

Woman's Work
AMONG THE
COTTAGE.



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WOMAN'S WORK AMONG THE LOWLY.

MEMORIAL VOLUME

OF THE

FIRST FORTY YEARS

OF THE

AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY

AND

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

BY MRS. S. R. I. BENNETT,

Author of "Walks of Usefulness," "Wrought Gold," etc.

Go, bridge the open, moral chasm,
Whose waters, dark and deep,
Allure the steps of child and youth,
Anear the fearful steep.
'Tis woman's work to guard and save,
And rescue from the moral grave.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK :
AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY,
29 East 29th Street.

1880.

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1877,

AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY.

S. ANGELL, Printer,
410 Fourth Avenue.

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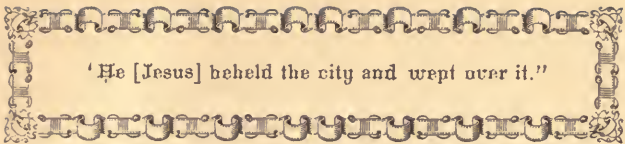
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'He [Jesus] beheld the city and wept over it.'

CHAPTER I.

THERE are voices that whisper, Remember the way
The Master has guided by night and by day,
'Mid the storm and the sunshine, the hopes and the fears,
In the dark and the light, down the vista of years.

IT was said to the children of Israel by the great Lawgiver, "Thou shalt remember all the way that the Lord thy God hath led thee, these forty years."

In all those years His hand had marked their path. He had made visible the pillar of cloud and of fire,—divided the Red sea for their preservation, brought manna from the skies and water from the Rock, to allay their hunger and thirst. By an outstretched Arm and a Mighty Hand He had delivered them from their foes—and thus made it their imperative duty, and unspeakable privilege, ever to keep fresh in memory His loving kindness and tender mercy.

Not alone for ancient Israel was this precept

given. Not alone were they the recipients of His peculiar care. On, down the years He has ever led His own, and often, after the gloom of the darkest night, given them joy and gladness, and it has been whispered anew to the silent heart, "Thou shalt remember all the way that the Lord thy God hath led thee."

A brief review of the history of the A. F. G. Society, for a period of over forty years, cannot fail to suggest a similar remembrance, and it is therefore proposed to preserve the more prominent statistics, aims, records and results of its work, in a memorial volume, for reference, when the present participants of its labors shall have passed away.

To those now upon the stage, the narrative may be familiar, but to their children and their children's children, it may by and by prove of practical value. And surely, the many thousands of the young, whom it has found

"Away on the mountains cold and bare,
Away from the Shepherd's tender care,"

for whom it has bridged the moral chasm, and whose destiny for two worlds it has helped to change, should have this reminder of the way in which their kind Heavenly Father has led those who sought to do them good.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY.

The American Female Guardian Society had its origin in this city, in the spring of 1834. It was at a period of then unprecedented interest in Christian work. The Church at large had been greatly revived, and aroused to the responsibility of individual effort to save the perishing. Tract societies, temperance societies, local benevolent societies for specific objects in the churches, and associated efforts in behalf of missions to the heathen, had become widely extended, and at length the eyes of the Christian community had rested also upon the fact that, in our great metropolis, there was a hidden moral leprosy, an unseen desolation, affecting the well-being of thousands, blighting character and hope, and blotting out all that was once lovely and of good report.

The picture of this fearful moral ruin, was made so vivid by facts and figures and personal observation, as deeply to impress the minds of the early workers in this association. The question, "What can be done to save some of the vast hecatomb of victims, and *prevent* the young and unguarded from treading in the same dark path, so followed them by day, and disturbed their rest by night, that they could only find relief in prayer and work. They were mothers,

and these were somebody's children. They loved that Saviour who had given his life alike for all. But these could never know his love without a radical change, and as they never entered the sanctuary, how should they listen to the gospel of Christ? And then the facts became more and more clear, that as their ranks were thinned by death, new victims filled the void.

It was asked, may not missionary visitors be sent to them with the word of life to show them a way to be saved? May not the mothers of the young be warned of the dangers that surround their own dear children? May they not be shown the way of duty, and how they may pursue it with fidelity and success? May not intelligent Christian mothers speak affectionately, truthfully, wisely to their younger sister-mothers through the little tract and the printed sheet, and thus exert a *preventive*, saving influence?

Questions like these were prayerfully considered, till a small band of earnest workers were found ready to act in concert and go forward. At this point, after months of united prayer, taking counsel of their pastors and others, a meeting of ladies was convened by appointment in the Third Free Church, cor. of Houston and

Thompson Streets, then one of "the up-town churches," and after addresses by Rev. Drs. Ludlow and Lansing, a Society was organized, constitution and by-laws adopted, and stated meetings for prayer and consultation, etc., were duly appointed.

AIMS AND PRINCIPLES.

From this time the pioneer laborers were fully committed to the work above indicated. *Remedy* if practicable, *prevention* by every possible Christian endeavor.

To human view the field entered was repulsive and forbidding, strewn with crosses far as the eye could reach, but they had said in humble sincerity, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and believing that in this they had been divinely led, were ready for any sacrifice to which they might be called.

A LINK IN THE CHAIN.

It should be stated here that an agency, preceding the beginning of associated effort in the work was this—

In the ordering of divine Providence, a servant of the Master, Rev. J. R. McDowall, manifestly raised up to be "as the voice of one crying in the wilderness," had so opened the moral aceldama of evil to the public view, as to

raise a sweeping tide of opposition, with which he soon became physically unable to contend. That he should have made no mistakes in judgment in this untried and most difficult field, was not to have been expected. That he wrought honestly, earnestly, and with self-sacrificing zeal, exposing reputation, health and life, in order to rescue the living-lost, none who knew him best, could fail to affirm. No reformer had ever warmer friends or more bitter foes.

He achieved the important result of so arousing the attention of the Christian community to the magnitude of the darkest moral picture in our cities, that it has never slept as before ; also of opening an effectual door to much that has since been done "without let or hindrance." We make this allusion to this antecedent link, both to do justice to its influence, and prevent misconstruction as to its extent and identity of character.

The work of the martyr was brief. In the early winter of 1837, he went to his reward, leaving at the close of his short life, a beautiful testimony of divine approval and support, and of triumph over death and the grave. A very large concourse attended his funeral at the old Broadway Tabernacle, at which a most impressive discourse was delivered by the late Rev.

Joshua Leavitt from the words, "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

From a notice of his death in the *New York Evangelist*, we quote the following:

Rev. J. R. McDowall was born Sept. 22d, 1801. He pursued his literary studies at Amherst, Mass., and Union College, N. Y., and labored extensively and with approbation in the state of Rhode Island, as an agent for Sabbath schools and tracts. He afterwards pursued his theological studies at Princeton, but before he had finished his course, an engagement in Christian labor in this city enlisted the whole power of his benevolent heart; in efforts to rescue the daughters of misery. * * * * *

During the early part of his sickness, his mind was much exercised with eager desires for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. At length he gained the victory, and his soul seemed to be made "like the chariots of Aminadab." He wished to hear the prayers only of those who had drank deeply at the fountain. His thoughts ran constantly on the theme of his recent communications in the *Evangelist*, "Read the Bible through." He wanted all Christians to read the Bible, that they might apprehend "Christ and

him crucified." To the writer he left a message, "Tell him to urge the importance of reading the Bible through." When his wife asked him, "Are you not afraid to die?" he replied, "Afraid? No. Legions of angels are waiting to conduct me through, and Jesus will go with me." He prayed fervently for his enemies and expressed only sentiments of forgiveness towards them. In this frame he was seized with spasms, and spake no more, till, as we trust, his tongue was loosed in the upper sanctuary." * * * * *

Another writes, "He died upon the battle-field. There, where he had labored and suffered, where he had endured shame and obloquy for the sake of his divine Master, without fainting or weariness; there did the soft hand of the Captain of his salvation, unbind the helmet from his weary brow, wipe the death-sweat from his pallid countenance, and gently dismiss him from his work on earth, to his crown and inheritance in heaven. Those who saw the bright radiance of his upward ascent, and heard the song of victory that greeted his entrance into the New Jerusalem, can never forget that hallowed scene; and they will be nerved by the remembrance, to follow him, even as he followed Christ, that they also may have the same abundant entrance ministered to them into the kingdom of their Lord.

After the formation of this Association, and previous to his illness, he had discontinued the publication of his Journal, and given to this Society, his list of subscribers, with whatever payments were due—but with no restrictions—a gift that afterward proved of special service in establishing a new paper, under different auspices, and in no sense, identified with any previous publication.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

During the first decade of this Society the responsibility assumed of first importance was the establishment of the periodical now known as the "*Advocate and Family Guardian*," to be edited and sustained by ladies devoted to the interests of their work, and their special organ with the public.

Its first design was to exalt the law of God, and thus *prevent* its violation—to guard the domestic hearth from the invasion of the Spoiler, thus *preventing* the fall of the innocent; and, as far as practicable, to produce such a reform in public sentiment, that the morally-debased should be estimated according to their true character, and made to feel that access to the favor of the virtuous could only be secured by being *pure in heart*.

Still young in years, timid, unused to business beyond the confines of home, the leaders in this work had much to learn in a new sphere of duty, where wisdom, skill, and efficiency were indispensable. Pecuniary resources they had none, and whence were to come the means to prosecute their enterprise without embarrassment, was an unsolved problem. But they were encouraged by the approval of their husbands and pastors, and ventured forth, simply believing that He who had given them this work to do, had not called them to "go a warfare at their own charges."

ENCOURAGEMENTS AND OBSTACLES.

The first few numbers of the *Advocate* enlisted sympathy and co-operation among Christian women in the country, and every mail brought earnest responses and cheering words, sometimes also rebukes and threats, assuring the laborers that they had embarked in a conflict of serious issues.

Missionaries were employed to visit in the worst sections of the city, scatter broadcast tracts and religious papers, read and pray with the tenants of prayerless dwellings, warn, entreat and seek to save some.

The stated meetings were well attended, the

Advocate was issued monthly and widely distributed, a vigorous correspondence carried on, and many voluntary associations, with similar aims, were organized in different states.

From a paper of December 1st, 1835, we quote the following :

“ The present number of the *Advocate* concludes its first year. We entered this field from an impressive sense of duty. To do good, to save the youth of our beloved land from crime and ruin, has been our only object. All the funds which the public have placed at our disposal have been faithfully expended in sustaining the *Advocate*, or in other efforts to advance the cause.

“ That our paper has done good, we have the most unquestionable testimony. It has drawn the attention of virtuous females to hidden moral evils; it has called into existence about fifty auxiliary associations; induced many a parent to impart instruction to his children upon a subject vastly important, yet hitherto neglected. Should our labors in this cause end here, we feel that we have done what we could to stay the progress of that moral pestilence, which threatens alike the morals of our children and the fair institutions of our country.”

As one of the chief objects of the *Advocate*, at this early period, was to warn the exposed and

the tempted of the consequences of disobedience to the precepts, "Keep thyself pure," "Keep thy heart with all diligence," "Go not in the way of evil—avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away;" every number contained articles designed to meet this end, spread abroad an influence that should deter from wrong and help to guard the exposed from moral peril.

LESSONS OF WARNING.

These lessons of warning were given, drawn from known facts of frequent occurrence, more or less impressive, but all aiming at the same purpose.

Two such may be found in the following sketches from an early number of the *Advocate*, and are cited by way of illustration.

DOMESTIC SORROW.

Reader—did you ever make a full estimate of the misery endured in a single domestic circle, where the spoiler had entered? Let us give, in illustration, a case with which we are intimately acquainted. The family were of the highest standing in society—the father, for many years regarded as a pillar in the church, the mother, as a mother in Israel, and the children as sons and daughters of uncommon promise. While possessed of all that, to human view, could make the

Eden of domestic bliss, suddenly, they beheld a cloud gathering, that increased in blackness till it burst upon them with sweeping desolation. The honored father, with a head blossomed for the grave, became a libertine!

The mother bore her grief in silence till her heart was broken—and she was removed where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Scarce had the first burst of grief ceased amid the circle of doating children, before a woman—*than whom none were viler*—was introduced by their once-honored father, to fill the place death had vacated under such aggravating circumstances.

The love of home in the hearts of these bereaved ones, was strong—the associations connected with the scene of a mother's toil, and tender love and care, drew ligaments around them; but the love of *virtue* was stronger, and before two days had passed, that cherished home was voluntarily deserted by every member of the grief-stricken band. *Here* had been two funeral scenes in quick succession. The one had been that of departed worth—the other had been the funeral of *departed virtue!* Well might the afflicted ones have exclaimed with Job, “Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?” It was indeed a living grief, increased and perpetuated by

the events of succeeding years—and the present generation must pass away, before the pall of oblivion can hide it from memory. That father is now in “the narrow house.” Those children, with one exception, still live, inheriting the blessing of a mother’s prayers. That one recently came to a premature death by poison, administered by an unknown hand. She had been some time married—as was supposed, happily—and was surrounded by much calculated to render life desirable. But, as in the family of her father, so in her own, the spoiler came. An intimate female friend—of high pretensions, became an inmate of her house for a season—and by unsuspected artifice the affections of the husband were ensnared—at length transferred, and strongly alienated from their rightful owner. Months of mental agony, that almost dethroned reason, was the consequence—and now *death* has wound up the sad drama for this world, and left much that is mysterious and revolting, to be made known when the records of human guilt are all revealed.

The above brief narration, though shorn of its affecting details, presents a sample of the “mourning and woe” consequent upon a breach of the laws of chastity. Responsibility in this matter rests somewhere. Parents, teachers, the pulpit,

the press, Christian philanthropy, have something to do with it. *How much?* This is the question to be solved. What is the measure of their responsibility? What does God require?

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

A Leaf from my Journal.

“As one of our citizens was taking a morning walk, passing through the public streets, he beheld the body of a youth, apparently lifeless, in a front yard. On a nearer examination it was found that he was cold in death. Six wounds had been inflicted by a dirk, and were so deep that probably any one of them would have caused immediate death. A coroner’s inquest was called—verdict rendered was, “murder committed by the inmates, of the adjoining dwelling.” The young man was known in the city, had arrived from New York a few months previous, and engaged in business with a partner who was considered respectable, but who had introduced him (and led the way) to this house of infamy and death. It was said that he had respectable connections. Amiable sisters and a widowed mother, whose hopes centred in him as an only son and brother, and almost their earthly all. The circumstances of his untimely end, were noised through the city, and a multitude were

soon collected to view the appalling spectacle. The most indignant feelings were excited by the rehearsal elicited on the trial of the perpetrators of the deed. It seemed there were about thirty belonging to the establishment. Some had escaped, others were arrested. The statement given was, that the night had been spent in drunkenness, fighting, and every evil work. Five or six were (by the evidence of the others) implicated in the murder of the young man, and it was also stated by one of them (in view of being acquitted if she should tell the whole truth) that several had been murdered in the same way, and secreted, during the last two months! After the criminals were imprisoned for further trial, the mob proceeded to demolish the dwelling they had occupied. Hundreds had collected and the work of destruction was soon done. Their splendid furniture was shivered, beds emptied in the streets, etc. From this they proceeded to burn and pull down near a dozen others of similar character, destroying as they went every appurtenance. Incited by passion and stimulated by the intoxicating draught, they continued in the streets till night, by which time about three hundred wretched beings had been hunted from their abodes of infamy, and turned homeless and friendless upon a world from whom they expect-

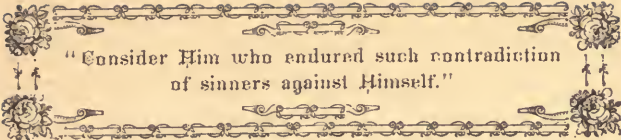
ed, and in one sense deserved, no pity. As I saw these miserable outcasts hastening in groups towards the suburbs of our city, to seek shelter for the night, and considered what were their present and future prospects, "the sight of the eyes affected the heart." Reflections like the following succeeded each other and awakened emotions too big for utterance. These are fellow beings, fellow immortals! Who maketh thee to differ? Time was when they were not thus polluted with sin and shame. Probably many of them were the objects of maternal tenderness and care, and excited feelings in the bosom of their parents such as a parent only knows. Time was when they might have been rescued. They have lived in a Christian land, might and should have been placed under Christian influence, but who has cared for their souls? Perhaps nothing now would effect a reformation. Their case indeed seems almost hopeless. This night will doubtless be one of gloom and wretchedness, but how faint an emblem of that eternal night just before them. Towards these and others of the same class, have the dear church of our Redeemer done all their duty? My heart answered, No! and this solemn truth forced itself upon my mind, 'When the Lord shall make inquisition for *blood*, he will remember them.' I thought, too, of the

deluded youth whose melancholy exit had caused 'this day's uproar,' now past redemption, reaping the just reward of his deeds. Is not the individual whose example he followed and who caused him to go astray, is not *he*, in the eye of Omniscience, guilty of the murder of his soul? Can the heart-wrung widowed mother and bereaved sisters think of him in any other light. He may escape with impunity while on earth, but in that coming day, that all must meet, he may be sure his sin will find him out. * * * * *

"A few weeks passed, the cholera came into our midst, and most of these self-destroyed homeless wanderers were swept away by this 'besom of destruction.' They went unpitied and unwept to the assembly of the dead, and their deathless spirits entered unprepared the immediate presence of a holy God."

"Should this detail of facts meet the eye of any who are exposed to temptation by the devices of the wicked and their own depraved hearts, will they not pause and consider the truth of this solemn declaration, 'The way of the transgressor is hard,' and 'the wages of sin is death.'"

St. Louis, May, 1832.



“Consider Him who endured such contradiction
of sinners against Himself.”

CHAPTER II.

HUMAN sorrow, sin and woe,
Meet us whereso'er we go,
Parents, children, young and old,
To the tempter's power are sold;
May we from the downward road,
Win them to the fold of God?
“Now's the day and now's the hour,”
Soon the night of death shall lower;
What thy hand now finds to do,
With thy might the work pursue.

“OUR work necessarily brings before the mind, human wretchedness and its procuring causes, and we wonder not at the exclamation of the Prophet, ‘Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.’”

A visitor writes: “In entering this field, we confess we were not prepared to believe, that the evils which first aroused the public mind, existed

so extensively and embodied such an amount of human misery and woe. The fact is, the sum of it has never been told, and will not be, till 'the books are opened,' and 'the dead, small and great, stand before God.' It is not uncommon to find indigent, virtuous families, confined under the same roof with the votaries of crime. They occupy different apartments and consider their circumstances a great affliction—but from the necessity that poverty imposes, are unable to procure other tenements."

Of one, lost from an esteemed and most worthy family, the writer says: "Her honored parents and sisters reside in our immediate neighborhood, and as we have met them and looked upon their grief and agony, 'too deep for tears,' we have thought they might well exclaim with one of old, 'Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow.' Days and nights of weary watching and soul-harrowing suspense have succeeded each other, bringing no relief. There is a breach in their loved circle. At the family altar, a place is vacant. In the family choir a familiar voice is unheard. 'One is not.' Such a solace even as was given to the aged Patriarch, when he saw the coat of many colors, and believed that his favorite son was beyond the power of men more cruel than the beasts of prey, has not been theirs.

The certainty of death, however terrible, would be even less agonizing, than the fears and forebodings that ever and anon clamor in their aching hearts. May the God of the afflicted sustain them in this hour of their sorrow, and forgive and bring to deep repentance those who have caused it."

Words of encouragement from the Press and the ministry, at this period, were not infrequent. Articles sent for publication by the latter often gave an impetus to the work.

One writes thus : " ' Many daughters have done virtuously.' The Prophetess Deborah did thus. Judges iv. She led in the liberation of feeble and defenceless Israel from their bondage to Jabin, king of Canaan, who held them with his seven hundred chariots of iron. Barak, Israel's general, would not lead the people against this enemy, unless Deborah would accompany him. She did so; and by her counsel and the blessing of God, victory was gained.

"What agency pious females may have in the latter days, time will decide.

"Deborah did virtuously in composing and singing her song at the close of this signal battle; Judges v. a song full of rapture, pious sublimity, and prophetic animation of the people of God, from that day to this, and to the end

of the world. The woman who cast a stone upon the head of the tyrant Abimelech, and slew him, Judges ix. did virtuously in delivering her people. The females in Israel, who dared to celebrate the victory of David over Goliath, in the presence of the envious king, Saul, did virtuously. The women in Judea, who dared to espouse the hated cause of the blessed, persecuted Saviour, and ministered to his necessities, did virtuously. Mary, who anointed him, who washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head under the obloquy of men, did virtuously. The blessed female band, who boldly followed him to his crucifixion, and with whom he went on conversing as he bore his cross, calling them 'daughters of Jerusalem,' did virtuously. His disciples forsook him and fled; but thus did not these daughters of Jerusalem. They stood round the cross, in the tenderest sympathy, while Jesus was dying upon it; they marked the place of his tomb—prepared their spices, and were upon the wing early in the morning after their Sabbath, to embalm his body at the risk of their lives. And Christ made them the first witnesses of his resurrection. And the females of whom Paul said, 'Help those women who labored with me in the gospel,' did virtuously.'

Another says : “ I am a parent. I would sooner far, see my daughter a lifeless corpse—the assassin’s dagger plunged to her heart, with the reflection that her soul had departed in peace and innocence, than to see her deceived and ruined, by one who called himself her friend. I go further. Could I have evidence that if her life were spared, such would be her fate, I would pray God to spare me this anguish, by removing her hence—by taking her while yet pure from this polluted world to himself. Trust not the man who would destroy female virtue. He has a villain heart, and whatever may be his pretensions, he will not hesitate to abuse your confidence and destroy your hopes. In the common business of life, in the social circle, at the ballot box, show this man that while you pity him, you detest, and from your very soul despise his conduct, and in this way if you do not reform him, you may at least hope to prevent others from pursuing his path of vice. Oh, when I think of our country, and reflect that there is a holy God—when I see how his anger burns against sin, and look back upon Sodom, Gomorrah, Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, and we might say France, fallen by this wickedness, I tremble for my country. Will not God visit for these things?”

INFLUENCE OF THE PAPER.

Several instances of recent occurrence have proved, that this little sheet is a terror to evil doers, and the Board have the united testimony of very many, in different parts of the country, that it is exerting a salutary influence. The following extract of a letter just received from a student of divinity, is one of many, which might be adduced in proof of this.

“I know of hundreds who feel that they have been benefitted by the reading of the *Advocate*. It certainly has been so with me, for I frankly and humbly confess, that formerly my views and feelings on this subject were very erroneous. Your principles are calculated to affect, not merely the practice of individuals, they take hold of the *heart* of man, and make the crimes he has committed *there*, rise up, and stare him in the face.”

From the Herald and Journal: “We receive, among our exchanges, the *Advocate and Guardian*, from New York, and also *The Friend of Virtue*, from Boston. We read them with pleasure and cordially recommend them to the patronage of the community. They are conducted by ladies who abide by the laws of honor and modesty. The *Advocate* is handsomely printed and wisely conducted to subserve its designs. Success to it.”

“If parents knew the dangers and pitfalls, which were in the path of their sons who go to the city for employment, they would praise God for a warning voice to give premonition and counsel to their beloved children. But city and country are alike scenes of temptation and of corruption to morals; and we ought to rejoice whenever the minds of the community are enlightened upon this and kindred subjects. We never expect any reform to be achieved without the use of Bible truths, and every truly-benevolent reformer will take that book as his guide. Such, we rejoice to find is the course pursued by those enlisted in this cause of Reform. God speed them.”

A letter, received from a subscriber, contains the following paragraph. “My father’s family all read the *Advocate*. We have taken it for years, and would sooner part with any other paper, than with this. Blessed have been its effects upon our training. My heart ever rises in gratitude to God when I think of the purity and virtue of my beloved brothers, exposed to the same evils that other young men are, but saved from them by the grace of God. I attribute their salvation, in no small degree, to the sacred influence of this paper upon their youth and inexperience. Its value to me, has been inestima-

ble. When I left my childhood's home for the far south-west—utterly ignorant of the world and its snares—having been brought up in the strictest seclusion—supposing everybody my friend, that professed to be—unsuspecting and confiding—often when in the greatest danger, would something come to mind that I had read in the *Advocate*, and I was saved.”

In the progress of the early efforts, cases were numerous where those awakened to their danger, would come tearfully to some member of our band and ask counsel, desire aid or protection, and the Board were greatly surprised to find the amount of Christian work to be done in this direction. Of course it must be done quietly, and with great prudence and discretion. But existing developments tended none the less to stimulate to effort, and urge home the precept, “What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” The paper continued to be an agency of the first importance. The contents of every number were collated carefully, and sent on their mission with prayerful solicitude, while the results expected were usually soon apparent.

MISSIONARY LABORS.

The Missionary and Visiting Committees appointed, continued to labor faithfully among the

poor and the lost, and the manifest good fruits of these labors were most encouraging.

From the Portfolio of a Visitor.

FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

On returning from a weekly lecture one evening, through one of our great thoroughfares, we felt drawn to speak to a young woman, who was walking the street, manifestly for no good purpose. We followed her footsteps, watching for a favorable opportunity to address her.

It was not long before we discerned among the youths who were passing to and fro, "a young man void of understanding." We saw, too, that he was likely to be taken in her toils. Our hearts ached for them both. One had been tempted, and was now the tempter, the other was being tempted, and in time would be the tempter, and how many souls might be drawn to perdition, through these depraved, moral agencies! Might not each have come from some quiet country home, leaving behind a praying mother. Suppose either of them were our child, how earnestly should we desire, that the stranger Christian should endeavor to win them to the path of purity and peace. As these thoughts passed rapidly through our minds, the girl turned a corner and the desired opportunity

was presented for conversation in a retired place. But to our surprise she seemed hardened and immovable, showing not the least sign of tenderness, till almost in desperation, we put the question.

“Have you a mother?”

That brought the tears and she replied tremblingly,

“Yes, and she is a good Christian woman.”

“And her heart is breaking over you,” we added.

“Yes,” was the answer, “she is praying for me night and day.”

“And will you go on in your dreadful course in spite of the prayers of such a mother? Oh, if you do, what a condemnation will be yours!”

She sobbed out, “Well, I can't help it, I have got where I can't go back.”

“No, poor child,” we said, “no sinner is ever where he can't go back, if he will only repent and forsake sin. Would you go to your mother, if you could?”

“Yes, but she is a poor woman and has to work for her living.”

“Perhaps you could help her.”

“No, I should only be looked down upon there.”

“Well, what better off are you here? You

are looked down upon here, even by your companions in vice. But, if you were to change your course, there would be those that would pity and help you, just as we are willing to do. Would you object to giving us your mother's address, and allowing us to write her?"

