects, articles, and conditions in said Instrument set forth and contained are lawful and not injurious to the community, on motion of I. D. Budd, Junr., Esq., it is ordered and decreed that the persons so associated shall, according to the articles and conditions in the said instrument set forth and contained, become and be a corporation or body politic, and that the said Charter of Incorporation shall

be recorded in the office for Recording Deeds, &c., for the City and County of Philadelphia.

Witness my hand and seal of the office this third day of December, A. D. 1855,

[SEAL]

JAS. G. GIBSON,  
*Prothonotary.*

Recorded in the office for Recording Deeds, &c., for the City and County of Philadelphia. Miscels. Book T. H. No. 1, page 570, &c.

[SEAL]

R. D. WILKINSON,  
*Recorder.*  
*Per M. MYERS.*

# OFFICERS

OF THE

YOUNG MEN'S CENTRAL HOME MISSION,

1859.

*President,*

GEORGE MILLIKEN—Mount Vernon st. ab. Seventeenth.

*Vice President,*

E. S. YARD—No. 209 Spruce street.

*Recording Secretary,*

D. H. LOUDENSLAGER—Sargent street above Ninth.

*Corresponding Secretary,*

JOHN GLADDING—Fourth street above Chestnut.

*Treasurer,*

WILLIAM C. STEVENSON—712 South Second street.

*Missionary,*

BENJAMIN T. SEWELL—908 South Sixth street.

*Life Directors,*

REV. BISHOP SCOTT,      CAPT. W. WHILDEN  
MRS. JANE PETERSON.    JOHN P. CROZER.

## BOARD OF MANAGERS.

|                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| James Watts,           | Joel G. Rammel,        |
| Edmund S. Yard,        | Daniel Karcher,        |
| Joseph Thompson,       | George W. Evans,       |
| David H. Loudenslager, | Joseph E. Hendrickson, |
| John Gladding,         | James A. Grace,        |
| Franklin Jenks,        | S. Goodman,            |

|                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| William Karcher,        | Thomas Sappington, |
| William C. Stevenson,   | Andrew Robeno,     |
| Samuel C. Mott,         | Israel Peterson,   |
| George Milliken,        | John M. Maris,     |
| Josiah B. Steelman,     | A. W. Rand,        |
| Robert M. O'Keefe,      | H. Haydock,        |
| Francis A. Fidler,      | F. Van Gunden,     |
| Edward J. Kenney,       | I. H. Burdsall,    |
| F. Scoffin, M. D.,      | John H. Gore,      |
| J. W. Torrey,           | I. Cardwell,       |
| C. A. Kingsbury, M. D., | R. P. Smith,       |
| W. I. P. Ingraham,      | G. Cookman,        |
| I. L. Bispham,          | F. H. Shoemaker,   |
| L. D. Harlow, M. D.,    | Robert McNeil      |

*Resolutions of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.*

*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this conference, The Young Men's Central Home Mission of Philadelphia is engaged in a holy cause, and is worthy of the support of the church generally. *Resolved*, That this conference strongly recommend the aforesaid Mission to the favorable consideration of the members of our church, and the public at large.

ROBERT H. PATTISON, *Secy.*

*Resolutions of the New Jersey Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.*

Whereas the Young Men's Central Home Mission having organized a Mission in Bedford street, Philadelphia, (a locality equal in degradation to the Five Points of New York,) and believing in the integrity of the men and women who have the management of the said Mission, and also from its great success in the past five years, We, the members of the New Jersey Conference: *Resolve*, That in the judgment of this Conference, the Young Men's Central Home Mission laboring in Bedford street and vicinity, is engaged in a holy cause, and worthy of the support of the church generally.

I certify the above to be a true copy.

I. LEWIS, *SECY.*,  
*of the New Jersey Conference.*



# OFFICERS

OF THE

LADIES CENTRAL HOME MISSION,

AUXILIARY TO THE Y. M. C. H. MISSION.

*First Directress,*

MRS. E. S. YARD—No 209 Spruce street.

*Second Directress,*

MRS. M. J. KAY.

*Third Directress.*

MRS. W. J. P. INGRAHAM

*Treasurer,*

MRS. T. T. MASON—Fifth street below Arch.

*Corresponding Secretary,*

MISS EMILY L. STEVENSON.

*Recording Secretary,*

MISS M. C. MOORE—207 South Ninth street.

## MANAGERS.

UNION.—Mrs. J. Peterson, Mrs. H. A. Shibe, Mrs. E. S. Yard, Mrs. M. Folwell, Mrs. William C. Edwards, Mrs. T. T. Mason, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. K. Eltonhead, Mrs. E. Young, Mrs. Mary Pearce, Mrs. Beulah Hirst, Mrs. Ingraham, Mrs. Burton, Miss Lavinia Kenney, Miss H. L. Evans, Miss M. A. Willis, Miss Mary C. Moore, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. McCalley, Mrs. James A. Grace, Mrs. S. Elsegood.

TRINITY.—Mrs. J. Cadmus, Mrs. J. O. Mead, Mrs. C. W. Carrigan.

EBENEZER.—Mrs. Clifton, Mrs. Earley, Mrs. J. Hanley, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Jackson.

ST. PAUL'S.—Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Perrine.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Mrs. Fullmer.

WHARTON ST.—Miss E. L. Stevenson, Miss Lizzie Kenney, Miss Mattie Kenney, Mrs. William C. Stevenson, Mrs. M. J. Kay.

GREEN ST.—Mrs. Sinn, Mrs. Sappington, Miss Sallie Scott.

CENTRAL.—Mrs. J. F. Walker, Mrs. Reafield.

FIFTH ST.—Mrs. William West, Miss Susan P. Engle, Miss Henry.

BROAD ST.—Mrs. Wootten, Miss R. Black.

WESTERN.—Mrs. Hannah Bangs.