The address was given, the letter written and the next mail brought a reply that would have moved a heart of stone. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the letter before the daughter. The vile harpy, in whose net she had been taken, finding that she was likely to escape, had removed her to another place, where she was kept in seclusion, and we were denied admittance. By a little strategy, however, the thing was accomplished, and as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, she was again safely sheltered in the maternal fold.

Some two years after, being providentially in that vicinity, we called upon the mother. Her home was humble, but neat and cosy, and there sat the daughter, "clothed and in her right mind," but evidently sinking in consumption.

The gratitude of that mother, was beyond the power of language to express, and the meek, satisfied expression on the face of the daughter, was ample reward for all the labor bestowed upon her. She spoke with diffidence of her hope

in Christ, but her modest and simple manner—such a contrast to that which characterized her at our first meeting—showed that she was sitting at the feet of the Master.

The filling up of this outline would occupy too much space; the efforts required to bring about the desired result ran along through several months.

A SISTER'S GRIEF.

A Christian woman called to request that we would make an effort in behalf of her sister, who had been enticed into a suspicious house, and would not listen to the remonstrances of friends.

After uniting in prayer for God's blessing, we took the sister for a guide, and proceeded to the house. It was a long way off, across one of the city ferries. The sister, after designating the place, went back and waited near the ferry for our return. On arriving at the house, and inquiring for the person in question, we were shown into the parlor and almost immediately confronted by the mistress of the establishment. She demanded to know what business we had with the girl, saying that she was in her care and it was her duty to know who called upon her and why. In reply, we stated that we could deliver our errand to no one, but to the young

woman herself, that if she chose, she might remain in the room, but it was only with the young girl that we had to do. Finding us resolute, she sent the girl in, and followed herself almost immediately. We determined that her presence should be no interruption to our conversation, and no barrier to our faithfulness. We labored earnestly to put before this young woman the injury she was doing to herself by remaining under such influences, and the imperative need there was to withdraw herself at once, before a stain should be attached to her reputation and perhaps her character really suffer.

We plied her with persuasion and arguments utterly unmindful of the derisive remarks and the scornful laugh of the woman, who sat as a listener. We reminded her that there were those who laughed now, who when it was too late, would mourn and weep, and begged her not to let the revilings of that misguided woman, drive her from the path of virtue, away from peace and God. She gave respectful attention, but we could see that she did not wish to commit herself in the presence of one whose tongue was a sharp sword.

Before we left, we made a strong appeal to the poor woman herself, urging her to retrace her steps and choose the better way. She

seemed softened and we were convinced that at least she would throw no obstacles in the way of her whose soul we came to seek. Not many days after, we had the satisfaction of hearing that the effort had been blessed, and that the young woman was safe in the house of her friends.

A CHILD RESCUED.

A Christian mother, living at service in a Christian family, heard that her daughter, a thoughtless girl of sixteen, who was also at service, had left her place and gone into the house of her whose feet go down to death. Word was sent to the Society's rooms, with an earnest request that the ladies would take up the matter. No time was to be lost, and the writer was appointed to the duty. Prayer was offered, and taking with us a Christian friend, we started upon our mission, strong in Him, who said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," &c.

Our first call was upon the mother, to ascertain all the facts in the case. These she gave us amid many tears and sobs. The girl had always been headstrong. The mother had yielded too much, perhaps, but she had been afraid that too great restraint would drive the child farther from her. Fondness for dress, display and com-

pany had lured her step by step, into the way of the wicked. She was dazzled with the glare and tinsel at the entrance of the path, she did not see the end. "Oh," said the mother, "if you could only save her! I cannot reward you, I have no means of doing it, but my heart will thank you forever."

Time was precious. We said to the mother, "Go to the corner store at —, and wait till you hear from us, lifting up your heart in prayer to God." We then proceeded to the house indicated and asked for the woman who kept it. We were shown into the back parlor and in a few moments, the woman smiling and bland, entered. We made known our errand. She allowed that the girl was there, and she was very glad we had come for her, because it was against her principles to permit any young girl to take her first wrong steps in her house! We asked to see her, and after a short conversation, she expressed herself quite willing to go with us. While she was making herself ready, we conversed with the woman, and were amazed to find that she justified her business by much the same arguments that the liquor dealer uses, in support of his iniquitous traffic. If she did not do it, some one else would; she had a family to support, &c. We spoke some very plain truths from the Word

of God. But judge of our farther astonishment, when she said, in the blindest manner, "You misunderstand me, ladies, I am a respectable woman. I simply keep a boarding house. I have two daughters at boarding school in the country, and I intend to close up my business here, before they are old enough to go into society, and give my whole attention to them, as every good mother should do." Much more she said in the same strain. It really seemed as if the arch adversary had outdone himself in her case. She ended with, "I do the best I can for my girls. I am always glad to have Christians visit them and try to do them good."

"TOO LATE!"

"There is a young woman sick upstairs and near her end, will you walk up and see her."

We did so, and there, in a room where everything was pleasantly and tastefully arranged, lay a young woman of apparently about twenty-five years of age, the lamp of life just glimmering in its socket.

Some half dozen of her companions stood around silent and thoughtful. We spoke of Him who gave His life a ransom for us, but, oh, the despairing expression on the wan countenance of the poor sufferer, as she replied with a voice

husky in death, "Too late! too late!" We spoke of the eleventh hour, of the thief on the cross, but despair had settled upon the soul and we painfully realized the truth

"Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame."

After prayer at her bedside, we uttered some words of warning to the sorrowful group who stood around, but with what effect we shall never know until the books are opened.

On going down, we found the young girl waiting for us, and we felt that the recital of the scene we had just witnessed had stripped such a life of its attractions and opened up to her the bitter end.

With great joy we handed her over to her mother and in less than a year had the satisfaction of knowing that she was respectably married and settled.

Mrs. Margaret Prior, our first Missionary in this forbidding field, was peculiarly fitted to do good. As her memoir and "Walks of Usefulness," have been published by the Society and widely circulated, reaching nineteen editions, the reader is referred to that work for a full record of her labors of love. Others followed in her steps, partaking largely of her spirit.

Committees were also sent abroad during

successive seasons. From their reports of visits to auxiliaries, etc., we extract the following.

Sept., 1836.

“ Since leaving New York, the 12th of July, we have visited a portion of five of the New England states; have met with ladies of fifteen different associations. We have witnessed the zeal of many of our sisters in this field of Christian enterprise and the success that has attended their efforts. They have had to contend with the same obstacles as the Parent Board, only on a smaller scale, in many cases not less trying or difficult to be surmounted.

“ We have obtained in subscriptions and donations, between \$100 and \$200, have engaged a number of ladies of talent, to send us articles occasionally for our paper. Have been present and aided at the formation of eight new auxiliary societies; have also left constitutions, written or printed, for more than twice that number, with encouragement from ladies to whom they were given, that they would go forward and endeavor to accomplish what we had left undone.”

Again :

To the Board of the N. Y. F. M. R. Society.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1st, 1837.

“ Dear Sisters,—In compliance with your

wishes, we present a written report of our late visits to Auxiliaries.

“A cordial reception and much kindness have met us at almost every step. We have been absent sixty-six days, instead of five or six weeks, as at first intended, and during that time have met with thirty-six Auxiliaries, and assisted in organizing eight.

“Friends have essentially aided us in different places, by providing means of conveyance, and accompanying us in our visits, or in some way laying out our work for us, so as to facilitate our plans.

“The places visited are chiefly in the counties of Herkimer, Oneida, Lewis, Jefferson, Oswego, Onondaga and Otsego. We visited a number of small villages where Societies are organized, more with a view to encourage the few whose hearts are enlisted, than with the expectation of deriving aid for the Parent Society; and in every such instance were amply repaid. The depth of feeling that was manifested, the fervent prayers, the hearty and united ‘vote of thanks,’ returned to the Parent Board, and in some instances the special effort, that was made to raise funds, left an impression that will not soon be effaced.”

The faithful appeals of the *Advocate* to

parents and teachers continued to arrest attention and inquiry far and wide, and heart-breathed responses were returned from friends near and distant, showing that this labor was not in vain in the Lord.

HOUSE OF RECEPTION.

For some length of time, at an early period of the work, the Society sustained a hired house in Waverly Place, where those professing a purpose to reform were received, and inducements offered for future well-doing.

Truth impels us to say that in this effort the results were not satisfactory, and the impression became general that from ten to fifty of the exposed might be prevented from falling by the same amount of labor often required in the permanent rescue of even one from the moral depths.

The organized measures for a work of *prevention* were successful and promising. And, as the Ladies' Benevolent Society had opened an Asylum for this class it was soon decided to leave this portion of the field to their care, sending to them and to similar institutions opened in other cities, such hopeful cases as might come to our knowledge.

From this time onward the labors of this So-

ciety were directed mainly to the rescue of the children, and those of larger growth, who might be shielded from temptation and wrong by maternal and Christian influence. And here the work steadily increased upon their hands.

In the Annual Statement of the third year, we find there were connected with the Society, 226 Auxiliaries, and of this number 108 had been formed within the last year. About 15,000 ladies were connected with these Societies, all pledged to the great principles advocated. The importance of associations like these, bound to this Society and to each other, by the strongest of all ties, the love of Christ, cannot easily be estimated. They afforded pecuniary aid, which was greatly needed to carry forward the plans of the Society, and which could not be relied on, if left to individual, unorganized effort. The moral influence, too, which they exerted, was highly salutary and indispensable to the success of the enterprise.

* * * * *

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

The report states further, since the adoption of the plan of life-memberships by the Board a few months since, ten have been received, most of them by their own contributions, and one or

two by the liberality of others. Two female Missionaries are now employed by the Board, instead of those of the other sex, as at first, who go out singly or together, distribute papers and tracts in the poor families where they visit, and converse and pray with their inmates as opportunity may be offered. This change seemed called for, by the exigencies of the case, and the experiment has thus far succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. These ladies can gain access where other missionaries would be entirely shut out, and their influence, like the dew on the thirsty earth, is not the less beneficial because unseen and unnoticed by the world. * *

The acknowledged object of this Society is *prevention*. One means recently adopted to secure this end, is the attempt to assist the virtuous and deserving, in their efforts at self-support and moral elevation. It is well known that hundreds who may be denominated the "fatherless and the orphan," are in the midst of us, without friends to protect them from the havoc that is made by those who "lie in wait to destroy." To extend the hand of kindness and Christian friendship to such, is an object that must commend itself to all. The Society have, therefore, opened a Registry, for the purpose of recording the names of those who merit the patronage of

the good, and adopted measures that will enable them to render assistance in cases of need. The Board feel that this effort is an appropriate part of their work, and one that promises much good.

RESULTS OF EARLY LABORS.

Again, referring to the missionary work of the year following, it is stated that among those visited *eighteen* impenitent sinners have, as we trust, been brought from darkness into light, a new song put into their mouths, in consequence of these visits, and many more cases of good done have come under the observation of the visitors, the results of which will not be known in this world. More than two hundred children have been gathered from the lowest haunts, most of whom have been clothed and placed in the Sabbath-school, and in repeated instances, their degraded parents have been induced, by the voice of kindness and compassion, to go to the house of God. None but those who have passed through the lanes and alleys of a crowded city, and witnessed the poverty, the filth, the utter degradation, which the outcasts of humanity who herd together there exhibit, can appreciate the sacrifice of feeling demanded by these efforts.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

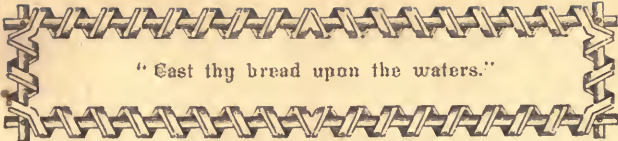
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

PARENT!—who with speechless feeling,
 O'er thy cradled treasure bent,
 Every year new claims revealing,
 Yet thy wealth of love unspent—
 Hast thou seen that blossom blighted,
 By a drear, untimely frost;
 And thy labors unrequited?
 Every glorious promise lost?

Wife!—with agony unspoken,
 Shrinking from affliction's rod,
 Is thy prop, thine idol broken—
 Fondly trusted—next to God?
 Husband!—o'er thy hope a mourner,
 Of thy chosen friend ashamed,
 Hast thou to her burial borne her,
 Unrelenting—unreclaimed?

Child!—in tender weakness turning
 To thy heaven-appointed guide,
 Doth a lava-poison burning,
 Tinge with gall affection's tide?
 Still that orphan-burden bearing,
 Darker than the grave can show,
 Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
 To a heritage of woe?

Country!—on thy sons depending,
 Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,
 Hast thou seen thy pride descending
 Shrouded to th' unhonored tomb?
 Rise! on eagle pinion soaring—
 Rise!—like one of God-like birth—
 And Jehovah's aid imploring,
 Sweep the spoiler from the earth.



“Cast thy bread upon the waters.”

CHAPTER III.

“HO, all who labor, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
O, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.

C. F. ORNE.

PROGRESS.

At the Fourth Anniversary of the Society the number of its Auxiliaries had increased to three hundred and sixty-one, extending from Maine to Georgia, with an aggregate membership of several thousand.

An average of 19,000 copies of the *Advocate and Guardian* were issued semi-monthly, and

some 5,000 copies of *An appeal to Wives, Mothers and Daughters*, and the same number of a tract entitled *The Guardian*, had been issued and distributed.

At the Annual meeting, delegates were present from thirty-three different towns and cities, and from eight different states. Some nine hundred ladies, in all, were present.

Those connected with the Society and its Auxiliaries were pledged anew to treat the guilty alike, irrespective of sex; to labor for and guard the young with Christian fidelity, to pray unitedly for the suppression of vice, and the universal prevalence of "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report;" also to sustain and encourage all well-directed measures to this end.

During the ensuing year, the same general and specific plans and efforts were continued with similar results as the preceding.

The paper was well sustained, and still sent forth its notes of warning and encouragement. Topics of practical interest to the well-being of individuals and community at large, continued to be discussed in every number. One hundred and twelve new Life-Members were received, and eighty-four new Societies formed, making the number of Auxiliaries four hundred and forty-five.

LABORS IN THE TOMBS.

It was during this year that the attention of the visitors, of whom the sainted Margaret Prior was specially influential, began to be directed to mission-work in the House of Detention, or city prison.

As their visits were encouraged, and greatly needed, they were continued weekly; and soon, by permission and the gifts of friends, they were enabled to place there a small library of religious books for the use of the prisoners, which were read with avidity.

During this year several thousand signatures were obtained to a petition to the Legislature and duly forwarded, praying that penal enactments might be made for the suppression of vice, and the same measure was repeated during the successive years till the prayer was granted.

CHANGE OF NAME.

At the Annual meeting held in May, 1839, in the Spring-street church, a large number being present, the Constitution was amended, substituting *American* for *New York* in the name of the Society; as now, having Auxiliaries in most of the States, it had become more a national than a state Society.

FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The first Semi-Annual meeting was held in Utica, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th of September, 1839, at the Bethel church, and was largely attended. It is thus described by one of its officers present: "This meeting has been one of deep and thrilling interest, and will not soon be forgotten by those who, though long fellow-laborers in this great cause, have for the first time seen each other's faces, and poured out their hearts together before God. The utmost harmony and union of feeling have characterized all the proceedings, and as we looked around and saw the intelligence, and piety, and moral worth that was assembled there, and listened to the discussion of subjects of *practical* importance, while every one was manifestly seeking to know and do her duty, we could not but feel that the most determined opposer of 'women's meetings,' would have found nothing to censure had he been present. There has been no frivolity, no fanaticism, no disorder. We are sure that not a wife or mother was there, who was not at least as well disposed and prepared to discharge her relative duties at the close of the meeting, as she would have been if she had kept at home.

* * * * *

“We must now leave this delightful spot, and go out again to our different spheres and departments of labor. But we go with the sweet remembrance of what we have felt and enjoyed, strengthening our souls, and nerving us for farther effort. We go, more than ever sensible of our entire dependence on the Spirit of God for guidance and success, and yet realizing more than ever how cheering Christian sympathy and counsel are to those who are engaged in this arduous warfare. We thank God for all the encouragement derived from this source, and trust him to guide our way amid the darkness of the future. Whatever trials are in store for us, we pray that we may be found faithful unto death, and that neither we, nor any of the beloved band, with whom we count it an honor to be associated, may ever be left to dishonor or desert our principles.”

Among other measures, a Saturday evening concert of prayer was appointed at this meeting, to be observed unitedly, in the closet, in behalf of the objects of the Association.

THE FIELD ENLARGED.

At the close of the several years, from 1840 to 1846, the Society was still able to report progress. A Bethel Missionary had been employed

to labor among seamen, visiting Committees of women had been untiring in their efforts. The publications of the Society had been increased and widely disseminated. Many new Auxiliaries had been formed, and several hundred Life-Members added to our list. An improved public sentiment all abroad was quite apparent.

More than a million pages of tracts, adapted to benefit the various classes for whom they were designed, had been distributed, and two hundred and eighty-eight thousand copies of their semi-monthly periodical put in circulation.

Changes and modifications in the field of labor were in some cases found expedient. Experience was gained, foundations laid, materials gathered, convictions deepened, and leaven set at work. The dissemination of truth, and united prayer, were still regarded as the most reliable and effective agencies. The large correspondence sustained with Auxiliaries and Life-Members, etc., had elicited a wider interchange of views, and an increase of sympathy and active co-operation, and notwithstanding obstacles and embarrassments, the work had been pursued with fidelity.

Thanks be to *grace*, that in the darkest days, their consolations in the Lord had often abounded, and when He permitted them to lead the friendless, desolate, or homeless ones, far away

from the yawning gulf that was opening to receive them, and, instrumentally, to change their earthly and immortal destinies, joy unspeakable gladdened their hearts, and the happiness thus afforded, compensated a thousand-fold for aught they had done or suffered. Their work of this description had more than doubled, and rendered obvious the necessity of enlarged operations.

A PERIOD OF TRIAL.

An unexpected trial had twice been met, the first occasioned by discharging an influential, but untrustworthy individual, who in seeking employment in our office, furnished credentials deemed reliable, but who proved destitute of right principles. A second, and far more trying ordeal, finally passed in safety, arose from divided counsels relative to certain measures, deemed wise and expedient by the large majority of the Managers, but were strongly opposed by a small minority, who, in the sequel withdrew, formed a new Society, started a new paper, both short-lived, diverted our funds from their legitimate use, created discord, to a limited extent, among those long united, and occasioned for the time, much annoyance, sorrow and embarrassment.

In the sequel, through agencies directed by an over-ruling Providence, the right was made

clear as the noon-day, and the work was not seriously or permanently retarded.

Its true friends maintained the even tenor of their way, and in the review of a long and severe struggle, were able to say with humble gratitude, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

In meeting and overcoming both the trials above named, and maturing new and improved business arrangements, the Board were specially indebted to the kind aid and wise counsels of Messrs. Lewis Tappan, E. W. Chester, Esq., S. W. Benedict, L. W. Gilbert and Daniel Fanshaw, each and all of whom are now gone to the better land.

Gratefully remembered in life, sincerely mourned in death, their memory, with that of those who were afterward alike ready-helpers, should be cherished by this Society till its last beneficiary is aided, and its last work finished.

PRISON MATRONS SECURED.

During this period the city authorities were petitioned to place matrons in the City Prison and at Blackwell's Island. With commendable promptness the request was granted. Two women, well adapted to the office, were appointed to take charge of the female prisoners, in the former place, and other improvements were

made in its management. At Blackwell's Island the visitors availed themselves of the advantages thus afforded, and expended much time and effort in labors for the prisoners. A weekly prayer-meeting was sustained. A meeting also held on the Sabbath; and a Sabbath-school put in successful operation. By these means cases requiring special attention were soon known. There were committed in this department the first ten months after the matrons were appointed, *two thousand nine hundred and seventy-three*. By far the greater proportion of this number had been wanderers from virtue, in the early or more advanced stages of a downward course, and then habitual intoxication or some breach of law introduced them to bolts and bars. Some are also sent there temporarily, through circumstances beyond their control, who have been guilty of no crime. Several of this class, when discharged have been boarded for a time till they could be sent to their friends, and some have had situations provided for them by the Society. Four matrons were also appointed in the Hospital and Penitentiary.

In the Annual Statement at the close of the first decade, we find:

“ During the year sixty-three children, chiefly

between the ages of one and eight years, were given to the Society, and fifty-four have been provided with homes in Christian families. With very few exceptions they have been adopted by those who have taken them, and if spared will be educated for usefulness. No other door being opened, in many cases members of the Society received them for weeks and months into their own families, and felt it a privilege to gather them with their own precious flock around the domestic altar. Several of these desolate little ones were commended to the care of the Board by the officers of the city prison. They were left there, like scores of others to be fed and sheltered, till transferred elsewhere, and came under the observation of the visitors, at their stated weekly meetings in the Female Department. In nearly every case they have been either orphans or half orphans, and in most instances the former have been less objects of compassion than the latter.

Some among the mothers who chose to resign their children to the care of the Society, were respectably connected, had once been much esteemed, but having forfeited all claim to respect, parted with their little ones, that they might be saved, by right training, from a life of vice. One scene witnessed, where sin had near-

ly obliterated the bonds of nature in the parent's heart, was more affecting than death. The little girl, with all the simplicity and love of early childhood, clung to her poor lost mother, and with streaming eyes and suppressed sobs, took leave of her to go with strangers, while the mother coolly put her away from her forever, saying she "did it for her good"—she must either give up her chosen course of life, or give up her child, and she preferred the latter! Here was an illustration of the power of sin such as those mothers who beheld it would—

"Hope in God,
They ne'er may see again."

This woman had been a member of a Christian church, was intelligent, and capable of being an ornament to society. She had restrained prayer, given her heart to the world and its follies, and found herself a captive to the Prince of darkness.

There has been a striking contrast between mothers of this class and those who have been compelled by sickness or dire necessity to make a similar sacrifice. The Society would in no case encourage the sundering of parental ties, unless a determined course of vice or such extreme destitution as might prompt to it, is known to exist. But in relation to the scores of children they are

now aiding from year to year, the strong probability has been, that, left uncared for, their young feet would have been led in the way to death, that destitution, misery and crime, would have attended them here, and the Christian's blessed hope, have shed no light on life's last hour. The Society, as such, have done for them what they could, and those families who have received them as their own, are doing for them far more. The fact that it has been put into the hearts of so many heads of families to receive these mute pleaders for sympathy, with open arms, is cause for the deepest gratitude. True benevolence has been shown by the friends of this Association in many ways, but never in a higher sense than in this department. Among the many kind families, who have offered to receive these little ones, three might be mentioned, who have each offered to adopt two instead of one. And one of these, to whom two have recently been committed, responded to the appeal in the *Advocate* of March 1st, with the caption, 'Who will imitate the departed Margaret Prior?' and have received the little cripple there alluded to, to nurse and rear for heaven. Let the name of Christ be magnified that He gives to any of His dear people thus largely of His own Spirit."

HYMN,

*Written for the Anniversary of the American Female
Guardian Society, May 13, 1846.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

YE who have never wept,
To learn the lessons drear,
That iron-handed Penury gives,
Amid her school severe,
Remember those who bear,
Unpitied and unblest,
The famine paleness on their brow,—
The toil-mark on their breast.
Ye who were never swept
By billows bold and high,—
Down to those dread abysses where
Both soul and body die,—
Remember those who reel
Upon the slippery verge,
And snatch them from temptation's power,
And from the whelming surge;
So shall your blessed deeds
The wanderer to restore,
Survive and blossom, when ye tread
This clouded earth no more.



"In the morning sow thy seed."

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS FROM THE FIRST DECADE.

Sinned Against more than Sinning.

AT home or away in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."
No matter how far from the right she hath strayed,
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

FRANCIS L. KEELER.

We break our historic sketch just here to insert a few cases among the many, noted at the time of their occurrence, and now recalled by the review of these far-gone years. Each has lessons of its own, suggestive of the importance of maternal effort for the exposed and friendless, specially within the age and circumstances of

temptation. May each bear the plea to the Christian heart, "Save one."

"Teacher, will you come to see my mother, and ask her to let me live with you?"

"Why, would you like to leave your home, Minnie?"

"O, ma'am, my mother gets so tight, and the baby cries so, and we're hungry and cold, and I'd like to go away somewhere, I would." The tearful face and earnest tones followed the kind teacher in the house and by the way, and within a day or two she stood by little Minnie, in the miscalled home, where mother and children and their repulsive surroundings told of the moral wreck, strong drink, had made.

Mrs. K. was at length induced to let the teacher find a place for Minnie, who trusting to a fair report of a family of good standing, wanting such a child, made an arrangement in her behalf. For months after this her face was bright and hopeful. She was scarce eleven years of age, naturally amiable, very efficient and pleasing in looks and manners.

A CHILD LOST.

The teacher felt the responsibility of her assumed guardianship, and called occasionally to see her ward, and learn of her well-doing. She

was always well reported, and apparently a special favorite in the family. Thus the months sped on, till some time after Minnie had passed her thirteenth birthday. Calling again as usual, requesting to see her, the teacher was told that she had gone they knew not where. Different members of the household were questioned, and from some the answers were equivocal, indicating an inexcusable reserve, and awakening suspicion of existing wrong.

"I must know who has taken Minnie away, and where she has gone," urged the teacher on a second call. "I surely have her confidence, she would not have left of her own accord without my knowledge."

"Better wait till she returns, before making an ado about it," said the head of the household, a man nearly forty, from whom as a husband and father, a different expression might have been expected. But reasoning or persuasion were alike unavailing. Deson became offended, and not only uttered angry words, but followed the departure of the teacher with the sudden report of a revolver, so near as to cause fear, not only of a purpose to intimidate, but of real danger.

AID SOUGHT.

Conscious that she could do no more without

aid, she appealed to the A. F. G. Society for counsel and assistance. The case was made known to two reliable policemen, who had given us effectual assistance, at other times, and who agreed to take the matter in hand, and find Minnie, if among the living.

They were soon impressed by the combination of circumstances developed, that Deson knew the whereabouts of the poor child, and was implicated in her abduction. He denied the imputation indignantly, and denounced with threats a Society who should dare to place detectives on his track, impugn his motives, disturb the peace of his worthy family, and all because a poor pauper girl had chosen to place herself among the missing! The detectives were not deterred from their duty, and notwithstanding his protestations, were more and more persuaded, that he had matured a dark plot, that he was striving to hide from the light.

PAINFUL SUSPENSE.

Six weeks of painful suspense had intervened since Minnie had been seen. The officers of the law, with plans well matured, finally determined to arrest the supposed culprit, and compel disclosure. They had him brought to a private room in the Tombs at evening, and then

and there, gave him their impressions of his guilt, assuring him that he could not now leave their custody, till he revealed the hiding-place of Minnie, and returned her to the Society, who had employed them to protect her. Seeing that persistent denials were unavailing, and that the purpose of the officers was fixed, at length he proposed a compromise. If they would allow him to go *home*, wait till morning, and not expose him to his wife, or otherwise, he would then produce the girl.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

He was told this could not be. That he must go at once with one of the officers and produce her, and that on no other conditions, could he be discharged, even for an hour. Seeing no alternative, he consented. A carriage was brought which he entered with a detective, who directed the driver where to go. Within the next two hours, they had threaded the most forbidding portions of the city, and in a distant, unfrequented section, ascended dark rear stairways to a lonely attic, aroused the timid victim of Deson's fatal wiles, and placed her in the carriage, which was driven rapidly back to the Tombs, where, in charge of the matron, she remained during the small hours of the night.

RESCUE REPORTED.

Her rescue had been reported, and the early morning found us beside the couch of this poor, stricken child of sin and sorrow. She could scarce see for weeping, but was reticent and silent. A temporary abiding place and kindly care were soon provided. The facts and aims of her abduction were fully elicited. She had passed as the wife of Deson, under the assumed name of Mrs. Brown, in the rooms he had leased for her concealment, believing his assurance that he would have the tie made legal so soon as the expected death of his wife should permit. By consummate, long-continued artifice, he had fully won her affections, and helped her to build air-castles for coming time that were to perish in an hour. A child of fourteen, an expectant mother, without friends or home, a stigma upon her good name—the outlook for her future was dark indeed.

A SUIT COMMENCED.

Her abductor had the means to make some pecuniary reparation, but refused to do so. A suit for damages was therefore commenced by the Society in the Supreme Court. A retired place of protection found for Minnie, and Deson bound over to await the action of the law.

A few months intervened, during which *two* infant witnesses of his guilt instead of one, saw the light. A long illness meantime gave to Minnie opportunity for sober thought and genuine repentance.

Both maternal care, and faithful, Christian instruction, were carefully given, and when she was returned to the city as a witness in the suit pending, she had gained wisdom from her sad experience, and begun to appreciate, in its just light, the pains taken for her rescue.

JUDGMENT GIVEN.

During the protracted trial, her deportment was commendable, and when the issue was reached a judgment of four thousand dollars was given against Deson—the abductor and bigamist:

A period of ten years has been numbered. Minnie has reached womanhood and lived down the past; has listened to wise counsels, adhered strictly to the path of duty, and maintained a character for integrity, virtue and Christian fidelity above reproach. Her surviving child, bears the name of its foster-parents, and knows no other. Having acquired a good education with habits of industry and self-reliance, Minnie is now able to be self-supporting and useful to others.

The years have sped on and on, and to-day she presides in her own household, a worthy wife and mother, filling honorably and usefully the relations she is called to sustain.

THE MORAL OF THE TALE.

This true history of Minnie has its lessons. First, the sorrows of neglected childhood claim intervention. Second, no child should be entrusted to the care of the unprincipled. Third, none should be given over and left to perish, because of the first false step. Fourth, the thief of virtue should be so treated by the community as to arrest his influence for evil, and effect, if possible, remorse and true repentance. Fifth, the betrayed and the erring, should be pointed to a better life, and encouraged to pursue it, with the expectation that many may thus be saved, for two worlds, and help to save others.

From our Daily Journal.

THE CHILD WITHOUT A SOUL.

Give us light amid our darkness;
 Let us know the good from ill;
 Hate us not for all our blindness;
 Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
 You can make us what you will.

MARY HOWITT.

“Our Sabbath meeting in the Tombs this P. M. brought the usual gathering of women and

children. Mrs. Hawkins read and explained to them the parable of the prodigal son. All listened attentively, many were in tears. The singing of old familiar hymns, such as some of these prisoners had heard in their childhood-home, or the Sunday-school, seemed to bring back tender recollections. They were reminders of the days of innocence and peace, of blighted hopes, of sin, and its bitter fruits.

“But all were not surely old in transgression. Among the seventy-five to eighty before us, was *one* too young to be in a group like this. She had wept till her eyes were dim, and still the deep-drawn sigh from her grief-wrung heart, found an echo in our own. In the hour devoted to personal conversation with special cases, Mrs. H. was impressed, as were others, with the apparent innocence of this weeping child, and suggested the propriety of such immediate investigation of the case as might be made. Her counsels were followed, and on Monday first steps were taken, and the officer in charge found willing to release her without trial, if on inquiry, no one should be found disposed to appear against her.”

A CHILD'S GRIEF.

Our first talk with the poor child ran thus.

“How came you to be here in the Tombs?”

“The house where I lived took fire. It was full of people. Some of them lost their clothing and said the house must have been set on fire, and they sent an officer and he took me, with others, because I went down stairs after the alarm was given. I knew nothing of it, or how it came. Oh, I can't stay in this dreadful place.”

Tears choking her utterance, further inquiries were made elsewhere. It was ascertained that no proof whatever existed of participation in the high crime of arson, by this friendless child. Her artless tale was corroborated by those who had seen her daily toil and neglected condition, and she was believed to be “more sinned against than sinning,”

After fruitless search had been made to find some accuser, permission was given to take her away, and a more grateful recipient of kindness never left those gloomy walls, than was poor H., as she walked on timidly, led by her protectors. Her bare head, feet, and scanty covering, simply one article, a faded blue and white striped calico dress, attracted the gaze of strangers, but she was soon where these wants were supplied—where she heard, daily, the voice of prayer and praise, and where life had new aspects.

PLEASANT CHANGE.

Her joy in going to Sunday-school beamed in every feature, and she listened with mute eagerness to words of instruction that were to her, as life from the dead.

Those only who have dealt with heathen minds in their first grasp after knowledge, can appreciate the pleasure found, in pouring the light of truth upon a heart so receptive. Hitherto she had been deprived both of mental and spiritual instruction.

When asked, "Do you know how to read?" her reply was, "No—I've never been to school. I was very small when my mother left me at that house in E—— St. She said she would come back for me, but she never did. The lady always had me work very early and very late, Sundays and all days."

"Did you never go to Sabbath School?"

"Never once. When I saw other children go, I wished I could go with them, but was told I could not be spared."

"Did you ever hear about the Bible?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did no one ever tell you that you have a *soul* that must live always?"

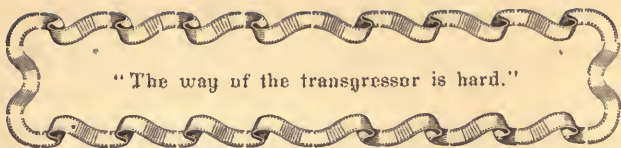
"No, I did not know that. I did not think I had a soul."

“Time passed on, and this child without a soul—as she once supposed herself to be—came to realize very fully, that she had a soul, of priceless value, and it became her absorbing care how she might secure its salvation. She was hopefully converted, united with the church, was active in doing good, as she had opportunity, and became at an early age, the chosen companion and helpmeet of a fellow-convert, eminently worthy of her affections.

THEN AND NOW.

The “then” and “now,” in her case are in striking contrast. As we look back through the years, we see her *then* a child-prisoner, accused wrongfully, alone, friendless, homeless, penniless, intensely sensitive, and for ought she knew, *without a soul*.

Now, this same child of early sorrow, may be seen the honored head of a large, well-ordered family, esteemed and useful in the best circles of society, with a happy, permanent home—no wants unmet—while “The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and her children rise up and call her blessed.”



"The way of the transgressor is hard."

CHAPTER V.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

"SOME are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of dire remorse and a maddened brain,
And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again.
Dark will the harvest be!"

AT a Sabbath meeting at the Tombs, held as usual in an upper room of the woman's prison, set apart as a chapel, there was one whose sighs and tears attracted attention. She was clad in deep mourning, and her young, sad face, expressed a grief, too deep for words. At the close of the exercises, a personal interview was sought, from which it was learned, that she wept the recent terrible death of her husband, and felt that she was bereaved and desolate, with earthly hopes all wrecked.

She was pointed to the Friend of sinners, able and willing to save to the uttermost. But her mind was dark, and her exclamation, "O my Henri! my Henri!" extremely piteous. She drew from her porte-monnaie, a slip of paper soiled and blood-stained, on which was inscribed, the last words of her "Henri," written just before the fatal act that severed earthly bonds. His image, as she saw him a moment afterward seemed to haunt and unnerve her.

Her affection for him appeared truly genuine, and there was about her a degree of native refinement and womanly delicacy, that awakened the impression of her innocence, and the desire to remove her at once, beyond prison walls. But this wish was futile until she should be legally released.

She was assured of further care, and as early as practicable, the proper officers were consulted in relation to her case, and what might wisely be done to shield and save her.

ANTECEDENTS.

The antecedents in her young life were these, Left an orphan in her infant years, an aunt, so called, had taken her to bring up. She was not sent to school or instructed at home, but early and late pursued a round of unrequited

toil. Her aspirations for improvement made her tasks irksome, but she saw no mode of relief in prospect. At length an escort was needed to take a child of the family recently bereaved of her mother, to a relative in Charleston, and she was placed on board the steamer, with this infant-charge, and requisite instructions.

MARRIAGE.

She went safely, meeting with no detention. On her return on the same steamer, a fellow passenger, an Englishman of apparent culture, intelligence and refinement, sought her acquaintance, treated her with marked attention, won her confidence, esteem and regard, and on arriving at Boston, obtained her hand in marriage, giving her a bridal outfit, expensive and elegant in its appointments. Soon after the ceremony, they embarked for London, where Mr. Neycourt, proposed to place his bride in charge of a private governess, to pursue a course of study, while he should meet sundry business engagements in London and on the continent.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Life does not often present brighter hopes to the bride of sixteen, than were cherished by Myra; a year previous, the days had been full of

sorrow, now they were full of joy. Old ocean had no terrors, all was grand and beautiful. She had a strong, manly arm, on which to lean, and conscious of reciprocal attachment and unwavering trust, she knew no fear.

Safely landed at their desired haven, she soon entered upon school-life, resolved to make the most of present opportunities and thus give pleasure to one, who of all others she desired to please.

The periods of his return were eagerly anticipated, till her last school-term was nearly finished, when he proposed to recross the Atlantic, and spend a few months, alternately in New Orleans and St. Louis.

Elated at the prospect of being again his traveling companion, she was soon in readiness for their departure, and they were off for a distant port.

SHADOWS.

Myra had now borne his name almost a year, her every want had been lavishly met, and believing his wealth like that of a prince, she had never presumed to ask whence it came, or for a moment question his integrity. But while upon this voyage, she observed once and again, that he had very intimate associates to whom her

presence was a manifest intrusion, and learned with pain, that her inquiries were limited by a "thus far but no farther." Occasions for uncertain surmises were frequent, still how should she believe her "Henri" capable of wrongs, that could not bear the light. "No, no," she would affirm silently; he is too good, too noble, too generous, not to maintain true honor and merit unshaken confidence.

They were landed in the Crescent City, and took first-class lodgings, with private rooms. Mr. Neycourt, soon became more and more absorbed in the private business, carefully kept within the knowledge of himself and the small circle alone familiar with each other's movements.

At one time she heard the remark aside, "That wife of yours will betray us; better have left her in London."

CONFIDENCE DISTURBED.

Other incidents awakened a sense of danger, and often planted thorns in her pillow. At length she resolved to investigate and know the worst. With a view to this end she once followed, unseen, the retreating steps of her "Henri," till joined by others and led on where few would dare to venture. She made good her retreat unobserved, but her confidence becar

so impaired, that Mr. Neycourt found it difficult to dispel the care-worn look that often greeted his daily return to their lodgings.

A sail up the Mississippi brought them to St. Louis, where, after a short sojourn, he left her at a boarding-house for a brief period, saying he would notify her, as soon as practicable, when to meet him in New York.

His letters came promptly, always breathing unchanged affection, and her young, trusting heart still clung to its idol. When the expected message came, without an hour's delay, she was eastward bound; stopping only for rest, when she had reached the point which he had designated as their place of meeting.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Here she was doomed only to disappointment, he was not there as promised, some accident must have detained him, he would come soon; so hour by hour she watched and waited, a stranger in a strange city, alone and unbefriended, he must know her embarrassment, and would not suffer it to last.

Back and forth to the Post-Office, day by day she made her fruitless walks, till despair began to take the place of hope.

At length, when walking rapidly on this

weary errand, suddenly she espied his well-known form approaching, and rushed to meet him, with the exclamation, "O, my Henri!" He greeted her with his old cordiality, but gave her to understand that he was in trouble, and she must leave him at once or give her pledge not to betray him.

She had not the firmness to choose the first alternative, therefore yielded to the latter, offering to do his bidding whatever the danger, if he would not send her away.

TWO CULPRITS.

A few moments later she stood trembling beside two culprits, one her husband, in a darkened room, hiding with their stolen treasure from vigilant detectives, already on their track.

Her "Henri's" direction to take a fifty dollar bank-note to the nearest broker's and exchange it for gold, was obeyed with nervous haste, the coin handed her by the broker, she did not wait to count. A looker on, who had read in the papers an offered reward for the recovery of ten thousand dollars, lately lost between Schenectady and Albany, asked to see the face of the bill left, and giving it a hasty glance, at once pursued her till she entered the retreat of the robbers. Then leaving a guard posted, gave due information,

and soon a vigilant police had the parties in charge on the way to the house of detention. Here a preliminary investigation was held, the evidence was found conclusive, a large portion of the funds recovered, and the parties were held for trial.

REGRETS UNAVAILING.

Regret and anguish were unavailing, escape hopeless, the violated law demanded justice, and must take its course.

A few days, and the verdict against Mr. Neycourt sentenced him to five years' imprisonment. The felony having been committed in Albany county, he was sent there for trial, after which he was lodged for a time in the jail at Albany.

Myra had been fully acquitted, and her entreaties to be near her husband the few days intervening before his permanent imprisonment, were considerately granted. On the morning of Wednesday she had been permitted to enter and leave his cell with the keeper who took in his breakfast. A few moments later, hearing a signal of distress, the keeper re-entered, and perceived instantly that the poor man had, with his own hand, severed life's brittle thread, and gone uncalled to his dread account.

SEQUEL TO A SAD SCENE.

The grief of his young wife was beyond control, notwithstanding the guilt that might well have forfeited her affections. It was soon after this tragic event that we found her as described at the commencement of this narrative.

It became necessary that she should be detained as a witness in the case of the party she had met with her husband, devising means to escape with their ill-gotten gain, on the day of their arrest. While awaiting his trial, and with the hope of placing Myra under saving influences, the court permitted her removal from the Tombs to the protection of a Christian family.

THE ONLY SOLACE.

For several months subsequently we saw her daily, and endeavored to lead her to flee for safety to the Rock of Ages. Her confidence was gained, she went gladly to the place of prayer, made the Bible her study, and gave some evidence of having passed from death unto life. At this period she was once and again heard to repeat the hymn she thought most applicable to her case, commencing with the lines

“Amazing grace! how sweet the theme,
That saved a wretch like me.”

Omitting farther details, it is but just to add, her case was one of many where facts stranger than fiction, came to our knowledge, showing how great the need of Christian care and counsel in leading the homeless and friendless, out from the tangled web of circumstances to a place of moral safety.

WAS HENRI ALONE RESPONSIBLE?

The antecedents of poor Henri, whose true name was unknown in the circles where he moved, may give a clue to his reckless career. He was said to have been allied to a noble family in England, but never acknowledged by his kindred. Means for a finished education were furnished by his reputed father, who never deigned a look or word of recognition. He reached manhood with cultivated talents, strong affections, yearning for human ties, but finding all hopelessly severed, he failed to seek a friend in Jesus, swerved gradually from the right, allied himself to a band of outlaws, who had no fear of God before their eyes, and in his life and death furnished a fearful example of the results to children, of parental wrong-doing. Also of their own supreme folly in not making the Word of God their guide, His precepts and promises their sure refuge in every time of need.

That poor Henri suffered justly is true, but will not the guilt of his sire, one day, be measured also by its consequences? When the Lord shall make inquisition for blood, shall He not remember?



“The eyes of the Lord are in every place.”

CHAPTER VI.

A YOUTHFUL SKEPTIC.

“THE soul has flashes,
Intervals of light, that suddenly present
A glance of truth, as though the Heavens were rent,
These are the moments when the mind is sane,
'Tis then, a hope of Heaven, a Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but dross,”

“WILL you listen to the statement of a special case and advise me what may be done?” So said a stranger applicant, at an early evening hour in the spring of —. The party was desired to relate his errand; he then stated that a young daughter of a widowed mother had formed a clandestine acquaintance, and was meeting her reputed friend on the street, allowing him to accompany her to her home, but never asking him in.

FILIAL DISRESPECT.

Notes had been interchanged, some of which had fallen into the hands of the mother. Comprehending at once the danger of her child, she indicated to her the maternal solicitude thus occasioned. She had expected filial deference to her wishes, but instead of this her daughter was rebellious and quite unwilling to forego further interviews with the stranger. Entreaties increased restiveness.

At length she absconded, was advertised, found, arrested and placed in a station-house. Greatly agitated, she would not see her mother, or speak with her, refused food, and seemed the victim of despair and wretchedness.

Our informant stated, that both mother and daughter were quite intelligent, the former a member of the Church, well connected, and her heart bound up in the welfare of her child. The question proposed was, "Will you assume the care of this refractory daughter, erring but not fallen, and try to save her?" An affirmative answer was given, and after an interval of an hour, the weeping girl, stood beside us. She was pale and wan, morbid and silent. But accepted kindness, and needed care.

A few days passed, and it was apparent that time was soothing the asperity of feeling, at first

so marked, and gradually her confidence was partially gained.

SKEPTICISM.

She referred to her very early interest in the study of the Bible, her belief of its vital truths, to the mental process by which she had become skeptical, and not only indifferent to religious matters, but averse to thought or conversation upon the subject.

When present at family worship, she would rudely divert herself by reading aside, saying she could not bear to hear the word of God or prayer.

A more intimate acquaintance with this wayward, but affectionate girl, increased our interest, and led to earnest endeavors to win her to the right. The proud spirit and strong will, had been only curbed for the time, not subdued. She was restive under restraint, and while conscious of a wrong state of feeling, determined that no earthly power should lead her to submission. She utterly refused to see her mother, or yield again to her control.

In two instances she devised measures to destroy her own life, but was thwarted in the purpose.

Artistic work, which was to her a pleasant

pastime, employed her leisure hours, and it was hoped she might be thus diverted, till a salutary change should come.

Her case was made the subject of special prayer by a small circle, who had come to feel a deep interest in her welfare, and to one of this number she began to give her confidence, and revealed some of the dark temptations that the adversary had coiled around her path. It was quite manifest that she was resisting the tender strivings of the Holy Spirit and waging a mental conflict against her own salvation, in which her strongest intellectual faculties were enlisted.

THAT EYE!

About this period, one morning she entered the door of her trusted friend, and stood back against the wall, with clenched hands, pale and agitated countenance, seemingly unable to advance or retreat. Her first audible expression was, "Oh, pray for me! I must die and am unprepared! Oh, that Eye! that Eye!" Startled by her tone and manner, the inquiry was made, what had occurred so to alarm her. She only looked upward, again exclaiming, "Oh, that Eye; don't you see it? I see it oh, save me! save me!"

After being supported to a seat, and partially

quieted, she said, that while alone engaged at her painting, suddenly there seemed to move before her something shadowy, and looking up an eye seemed scanning her closely, and a voice said low and clear, "Prepare to die, prepare to die." Alarmed intensely she opened the door to come to the room below, but the eye followed her till strength was gone.

Again she leaned back trembling like an aspen leaf, uttering faintly the entreaty, "Pray for me, oh, pray for me." She was induced to lie down, and soon appeared to sleep, but her labored breathing and disturbed countenance indicated strong mental agitation. A half hour passed, and this continued so marked that it was deemed best to arouse her. But the effort to do so was fruitless.

A TRANCE.

Appliances, such as ammonia, the cold dash, etc., had no perceptible effect. A physician was then called, and giving to the case his best skill, was alike unsuccessful. He said the young woman was in a trance, and must be left undisturbed, and would probably come out of it in a few hours.

While thus unconscious, her mother came in, and watched over her with maternal tenderness.

After a period of eight hours she opened her eyes, and asked faintly for the writer, desiring all others to leave the room. The moment we were alone, her first request was again, "Pray for me. I have seen heaven and hell; I must choose now for eternity. I want you to ask that I may be helped to make the full surrender of myself to Christ." Tearfully and with an intensity of earnestness she joined in each petition offered, confessing her great sinfulness, and at length seemed to venture wholly upon the Saviour, exclaiming, "Yes, *I do, I do* love Jesus—I am entirely His; what a Saviour I have found; I love every body, all the world. Let me see my mother and ask her forgiveness."

RECONCILED.

The mother was called and they wept upon each other's neck, with confessions and joyful reconciliations.

The strain there had been upon the mental energies, demanded present quiet, and although the patient did not leave her bed for several days, yet at the first favorable moment, she gave a narration of what seemed to her too real ever to be effaced. This is the substance of her story, in her own words.

K.'S STORY.

She said, "You know I had been very wicked, determined to be an infidel and reject all belief in the word of God. I could not bear to be under Christian influence and restraint.

'I was a wayward child,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.'

"Indulging in feelings strongly adverse to the kind persuasions of those who were trying to save me, I seemed suddenly to see a vision, that made me weak and faint; through something shadowy, an *eye* seemed to look into my inmost being, and I could not escape its searching gaze.

"After losing consciousness of outward things, a form seemed near me, who said, 'I am commissioned to guide you where you may see and believe; First, let us go to the world of darkness.' Thus saying he led me on and on to the entrance of the abode of the lost. Here we paused, and far as the eye could reach, were myriads of spiritual beings, apparently writhing in despair and anguish. I could not describe this fearful scene. The place seemed the blackness of darkness, and yet every form and face was distinctly visible. Far in the centre was a spirit-form taller and more terrible than the rest,

toward whom the others were looking. But what struck me most, was that here there was no unbelief. Here they all believed and trembled. I seemed to be a long time beholding this terrible picture, and then to ask my guide to take me away.

“Slowly our steps were turned toward the bright world which, as we came near, was more glorious than a thousand suns. Upward, onward, nearer, more beautiful, till strains of sweetest music from the heavenly host, warbled in the distance, and a shadowy vail seemed only to break the vision of the ineffable glory that enveloped the redeemed. Just beneath the great White Throne we paused, and from behind the vail there came a voice, ‘Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.’ It seemed to be the voice of the loving Saviour to my soul, and that I must choose Him *now* as my Saviour, or go down to dwell forever with the lost. The guilt of sin, the infinite love of God—considerations of unspeakable magnitude—seemed placed in just balances, and with this view, real beyond expression, I woke. O, the fulness of the mercy of Christ, the merit of His blood. The love and grace that saves to the uttermost, saves me, ‘even me.’”

Such was the story of this youthful skeptic : as we have reason to know, such was the end of her skepticism. The change produced was marked and permanent. The rescue, as of a brand plucked from the burning.

The plot for her ruin, afterward fully developed, was utterly foiled.

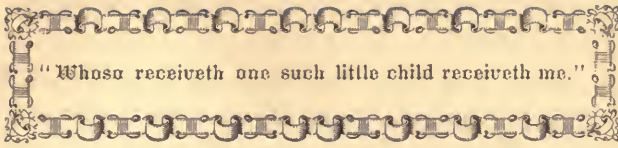
An experience so unusual, is related with hesitation, lest it should be discredited or tend to mislead other minds. How much may have been attributable to physical causes or an abnormal mental state, we may not affirm.

A GREAT CHANGE.

We only know that in her case, a great and desirable change was wrought, and that the word of God was found to her a solace, where infidelity would have been her ruin. * * * * Years had passed, the subject of this sketch, then a resident of another city, called to express anew, her thanks for the Christian care extended to her in the long ago, in that season of peril. With a voice full of emotion, she said, "Had I five hundred dollars to give your Institution in token of my gratitude, it would give me greater pleasure to come here to-day."

Suffice to say, as a Christian wife and mother, she had fulfilled usefully, thus far, her mission of

life, and never, as she said, had she ceased to lean confidently upon the word of God, and its precious promises. She had known much of the discipline of sorrow, but had never been tempted to give place to her early skepticism. Eternal things had seemed realities near at hand, of interest to each and all beyond the power of language to express.



"Whoso receiveth one such little child receiveth me."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HALF ORPHANS.

ELOQUENT the children's faces,
Poverty's lean look that saith,
Save us! save from our undoing,
Save from ignorance and ruin.
Life is but a lingering death,
We shall be what you shall make us;
Make us wise and make us good;
Make us strong for time of trial,
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude.

MARY HOWITT.

A LADY manager gives us the following sketch from her note-book.

"Will you tell me what to do in behalf of a suffering family?" said a tract visitor, on her walks of usefulness. Here is the address, giving us a card with street and No. "I wish you would go and see them, she continued, for something must be done at once, and I am sure you

will know best how to do it." A half hour later we were in the drunkard's home, conferring with the lost mother about the future of her children.

There were two little sisters between three and seven, a bright, pale-faced brother a year or two older, with a dear baby-sister of six months, all fine-looking, beautiful children.

In reply to the question, "What can be done to help you?" the mother responded, "The father is dead: he was long sick and we buried him last week, in Greenwood. The rent is due, and the landlord won't let us stay here. I have no money. To-morrow we are warned out. There is no where for us to go, but into the street, or else to the alms-house, and I can't do that.

"We have been well off, lived in a three-story house, well furnished, now we have not a cent, and the children cry for bread."

"Don't you cry, mamma," lisped little Susie, whose large blue eyes were full of affection.

"I will tell you what you can do," said the visitor, "Banish strong drink; do not let it come nigh your lips. Make yourself neat and respectable, go to work and earn food for your children, and then keep them with you."

"But it is impossible; I could not live without the drink."

Reasoning was futile. At length she said, "I will give you these children, all but the baby. Will you take them?"

Their pretty faces were bathed with tears, as they expressed the wish to go with the lady and bade the mother, a sad good-by.

A RUINED HOME.

It was a final parting, she never saw them more. They walked silently, hand in hand to our house, and when neatly dressed, with clean faces and hair brushed aside from their fine foreheads, sitting together upon the sofa, they sang in perfect accord, "There'll be no more sorrow there"—they looked unusually attractive. They all had marked talents, were uncommonly intelligent, affectionate and lovely children.

Said the eldest, "When my papa was alive, he was good to us, he didn't get tight, and mamma didn't get in prison then. What will our poor baby do? Won't you get her too?" When the little ones were quietly sleeping, taking a friend for company, we went again to the rooms from which we had led our three proteges.

The halls were dark and silent, but having matches and a candle at hand, we soon stood by the couch of the inebriate mother. Brandy was

within her reach, from which she had drunk to stupefaction. The beautiful infant, apparently dosed and drugged till unconscious, lay beside her, and present efforts failed to disturb their deep slumbers. At our next visit, mother and child had been picked from the gutter into which they had fallen, and taken to the almshouse, and our further responsibility, rested only with the three rescued children.

These were kept in our family, where they found protection, for some time, until the little sisters were both placed in good homes by adoption. The brother, a noble boy of eight years, had received a serious injury by a blow from his inebriate parent, resulting at length in a severe form of hip-disease.

He was therefore taken to the City Hospital for treatment, placed in care of a faithful nurse, visited stately and supplied with delicacies needful for the sick, till removed by the good Shepherd, to that better home

“Where it is one bright summer always,
And storms do not come.”

The separation of this family was painful. There was in their case a native delicacy and refinement, and the most tender, filial, fraternal and sisterly regard.

A MOTHER MAY FORGET.

“Strong drink,” to which the mother had fallen a victim during the long sickness of the father, had wrought the ruin; blighted womanhood, sundered maternal ties, given an affirmative to the question, “Can a mother forget her child?”

Having the sisters in charge for some time after the brother was put in the hospital, we find in our pen-sketches of “motherly talks,” with the eldest, a few paragraphs that may be of interest. “In referring to her early sorrows, poor Kitty said tremulously—we give here her own simple words—

“I loved my father very much, and when he was put down in the big hole I cried so, and I thought I would like to jump down on the coffin and be buried with him.”

“Before he died, my mother was temperance, and he used to bring her home plenty of money, and we were rich then. Now I have got no father, and my mother gets toddy, and the things was gone in pawn, and sometimes we got nothing to eat at all, at all.”

Wishing to learn what the child could communicate further of the family history, we encouraged her confidence, and by sundry questions drew from her the following items. She

said, "My mother has drank ever since my father died, and before too. Mrs. A., where I spose mamma's gone, is a very wicked woman, she gets toddy every day, dances and says bad words, and has bad people come to see her, and she first made my mother drink. Oh, she is so wicked. My mamma used to say she ought to be sent to prison all her life, why she would as soon kill us as not, when she was toddy !

"After my mother got to drink so much, she would send me to get brandy on trust, and when I could n't get a bit, she would beat me and my brother too, and sometimes when we got it for her, she would drink, and she could n't walk straight at all, and then she would almost kill us if we spoke to her." Once she struck me on my head with a broom and hurt me so, I thought I should have died, and I cried so, I wished I was dead ; and I was thinking every day if some good lady would come and take us away, I should be so glad, and when you came, I said to myself, 'I would like to go with you,' because I thought you belonged to the Society and kept the pledge."

CHILDISH ELOQUENCE.

This was all repeated with a frequent tremor of the voice, tearful eyes, and an earnest pathos full of childish eloquence.

“You know,” she continued, “that some children have to go out and beg cold victuals—well—don’t you believe, my poor little brother had to take a basket, and go out, and beg! and then, when he came home, he would open his basket, and we had something to eat, and was n’t it good, when we was so hungry! Sometimes I’d get afraid when it was dark and cold, and my mother was toddy, and breathed hard, and did n’t know anything at all, and then I’d go and fasten the door, and creep in the bed, and lie still. We had no sheets—it was n’t clean like yours is.

IN PRISON.

“When the officers came and took my mother to the prison, we cried so, and then me and my little brother went to see her every day, and took her something to eat. Was n’t it very wicked, for her to do so bad?” When asked if she loved this wicked mother, she replied, “Why, one day she was n’t toddy at all, and she put on a clean dress, and she looked very good, and then she took me up in her lap, and then she laughed at me, and said she loved me; and she did love me then, and I loved her very much and I loved her always when she was n’t toddy.”

AN EAGER QUESTIONER.

"Do you think that my father is in heaven?"

I replied, "If he was good and had a new heart, he is there, but not if he was not a Christian."

"But," said she, "when we sing our little hymn, 'Our Father in Heaven,' don't it mean that my father is there?"

"No," I said, "that means your Heavenly Father, God, who made you, and has taken care of you, when you've been in trouble and always."

"Does God see us and hear us all the time?"

"Yes?"

"Does he hear what you are saying now?"

"Yes."

"Does he think you're good?"

"I don't know."

"Don't He think you good to take such poor little children and take care of us?"

"If I do it to please Him; but He has done a great deal more for me. He has given me my home, and friends, and all I have, else I could not do anything for you."

"Isn't He a good God?"

"Yes, He is very good and every body ought to love Him."

“Will he take you to heaven, because you take care of us?”

“No, not for that, or anything, only because Jesus Christ has died to save sinners, and He will take those who love Him to heaven.”

“Well, I mean to love Him as long as I live and forever and ever.”

Being called away, here the conversation ended, and I record it, before retiring, for future reference.

THEN AND NOW.

Twelve years had passed, and this little girl of seven stood before us—grown to womanhood, well-trained, intelligent, respected and beloved by friends she had made by early well-doing. In this long interval, we had not met her, but a stated correspondence with her kind guardians in the country, had kept us acquainted with her record. Seeing us again, revived sad memories of the long ago, and she said, with deep emotion, “Oh! if I could only blot the memory of that fearful expression from the face of my poor lost mother, and those scenes in the dark prison not fit for a child to know!”

“Does she yet live?”

“Oh, no,” we said, “her course was short, and you may well be thankful that you and Susy

and William Henry, came to the care of the Society, and that your Heavenly Father, while He took them early to His fold above, has guarded you from evil.

“Yes, I am; more so than words can tell.”

A LESSON FOR THE INNOCENT.

“Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.”

“O, for a pencil dipt in living light,
To paint the guilt depicted in her soul—
The sorceress-demon, who for sordid gain,
Would seek her victims from an orphan band,
Deceive, betray, and lure them far from friends,
Heedless of tears, crushed hopes and tortured hearts,
Make merchandise of VIRTUE, health, and life!”

I have seen two orphans to-day, both young ladies in their teens, (and, rendered attractive by the gifts of Nature, a pleasing address, and good education,) for whose ruin a plot has been laid as deep as it was deadly in its purpose. It is also said, that there are several others, misled by a similar artifice, and marked as lambs for the slaughter. With the hope that some such may be warned and saved, and the unwary put upon their guard, the following facts are narrated:

One of the young ladies referred to above, has been for years connected with a Seminary of

the first class in this city. Having poor health and supposing that a warmer climate might be serviceable, she sought an opportunity to journey South, under the protection of some one who might be going thence to spend the winter. She was advised by a friend to call on Mrs. —, a resident of the South, who is spending a few months in the city, and, as she was informed, had lost a daughter, and was desirous of finding a young lady who would return with her, and reside in her family as a companion. The friend also informed her that this Southerner was but a casual acquaintance; she had only met her at a place of business, and incidently learned the above. The teacher called, and being pleased with the appearance of the stranger, observing that she had moved in good society—was intelligent and lady-like—she conversed with her freely, mentioning her desire to go South, the object in view, &c. The Southerner expressed herself much gratified to meet with one of her education seeking a Southern residence, and spoke of an accomplished daughter she had lost, about her age, and whose society she missed so much, that she had made a special effort to find a young lady whom she could take into her family and make a companion—inquired if she was acquainted with music, &c., took her address,

and desired her to call again. Subsequent to this, several interviews occurred, and preliminaries were finally settled. Several references were given—all strangers—but incidentally the name of a distinguished professor was mentioned when Mrs. ——— replied inadvertently, “O, I am well acquainted with him—he is a cousin of mine!” This professor held office in the Seminary with which the young lady was connected. She took an early opportunity to call on him and state her intentions, the propositions made to her, &c., not doubting that all was right.

THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

As she repeated the name of ———, he uttered an exclamation of horror, saying, “And is this the person with whom you think of going! Sooner would I see you in your coffin. She is known to be among the vilest of the vile, and her sole business is to inveigle the young and lure them off for purposes of gain. And as to her daughter being dead, she is not so dead but that she walks; she had better be dead than as she is, a thousand fold!”

The reader can judge with what agitation such intelligence must have been received, and the gratitude felt for this timely deliverance.

The view of the precipice escaped, the depth of human depravity exhibited, and the exposure of the young and unprotected to the subtle wiles of the wicked, produced in the intended victim a state of mind not very favorable to health.

To-day, after learning the above particulars, I had an interview with this young woman, who fully corroborated the statement before given, and assented to the suggestion that the facts should be made known for the safety of others. Learning that Mrs. — had not been apprised of the removal of the mask, so successfully worn, and wishing to give an accurate description of her person, I inquired of my young friend whether she would accompany me to her residence, and suffer me to make some inquiries. After yielding for a moment to a spontaneous rush of emotion, she assented, and taking a seat in an omnibus, we were soon at the door of this fell deceiver. We found the block where she resided in a respectable and pleasant location. After ringing the bell, we had waited but a moment when she met us in the hall—was extremely courteous—expressed much pleasure at seeing the young lady—inquired with apparent anxiety respecting her health, preparation for her journey, &c. Seizing upon the first favorable moment, I commenced a conversation, which

I will narrate verbatim as nearly as memory serves—leaving a blank in place of names.

AN INTERVIEW.

“Mrs. —, I have called as a friend of Miss —. She informed me of her proposed Southern tour, and as she is an unprotected orphan, I wish to inquire if you suppose she will be quite safe in taking this journey?”

“Most certainly. If she goes under my protection, her friends may feel perfectly at ease about her.”

“May I inquire on what terms she is to go with you?”

“Why, she is to reside with me for the winter as a companion, and as my own daughter. Her board during her stay will be no expense to her, and I think a Southern climate will greatly improve her health—and beside (with an affected smile,) she will be likely to find a good husband there before Spring.”

“Will you be accompanied by any gentlemen?”

“Capt. P., in whose vessel we are to sail, is a particular friend of mine. He is a very skillful captain, and we shall be quite safe in his care; and beside, my son is to go on with us. He

always accompanies me back and forth. Would you like to see his daguerreotype?—Oh, yes, Miss — *must* see it.” [Suiting the action to the word, she went to another room for the likeness, and soon returned with two in her hand. One she said was a hundred dollar miniature of her first husband, that she wished us also to see. While speaking of the likenesses, little passed save that she contrived to introduce familiarly the names of several families of note in the city, manifestly aiming to leave the impression that she was on terms of intimacy with these families. Returning to the point, I resumed]—

“Do you expect, Mrs. —, that any other females will accompany you to New Orleans?”

“Why, there is a young lady next door who has thought of going, who would be a very suitable companion for —. I wish very much to have her go, and think she will, if her married sister with whom she resides, does not interpose too many objections.”

“Will you give us the names of some persons with whom you are acquainted, as references?”

“Most certainly. There is Lawyer E., and Dr. P., of C— Street, has been my physician these many years; and then Miss — knows a relation of mine, Prof. —, a gentleman of high

standing, and (scanning the countenance of the young lady) she is quite satisfied, I am sure."

The landlord coming in, we rose to leave. Mrs. — followed us into the hall, when turning and looking her full in the eye, I said,

"I wish to ask you one more question—Do you think you are a *Christian*?"

"Why as to that, I can't exactly say. I have a religion of my own, and there's one thing about it, *I'm no hypocrite*, as full half the people are who make a fair profession. I respect religion as much as any one, and think it a good thing in its place."

"But, Mrs. —, my young friend here has chosen the Saviour for her portion, is a member of His Church, and her friends would be quite unwilling that in going South, she should be placed under any influences calculated to lead her heart away from God and heaven."

"Oh, that's very well, to be sure, but you need have no fear that she will not be under good influences. She will have good society; and rest assured I shall lay no obstacles in her way. I have thought much of serious things of late, and especially since my daughter's death—"

"I hope you will think more of them, and see to it that you prepare to meet your God."

"I trust I shall. I know it is quite important. Good morning."

This last remark was uttered at the door; and as it closed upon us, it was truly a relief to escape the atmosphere of a house thus tenanted and I could scarce avoid drawing long breaths for a moment, inwardly thanking the Lord that the prey was taken from the snare of the spoiler.

ANOTHER FOREWARNED.

We entered the next house and inquired for the young lady who was expecting to go South—were shown to the parlor, and soon her name was announced, and she was at our side. After inquiring if it was her purpose to go to New Orleans, with her next neighbor—learning that strong inducements had been presented, and that she was still balancing the question, also that she too was an orphan, but seventeen years of age, and though very prepossessing and intelligent, was quite ignorant of the world, we acquainted her with the facts in our possession. The information was startling both to herself, sister and family, and their heartfelt thanks were tendered for the intelligence. They were unacquainted with city life and habits, having removed here from the country but recently, and supposing their courteous neighbor to be all that she assumed, they had permitted her visits, suffered two young daughters to comply with her request

to return her calls, and what might have been the result had no development occurred is uncertain. The sister and mother thought this would be a lesson for the future.

MORE LIGHT.

We called next at the residence of two of the references given by Mrs. ——. The physician only was found at home. That the value of his testimony may be inferred, I will give the conversation as it occurred.

“Doctor —, your name has been given us as a reference this morning, by Mrs. —, who says you have been her physician for several years. Will you have the kindness to give us your opinion of her moral character?”

“I have nothing to say respecting her moral character. I attended her as a physician for some twenty years, and she has paid my bills promptly. This is all I have to say of her—”

“But, Doctor —, will you not inform us what character she sustains in society?”

“I know nothing of her character, or of anybody's character in New York; neither do you nor any one else. There's no knowing people's real characters; besides it is not the business of the profession to meddle with private matters.”

“We understand, sir, the rules of etiquette in this respect; but this is not an ordinary case—and will you not permit us to ask, If you had a daughter desiring a safe traveling companion, would you suffer her to journey in the care of Mrs. ——?”

“No. I would not suffer her to journey in your care, or anybody’s care but my own.”

“But suppose she were an orphan and an invalid, obliged to travel for her health, would you think it safe for her to place herself under the protection of Mrs. ——?”

“I would not advise her to place herself under anybody’s protection, or to trust herself with any one.”

“Then all that you can say is, that you have attended this woman professionally and she has always paid your bills?”

“Yes. That is all.”

We bade him good morning, and need not add here that our opinion of this woman, or her associates, was not improved by the interview. We had information from other sources, quite sufficient to corroborate the testimony first given by Prof. ——. We have also been told that she is employed by a club, possessing more or less capital; and further, that the malice of desperadoes might probably be wreaked on

those who should presume to expose and thus prevent these enormities.

I have been somewhat minute in detailing this case that the innocent and unsuspecting may see in the light of it what dangers may, even now, beset their path; also, that any who may have been invited to leave the city, with such professions as are named above, may be led to be especially upon their guard. This woman is but one of many who infest our cities. * * *

A BRIEF SKETCH.

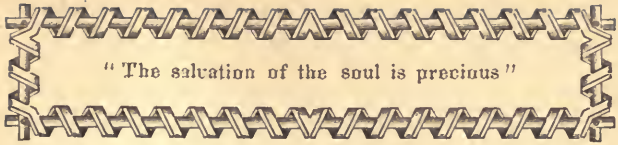
[The case of a beautiful child of some nine years of age, suggested the following lines.

The family to which she belonged were from a once pleasant New England home, broken up by the infidelity of the unnatural mother. She had brought this child to the city, where finding herself abandoned by him in whom she had confided, and destitute of means, she had sent the poor child to beg from door to door for her support. The little one was detained with a stranger friend, at her own request, but the case was tried in court, the law was powerless to hold her, and she was returned to her cruel parent.]

Fain would we save thee, little stranger child,
From pitfalls spread for thine unconscious steps,
From pangs more bitter than a serpent's fang.
As on a map we see those hidden snares,
That cluster thickly in thine untrod path,
Fain would we shield thee from the thorny maze.
Thy *mother!* Lost to virtue! Lost to God!
That God before whose altar she had bowed,
And vowed allegiance to his sacred laws.
Those laws dishonored—peace, hope, honor wrecked—
And thou must share the grief, the woe, the shame!
Nine summers only hast thou numbered yet,
And on thy bright, engaging, speaking face,
The Spoiler's seal has not been rudely set.
O, be its impress ever banished thence!
But late thou wast in thine own rural home,
Happy, with brothers, sisters, parents, friends,
Thine infant heart as free from care or strife,
As the young lambs that gambol'd at thy side—
Nor didst thou dream *that home* so soon would change,
To one 'mid city courts and gloomy haunts,
Where innocence and purity come not—
Where *Want* must drive thee forth from door to door,
A beggar-child, with heart "just fit to break."
Compelled to call one "Father," whose true name
Is written in the books before the Throne,
"*Seducer—Ingrate—Traitor—Infidel!*"—
Yea, worse—"for his own house he careth not;"
Wife worse than widowed lives, and children weep
Because their sire forsook and cast them off.
We hoped to change thy destiny, dear child,
To place thee where the daily sacrifice
Ascends as incense to the King of kings—
Where guardian care would lure thy youthful feet
From all the ways of folly, sin, and death;
Where right examples would illustrate truth,
"And point to brighter worlds, and lead the way."
This cherished hope was vain, and thou art gone

To one unworthy of a Mother's name—
Perchance to the same heritage of shame.
Guilt's track is downward—ever down, down, down,
To depths the human mind can scarce conceive.
And shall this doom be thine? May God forbid—
Oh, may His mercy save thee innocent,
Open some door through which thou may'st escape
To a safe fold, beyond the Fowler's snare.

February 8th, 1847.



"The salvation of the soul is precious"

CHAPTER VIII.

"True Charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green.
Exuberant in the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies."

SECOND DECADE.

To return to our narrative, the Christian workers in pursuing their system of visitation wherever the young, the orphaned and homeless find but temporary shelter, and feel the want of maternal love and care, found the appeals to their sympathies strong and constant.

Here they saw the first steps on the round of the ladder leading down to the moral abyss, whence few return. They saw the victims of want and neglect, and witnessed much of the

morbid feeling among young women which induced recklessness. The attractive child-faces of many on the verge of womanhood, marked by the spoiler, and watched till his net could be coiled unseen, and prove a fatal snare to unwary feet.

For the few they could extend an arm to save. For the few make their own homes a temporary shelter for the homeless child or youth, till transferred to permanent protection in the country. And for several years this became a steady work, enlisting the best energies of sundry members of the Board.

FIRST IDEA OF A HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

To this labor, with its promptings and results, may be traced the inception of the first idea of the establishment of a Home for the Friendless, where the child of want and sorrow, and the youthful daughter of stern poverty, within the age and circumstances of temptation, might find shelter, friends and care.

This idea once conceived, with its possibilities of realization, came like a ray of light over a dark sky, and made a week of anxious days and restless nights seem long in passing. At the end of this week, came the stated meeting of the Executive Committee, where the question might take

shape, and command action, or be laid aside as impracticable. At this meeting the subject was made the prominent topic, and the considerations named to inspire confidence, relative to the success of such an enterprise, were these—

First. The Board have a medium of correspondence that gives them access to many thousand families in different sections of the country—and through this medium homes may be found for large numbers, both of adults and children.

Second. Through their friends abroad much aid may be expected, by way of provisions, clothing, &c.

Third. Humanity presents the same arguments why such an enterprise should be undertaken and continued as it has in behalf of the erection of Sailors' Homes, Prisoners' Homes, or any other much-needed charity.

PRELIMINARY MEASURES.

After full and long discussion a conditional affirmative was reached, and a committee of two appointed to ascertain whether a committee of gentlemen could be obtained as had been here proposed by one of our number, who would so far endorse the new enterprise, as to permit their names to stand as our advisory committee

in the application of any funds that might be collected for the contemplated object.

Mrs. Genl. A. B. Eaton, with the writer, were honored with this first Home-mission, and no time was lost in the glad service. The first gentleman whose name was sought, Francis P. Schoals, Esq., very promptly responded favorably, handing also a ten-dollar bill unsolicited, bidding us use it as a first offering, and come again for more.

The desired list of names was soon secured, and the next number of the *Advocate*, Jan. 1st, 1846, contained the first appeal issued to its patrons, endorsed by the following gentlemen :

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Rev. N. Bangs, D. D., Rev. G. T. Bedell, Rev. John Dowling, D. D., Rev. Wm. Patton, D. D., Rev. George Potts, D. D., Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D. D., Hon. Moses G. Leonard, Ex-Mayor Harper, E. W. Chester, Esq., Lewis Tappan, Esq., S. W. Benedict, Esq., Joseph B. Collins, Lewis Hallock, M. D., Rev. W. W. Everts, Rev. J. M. Krebs, D. D., Rev. Thos. H. Skinner, D. D., John H. Griscom, M. D., J. B. Graham, Esq., Francis P. Schoals, Esq., J. S. Taylor, Esq., E. E. Miles, Esq., E. Ludlam, Esq.

And now, we had reached another way-mark. Hitherto this had been a work confined to narrow limits. The paper had been self-sustaining. The agencies employed comparatively inexpensive. Now, should we go forward, a large pecuniary responsibility must be assumed. How should this be met? Would funds for the purchase of lots and the erection of necessary buildings be contributed? Should we succeed or fail? We knew well it was to be henceforth, as from the first, "a work of faith, and labor of love." The hearts of those to whom the Lord had given the silver and the gold, were in His hands. Our trust was in Him. Here were the lambs of His fold, helpless and innocent, cast out and ready to perish. Agencies to destroy were abundant. Should not an agency to save like that contemplated, have a local habitation and a name? Might it not be made to honor the Master, by reaching and rescuing those who had cause to say, "No man careth for my soul?"

PROGRESS.

Misgivings on the part of the timid and the doubtful, soon gave place to abiding trust and united faith. In answer to believing prayer,

there came a spirit of consecration to the work indispensable to success.

APPEAL FOR AID.

Our appeal for aid was sent broadcast, not only through the *Advocate*, but other city journals, secular and religious, to which we could gain access.

The following is an extract from the first editorial in the *Advocate and Guardian* accompanying this appeal. See Vol. 12th, page 6, 1846.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY AND HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

* * * “The object of this appeal has long rested with weight upon our minds. A strong conviction, that the establishment of the Institution proposed is a much-needed charity, that it would tend in a high degree to carry out the great object of the Society, viz.: the prevention of crime, and that, when this object is once understood, it will not only be appreciated, but secure efficient co-operation—has alone induced us to resolve on such an undertaking.

“Among the monuments sacred to benevolence in this city, are various asylums erected, at great expense and toil. Their benefits are extended to the orphan, half-orphan, colored orphan and penitent Magdalen; to the deaf and dumb,

and blind; the sick, and the aged. But where is there an ayslum for the virtuous poor, who ask only "the charity of wages?" Where shall the destitute, homeless young woman and deserted child in our city find a refuge, save in the purlieus of vice, or the home of the pauper? Echo answers, where!


"We need not go far to prove that there are, and will continue to be, hundreds of the uncared-for class among the three hundred and fifty thousand, the present population of this metropolis. If by giving them employment and a home, while misfortune, innocence and helplessness renders them worthy of both, they can be saved from the guilt and the doom of the lost, if Christian hands and Christian hearts can thus save them, is not the object worthy all the labor and self-sacrifice it may cost?

"Are we told that ten thousand dollars is a large sum, and will require much labor ere it can be collected? Admit it. The object to be secured is much larger, and immensely important. True, it looks large in the aggregate, but drops form oceans, and are there not among our thirty thousand readers, as many as ten thousand who could give at least one dollar each, and deny themselves little or nothing by the sacrifice? Would they hesitate to do this if assured it might,

one day, be the means of snatching a daughter or a sister from present and eternal ruin? Who would not rather dispense with some real want 'to the amount of a single dollar, than to think an appeal of humanity had been disregarded, and real suffering left unmitigated. How many ten thousand dollars are spent in sustaining missions and schools on heathen ground (a work ever to be commended) when the immediate good to be anticipated will not compare with that which may accrue to hundreds through this effort. Would there were no heathen, and none verging toward heathenism, among the neglected poor of New York!

“How many ‘ten thousand dollars’ are spent by the children of this world (without a moment’s regret) in sustaining the theatre and charnel-house! The silver and the gold that are the Lord’s, used to mar and blight His work for time and for eternity! And, shall those who are ‘not their own,’ who ‘count nothing they possess as their own,’ who have a mansion purchased, and treasures laid up above, whither their steps are fast tending, be slow to use the talents God has lent them to bless and save those for whom Christ died? Christian reader, thine individual aid is needed for the above-named object, and needed now. If the question of personal duty or

ability arises, wilt thou not take it to thy closet, and there inquire, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? But we would say, let none give who do not feel it a duty and a privilege, for 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,' and 'that which he hath given will He pay him again.'

“ Any funds contributed for the object here proposed, will be duly acknowledged, and appropriated only in accordance with the counsel and direction of the committee of gentlemen whose names are given on our first page.”

After the issue of this appeal, gifts, large or small, came, from time to time, from the patrons of this Society, but the months sped on, the homeless received as proteges were multiplied, and the necessity for the completion of the work seemed more and more imperative. How could we wait for the sum solicited to be raised before providing a shelter so much desired?

Among the daily cases prompting the earnest wish that a Home might soon be opened, were these, with many others of the same type.

CASES OF INTEREST.

“It is near evening, a visitor calls, leading a bright little girl of some four years, that she has

taken away by request of a destitute, widowed mother, sick unto death. The means of the invalid are all expended, she has no relatives or friends on this side the ocean. She is a Christian mother, refined and sensitive, and entreats the Society to protect her child, and secure for it a home in some Christian family. The visitor has given the promise, and though the Home is yet to be, the dear child must have needed care.

“A promising girl of eleven years, deserted and homeless, next claims our attention. She has wept till sick and feverish, and tells her story with a heart full of trouble. It is so manifestly truthful and her escape from danger so marked that we are glad to protect her.

“Another comes, brought by another visitor, tall and mature for a girl of twelve, but worse than orphaned. She has seen too much of city life in its dark aspects, is without a home, wants care, and promises well doing. Duty seems plain, and she is not sent away.”

A dozen similar cases since our last meeting, require the decision of the Committee in relation to their future, and so the work keeps enlarging.

Another is, “Two orphan girls, fifteen and seventeen years of age, with pleasing and intelligent countenances, plain and neat apparel, approach with diffidence, and solicit charity.

‘This is the first time in our lives,’ said the youngest, ‘we have ever asked a cent. It seemed as if we could not do it, but want compels us. We have had work in N—— Street, at book-folding, ever since our parents died, till this winter. Since the work stopped we have parted with whatever we could spare to pay our board; now we can pay it no longer, and are some in debt. Mrs. C. M. is kind to us, but is poor, and cannot let us stay for nothing; and we have no friends to go to in the city.’ The deep emotion exhibited as they told their tale of sorrow, the native modesty and self-respect apparent, and the reliable reference given, etc., led us to look upon them with maternal sympathy. They had not broken their fast to-day before coming to us, did not know their danger in going from door to door among strangers; and seemed truly grateful to be counselled and directed to a safe shelter.

“As they left we could but think of the hundreds like them in the great city—as lambs in the midst of wolves—bewildered travelers in the midst of pitfalls, weary, fearful, half desponding. What but the grace of God shall protect them? Parents, who have loved and cared for them in infancy and childhood, are beneath the clods of the valley. An unseen foe is about their path lurking for his prey. In their ignorance,

inexperience and destitution, will they shun the breakers, and escape unscathed?"

"A mother enters, who has once and again sought counsel in behalf of her worse than fatherless little ones. Respectably connected, efficient and duly self-reliant, she has had reason to believe her children unsafe in their early home, from the evil influence of a profligate father, who has basely forsaken his own, and allied himself to another. Much that is painful has come to her knowledge, and now she needs grace to bear the trial, and counsel what to do, that the highest good of her household may be secured. Here is a 'living trouble,' and she, too, is not alone."

"An aged woman comes to speak of want. We had known her for many years as a trustworthy and kind nurse of the sick. Now, ability has failed. A youthful, widowed daughter, her only earthly dependence, has of late, like hundreds of others, been deprived of employment, and, left thus with no resource, cannot sustain her mother and her helpless babes. This poor woman has come 'with feeble steps and slow,' a long distance, and must not be sent away unaided. The words of Jesus, 'Behold thy mother,' are repeated when age seeks relief."

"Human want and sorrow among the poor of the city are at present so wide spread and

diversified, that "none but a power divinely strong," can adequately scan its depths and meet its necessities."

FIRST MEETING OF ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

It was at length proposed at our next Committee meeting to call a meeting of our Advisory Committee, and seek their counsel. We had been permitted to use their names as reference, but hitherto they had not met or organized. Invitations were sent out, and the proposed meeting convened at our hired rooms in the old Brick Church Chapel.

Let us describe this meeting. Our beloved President, Mrs. Hawkins, is in the chair as usual, quiet, dignified, earnest, hopeful; and no emergency will be likely to disturb her equanimity. [That chair, by the way, is said to be the identical old arm-chair used so long ago by the dairyman's daughter. After her death, we are told, it came across the sea as a remembrance and a gift to some Society, and found its abiding place in this upper room. The thought now of its two once honored occupants in the better land, is very pleasant.]

Our Secretaries are each at their posts, and other well-remembered faces ranged on either hand.

The gentlemen begin to assemble and presently the room is well-filled. [Then and there, (now thirty years ago) the esteemed chairman of our Board of Counsellors, Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., was appointed to preside, and none have done the work more lasting service.] Prayer is offered for divine guidance, and the inquiry is made, "Wherefore are we called together." It is answered by a written statement of facts, etc., presented by the ladies, showing what progress has been made, what amount collected, and what are the present aspects of the enterprise.

But before this was read, a clergyman present, whose name we supposed had been freely given, as one of this Committee, remarked, that he wished to ask whether the Society proposing to erect an Institution for the homeless, represented the early Advocates of Moral Reform? He was answered affirmatively, and then abruptly withdrew his name, saying he must have given it, if at all, under a misapprehension, and that unless the Society would change its title and principles, re-organize and start on a new basis, he forbade the use of it under any circumstances.

This announcement, with the manner and spirit of the speaker, came upon us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The silence was unbro-

ken for a moment, and the ladies knew not how many might follow an example of so much weight. Instead of this result, a well-known city pastor, present only by request of a friend, at once volunteered his services in place of those just withdrawn, and the business proceeded without farther interruption. The good man whose ill-founded prejudice thus gave needless pain, is now where they make no mistakes, and would doubtless wish this, with every other human error blotted out.

In answer to several important inquiries, due explanations were given and light elicited.

The more prominent questions were, first, Might it not be expedient to make some of the changes suggested, as to name, etc. Second, What reliable guarantee has the Society that it could meet the current expenses of an Institution, if once erected? Third, What proof that children and young women would continue its beneficiaries in sufficient numbers to justify this large undertaking. Fourth, How were country homes to be secured, beyond a limited number? What are the plans devised and their feasibility?

Such were the points to be made clear to the minds of business men, ere they were ready to advise action.

The reply to the first suggestion was that the

Society could not ignore its principles, and having been organized twelve years under its present name, working diligently in city and country till it had a list of several hundred Auxiliary Associations, who were nobly sustaining the cause, and had already made the larger contribution to the funds in hand toward the proposed Home; therefore a change of name without adequate reasons, might do more harm than good. Should the edifice be erected, it would be a child of the Society, but must have a fitting name of its own.

With regard to current expenses, and the successive numbers needing its aid, we had no misgivings. Our periodical, and organ with the public, was a reliable, permanent agency. Our many patrons were scattered far and wide through the rural districts, and would not only help us in finding homes for the children, but in providing for their daily wants. Our plans of course were not fully matured, but sufficiently so to create the trustful purpose to go forward, provided we might still look to the respected gentlemen present, as an Advisory Committee, to counsel us in the application of funds now in hand, and funds which we hoped to receive for establishing the enterprise.

To the ladies, this was truly "an anxious

meeting " of the olden time, and eyes were tearful, and voices tremulous, that are now where "there are no more tears;" but ere its close, needed words of cheer were most cordial and encouraging.

All admitted the necessity of securing temporary premises that should relieve the long-continued press upon the families of the managers, and the following resolution was passed unanimously by the Committee of gentlemen present:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Committee, it is advisable, as soon as it can conveniently be done, to take some suitable house within the city, until arrangements can be made for purchasing or building."



"Having respect unto the recompense of the reward."

CHAPTER IX.

GO bridge the chasm—'tis deep and wide—
Where thousands gather side by side,
Avert the crowd, withdraw young feet,
And lead them to a safe retreat.

THUS encouraged, the Executive Committee proposed at once to hire a house to be occupied by their beneficiaries, till means should be furnished to erect the edifice they had asked the Lord to give them.

By common consent they now became a Committee of the whole, to seek desirable premises and report at the next meeting. All were anxious to find the right place, and various sections of the city were eagerly explored.

Wednesday came, and when the stated meeting had been opened, and reports were in order, it soon appeared that sundry places had been offered, possessing some advantages, but a house reported on Second St., and First Avenue, seemed more eligible than others. Two of their number had found this house unoccupied, large and commodious. They said, "In going through its vacant rooms, in one on the second floor in which was a pile of straw and a ladder against the wall, they had paused involuntarily and knelt in earnest aspirations for Divine guidance, and felt assured that this was the spot for the beginning of their enterprise, and that the Lord their God would go before them and give them success."

THE HIRED HOUSE.

At the close of their statement the ladies at once adjourned in a body to the house in question, taking stages going directly to the avenue. Some arrived sooner than others, and all passed alternately through the rooms from cellar to attic; then, at the call of their President, they gathered in a group upon the hall stairway, and on motion, voted unanimously, to take the refusal of the building, subject to the approval of their Advisory Committee.

A week later and they held their first stated meeting for prayer and business, in the upper room, where the straw and the ladder had given place to a straw carpet, a few chairs, and a plain table. The house had been cleansed, and furnished grotesquely with what we could get without buying, and made ready for occupancy.

Every dollar of the funds in hand, must be husbanded and reserved for building purposes, and it was understood that, for the present, the House Committee would be expected to obtain the needful supplies from friends and otherwise, *as they went along*. This might have seemed almost like "making brick without straw," but they were so thoroughly in earnest, that seeming obstacles dwindled.

A matron and needed helpers were soon secured, and little groups of Home children brought in from our scattered families, where they had been gathered for shelter and temporary care. Here our monthly, weekly and sub-committee meetings were now appointed.

Appeals through the *Advocate* for means to feed and clothe, this newly-constituted Home-family, met a ready and often liberal response. Written expressions of sympathy and promises of co-operation came with every mail. The children of homelessness and sorrow gathered at

our table, and sang their touching songs, "around the altar and the hearth," and new cases of special interest, from week to week, so enlisted the feelings of fellow-helpers that to work for the success of the enterprise, became with them an irrepressible purpose.

AN EXCELLENT LEADER.

Never were a band of Christian women more unitedly devoted to the accomplishment of a great and good end. Never had such a band a more judicious and efficient leader, than was the President of the Society, the departed Mrs. Hawkins. Calm, self-recollected, far-seeing, what was done under her supervision was sure to be well done. If she had been slow to decide on embarking in this large undertaking, it was only because she must "first count the cost," and have us all do likewise." But once committed, there was no turning back. The lions in the way were bravely met, and her quiet, lovely example, was ever inspiring to others.

The stated gatherings of the Ex. Committee had now been held on Wednesday of each week for twelve successive years, with scarce an interruption. First in a small dark basement in the rear of a rented office, 149 Nassau St., under the old Tract House; then in other locations,

and for the last few years in hired rooms in the Brick Church Chapel—rooms taken when *women* instead of *men* were first employed by the Committee to keep their books, fold, write wrappers, etc. But now as the weeks returned, they met in their own hired house, where their beneficiaries were gathered, and the glad and sad faces of their rescued children, made the sight of the eye affect the heart.

SPECIAL CASES.

As the special cases occurring within the week were reported, the little ones were often called in, and such details given concerning them, as had become known. The following extracts from our notes of these cases will illustrate.

“ Here are two little sisters from two to four years old. Their fair, timid faces wear a look of sadness. They are children of a worthy mother, who recently lost her life by the blows of an inebriate husband. He had fled from justice, leaving his poor babes sole watchers by the side of the lifeless corpse of their poor mother. The eldest was found leaning over the silent form, and lisped in broken accents, to the party who first entered the room, ‘ Mamma as’eep,’ ”

The mother was the daughter of a clergyman,

beyond the sea, well educated, delicately reared, but misled by her affections, she formed an alliance that proved fatal to her peace, and cut short her life. Must her innocent, lovely children wear the brand of the pauper? surely not. Our new Home shall open to them a brighter future."

* * * * *

Here is a group of four bright little children, two brothers and two sisters. They have just been led here from the dying bed of a devoted mother. Her death is the result of starvation. She would deny herself to feed her babes, had not enough for both. The family antecedents are good.

A NOTED LANDMARK.

Here, too, are some cases from The Old Brewery of Five Points Memory, "little Annie and her sister," rescued from physical and moral surroundings of the worst type. "The Old Brewery," a noted land-mark of a noted section, but long since razed to its foundations, and on its site, and directly opposite are placed two edifices sacred to charity. Could the evil witnessed in the former and the good done in the latter be written in sunbeams, it would present a picture with a moral, in strange contrast.

One of our helpers of the "long ago," thus

describes a visit within the walls of this old prison house.

THE OLD BREWERY.

“Men of God, to you we cry,
Rests on you our tearful eye,
Help us, Christians, or we die.”

This wretched-looking edifice, more revolting externally than any “Deacon Giles’ Distillery,” ever dreamed of, stands just in the heart of our New York Sodom. Prompted by the wish to know what there might be there to do, or that could be done with good results, we yesterday improved an opportunity to accompany a few friends to this place on a tour of observation. We were prepared for sad sights and unwelcome scenes—but not at all for what our eyes beheld. Truly the half had not been told—nor can language tell it. To be understood at all, it should be witnessed, and by those possessing iron nerves and strong hearts—otherwise the effort to behold it would prove a failure.

We were met at the entrance, which leads through an alley to the rear building, with a note of warning from several voices—“Don’t go there!”—“Better not go in there!”—and as we pressed our way through, horrid oaths, from stentorian voices, maniac ravings, and the swag-

ger of the drunkard, greeted the eye and ear. Amid the herd that lined the passage way, several sturdy dogs stood sentinel, and though we knew why they were there, they excited less fear than our own degraded species. Tracts were handed as we passed, to those who would receive them—and guided by several children who were at home in this earthly Aceldama, we found our way from room to room, till prudence bade us desist and retrace our steps.

The atmosphere was anything but breathable—and all the extremes of human wretchedness seemed here impersonated in their most revolting forms. In one room, upon a filthy, narrow bed, lay a husband and wife, suffering with burning fever. They had not room apparently even to change their position, and nothing in the room indicated the possession of a single article necessary to the comfort of the invalids. On the floor, at their feet, a child was lying upon a bed of rags, with parched lips and breath half putrid—and a few feet distant, was another human form, too weak apparently to remove the vermin manifestly more alive than their poor victim. A number of persons, old and young, gathered in this room, to seek our compassion. Mothers with babes in their arms, or young children at their side, looked eagerly for some relief. In

another room lay a corpse, shroudless and coffinless—in another still we saw a very sick child, lying on a chest against an open window—through which a burning sun poured a measure of light and heat most undesirable to the invalid; there was no bed at hand on which she could be laid—no relief of any sort—and her meek look of anguish seemed to utter the prayer, “Come, Death, and release me.”

The jargon of human voices upon the premises was almost deafening—the unventilated rooms nauseating to the sight and sense, and the whole scene, without and within, was better calculated to remind one of the great Prison House where lost spirits writhe in hopeless anguish, than any thing earthly that we have ever witnessed.

But the most touching part of the spectacle is not yet depicted. We had heard of the “innocent children,” the “laughter-loving children of the Brewery.” But what was our surprise to find here half a score of them in a single group!—bright-eyed little girls from six to twelve years of age, appealing to their wretched mothers with touching eloquence, to let them go with us, and “get some good place to live.” Some twenty or thirty women and children of this class surrounded us like so many hungry bears, and followed us a distance of a block or two, despite

our efforts to escape them, every step appealing to our sympathies—ready apparently to go any where, or do any thing for relief. Judging from what we saw, had our Home for the Friendless been in operation, we might have taken with us from this place ten or a dozen, and perhaps twice the number, of little girls, under twelve years of age, whose poor, half-starved, dissolute or degraded mothers, would have showered blessings upon us for the favor.

Shall these children perish? In a Christian city—within a stone's throw of our splendid churches, where wealth and fashion bow, and offer their incense at God's altar? Where a Missionary meeting would call together—as it should do—thousands of "the upper ten," to listen to the story of heathenism afar off, to be so moved with pity at descriptions of Hindoo degradation, that they are constrained to contribute of their substance, 'to give the burdered conscience ease.' Has truth such force when urged in behalf of the perishing on the other side of the globe—and shall the same class at our own doors lift their imploring hands in vain? Christians of New York—would that we could reach your eye and ear and appeal to you in the name of humanity—we would ask you respectfully but earnestly, not to take the word of another—but

go, behold for yourselves—look on those young immortals—and answer to your own hearts the solemn inquiry, “How much more is a man better than a beast?”

The summer and autumn of this year were filled with real work. What with meeting current expenses, securing homes for the homeless, collecting funds for the Home—yet to be—deciding on the most eligible site, arranging preliminaries, and sustaining departments already established, all were weary in the work, but not of it.

There was felt cause for thanksgiving that entire unanimity of purpose existed among the workers.

The spirit of the following sketch, penned by a hand long since mouldered back to dust, exhibits the prevailing feeling in the earliest stages of this enterprise.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE “HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.”

Great was my surprise, on my return from a short voyage, to be informed that already an Institution bearing this name, was opened. Gladly did I devote my first leisure day to its inspection, and thankfully did I listen to the many interesting incidents connected with its consecration to this holy cause.

To narrate the varied emotions that mingled in my grateful breast, would doubtless weary the reader; but I must ask the privilege of transmitting some of my expéience on that eventful day—because I have not had the privilege, by donation or especial labor, to aid in this greatly-needed enterprise.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Institution, I was somewhat a stranger, and having had no description of its outward appearance, I was not in the least prepared to enter a building of its size, and stood for a while dubiously gazing at its spacious front, until the familiar face of one who long since pledged herself by word and deed, to accomplish this object, appeared at the portal: and with an expression of joy and hope, bade me enter. My heart leaped at the sound of her voice, and half-bewildered, I walked as one in a dream through the spacious hall of the dwelling, and into the various rooms now dedicated to God and the virtuous poor! In the first room I entered, one of the Executive Committee was standing with an infant prattler in her arms, whose gentle smile, in answer to her caresses, sweetly impressed me with the remembrance that our Saviour had said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and I lingered by her side to ask its history. I learned that the babe's father

is in prison, probably to remain for a term of years, for several offenses against the law. Ah! thought I, thank God, baby, for your sake, that this domicile is so occupied that the child of the prisoner here finds shelter. From the beautiful centre-piece, intended for the magnificent chandelier, depended a baby jumper, the gift of a kind heart, for the young of the fold; and instead of the other gorgeous equipage once doubtless garnishing the ample parlor, I observed a number of tiny chairs—less, however, I soon perceived, than were needed. Passing through the French window to the back piazza, the voice of childish laughter broke upon my ear—and peering through the shrubbery, several groups of little ones, merrily enjoying their harmless pastime, met my eye. I was not surprised at their number nor their joyousness; familiar by many years' occasional visits to those quarters, "where the city's poor hide their deformities," I could readily account for their presence, and the contrast between their play-ground at the Home, and the cramped and gloomy places they had inhabited, gave a valid reason for the "ringing laugh of childhood," that fell in its pleasant melody on my listening ear.

One face, that of a dear little boy of about five years, whose black eyes had attracted my

notice at our Anniversary, was the only one I had ever seen before. I would have asked their several histories, but the time for our Committee meeting was too near to admit of that, and I could only ascertain particulars with regard to a few, from the friend who accompanied me.

Three were there, whose mother, an American woman, had died from starvation but a few days previously. Some were there, whose natural protectors had given for strong drink all they possessed, and would without a shudder have consigned them to the Farms, the Prison, or vagrancy. Some were there, who had been bereft of maternal care by that fearful malady, the alienation of reason; and of these, one, a girl of but eight years, had during the past spring and summer, done most of the work for her father, brother and sister, one an infant under two years.

When asked if she had a regular wash-day in her family, she answered,

“Yes—Friday.”

“Why did you wash on Friday?”

“Because I could iron on Saturday, and then our clothes were clean for Sunday.”

“Did you mend too?”

“Yes, but I have not learned to use a thimble yet, but I could do very well with a thread and needle.”

* * * * *

Our session that day will long live in my memory, and doubtless also, in the minds of all who were present.—Some of our number were burdened with cares and anxieties of a domestic nature, so great that one might wonder how they could farther extend their sympathies. One wept a relative who on his return from a post to which his office in the service of his country had assigned him, enfeebled by disease, closed his eyes in Louisville, Ky., amid strangers, leaving a bereaved widow, and a fatherless trio of helpless little ones, to mourn their country's folly in choosing the sword to settle national differences, and the father's profession, that so early consigned him to the tomb. Another came with a request from a Tract Distributor, that some of our most experienced members would visit a woman in her district, whose position was peculiarly critical, who was convinced of her sin, and on whose mind the inquiry was preying, "What can I do to support myself and my three children, if I abandon the home provided for me by my *destroyer* and their father?" Others had requests to present of special and common interest.

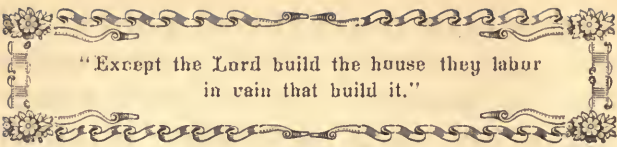
To God alone could we go with our burdens and necessities, feeling that with him is power

adequate to the redress of every grievance and the support of every afflicted or betrayed one upon his footstool! As one after another narrated how God in his goodness had inclined many to give to their solicitations not only the attentive ear, but the helping hand—and who, when additional and increasing wants were spoken of in connection with this enterprise, could say, “Let us trust God, and the Christian community,” the writer felt keenly rebuked for her want of that child-like confidence that could give all into God’s hand, and patiently wait on Him who feedeth the sparrow, and clotheth the lily.

After my departure, my mind was filled with pleasure in contemplating what I had heard and seen; and I feel like urging all who can, to go to the spot so consecrated, and witness for themselves the contrast between it and the Prison, the Alms House, and ‘The Farms,’ once the only resorts of the destitute virtuous female, or the helpless, innocent child of poverty and sorrow.

* * * * *

A. C. L.



“Except the Lord build the house they labor
in vain that build it.”

CHAPTER X.

ONE more link is weaving now,
O'er which angels deign to bow,
What a chain from first to last,
Holds the link these moments cast!
“Joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
Human destinies are here.”

THE hired house of the Society was occupied from July, 1847, to December of the year following, and well filled and sustained.

Lessons of experience were acquired, friends enlisted, funds collected, and faith encouraged. By advice of the Committee of gentlemen, a site was selected on East 30th Street, and on May 5th the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies. In the centre of an almost vacant block, well shaded with trees and shrubbery, the voice

of prayer and praise broke the stillness, and the united aspirations of many warm hearts consecrated the ground on which they stood, to the Infinite Friend of the friendless, the children of the needy, and the lambs of the fold, unsheltered and helpless.

The day was fine, and a kind Providence seemed to smile upon all the arrangements. Among the first upon the ground, were a large portion of the band of women, who had so long toiled together, "hand to hand, and heart to heart," and several of the benevolent gentlemen who had stood by them in darker hours than these. Other friends, a goodly number, were soon present—and at the hour appointed for the services, those who were to aid in the exercises ascended the platform erected. E. W. Chester, Esq., took the Chair by request, and announced the object for which the assembly had convened. He said:

"We are met for no idle ceremony. Here is the ground, extending seventy-five feet on 30th Street, and running through to 29th Street, with a front there of fifty feet, where the building is to go up. Here is to be a shelter for the friendless, and here the destitute and the worthy are to find a home. We assemble here to-day, in the name of the women constituting the Ameri-

can Female Guardian Society, wherever scattered through the length and breadth of this land, to lay the corner-stone of a building which will stand a monument of their charity, their perseverance, and their warm-hearted philanthropy. The buildings and grounds will cost some twenty-two thousand dollars, of which more than one-half has been already contributed. It has come mostly in little rivulets flowing into this centre, the contributions not of the wealthy, but of the earnest and self-denying women who have taken this business in hand. It is to go up by the free-will offerings of those who contribute their dollar, their half or their quarter dollar, to afford a shelter for the virtuous of their sex from the arts of the destroyer, and the little children written "homeless and friendless."

"He had long known the managers of this Society, in prosperity and adversity had known them. When darkness seemed to brood over them they had prayed and labored. When perplexity and difficulty and trials had beset them they had still prayed and labored on. And when, as now, the sun of prosperity was shining upon them they had still prayed and labored on. And they will labor on, and by their perseverance and labors, and the blessings of Heaven, this building will go up and will stand a monument

of woman's charity, and love, and perseverance. when those who erect it and we who stand here shall all slumber in the dust."

A select choir present sang the following hymn, composed for the occasion.

HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God of the helpless, to whose ear
 The wandering ravens cry;
 Friend of the friendless—Saviour dear!
 Who tasted, while a dweller here,
 Of lowliest poverty.

Eternal Spirit—Guide Divine!
 Who stricken hearts doth cheer;
 We ask a blessing on the shrine,
 The HOME for those who homeless pine,
 That thus in faith we rear.

The orphan's tears that ceaseless flow,
 Grant us the power to dry;
 To save from guilt—to succor woe—
 O'er sinking forms a shelter throw,
 And soothe the suppliant's sigh.

Grant us the gifts of hope to strew
 O'er misery's darkest shade;
 And with warm zeal, with purpose true,
 What holy pity prompts, to do,
 Ere fleeting life shall fade.

Rev. J. Dowling, D. D., offered prayer, after which the attention of the audience was called to the service of

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

Mr. Lewis Tappan, who had been invited to perform this ceremony, made some preliminary remarks and stated briefly the circumstances that led to the undertaking and the necessity under which the managers seemed to be placed to erect such a house. "In their walks of usefulness and deeds of benevolence in this city, they found so many homeless children, and were applied to at their office and otherwise by so many destitute young women, that they were often urged by considerations of humanity to make their own dwellings temporary asylums." At length, he said, the idea occurred, suggested doubtless by the Holy Spirit, that, in addition to their other labors, it would be well to establish an Institution for the temporary use of the virtuous poor, who were seeking employment. It seemed a great undertaking, and would require a large sum to carry it into effect. The ladies were already borne down by philanthropic labors and responsibilities, they were comparatively few in number. Yet, at the imperious call of duty, and with humble faith in God, they resolved on making the attempt. They issued appeals to the members of the Society and to the humane throughout the country. They were generously responded to, and at length a suf-

ficient sum was given or secured to justify the Managers in purchasing lots, and making a contract for a large and commodious edifice, the corner-stone of which is to be laid to-day.

Mr. T. said that although no public building for precisely such a purpose had ever been erected in this country or any other, so far as we learn, yet here, as well as elsewhere, benevolent individuals had practised on a small scale what it is proposed to do here by this public Institution.

The object of the ladies is, said Mr. T., a work of prevention. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." As it is in the case of our bodies, so it is in a moral point of view, prevention is easier than remedy.

Mr. T. then spoke of the benefit such an Institution, properly conducted, would be to this city, amidst its abounding iniquity, and the favor with which it would be viewed by that great Being who surveys the conduct of his creatures. The celebrated Edmund Burke, while contemplating the numerous public charities in London—the hospitals, asylums, and charity schools—exclaimed, "These are the moral lightning-rods that avert from this guilty city the wrath of Heaven." So, said Mr. T., may the Institution now to be reared, prove a moral lightning-rod that may save many from destruction in this city,

which in so many respects outstrips London in profligacy and vice.

Finally, said Mr. T., works of this nature are the offshoots of Christianity. Before its introduction there were no asylums or eleemosynary charities. The most exalted notions of antiquity never imagined such things, and it is the glory of the Christian religion that institutions are founded to prevent and alleviate human misery.

Mr. T. then held up to the view of the assembly the plans of the proposed edifice, describing its style of architecture, size, etc. He then said, We have now assembled to lay the corner-stone of this new edifice, The House of Industry and Home for the Friendless, and I invite you, on behalf of the Managers, to attend to this interesting service. He then took up the leaden box containing the articles to be deposited in a cavity of the corner-stone, and read the list of them, as follows:

1st. A Bible with the name of the Institution stamped upon the cover.

2d. The several appeals issued in behalf of the enterprise, with the names of the Advisory Committee—Rules of the Institution, etc., etc.

3d. Reports of the Association, containing the names of the Managers, and an account of the preliminary steps toward the enterprise.

4th. A copy of the various publications of

the Society, and the secular and religious papers of the day.

5th. Sundry documents and the "Great Metropolis" for 1848.

The box was then deposited in its place, after which Mr. T. said :

"In the name of the Redeemer of a lost world—of Him, who, when on earth, had not where to lay His head—I lay this corner-stone of a house here to be erected, not as a place of amusement or dissipation—not for any purpose of gain—not to encourage vagrancy or vice—but to afford shelter to the houseless—to guard and save the tempted—to prevent crime, in which the ignorant shall be enlightened—and the wandering guided to the Lamb of God; and may His favor and blessing be upon the projectors, the builders, the inmates, the friends, upon this city and the world."

Rev. W. W. Everts was then introduced to the audience, and made an address in behalf of the object, full of touching interest. He spoke of "Home," the tender associations ever clustering around those two words, "our home," their deep meaning to the human mind in almost every nation and tongue and clime. He alluded to the endearments of family and social ties, and to the desolateness—better felt than expressed—that

the heart knows when these ties are all sundered, and one goes forth alone. He described feelingly the condition, the exposures and the sorrows of the friendless and destitute in the great city, especially the adult female and helpless child, and the necessity existing for the establishment of an Institution that should throw a shield around them. * * * *

This occasion was one peculiarly hallowed and solemn. We have often been where the dead were congregated beneath our feet, and felt that the ground was consecrated, but we felt here during the exercises, that we stood on ground consecrated in a higher sense—the one was for the ashes of the dead—the other for beings uncounted in number, each animated with a spark of Divinity, with immortal interests to be secured or lost. The responsibility gathering around the few who had stepped aside, at the call coming from these immortals and from Him who died for their rescue, and assumed the burden of this great work was indeed weighty. But it was enough to know that they had not assumed it “at their own charges,” that the Master of the Vineyard, who had bid them “go work to-day,” had also enjoined, “casting all care upon Him.”

The thought occurred—This stone may proba-

bly be unsealed by those of another age. The simple records it contains perhaps be perused by the descendants of some who now surround it, while they, one and all, shall be in the Spirit-land, engrossed with other themes—and the reflection thrilled the heart, that even then, there might be numbers living in the enjoyment of temporal, and the hopes of eternal good, whose history might be traced back to the point, where the agency of this Institution changed the tide, whose current in its many windings had otherwise swept them downward.

PUBLIC MEETING.

On the evening of the same day, a large public meeting was held in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., presided. Spirited addresses were delivered by clergymen of different denominations.

We quote but the following, as furnished to the city press, by a reporter present.

“Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., said, that during the three years he had walked the streets of New York, the condition of the poor and the friendless had formed with him a subject of daily thought and daily concern. He had long been considering what he could do in their behalf,

when this association of ladies had presented to his inspection a plan of the Home. He had gladly become one of their Advisory Committee, and felt that their undertaking was one of the most important and precious in this Christian metropolis.

“They had gone on, he added, under the most propitious circumstances, until they had actually felt encouraged to dare great things, and to contemplate achievements, which even he himself had been disposed to regard with diffidence. They had succeeded in raising no less than eleven thousand dollars for the purpose of building a ‘Home’ to provide a shelter, a temporary shelter, for those who stand on the dividing line, where the next step may be ruin, or the next step security; and it was at that point when, unprotected, unguarded, seeking to find a mode of supporting themselves, and desiring to find a home and protection by industry of their own, it was at that point that these Angels of mercy (he was no flatterer, and felt he did not use too strong a term) came down; messengers of glad tidings, to take by the hand the lone one, the one who, it might be, had been neglected, or forgotten, and to lead this object of tenderness and sympathy to a resting place, and a home free from anxiety and danger. Dr. Tyng

here proceeded to speak of the trials which these ladies had so far endured, and then went on to declare that he was prepared to pledge whatever credit and character and reputation he might have at stake in the community, as a guarantee of the excellent motives of these ladies, and of their fidelity to the interests committed to their charge. He had not been, he said, an uninterested observer of the progress of this cause. He had often said to those of his own household that if no one opened a 'Home' they would have to do it themselves. But it was now a simple, practical, business question. These ladies had expended five thousand dollars in the purchase of lots, and for the current expenses of the Institution; they were in need of from six to eight thousand dollars more, and they had come to ask aid of the churches and of their fellow-Christians. And now permit me, said Dr. Tyng, to say for them, that they are fully worthy of sympathy and respect and confidence. They have acted under the advice of a Committee throughout; every dollar laid out has been judiciously expended; and each one of them is giving more now, in her personal zeal and efforts, than thousands from the wealthy could purchase. What a sublime spectacle is that of the mother of a family giving her own time and exertions to this

cause, taking up a cross which even masculine strength is unable to bear. I say she is, in this, giving what mere wealth has no power to measure. When, then, there is such a going forth in the beginning of this enterprise, let not the wealthy stand back in rendering their aid, but contribute freely of their substance towards a cause which will be so certainly effectual for lasting good. Let us one and all take hold of this work in a spirit of cordial encouragement and support. Give these ladies a wide margin in your manifestations of sympathy and approval, and their cause will go onward, ever brightening in its career, and there will henceforward be no cloud resting upon the roof."

STANZAS,

Written after witnessing the laying of the Corner Stone of the Home for the Friendless, May 5th, 1848.

BY MRS. A. C. LOVELAND.

Deep, wide and wild, the tide of life rolls in
 Its breathing surges through our city's gate;
 On—'mid our scenes of pride, and shame, and sin,—
 On, though for most; danger and crime await!
 On, past our doors, bright living crystals glide,
 Clear as the dew that decks the fields at morn;
 Returning at the ebb—a turbid tide,
 To lave our hearts, and make our homes forlorn!

Where, 'mid our public charities may we
 Place the poor friendless woman for a night?

Where the young children? That kind hearts may be
Engaged to gild their opening paths with light?

We have our prisons—and the paupers bread—
But where employment for the stranger girl?
Where is the shelter for the houseless head
That aches and throbs, amid the city's whirl?

We have our churches! 'Neath their arches dim
Despairing hearts have broken! Virtue died;
E'en while with solemn melody, the hymn
Of praise went up to Jesus glorified!

One stone—alone! points out the place where yet.
Broad walls and high, shall tower o'er the sod,
One signet! on the green earth's bosom set;
That bids the Homeless still "Have faith in God!"

Here—see the earnest of His love to thee
Who shared your burden! He the crucified!
"Home for the Friendless!" 'Tis for such as ye—
Ere lured—or driven—from Virtue's paths aside!

Down the dark vista of the coming years
Methinks I see pale forms advancing slow.
Childhood without its smile! Women in tears,
Crushed 'neath the weight of misery's stunning blow:

They enter here! Sweet sympathy binds up
Their spirit wounds—and healed—they soon depart.
Hope fills for them again life's golden cup,
And cheering Mercy wins the suff'rer's heart.

Ye who are striving these results to see,
Toil on in faith! Strength shall to each be given,
"As ye have done it to the least!" so He
Still saith, who gives the crown and robe in heaven!

From the report of the first year of Home-
work, as presented at this meeting, we have room
only for the following brief extract:

“During its first experiment, in a period of less than one year, it numbers over two hundred children plucked from want and vice, from mental and moral degradation, now found on the ascending scale, enjoying the genial influence of the Christian's home, with lighter hearts, and brightened hopes.

“But for this enterprise, the dwelling-place of very many of these might now have been the prison, the alms-house, the hearth made desolate by intemperance, the Old Brewery, or the city street. Could they stand before its patrons as they were and as they are, and their future history be traced through time and beyond it, their silent appeal in behalf of this Institution would be more forcible than words.

“The special cases, where the good resulting is already apparent, are too numerous to be cited.

“H—— J—— is an adopted child of five years of age. Her foster parents are worthy, Christian people, in affluent circumstances. The child has a fine countenance, pleasing manners, and brilliant talents. She is much beloved, and will, if spared, doubtless be well-trained and educated. Six months since a vagrant woman led her daily from kennel to kennel, and none cared for her soul. She passed from the Tombs to the Home, and from thence, after a short

sojourn, to those who will fill a parent's place. May not the Home be to her and others like her a white link in life's history?

"B——, L——, and S——, three other adopted children, in families equally desirable as the above, were, five months since, on their way to the alms-house; they were each bright and promising, but hunger, want and neglect had been their early heritage. Their complainings were unheard, save by the God of the fatherless, till by His kind providence they were sheltered, for a time, in the Home, and transferred thence to a brighter destiny.

"M—— and T——, two sisters of ten and twelve, affectionate, amiable and prepossessing, but destitute of earthly guardianship, were marked by the agents of the Spoiler. Bribes were offered the eldest to frequent the theatre, its charms extolled, and in her simplicity and desolateness, she listened and believed. Just then a friendly hand led both the sisters to the Home, arrangements were made for them to reside in good families in the country, where they now are under judicious care, saved from the snares laid for them by those whose feet go down to death."

These cases illustrate the work and its aims.

In the first year in connection with the hired house, the record of statistics says—

From May 1st, 1847, to April 30th, 1848, the whole number received under the care of the Managers, has been six hundred and five.

Of this number, three hundred and thirty-four have been adults, and two hundred and seventy-one children. The larger portion of the former have been provided with good situations. Of the latter, twenty-nine have had either a father or a mother living, to whom they have been restored on their furnishing evidence that they were in a condition to support them. Special efforts have been made to secure good homes for those apprenticed or adopted, and with scarce an exception, they have been placed in Christian families, satisfactory reference being in all cases required.

From the period of laying the corner-stone, to the completion of the edifice there was united toil. The progress of the rising walls was watched with an intensity of interest, better felt than expressed.

Every dollar received towards the payment for materials and labor, seemed to be heaven-sent. Every issue of the *Advocate* brought additions to the material aid required.

The Second Appeal was printed as a leaflet, and used effectively. It closed with the statement.

“The Association who thus solicit aid, have submitted their views to various individuals, competent to judge of the expediency of the proposed measure, who have expressed their full conviction that the plan is feasible, and the work imperatively demanded. Several influential gentlemen have kindly consented to aid by their counsel in carrying forward the project in question, also to act as a Committee of Reference. See page 122.

The following resolution is an extract from the Minutes of a meeting of the above named Committee, held November 18, 1846:

Resolved, That the object proposed to this meeting, of erecting a temporary home for friendless and destitute females and children of good character, meets with our cordial approbation, and commends itself to the sympathy, and aid of the philanthropic and Christian public.

E. W. CHESTER, *Chairman*.

JOHN H. GRISCOM, *Secretary*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“*A Home for Destitute Women*.—This is one of most noble enterprises of Christian benevolence to which even our age has given birth. We most ardently hope that the good who are able will promptly come forward and aid to carry it into successful execution.”—*Tribune*.

“*A Noble Enterprise*.— * * * * There are at this moment many hundred females in this city, from the ages of fourteen to twenty-five, who are utterly destitute of food and lodging except as supplied by charity. * * * Alas, what powerful temptations are thrown before such unfortunate females? What can be done for them? Why, if benevolent men will give heed to this Appeal, and help the object with

their money, a vast deal can be done for them. * * * *
Those whom it would aid would in many cases be saved from almost inevitable want, degradation, ruin and crime. It is an object that commends itself powerfully to the kind-hearted of all sects and denominations. It appears to us that the object needs only to be presented, in order to command the contributions of all who have any benevolence in their natures.

“The committee of reference and counsel in the matter are of such a character that the public may have the utmost confidence that what is given will be most faithfully applied to this excellent object. We sincerely hope there will be no difficulty or delay either in procuring the funds necessary for undertaking the enterprise, or in putting it into immediate execution.”
—*New York Evangelist*.

“Let us say a word for that excellent and humane Institution, the “House of Industry and Home for the Friendless.” Who will not contribute something from his or her means to afford a temporary Home for friendless and destitute females and children of good character? The object of the Institution, which has already accomplished much good, is, to meet the wants of the virtuous, helpless poor, whom according to our Saviour, we have always with us.”—*Knickerbocker for September*.

Tokens of sympathy and ready co-operation were received from unlooked-for sources, and not unfrequently in the form of substantial aid.

An instance of this occurred in the voluntary proffer of the New York Sacred Music Society to give the avails of a grand concert for the benefit of the object. Several eminent artists gave their valuable services, and the occasion proved a success and encouragement, not to be forgotten. Among other free-will offerings was a

HYMN OF CHARITY,

Composed for the occasion, by MRS. H. F. GOULD, and sung
to the Marseilles Hymn, by D. B. BELL.

To Thee, O Lord, whose treasures, endless,
And love, eternal, must endure,
We cry for help to help the Friendless—
For home to give the homeless poor!
Pale Misery, with tresses hoary
Ere life's midsummer, haunts the street;
And woe, on tender infant feet,
By tears and shiv'ring, tells its story:
Unshelter'd youth is toled
Anear the tempter's snare!
For these poor lambs a shepherd's fold
God help us to prepare!

Thou, in whose Father-house, a mansion
We hope our final home to be,
A mantle here of wide expansion
Oh, give thine angel Charity!
Thy children no abiding city
May claim or seek 'mid scenes below;
With love each bosom fire, to glow
Till every heart dissolve in pity.
While Faith the seed may sow,
To Thee the plant she leaves;
Let her, though weeping forth she go,
Return with precious sheaves!

O Thou, who once for man's salvation
Didst lay Thy heavenly glory by,
And, ere the mighty consummation,
An Infant, in a manger lie:—
When near the Cross, with sorrow bending,
(For us to purchase life and rest!)
The Heirs of Want were Thy bequest,
To all Thy friends, through time, descending.

In power, when Thou return,
 The waking dead shall see—
 And they who help'd the poor, shall learn
 What then they did for Thee!

HYMN,

Composed for the occasion, by ANNA BLACKWELL. Sung
 by Members of the Sacred Music Society.

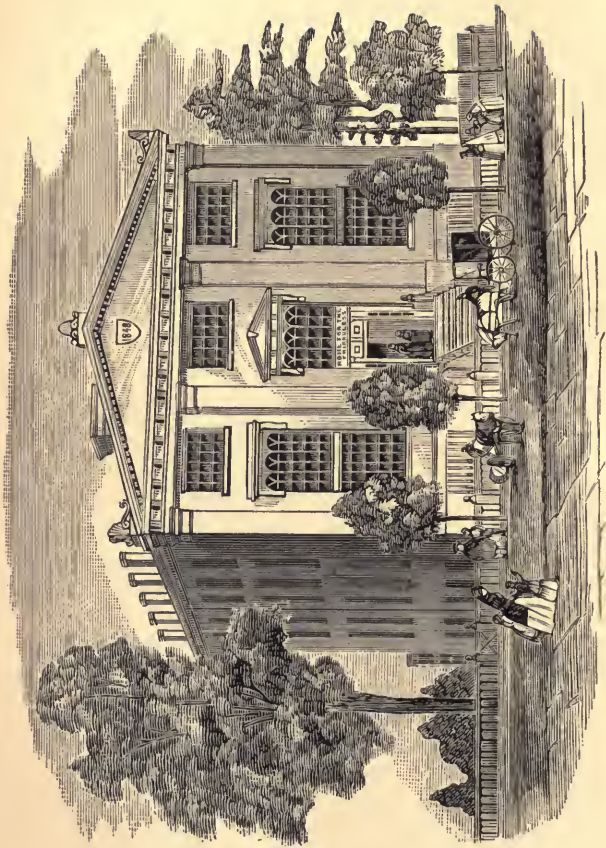
The golden day, the starry night,
 The air, the sunbeams, and the dew,
 Give life, and beauty, and delight,
 To all that dwell beneath the blue,
 God's glorious gifts to all are free;
 And broad—like His—our love should be?

Yet, while His boundless love enfolds
 The Universe in its embrace,
 The humblest flower upon the wolds
 He blesses in its lowly place;
 And we His love would emulate—
 Would bless the lone, the desolate!


The orphan child—the widowed wife—
 The poor—the friendless—and the weak—
 Those whom the Juggernaut of life
 Would crush beneath its wheels,—we seek,
 To save from crime and from distress—
 To help—protect—and teach—and bless!

Then aid us, that our "House" may raise
 Its fair proportions broad and high;
 And many a song of hope and praise
 Shall rise, rejoicing, to the sky,
 From those who 'neath its ample dome,
 Bless God that they have found a "Home!"





HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.



"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

CHAPTER XI.

BUILD to the name of a glorious life,
Build to prepare for the coming strife,
Build in memory of sighs and tears,
Pains and sicknesses, toils and fears ;
Build in faith of a coming day,
Something to catch its distant ray,

* * * * *

Build a prophesy, build a prayer
Build a temple strong and fair,
Where many a warm young life shall be
Rescued and offered, O God, to Thee."

From " Tribute to Livingstone." Am. Miss., April, 1877.

THE engraving of the Home on the last page, so familiar to its many patrons, may seem to represent in its foreground only a fancy picture. But, the artist had before him living objects.

The white horse and the single carriage, behind which its owner is distinctly seen, call to

mind the daily coming and going of our faithful, devoted friend, Mr. J. B. Graham, chairman of the building committee, and from the foundation to the top-stone, daily at his post, allowing nothing to be left undone, that he regarded as essential to the best ends to be secured in the edifice. Others, now with him in the spirit-land, were standing at the open door when the picture was taken.

Personal appeals and the visits of strangers to the hired house, enlisted many friends. Food and raiment for our beneficiaries came from unlooked for sources, and the work went steadily forward.

Early in December the building was so nearly completed, that arrangements were made for its dedication and occupancy. Preliminaries were settled and the day announced.

The Advisory Committee had appointed a building committee at the outset, who had labored with great efficiency and disinterestedness. The following is an extract from their minutes.

RESOLUTIONS OF ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Advisory Committee for the House of Industry and Home for the Friend-

less, held at the Home on Thirtieth Street, December 12th, 1848.

Rev. Dr. Tyng in the chair.

The Report of the building Committee, containing a statement in detail of the expenses attending the erection of the Home was received, read and considered.

On motion the report was approved and referred to E. W. Chester and Dr. J. H. Griscom, for publication.

Resolved, That this Committee are highly gratified with their examination of the building erected as a "House of Industry and Home for the Friendless;" that they fully approve its plan and construction, and the economy and wisdom of the expenditures of the Society in relation to this worthy enterprise.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee be presented to the Building Committee for their faithful accomplishment of the undertaking, and especially to Mr. J. B. Graham, the Chairman, for his assiduous and very successful attention to the work, and for his very liberal contribution of funds for its completion.

Resolved, That this Committee tender to the ladies of the Society their hearty congratulations on the completion of the Home, and in behalf, as well of the community as of humanity, render them richly-deserved thanks for under-

taking and prosecuting with such distinguished perseverance, this enterprise of benevolence. And while approving the expenditures incurred, the Committee earnestly commend the ladies to a generous public for funds to cancel all their obligations within the coming year.

STEPHEN H. TYNG, Chairman.

JOHN H. GRISCOM, Secretary.

DEDICATION OF THE HOME.

Wednesday, December 13th, 1849, was a day of days to the friends of this enterprise. It was a day of gladness and thanksgiving—a day when a thousand hearts, beating in warm sympathy, were ready to exclaim, “What hath God wrought!” “The ‘top-stone,’ had been laid upon ‘our new and beautiful House.’ The time of its public consecration had arrived—a brilliant sun and balmy air left nothing to desire respecting the weather.” Long before the appointed hour, crowds were gathering in the various rooms and dormitories, to examine the premises, express their mutual congratulations, and unite in the services of the occasion.

Hundreds of donors, friends from neighboring towns and cities, and a multitude of strangers were present. But among them all perhaps none were happier than a band of the children of the

Home, who had come with their teacher to sing their hymn of praise and prayer.

The crowd convened, soon became so large that hundreds left, unable to gain access to a standing place within hearing of the speakers.

The reports given in various city papers, extracts from which we insert below, give a brief synopsis of the several addresses.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The building was crowded with visitors, and a great number were excluded from a participation in the exercises. It was next to impossible to effect an entrance, and it was some time before we could obtain admittance.

Rev. Dr. Tyng, who presided, had almost concluded his discourse when we entered. We give his closing remarks as follows:

Little do many of you know the toil and anxiety of mind and spirit through which this great work has been carried on. We have seen Christian ladies willing to encounter every difficulty, and even contumely, in pursuit of the means wherewith to erect an institution for the reception of the poor and friendless, and with a spirit that nothing could discourage or repress. They have endured their burdens and toils with an inextinguishable ardor, and if a cruel and

careless world shall undervalue them, hundreds of souls which they will have redeemed from misery and destitution, will invoke upon them a blessing. Too much praise cannot be accorded to those who in the midst of every discouragement, were determined to prosecute with every energy, the work in which they had so generously engaged. Some have been the sympathizing witnesses of the perils through which they have passed and the amount of suffering which they have relieved. They have not been actuated by a proselyting spirit, but rather by a true and sincere desire of doing good to their fellow-mortals whose fortune has not been so favorable and who have been subjected to privations and hardship. Their deeds are recorded in heaven, and the sighs of the miserable to whom they have extended the hand of charity, are written in the book of the Eternal, and those sighs will be changed to a chorus of thanksgiving before the throne of the Creator. These ladies have been permitted, under the favoring influence of Divine sanction, to erect a building which will stand as a monument of the Christian love that labored so perseveringly and successfully in its erection.

We meet here to congratulate those ladies, and while we speak in the language of congratu-

lation, let us not forget that there is still more to be done for those who are to be the recipients of their charity. The road they have traveled has indeed been a *via dolorosa*, but it is a path that has been cheered by bright and precious beams. * * * *

Multitudes of friendless creatures will here find a home. The mother who, on her death-bed, leaves her helpless children to the care of a heartless world, will rejoice as she reflects on the home where they will be sheltered from the storms of life. Here is a building which has cost some \$18,000, built in the most substantial manner, examined by the committee and commended in the highest terms, and capable of containing a family of from one to two hundred persons, giving them protection and instilling into their minds Christian principles for their future life. Adult females are to be received here and afforded temporary protection. Children will also find a refuge here until the Christian's God has provided them with parents—until families will come forward and say, "We will adopt them as our own."

* * * * *

The following hymn, prepared for the occasion, was sung by the Choir of the Laight Street Church.

When God, to shield from cold and storm,
 Gave trees to build and fire to warm,
 He did not mark for each his part,
 But gave to each a human heart.

Each heart is told the poor to aid—
 Not told as thunder makes afraid—
 But, by a small voice, whisp'ring there:—
 Find thou, for God, the sufferer's share!

Oh, prompting faint, to careless view,
 For work that angels well might do!
 But wisely, thus, is taught below
 Quick pity for another's woe.

The world is stored—enough for all
 Is scatter'd wide, 'twixt hut and hall;
 And those who feast, or friendless roam,
 Alike from God received a home.

For child—for woman's fragile form,
 More harsh the cold—more wild the storm;
 But most they bless a shelt'ring door,
 Whom dark temptations reach no more!

A Home for these, O God, to-day,
 For blessing at thy feet we lay!
 And, may its shelter, humbly given,
 Be but a far-off door to heaven,

* * * * *

The report of the Building Committee, in which was specified every kind of work and material used in the construction of the house, was then read.

Rev. Dr. Patton commended very highly those who had persevered with such undaunted

energy, and hoped they would go on in this good work. Dr. Tyng had said there was still an indebtedness of \$4000, meaning that there were reliable pledges for \$2000, which would make up the sum total. But apart from that, he never saw a cage but there was a little globe for water, and a trough for seeds. Here they had a cage, but it was necessary to have something upon which the birds could subsist; and in a cage he always saw little sticks put up for the birds to rest at night upon. He thought there were some beds necessary, and hair-mattresses were far better than feather-beds. He would not care if some of the humane friends would order a cart-load, or two or three cart-loads, of such things as would be necessary for the comfort of the friendless. That would, however, be a fitter theme for another meeting, which could be held in a more capacious room, and he had no doubt but the necessary sum could be easily raised. * * * *

HYMN SUNG BY THE HOME CHILDREN.

TUNE.—“*Grateful Memory.*”

Father in Heaven! •Thou’st deigned to bless,
 And give this goodly Home—
 Our hearts their gratitude confess,
 Beneath its finished dome.

To thee we consecrate its walls—
 And on Thine Altar place,
 Its grounds, its rooms, its ample halls—
 All, all, the gift of grace!

May homeless childhood here be taught
 A Father's guardian care,
 Has their young footsteps hither brought
 To shield from every snare.

May hapless, inexperienced youth—
 By want and sorrow pressed—
 With scarce a friend upon the earth,
 Here find their ills redressed.

Bless Thou the laborers, each and all,
 And give the willing mind
 Through life to pray, through life to toil,
 To succor human kind.

Bless Thou each donor, gracious Lord,
 From Thine own store-house free;
 May each receive the rich reward,
 "Ye've done it unto me."

A sacred monument for aye
 To *Virtue, Want, and Worth*,
 We consecrate this House to Thee,
 Thou Lord of Heaven and earth!

FROM THE BROOKLYN STAR.

The Home for the Friendless.—This unequalled institution, designed to afford a shelter to the fatherless, and an asylum to young females destitute of employment until they can find it, was dedicated yesterday, in the presence

of a large concourse. There is about it every requisite convenience, and it will be regarded as one of the most beautiful monuments of blossoming and effective Christianity.

The idea of such an institution originated with some ladies. "How many of the most blessed works of good-will to man, spring from the same source!" This idea has since been fostered into its full development, and we have a noble refuge from the infallible calamities of life, which will save virtue from sacrifice in the hour of its helplessness.

In the exercises, the Rev. Dr. Tyng took the chair at ten o'clock. Rev. Dr. Dowling offered a prayer, after which, an original hymn was sung. Rev. W. W. Everts then read appropriate selections from the Scriptures.

The dedicating prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Stewart, and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Jersey City.

The following very beautiful hymn, composed for the occasion by Mrs. F. S. Osgood, was also sung—

Thou, whose love is always o'er us,
Wheresoe'er our wanderings be—
Thou, whose angels float before us,
Viewless, luring all to Thee!

Gazing through the clouds of sorrow,
With a pitying smile, whose ray

Paints thy promise for the morrow,
In the glowing rainbow's play!

Thou, who speakest worlds to being,
Deign our humble Home to bless,
Where the lone and friendless fleeing,
Shall thy guiding hand confess.

Unto thee, thus consecrating
Our glad work, in happy bands,
Here may we abide, awaiting
Thine own "House not made with hands."

Our Home and its work was now a fixed fact. To us it represented responsibilities high as heaven, broad as earth, lasting as time. The house was the Lord's. He had given its use to the workers, in answer to united prayer. They had learned to prize it beyond its cost, because of the necessity it had become, for the protection and shelter of the increasing numbers who were their beneficiaries and dependants. They had assumed the care of the enlarged work it must bring, not knowing its issues, and conscious of utter weakness, except divinely aided, but ready to *do* and *trust*.

In sending forth their first appeal, they had asked but for \$10,000, supposing at the time that in all probability, if this sum were secured, the ground required on which to build would be donated by the city, or otherwise.

This gift was indeed offered, but in an undesirable location. In referring the matter to their advisory committee, they were assured that for the purposes intended, a much larger outlay than was at first contemplated, would be indispensable.

Being pledged to be guided by the counsels of this Committee, they had pursued the course thus advised, and were happy to know that in so doing, they had the full approval of their many patrons.

And now, with their new edifice to be furnished, filled with beneficiaries, its current expenses met, and the existing debt extinguished, they well knew if there were any failure in prompt payments, as they were then unincorporated, the husbands of the managers would be held responsible; yet they were kept from undue anxiety, encouraged to do with their might what their hands found to do; and often when the weight upon their spirits seemed heaviest, they were enabled to

“Cast their burdens on the Lord,
“And bear a song away.”

The anniversary of the Society, the May following, was again held in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, which was filled at an early hour, with one of the best audiences of the

week. The singing of the choir, also of the little children of the Home, brought forward thus publicly for the first time—the reports and eloquent addresses, held the fixed attention of the crowded house, to a late hour.

The closing remarks by the chairman of the Board of Counselors, were timely and impressive. Among other things he said, “A year ago in this same house it was spoken of to build a Home, and I thank God that house for the protection of the friendless has been erected.* * *

“From the first I have had no misgiving as to the result, in relation to the edifice. I knew it would cost a struggle to accomplish it, but I am perfectly certain that it will not cause any sorrow on a dying bed, to reflect that I have engaged in a cause relieving so many sufferers, and succoring so many tempted. Nay, as I have walked around the walls of our spacious and commodious Home, I have asked myself, ‘What am I?’ A creature of a moment. To-morrow I may die, and in a year after I am gone, it will be almost forgotten that I once trod these streets. And how do I know but while engaged in rearing these walls, I am building an asylum to protect my children or my children’s children. Without any hesitation I declare it to be, so far as I am a capable judge, one of the best arranged

and one of the safest benevolences I ever knew. I have the most implicit confidence in the capacity and intentions of the managers of the Institution. Their energy, their prudence and their benevolence, are worthy of all praise. One year ago I pledged myself to sustain them to the best of my power, and I am now prepared to give the same pledge for the coming year. We may not live to see it, and yet when this enterprise has fulfilled its mission, then we will glorify, not our own efforts, or our own names, but will ascribe all glory to God. 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory.'"

This year, from the beginning to the close, marked an era of progress.

Success was not only achieved in the completion of the Home, but in the adoption and practical application of judicious rules for its internal management.

During this year, the Legislature of the State passed a special Act providing a Charter for the Institution, liberal in its provisions and well suited to its wants. [See Appendix.]

The publications of the Society were increased, the Office, Register, and Missionary departments enlarged their operations, and the results of the enterprise, thus far, had proved even more satisfactory than had been anticipated.

The following lines by a member of the Board, now in Heaven, brought a response of \$500, and gave special cheer to the laborers.

We insert them as a pleasant memento of the dear departed.

STANZAS,

Addressed to Mad'le JENNY LIND, accompanying a Lithograph of the "House of Industry and Home for the Friendless."

I welcome thee, sweet songstress, to my native city now,
With the throb of rapture in my heart—its light upon my
brow,

I welcome, oh, I welcome thee; but thou can'st not divine
Why one should greet thee joyously, who may not seek thy
shrine.

I'll tell thee why I welcome thee. Thy noble woman's
heart,

Hast given to humanity of thy riches won, a part—
And 'midst our City's Charities, I'd point thee to the Dome
Where friendless youth and childhood find a shelter and a
Home.

The little ones are asking there, "Oh, give us daily bread."
And our fainting souls are tasking, "How so many may be
fed."

For them, I pray thee, Songstress, scorn not the humble
plea,
But win and take their blessing with thee o'er the billowy
sea.

Shall I tell thee why I dare to *thee*, these little ones pre-
sent,

And ask that gift of gold or song may to their aid be lent?
It is because one dear to me once reached a helping hand,
To scores of Sweden's noble sons, far from their native
land.

'Twas years ago; when thou wast but thy lonely mother's
pride.

A swedish barque* lay idly moored on the broad Hudson's
tide.

Years, years ago! ere thou hadst power a Nation's heart to
move.

And countedst highest in thy dower, that lonely mother's love.
That barque! From southern seas† she came, but faint the
hearts she bore,

For guile had led their wandering feet to tread a stranger's
shore.

These youth and men, from lowly cot--from fisher's hut,
and hall;

From mountain hamlet--cities thronged--Carlsrona, Lund,
Upsal,

From Stockholm, Bergen, Gottenberg, the lowly and the
high,

Doubtless the loved of many hearts, remembered with a
sigh.

All paced her deck in mute despair--nor funds, nor friends
had they;

And though around were pitying eyes and hearts, they
naught could say.

Their black and bitter bread ran low--to them no succor
came;

Their Consul would no pity show--the leaders knew no
shame;

And hope died out of manly breasts, and errant youth
turned pale,

As they shivered in the cutting blasts of keen November's
gale.

At length my sire approached-- he spake their soft, melliflu-
ous tongue.

Oh, how they pressed around, and smiled, and on his ac-
cents hung:

* Frigate Taperheiten, or "True Bravery."† S. America.

Some wept for joy, some leaped, some prayed, Oh, well he
knew their care,

For he had stood a stranger here, with none his woe to share.

Oh, I can see, as then I saw, half-blinded by my tears,

The groups that gathered at our door, bewildered by their fears,

I hear again that manly voice cheering the strangers then.

Ah, me, that I no more on earth may hear that voice again!

Though poor, his earnest sympathies awakened not in vain—

He led them forth where shelter, food and work they might
obtain.

And when assured of this, their joy burst forth in grateful
song,

And my soul would know that melody, a thousand tones
among.

'Twas Swedish music! Swedish words—yet all could under-
stand,

What meant each melting cadence, what each gesture of the
hand;

Oh, Songstress, thou—e'en thou—could'st not from memory
tear away,

Remembrance of that melody, heard thus in childhood's day.

* * * * *

Forgive me, though I trespass thus, I could not silent bide,

Lest charities of older growth, our precious Home should hide.

So I have told thee all my heart, and if I judge thee right,

Thou'lt gaze upon this Lithograph, before thou sleep'st to-
night;

And mayhap in thy dreams thou'lt hear, what I have often
heard,

Notes of that grateful melody which erst my bosom stirred.

Oh, love thou, Songstress, those I love, and thus to thee
commend;

Be to them what thy soul would crave, if here without a
friend.

And, oh, for thee—the World Renowned! I'll pray the God
who gave,

Thy glorious voice its melody, thy deathless soul to save.

A. C. LOVELAND.

The current expenses of the Institution were met by donations and bequests, and the balance of the debt upon the building on 30th Street, was soon fully cancelled, and now, the question of work, on *a still wider scale*, began to be seriously contemplated.

From the minutes of the Annual Meeting of 1852, we quote as follows.

ADDRESS BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

Rev. Dr. Tyng presided, and led in prayer. A company of children from the Home, occupying the front seats—sang a hymn. The Treasurer's Report and Annual Report were read, after which Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, addressed the assembly. "He remarked that after the statistics of so much work, he felt some embarrassment in coming forward merely with talk. In strolling through Westminster Abbey, said he, looking here and there at a royal monument, here and there at a princely tomb, I came to a slate-colored slab, which bore the name of William Wilberforce. Here I gazed with admiration. I thought of the man whom not only statesmen of Europe delighted to honor, but whose death thousands of blacks in the island of Jamaica lamented as that of a near friend. I thought, how do the Napoleons of war, the

Byrons and Bulwers of literature, dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the Howards, the Wilberforces, the Father Mathews, the Neal Dows.

I am a firm believer in Woman's Rights! In their right to guard us, to sustain us, to do us good. I look at Elizabeth Fry, I see Mary Lyon, I meet Isabella Graham, and each convinces me that woman has a right to elevate her race, to enter on the work of doing good to man.

Have you ever thought of the names of this Society, and the asylum they have opened, the Guardian Society and its Home for the Friendless. Guardian! Home! what dearer associations can be awakened, than these words arouse? I trust I shall not be deemed irreverent in saying that my idea of heaven is that it is God's Home for the Friendless.

I thought, as the letters from the children which closed the Annual Report were read, of how those boys which but for this Home would have been forever ruined, are soon to become your merchant-princes, to bless this Home with their contributions. One great difficulty in expending money for religious purposes is that people don't go down deep enough. They erect churches on handsome squares and furnish them luxuriously. I say nothing of this. But I do

say that Religion must be considered as something more than a luxury. Imagine the Saviour as in this world and in this very city. Would he be found at the tables of the rich? Would he be met in the libraries of the learned? I fancy that he would rather be found on this inclement night in the depths of poverty, aiding the friendless, befriending those bunches of rags which we call children by courtesy, and endeavoring to reclaim the fallen. It is in such a work that this Society is now engaged."

He referred to the condition, moral and physical, of the class of children who were cared for by this association—the impossibility of bringing Christian and saving influences to bear upon them beneficially, till they were taken from the street and the kennel, the place of filth and want, the sound of cursing and blasphemy, and the whole vocabulary of vice; contrasted their appearance and prospects, and comforts when once in the Home, or removed thence to the worthy family, with what they might be, left uncared for, and portrayed the happiness that must result from being consciously the humble agents of their salvation. This point was illustrated by the case of the pleasure-seeker, strolling upon the banks of the Hudson, plucking flowers by the wayside, admiring the fields and

the foliage, the rocks, and hills, and flowing river—bent on being intensely happy, and yet feeling the disappointment of unsatisfied desire. Presently he hears a wail of anguish—a little child is struggling with the waves and seems just ready to sink beneath them. He springs to the rescue, in time to prevent the fatal plunge, and returning to the shore, places the precious little one in the arms of its terrified mother. Now he feels what it is to be truly happy—he has performed a right action—he has conferred unspeakable happiness on another—and he finds in this reflection a rich reward. Are not the souls of these little ones, that are still among the perishing, as worthy to be cared for as the body of the drowning babe? And is not here a field where happiness may be sought and found in large measure? Where will the lives of these children be spent, where will their future be spent, if they are not taken up by some such charity as the Home for the Friendless? He said, what is done by this Institution for the many, was done a long time ago for a little wanderer who afterward found his home upon the sea. A night like this, but far more stormy, a vessel off Cape Horn was buffeting with the storm. The Captain ordered down some of the canvas, and the mate called a little boy from the cabin and sent

him up, saying that "they had often lost a man from the rigging, but never a boy." The boy soon went up and effected what he was ordered. On being asked why he went into the fore-castle before he ascended, he said he "went to pray." Being asked "what was that he had under his jacket?" he replied, "that it was a Bible which had been given to him by his teacher," and if he had fallen into the ocean, when aloft there, and gone to the bottom, he meant to have taken it with him.

Impress religious truth upon the minds of the young, and they will feel its influence in the hour of danger, and, like the orphan sailor-boy, cling to the Bible, and to the God of the Bible.

"You have heard of the traveler in the Alps, almost buried in snow, and just yielding to that freezing stupor which at such times is fatal, who heard the cries of some fellow-sufferer. He roused himself and went to relieve the other, and in the exertion thus put forth to save another, he really saved himself. Thus we shall always find it true, that in blessing others, we ourselves are blessed. We must pray for the destitute, but as we pray we must love to give material aid.

The following hymn, written for this occasion, by Mrs. Sigourney, was then sung by the children of the Home.

HYMN.

For the Anniversary of the "Home for the Friendless."

I heard a voice, that to the heart
Of Christian kindness said,
Oh! be not weary in the way
Where the dear Saviour led,

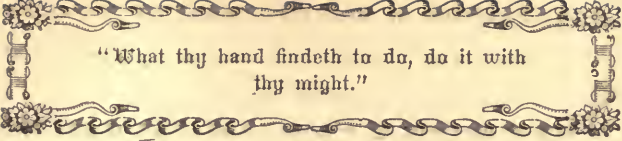
For thanks from homeless ones shall bless
Your hearth where kindred meet,
And smiles of grateful orphans; make
Your household joys more sweet.

And if your garnered gold should fleet,
As fleet full soon it may,
Your alms and prayers a wealth shall win;
That may not fade away.

Yea, when this world, with all its pomp,
The dooms-day flame shall feed,
They live, recorded in the Book,
That Heaven's Pure Eye shall read.

Then be not weary of the path,
Where your Redeemer trod,
But love to seek and save the lost,
And lead them home to God.

L. H. S.



“What thy hand findeth to do, do it with
thy might.”

CHAPTER XII.

WORK to-day; the days are few,
Swiftly is the seed-time flying;
Work; for there is much to do,
Still wide regions waste are lying,
Which all sown with precious seed
Yet for God must fruit be bearing;
Blessed is the laborers' need
When the joy of vintage sharing.

Words of Cheer

FIRST HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

EVERY successive step in the work of the Society deepened the conviction that the great multitude of little ones, known familiarly as “street-children,” seen in tatters, begging from door to door, with faces wan and haggard, sent to no school, because too repulsive and neglected to be admitted with a better class, were the

young heathen of our city, who, by hundreds and thousands, must be reached by Christian influence, or lost for both worlds.

Many victims of neglect and want were here and there rescued, and the Home proved a most valuable agency in their behalf. But the vast multitude remaining in the purlieus of vice, the overcrowded tenements, with none to point them to a better life, appealed strongly to our sympathies, and suggested Christian effort on a broad scale.

How much, and what can we do, and how may we do it, without neglecting duties already assumed, was long an absorbing question. The knowledge of the good-begun work of the Ragged Schools of London, and incipient steps in the same direction in our own city, came as a stimulus in which we rejoiced and took courage.

At a stated meeting held at the Home in February, 1854, it was resolved to try the experiment of establishing one such school in a locality, then specially adapted to the object. Committees were appointed, rooms taken, visits made in courts, by-ways, attics and cellars, and on the morning of the opening, thirteen little girls, some half-clad, hatless and shoeless, were gathered at the door of one of the Managers on 29th Street, and accompanied by her to rooms in the Town-

send buildings, West 35th Street and Broadway, over whose door was placed

“Home Industrial School.

Open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.”

“Come learn to sing, come learn to read,
Come learn to work for what you need.”

A few others joined the little group, and while waiting outside for the teacher to bring the key, a trio began to sing, for our entertainment, a familiar stanza picked up somewhere; and when the door was opened, several were quite ready to tell how and what they could do, evidently greatly interested in the thought that they were cared for kindly, by those whose appearance commanded their respect.

Thus commenced, over twenty-three years ago, our first Industrial School, an organization that has brought under Christian nurture, to some extent, and for a longer or shorter period, over nine thousand different children in this single school, many of whom have, through this agency, been led to a truer life and higher hopes than had else been theirs.

The First Report of this School extracts from which we give below, exhibits the spirit with

which the work was undertaken and has since been prosecuted even to the present time.

EXTRACTS FROM FIRST REPORT OF
FIRST HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

From the opening of the School, February, 1854, to the present time, about four hundred vagrant girls have come within the circle of its influence. A number have been removed to permanent homes, in either city or country; and several to the care and shelter of the "Home for the Friendless."

An efficient teacher is employed, and in addition to her labors, about sixty ladies voluntarily render their services; each lady having her own class and hour, one or more days in the week. The morning is devoted to moral and mental instruction; a plain lunch is provided for the scholars, and the afternoon is employed in sewing. The improvement which has been made during the year by many of the children, has been very satisfactory, and in many instances, remarkable. About forty scholars are now able to read intelligibly, many of whom did not know even the alphabet a few months since.

During the year upward of six hundred garments have been made by the children, and about one thousand have been distributed among them and the poor families to which they belong.

A system of merit-marks has been adopted, and doubtless does much to secure the interest and prompt attendance of the children. They seem ambitious to earn their own clothing by the two-pence per day marks of approval. At the end of each week these marks are reckoned up, and tickets of the nominal value of from one to ten cents each, are distributed among the deserving children, to be redeemed in clothing.

The success of the work has amply repaid the self-denying labors of those who have been engaged in it. The task of instructing these children requires no small degree of patience and perseverance. The children gathered in from the streets and from destitute homes, are ignorant and depraved, having been reared from infancy among the lowest abodes of poverty, misery and crime. The instruction of such children, wholly unaccustomed to restraint, seemed at first almost a hopeless task; but unlooked-for success in the effort, encourages us to believe, that the future will reveal wonderful improvement in the moral and intellectual condition of the extreme poor of our city.

Instances attesting the usefulness and practicability of this work, are of every-day occurrence. Already the whole appearance of the school has changed. Confusion has given place to order,

and the children, quick to perceive the motives of those with whom they associate, many of them having a keenness of perception and aptitude for learning quite beyond their years, have become as bright, well-behaved and intelligent scholars, as may be found in any of our schools.

Other instances serve to illustrate the happy influence of reformed children upon dissolute and drunken parents. This is certainly one of the most encouraging features of the work. The pure principles taught these little ones at school, and the ambition aroused in their minds for a higher and better mode of life, are carried into their wretched homes; and who can tell what a harvest shall be reaped in the future, when this seed, blessed of God, as it will be, shall have taken root?

The case of Lizzie B., six years of age, affords, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of the saving influence which even a child may exert upon the most degraded parents. It would have been difficult to find two more thoroughly-debased persons than the father and mother of Lizzie, at the time of her introduction to our school. The child was bright and quick to learn, and her progress was rapid. Before we knew her, she had learned, from a sad experience, though so young, to hate the cup, and now it

was her delight to learn, and then sing at home, little temperance songs, which her sweet, pathetic voice would render doubly effective. At one time, when bidden by her father to take the last shilling from the house to purchase liquor, she hesitated a little, and then said, "First let me sing you a little song."

At the conclusion she went on her errand, and the father made no outward exhibition of the tumult of feeling that little song had aroused within his breast; but from that day it became apparent that the shillings were saved for home comforts. Subsequently both parents signed the pledge upon their knees, with the most solemn resolve to adhere to it. Five months have now elapsed, and Lizzie's father is a sober, industrious workman, and the besotted and filthy mother, whose daily visits—in a state of intoxication—to the school, were a source of much annoyance, is scarcely recognizable in the decently-clad and respectable-looking woman, who now frequently comes to shower her thanks upon the ladies, for what the school has done for Lizzie.

A distant reader of the *Advocate*,—Miss Mary B. Todd, daughter of Rev. Dr. Todd of blessed memory,—learning the above facts, sent to little L. an entire outfit of clothing.

The ladies engaged in this work, devote

much time to visiting, in the vicinity of the school, both to gather in new scholars and to become acquainted with the condition and circumstances of those already members. In this way they meet with cases of extreme destitution, which it becomes their privilege to assist.

Mrs. J. B.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The Semi-Annual Meetings of the Society, held in the autumn for the last few years, had brought together many of kindred spirit from various sections of the country, and gave an impetus to the work felt through the succeeding interval between these pleasant occasions.

Previous to the specific period, to which we are now giving simply a glance of the mind, several Home Associations, the outgrowth from our own, had been organized in this and other states with similar aims and principles. They were partially represented at these meetings by their leading officers, especially at the last, and the occasion afforded opportunity for valued counsel and suggestions, also for mutual encouragement.

The reported records of the "Rosine," and of the temporary Home Association, of Philadelphia, also of the Homes for the Friendless recently undertaken in Poughkeepsie, Rochester and

Syracuse, were full of interest. After citing various impressive details of labors among the poor and the suffering during the past year, the Report from the latter very beautifully remarked: "This association has bridged the amazing chasm which separates the extremes of society, by the tricolored arch of Faith, Hope and Charity. Those who have crossed the bridge have learned lessons in the abode of penury, beside the maniac's couch, and at the pauper's death-bed, that cannot be forgotten amid the comforts and enjoyments of home." The *same* is emphatically true of each and all these sister Associations, who have put their hand to the work in the spirit of Him who went about doing good, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The "bridge" across this chasm needs to be made of larger dimensions, and more efficient agencies need everywhere to be devised, to bring more from these extremes of society into such special contact, that the one class may be elevated in the scale of moral and physical well-being, the other taught to prize their higher blessings, and duly to appreciate the bliss of doing good. Especially should the rescue of the young children from the dark side of this chasm be made a common cause. To bring these little ones each

and all safely over the bridge while there is hope, while they may be taken in their innocence and helplessness, and trained by Christian care "in the way they should go," so as to become a blessing and not a curse to our cities and nation, is the great work that yet remains to be done. Contemplated in all its bearings, is it not a work of more practical importance to the present and coming generations than the construction of a railway or telegraph across the continent or around the globe?

Prevention begun here, and continued, will obviate the necessity so long existing for the reformation of the hardened offender, will cut off the supplies for the moral charnel-house, the police-court, the prison and the gallows; dry up unnumbered streams of misery, and originate fountains of happiness to flow on forever.

So our hearts reasoned then, reaching conclusions that have only been strengthened by time.

On the minutes of the Semi-Annual Meeting, held at Madison, N. Y., September 6th, 1849, we find recorded the adoption of the following resolutions, accompanied by an Address to the Auxiliaries of the country at large:

Resolved, That we will petition the proper authorities to pass such Legislative acts as will

secure, as far as may be, the proper education and moral training of every neglected and destitute child in our common country.

Resolved, That we will petition our Rulers to pass an act, whereby dissipated and vicious parents, by habitually neglecting due care and provision for their offspring, shall thus forfeit their natural claim to them, and whereby such children shall be removed from them, and placed under better influences, till the claim of the parent shall be re-established by continued sobriety, industry and general good conduct."

From the Address we extract the following :

"The oracles of divine truth have foretold a time when the moral wilderness and the solitary place shall rejoice, and the desert shall bud and blossom as the rose. This surely can never be, while the vast masses of the young, because of poverty and destitution, for which they are not amenable, are left in a Christian land, to be trained as heathen, to live and die as heathen.

"The inquiries we would propose are these : Are not the resources of our favored country sufficient, if rightly directed, to provide the means of education and training—physical, mental, and moral—for all her destitute children? Has she not funds, nurses, teachers, philanthropists, Christian men and women, willing to be home missionaries, that might be enlisted in such

a work? Has she not among her honored statesmen the comprehensive intellect and long experience necessary to devise a practical plan for such an undertaking? Should she once form the noble decision, that the masses of the destitute among the rising generation shall be properly trained and educated, and enter at once upon the work, might it not prove, in less than fifty years, to have been the wisest measure of political economy ever undertaken? Let it be done, and those whose existence had otherwise been a tax on our country's resources, from the cradle to the grave, will promote her honor, add to her wealth, and bring their willing offerings to her treasury. Let it be neglected, and the number of paupers and vagrants continue to multiply in the same ratio as at present, and the time may not be distant when the division of classes—the poor arrayed against the rich—may give us a revised edition of such scenes as have been once and again enacted in the streets of Paris.

“Christian sisters and fellow-laborers, here is a long-neglected work calling imperatively for action—but a work that our own feeble arm is too short to compass except by faith and prayer. If done, it must be done by our rulers. The power, the resources are theirs, but the right of petition, this is ours. By this means we may

come before them as their mothers, their companions, their sisters—as the friends of fallen humanity, and make our respectful but long and strong appeal. We may cite in our memorial statistical facts, representing the thousands of wretched children in our cities, who are attendants of no school upon the week-day or the Sabbath, and who, if spared, will inevitably grow up in utter ignorance and vice, unless reached by more efficient legislation than the mere permission to attend a free school if they will. We may present the cruelty of the doom that allies so many in our cities to the sad inheritance of the drunkard's child—with no adequate redress provided, though sufferers from cold, and hunger, and nakedness and peril. We can depict what our eyes have seen, and our hearts have felt in relation to the moral renovation effected in cases quite similar, and by all that is deplorable in vice, and lovely in virtue, we can intreat them to act on this question for God and humanity.

“Do you fear to move in this matter because the work seems so great—too great, perhaps, ever to be accomplished? There was once a time when the proposal to build a steamboat and a canal was deemed a folly. The first movement in the construction of railroads and telegraphic wires occasioned a smile among the incredulous.

We need not expect such a work will be brought about suddenly, but it can be agitated. It is surely a fitting theme to enlist the energies of a Christian Female Guardian Society—worthy all the attention it can receive from a Christian nation. Let us again resolve and act in this matter; and while doing all we can for the few hundreds we may reach through our Home agencies and otherwise, keep our prayer before our rulers, and especially before the Infinite Ruler, and it may be that He will bless our example and reward our faith, by turning not only the hearts of the fathers to the children in the sense implied in His gracious promise, but that He will also turn the hearts of the fathers and guardians of the nation to the children of the nation, and thus avert the fearful alternative of ‘smiting the earth with a curse.’ ”

“No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

“Work and despair not, give thy mite,
However small it be,
God is with all that serve the right,
Trust then, and toil and pray.”

During the autumn of 1849, the following petition was prepared and circulated by the women of this Society and its Auxiliaries, through the State, and was forwarded to the

New York Legislature numerous signed, for several successive Sessions:

“ To the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New York :

“ Whereas, there are many children in the large towns and cities of our State, familiarly known as ‘street-children,’ whose parents being intemperate, or idle and profligate, permit them to run at large, receiving only such education and training as will fit them to become a curse to society, and, in the result, fill our prisons and houses of correction. And whereas, no adequate provision can be made for such children legally, except a law shall be enacted to meet their case, —we, the undersigned citizens of ———, therefore petition your honorable body to pass an Act, at this Session of the Legislature, making it binding upon city and town officers to ascertain and duly report to a Committee chosen for that purpose, the number of neglected and destitute children, in their respective bounds, not receiving annually the benefits of the educational provision of the State, or not otherwise provided for; and also extending to such authorities the legal power to provide for the mental, moral and physical education of such children, in such manner and way as to your honorable body may seem best.”

In April, 1853, the Select Committee to whom these petitions were referred, presented an excellent bill, that, during the same month, *became a law of the State*, accompanied by a lengthy and well-timed report, from which we quote here but a single paragraph, viz. :

“Numerous petitions, praying the State to assume this position, and provide by law for this class of children, were presented to our predecessors and have been renewed to us. A favorable and decisive public sentiment on the subject everywhere prevails.”

The results of this law, thus far, wherever it has been executed, have been the most gratifying. The example of our State has already been followed in Massachusetts, and we trust may soon be throughout the Union. A writer in the *Independent* of March 9th, very justly remarks :

“The Legislatures of New York and Massachusetts have lately passed laws which form a most valuable basis on which these voluntary associations can work. We do not believe that the citizens of these States themselves are fully aware of the uncommon and noble character of these enactments. Heretofore a great obstacle has existed in the inability to get hold of the idle, vagabond boys and girls, unless they were detected in crime; but now the law provides for

their arrest and commitment. Even those children who are simply neglected by their parents, and who do not attend school regularly, or are not regularly employed in some proper way, come under these legal provisions, which, however, are not so much penal in their character as reformatory. It is by the aid of these laws passed in this State only a year ago, that Rochester has been able to do so much good. The working of their city organization has been so excellent that scores of parents whose children were wayward, have come to the visitors, as the working officers are called, and besought them to take in charge their own sons and daughters. Such cases have occurred here."

Since 1850, the friends and patrons of this Society have been privileged to welcome to this department of their field of labor several well-known organizations, whose "distinctive efforts" for the neglected children of the city promise great good.

AGENCIES INCREASED.

At this period, May, 1854, a paragraph, culled from the Annual statement, says:

"This association has now increased in strength and numbers, till it has enrolled some five hundred auxiliaries, and over 1600 life-mem-

bers. Its issues from the press for twenty years, we find to be over 150,000 quarto pages. We have seen it seeking fathers, mothers, and guardians for children, till it has transferred many hundreds from the abodes of want, sorrow and sin, to the shelter of the Christian's happier and safer home. We have seen its aid extended to twice this number of exposed and friendless youth, and we find it at the close of its twentieth year, possessing facilities for accomplishing still greater good in the future. Its institution is free from debt, no longer deemed an experiment, but, in relation to its necessity and usefulness, a 'fixed fact,' and though dependent upon Christian charity from day to day for means to provide for the needy and helpless, yet its hold upon the sympathies, confidence and prayers of the benevolent affords cheering ground for trust.

We have seen it encouraged by the sacred right of petition, in coming before Rulers, once and again until its prayer was heard, and a way-mark inscribed upon her history, for which kindred enterprises and the common cause of humanity may thank God and take courage. Surely these, and many similar tokens of the Divine favor, demand the most fervent gratitude."

As time sped on, the number of beneficiaries steadily increased, and the conviction, too, gained strength that the time was not distant when an enlargement of the Home premises must become a necessity.

OPENING OF H. S. NO. 2.

Meantime the Industrial school work, undertaken for the poor children, whom we could not reach otherwise, being thus far a success, had gained upon our sympathies, and Home School No. 2, had also been put in successful progress, with a devoted teacher, supervised by an excellent committee of voluntary laborers.

From an early report we insert the following paragraph.

“Home Industrial School No. 2, was organized some seventeen months since, it has registered three hundred and seventy-five names; present average, eighty. One thousand four hundred garments have been given to the children to fit them to attend the day and Sabbath-school. Eight children have been committed to the Home, and eight have been sent to homes in the country. Of those thus rescued in this Home Industrial School, details of most painful interest might be cited, respecting their antecedents.”

“Hard their destiny who creep
 Through a childhood full of gloom,
 Sad awake, and sad asleep,
 Buried in a living tomb,
 Old before their spring is sped,
 Grey at heart ere morn has fled.”

“The continued and increased well-doing of this department is mainly attributable to the devoted labors of its truly-missionary teachers, and its excellent school committees, who with their fellow-helpers, have devoted much time and personal effort to the work.”

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Sung by the children of the Home Schools, at the 22d Annual Meeting of the Society.

We'll not forget to thank you,
 Oh, Friends and Patrons dear,
 Who love the famished child to feed,
 And dry the orphan's tear.

Through the highways and hedges,
 With pitying eye you sought
 And found us in our low estate,
 And to your Refuge brought.

We'll not forget to bless you—
 The memory of your care
 Shall mingle with our morning praise,
 And with our nightly prayer.

Yes, whereso'er we wander,
 O'er life's uncertain way,
 You, like the sunbeam and the star,
 Shall guide us, lest we stray.

If to our glorious Saviour
We by your hand are led,
And taught to give our hearts to Him
Who here for sinners bled ;

We'll meet you where He dwelleth,
We'll hail you in the sky,
And our sweet gratitude shall live,
When these frail bodies die.



"In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

CHAPTER XIII.

"FROM the far-off fields of earthly toil,
A goodly host they'll come—
And sounds of music be on the air,
* * The song of the Harvest-home.
Ah! well will the heart remember,
As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning, plaintive music,
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy."

As extracts from the monthly and yearly statements, made by those in charge of the different departments, may best serve to illustrate the practical workings of the Institution, we devote this and the next Chapter to a few paragraphs from these several statements, penned by different parties, and at different periods.

Among our corps of helpers, changes occur with the passing years, but, in the careful review

of the labors of many—now no longer with us—we are reminded of much faithful, loving service, we trust, so approved by the Master, that it will meet an abundant recompense at the resurrection of the just.

The Home had been occupied some eight years at the date of the following, but the Chapel not being completed, the office of the *Advocate and Guardian* was then in the Bible House.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF PUBLISHING
DEPARTMENT.

From this department have been issued during the year, 168,000 folio pages of our periodical—10,000 Annual Reports—1,000 copies of Letters to a Young Christian—1,000 copies of Walks of Usefulness—500 copies of Saw Up and Saw Down, &c.

The number of letters registered, received through this Department, is 3,100—letters written, 1,500. The number of new subscribers received since last Report, over 3,000.

The number of tracts, papers, &c., distributed gratuitously the past year, about as in former years. The number of Life-members received, 126, in full; part-payment, 50; whole number on file, 1,823.

The 23d Report says, "It will be seen by comparing the statistics of the last six years, that the issue of the *Advocate* has more than doubled. 40,000 copies are now issued, semi-monthly, 6,000 of which have been added the past year. The net avails of the paper, accruing to the Institution, after meeting all expenses of the department, was over \$2,000. The pecuniary income may seem small, but it should be remembered that the large gratuitous distribution adds largely to the returns, in food, clothing, "permanent homes," etc., not estimated by dollars and cents.

Since the removal of the registry of application to the Home, the number of applicants calling at the office, though not so numerous, has yet been many; also the calls for assistance, through the charities of the Home. The tale of sorrow has been listened to from time to time, the name and number of the applicant taken, and where they could not be aided by personal effort, they have been referred to the Society's visitors, or to some one of the many well-known channels of benevolence. In some cases, those thus referred and relieved, have returned with heartfelt expressions of thanks. In other cases, the effort has seemed to be labor lost. But, while we have felt it a duty to be faithful and diligent in business, we have also felt it a priv-

ilege to sow beside all waters, not knowing whether this or that should prosper.

From memoranda taken we insert a few items.

Two little girls present themselves. We saw them an hour since, two miles from here, begging. They are almost perishing with the cold—hard cases, however—ought to be in some Industrial School.

“What do you want, little girls?”

“Me fader is sick, and me moder can git no work, and we have not'ing to eat, and would you give us a few pennies?”

“Where do you live?”

“In G— street, No. —.”

“Very well, we will send a lady to see your father and mother, and find out what can be done for them, but we can't give pennies this way. Go right home, and tell your father and mother not to send you out any more, for you are liable to be taken up as vagrants.”

The visitor goes to see them, and there is no such family at the number given.

A lady calls to bespeak our sympathy and advice in the case of a young girl, not far in her teens, who seems just ready to become a prey to the destroyer of virtue. We listen, the case is one within the provisions of the Guardian Socie-

ty, and we take the particulars and lay the matter before the Board. A sheltering arm is thrown around her, she is withdrawn from the brink of the precipice, and is saved. God be thanked, for our heart's quick pulsations had become tremulous, in view of her perilous condition.

Interesting visits of friends from abroad, deserve notice in this connection. A gentleman from — came in to renew his subscription. He had expended five dollars annually in this way, for several years past, for the gratuitous distribution of the paper, and felt that an interest had been awakened, the result of which had been realized to the Home, through various mediums, as the sending of clothing, opening homes for children, &c.

Another, whose practice it was to distribute our various publications in his journeyings, came in to supply himself. He remarked that they were everywhere acceptable, and he took much pleasure in scattering them broadcast over the land. Several others, whose practice has been similar, have at different times called and given very satisfactory accounts of their efforts.* * *

Office Agent.

EXTRACTS FROM MATRON'S JOURNAL.

One specific duty in this department is the daily charge of the homeless and friendless young women received by the Managers—giving such aid and counsel as their circumstances may require.

Beneficiaries of this class are generally from fourteen to twenty years of age; their usual time of remaining at the Home is from two weeks and upwards, as may be deemed necessary to ascertain to what they are best adapted, and to procure situations accordingly. If found deserving, no pains are spared to provide them with a permanent home, where they may escape the temptations of city life, and be benefitted by salutary influences. Often are our hearts gladdened by receiving favorable reports of their well-doing.

A recent statement says, "In the moving panorama of life, we see here the meeting of the high and low, those surrounded with every luxury that wealth can procure, and those over whom poverty has spread its pall of dark despair; without shelter, without food, and almost without clothing; the intellectual, refined, fastidious, and the ignorant and debased in body and soul; the employers and employees in the daily routine of life's domestic duties, each

dependent upon the other to fill the sphere in which Providence has placed them.

In some cases the beaming countenance, and expressive language, tell us the fitness of the person to the place, but in others the sorrowful tale is told of unfitness, ingratitude, trust betrayed, and even vice and crime."

"Another turn of the wheel presents a mother of middle age, of luxurious surroundings, rarely surpassed, seeking advice in regard to a daughter of nineteen, an only child, beautiful, accomplished, and as the world says, aristocratic. The influence of mother and friends over her is gone, she heeds not the love that would reclaim, would fain reinstate, nor fears the finger of the world's scorn, is bent only upon her downward course, and will pursue it, she says, until death. The mother remarked, 'Oh, how gladly would I have buried her, innocent.'"

Within two days, three cases similar to the above, came to us for counsel.

Again, a girl of seventeen is brought to us from a distant State, from the cherished care of loving parents and brothers, from the seminary class of which she was an honored member, from the circle of friends of which she was an ornament and leader. She came with one who promised marriage, but after months' delay she

learned a wife and children here called him husband and father; she feared the ignominy attendant upon her return to her home, and, though a child of wealth, prefers, and has accepted, a future life as a common domestic.

“ Another narrates to us a sad case in the family of a banker, of a trusted servant, unusually esteemed, and seeming worthy of the confidence reposed in her. She was of good family, enjoyed early religious influences, but, unfortunately for her, possessed a gift of rare beauty. After a year of unalloyed reciprocal regard, a change came. Late hours abroad, the flushed cheek, the sparkling eye, the flask of rarest wine, sent by an unknown hand, indicated the downward course. But though her delinquencies, which became frequent, were passed over, kind admonitions given, and an almost motherly love and watch kept over her, restraint became useless, and she made her fatal choice, and, strange but true, the one who wrecked her happiness still occupies a high position, with a most lovely wife and children!

“ These and like instances have their lessons, but we may add no more. It will be apparent to all that the necessary attention given to nearly seven thousand persons who have entered and left the Home during the year, must have

elicited many phases of 'life as it is,' showing the imperative necessity of earnest Christian work." * * * * *

FROM PHYSICIAN'S REPORT.

There have been among the beneficiaries of the House of Industry and Home for the Friendless, during the past year, three hundred and twenty-five cases of disease, and but five deaths. One of these cases was a little child who was beyond the reach of aid when brought to the Institution. It had evidently been drugged with opium to still its cries, and permit the mother to attend to her daily pursuits. Two other deaths were from marasmus, or infantile consumption, and the others, infants at board, not in our care. Of course, in an Institution like the Home, where the children are gathered from the destitute classes of society, diseases incident to their condition, must prevail to a greater or less extent. These we have had in the form of diarrhœas, eruptive diseases, and affections of the eyes; many of them of a serious character. They have all, however, promptly yielded to the treatment, and the children, on leaving the Institution for their future homes, have gone, to all appearance, in perfect health.

The change which a few weeks in the Institu-

tion produces on these little ones, often seems almost miraculous. Many of them are orphans, and not a few worse than orphans, nursed in the midst of poverty and vice, the fountains of their young life tainted with the result of their parents' vices, or produced from the lack of proper nourishment in the first months of their existence. Here they find large and well-ventilated rooms, warm clothing, sweet and nourishing food in abundance; and some of them listen for the first time in their life to words of kindness and love, falling, not from a mother's lips, but from those of strangers. From this Institution they go forth to their homes in the country, well in bodily health, and surrounded by those influences which will enable them, as they grow up, to become good and virtuous citizens.

Institutions like this, do an immense amount towards the regeneration of society. Children are gathered from the haunts of poverty and crime, from among the weary and destitute, from the morally-tainted and sin-polluted atmosphere of the dark places of our city, and placed in country homes, where they are surrounded by healthy and Christian influences. Thus are those broad streams of vice and crime, which desolate our land, checked at their fountain.

I cannot close this report without speaking in

the strongest terms of commendation of those ladies with whom, in the discharge of my professional duties, I have been brought in contact, who have charge of the invalids, the nursery, and the general supervision of the house, I have found them at their post, at all hours of the day and night, watching over the sick with the care and kindness of mothers. They have nobly and faithfully fulfilled their duty, a duty at times arduous and painful, and their full reward must flow from the approval of that great Physician, whose life was a labor of love, and from the prayers and blessings of these little ones, which in after life, will ascend to heaven for those who so patiently watched over them in the helpless period of childhood.

EGBERT GUERNSEY, M. D.,

Physician to the Home.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

The missionary has made over 4,000 visits among the poor and destitute, 227 visits to the sick, attended 269 meetings, (in the services of which he has assisted,) placed three children in the House of Refuge, six in the Juvenile Asylum, and thirty-one in the Home.

He says: "In accomplishing this I have

traveled in city and country some eight thousand miles, many hundreds of which have been on foot; exclusive of the great distance passed over in going up and down stairs in search of the poor in our tenant-houses."

"The statistics of the year can give but a very vague idea of the facts and scenes which have been met in the labors of almost every day. During the summer months, the services among the female prisoners at the Tombs were continued each Sabbath, with the same apparent effect as during the winter previous. The meetings were uniformly solemn, and most present would seem interested, while the falling tear from many an eye, showed that the fountains were unsealed.

"During the summer, regular Sabbath services were conducted for the children, (and others who were disposed to attend,) at the Home Chapel. In these services, I was uniformly assisted by two or three brethren, viz.: Dr. White, Dr. Ranney, and Mr. J. O. Bennett—the latter of whom had charge of the Home Sabbath School for some three years previous, who continued to sustain these services with other occasional aid after my Sabbath work commenced in the country. For some of the last Sabbaths and during one afternoon of the week the mis-

sionary has held a religious service for the Home children. There has been for some time past an unusual interest in spiritual things, which there is reason to hope has resulted in the conversion of some precious souls to Christ.


“Many of the children taken to the Home during the year, have been found in the most sad and wretched circumstances conceivable. Such are the surroundings of many that no one could expect less from them than developments of the deepest depravity, and yet, strange to say, this is the exception rather than the rule, even in the most unpropitious cases.

“The provision, so kindly made by the friends of the Society, in clothing and food, has enabled us to gladden many a heavy heart during the unusual distresses of the winter. Our warmest thanks are due to those who so bountifully responded to our cry for bread for the hungry; and we may offer also the thanks of many fathers and mothers, and of many widows, who had neither bread nor raiment, for themselves and children, till they received them, from supplies sent to the Home.”

Home Missionary.

A large number of suffering families have also been visited and relieved by the Managers who

frequently devoted entire days to the service, and for a period of three months, when the pecuniary distress among the unemployed was greatest, *an average of one hundred families per week* received provisions statedly from the Home store-room; and many were thus kept from perishing. The testimony has been given openly, as we learn—by official canvassers among the poor—that the Home has saved hundreds from starvation the past winter.



“Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy
poor brother.”

CHAPTER XIV.

GRANT, Lord, to us, thy children
A soul of zeal and faith,
With holy Love's prevailing power,
To labor unto death ;
To soften human sorrow,
To calm the trembler's fear,
To point a holier morrow
In thy celestial sphere.

BULFINCH.

VISITING COMMITTEES.

THE following sketch simply illustrates a department of the work, continued for forty years, the record of which, as also that of the “House Committee,”—similar in type, would fill volumes.

A Visitor writes,—“One of the coldest days of the season, the snow deep, and cross streets

almost impassable, finding the names of several families noted, as requiring attention and aid, prepared with some necessaries for the sick, my first call was made where a husband and father was lying upon a bed of pain, beyond the hope of restoration.

His hard couch was almost destitute of covering, the room cold and cheerless, shivering little ones, and a sick mother, without needed provisions of scarce any sort, filled up the sad picture. An hour later, and the scene was partially changed, for the store-rooms of the Home had furnished bedding and clothing, etc., sufficient to render them comfortable for the present, and their gratitude welled up from full hearts."

"Oh," said the dying man, "the Home friends have relieved me in my extremity, and they will take care of my poor children when I am gone—I can die the easier for this."

"In another family, visited to-day, was a destitute, widowed mother, helpless from disease, known to be worthy, with four little children clinging to her side. As with streaming tears she pressed the Bible to her heart, as her only trust, it was touching to see the eldest daughters weep with her, from mere sympathy, and try to comfort her. This woman was without even a single quilt, but was supplied from the Home

before evening. Should she be taken to her rest, her fatherless babes will also be protected."

"Another worthy case relieved to-day from the same source as above, was an intelligent American widow, once a member of the same church with the sainted Margaret Prior, and inexpressibly earnest in her praises. This widow had become reduced to want by sickness and adverse circumstances, and now, bowed with the infirmities of age, she was trying to support life by making shirts at five cents a piece; crouched the while in a poorly-covered bed, to avoid freezing, as she was entirely destitute of fuel."

Before nightfall, over twenty cases of special interest had been benefitted by the labors of the day, and sixty pieces distributed from the store-room. Though wearied and chilled, the comforts of our own pleasant home seemed that evening a new theme for gratitude to the Infinite Giver."

"Not more than others I deserve,
But God has given me more."

A visitor, whose arduous and long-continued labors had quite impaired her own health, referring to a bright little girl, so injured by neglect that she was in an unsafe condition to be placed with others, thus writes :

CONTRAST.

“This orphan child was found in a dreary basement in the lower part of the city, living with a woman who was sick, lying upon the floor, her two small children in bed with her, to keep from perishing, without fuel or food. The Missionary of the Ward and others have labored long to prevail upon her to surrender her children—a fine little boy and girl—and go to the hospital; but she absolutely refuses to be separated from them; assuring us it would break her heart—would rather have them die with her than to be parted from them. But to poor M. she had no legal claim, and a more wretched-looking child the eye seldom rests upon. We wished to save her, realizing it was perhaps ‘now or never;’ but where to take her, what to do with her, was a question that was solved with difficulty.”

This poor girl is now doing well, appears intelligent, amiable and prepossessing, and a good home is waiting to receive her, as soon as she shall be quite restored.

Much visiting is accomplished by different members of the Board, as well as by the Visiting Committee. Much of the visitor’s time is necessarily spent in investigating the claims of those, who prove to be unworthy and whom, for this and

other reasons, it is eventually thought best not to aid. Such labors are an indispensable, but most painful part of the work.

A record is kept of such cases as we may hope to benefit, and of such we endeavor to keep an oversight.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[The brief extracts that follow, are from the stated reports of those who were employed successively in the children's department, under the supervision of the Executive Committee, the keeping of the records, execution of legal papers, locating and visiting children, etc., being their special duties.

Our first assistant in this department writes: "One peculiarly interesting and encouraging feature of the Home work is, the steadily increasing interest excited by the little ones wherever they go, in behalf of the same class of children who are now enduring what they have been removed from, by the hand of charity. In a large proportion of the cases thus provided for, favorable reports are received by letter or verbal messages.

From among these children of want and sorrow, many cases might be cited, which, like that of "Maria Cheeseman, the Candy Girl,"—a thrilling sketch, issued by the S. S. Union—

would exhibit, all too truly, the almost Heaven-wide contrast in their present and former condition and prospects, but one only must suffice :

A. C., one of the number located in an excellent Christian home the past year, where she is now doing well, first came to us, at the age of nine, looking forlorn and wretched to the last degree. The child said she had parents, but her father was sick and poor, and had told her she must look for a home for herself, and earn her own living. She had found one place, but the people did not want her, because she was too small "to do their work." This case, like others, must be investigated, and so, following the directions, given by A., the place she called "home" was soon found. Passing over heaps of coal-ashes and offensive street-sweepings to the rear of a vacant lot, we entered a building which had been occupied as a blacksmith's shop. At first sight it appeared vacated, but the desolate stillness was soon broken by the faint cry of a child, issuing from a distant corner, separated from the shop only by a curtain of unbleached muslin. We passed in without rapping—the only door was a corner of the curtain pinned up. The recollection of the spectacle presented behind that curtain, can only be erased by the beating waves of eternity.

There sat in that blackened pen an American mother with a little one upon her lap, and other children standing about her. When asked if she was Mrs. —, she arose from her seat, which was the ground, the tenement being without a floor, and replied, despairingly, "Yes!"

"Is your husband at home?"

"Yes, there he is," pointing to a low pallet with a mechanical indifference, that is only witnessed where the lamp of hope is extinct.

As we looked, there lay the corpse of the husband and father! The little group seemed to be waiting silently the arrival of the conveyance to bear the remains to their last resting place—the Pottersfield. On being asked if she wished to have a home found for A., she replied, "Yes," with the earnestness of a drowning man grasping at a straw. When her husband was gone, she said she must leave that place, and knew not where to find shelter for herself and children. She expressed thankfulness that one child might be thus cared for. From such privations as these, poor little A. was rescued, and from similar conditions many of our Home-household have been transferred, where they now see "the cloud with the silver lining."

Another says, "During the past year, one hundred and forty-seven children have been

visited in their foster-homes. The contrast observed between their present and former condition is striking as that between light and darkness, joy and sorrow, a well-ordered Christian home, and the home of the profligate. * * *

Once, to these dear children, all of earth was dark and cheerless; now, they may anticipate as bright a future as children of better fortune.

Forty-eight former inmates of the Home have visited the Institution since our last report; among them several who have attained their majority, and are entering upon maturer years with the benefit of a correct early training—a life-inheritance of priceless value.”

In connection with these labors, one thousand and forty-eight letters have been written the past year, making an aggregate of between two and three thousand pages.

A third writes, “The distance traversed in connection with our work, has been some seven thousand miles.

Since August last, we have taken out and located forty-eight children, from the age of four months to sixteen years, besides adults. This includes but a portion of those that have left the Home. Have visited also one hundred and fifty-five Home children and seven adults in New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and

Illinois; removed and re-located eight, for various reasons.

The precious babes located a year or two since, have grown beyond our recollection. In this department of the Home work, one may witness with unmingled satisfaction the good results of its labors. In almost every case the improvement, physical, mental and moral, is manifest.

One, who years since was taken by the managers from the basement of the Old Brewery, has now grown to womanhood, and is indulging the hope that her sins are all forgiven. Another, who has been untruthful and very wayward, is now doing well; and the family with whom she resides feel that she will yet become a useful, Christian woman.

The *Advocate* has been introduced into several towns where it has not heretofore been taken, and we hope that several more clubs will be formed, as the result of our winter's labors. In one town, documents were sent for distribution, which has resulted in a package of *Advocates* being sent for, and the same letter reports the seven children left there as "doing very well indeed." This more than pays for our prairie rides at the temperature of twelve degrees below zero.

A little girl, whom nobody would have, has,

at last, found her right place. Twice since we left her have we heard that she is a "good girl," and that they "could not do without her." It is not always the fault of the child, nor yet of the guardian, that changes occur.

* * * * *

In reviewing our records we find that during the year, three of the adopted children have died, and that their loss has been keenly felt by the bereaved parents. Twenty-one girls and four boys have reached their majority, most of whom are doing well. Four children have been removed from their places on account of ill-treatment or neglect.

Three of the Home girls have married respectably, are pleasantly located, and are trying to do good to others, one of them having taken charge of a homeless little sister. Forty-three Home children have re-visited the Institution and seemed much gratified as they passed through the different departments. Some were unconscious of ever having been within its walls, while others recognized every room and hall. Sixty-seven letters have been received from absent ones, showing marked improvement in their studies.

The children have been usually reported as doing well and some as being all that could be

desired, affectionate and obedient. One fond mother writes, "Be assured that we love our child as if she were indeed our own, and we shall do all that we can to make her good and useful."

A mother writes of one who is of age, "She is a well-disposed girl, has always sustained a good character and has improved in every way, since her union with the church."

Another says, "This month K. is eighteen years old, and her time of indenture expires. I am happy to say to you that her last years with me have been useful and pleasant; her deportment in every relation is such as I could desire, perfectly correct in all her habits. * * *

A long-time devoted laborer in behalf of the Home, and chairman of its School Committee, writes:—

"In giving a slight sketch of the work of our Home School, it may not be superfluous to say a few words, as to its peculiar character. Other schools under the care of the Home, claim a large share in the interest and efforts of its Managers. They all form a legitimate part of the Home work—that of gathering the poor and out-cast children from their surrounding influences of evil and ignorance, and bringing them, as far as human instrumentality may, into the fold of

the Good Shepherd and the blessedness of the kingdom. Yet in most of the schools the children are but partially under our care and influence. But in this, our Home school, the children consist largely of those given up to our care, and who are the objects of our daily and nightly guardianship, after the hours of school are over.

“ We often think, as visitors passing through the Home, look at them with interest, or listen with emotion to their childish songs, how that interest would be increased and that emotion deepened, could we but lead them to realize the antecedents of each individual child. Here, perhaps, is one rescued from the deepest degradation and wretchedness—another, perchance, is the orphan child of some Christian mother, who, in her last sickness, has been cared for and watched over by the Home, and who, with her dying blessing, commits her little one to its guardianship—and there again, are others, from whom God has taken the mother, while the father, himself sinking to the grave, gives up the little ones to that Institution in whose schools they have already been hearing of Christ and His gospel. The Home accepts the sacred trusts, and becomes the guardian of these little ones; undertaking to watch over and train them, till they are fitted to

enter some Christian family, and become the child of their love and parental care.

“Of this training and watchfulness the Home school forms an important feature. No effort is spared to secure faithful, efficient, Christian teachers, who love the scholars for Christ's sake, and feel that whatever they do for one of these little ones, they are doing it unto Him. In every respect they need the stimulus of this motive, for their work is to polish the rough gem, and just when it begins to glisten and its rays brighten their toils, it is perhaps selected for adoption and transferred to another sphere; while some untaught, untrained little one is brought into its place, to receive the same care, and when fitted for the family circle, to be again withdrawn from the teachers' influence. It is cheering, under these circumstances, to note the unwearied fidelity with which Christian principle can inspire the heart, and the success which, by God's blessing, can crown its efforts.

“During the past year 191 children have been admitted into the school, 102 dismissed, and 89 are still recipients of its instructions. They are taught to read and write, instructed in spelling, arithmetic and geography, as far as may be during their stay; while constant effort is made to teach them to govern themselves, in obedience

to the claims of right and duty. A regular course of Scripture reading has been adopted which has greatly interested the children, while the hymns they are taught to sing have a value and an influence, it is hoped and believed, far beyond the mere pleasure or excitement of the passing moment. We strive to individualize the child—to make each one feel, that he or she individually are distinctively watched and loved—that their interest is regarded, their progress desired, as though they alone were the objects of the teachers' care and the Home guardianship, and greatly have we been cheered in our work by seeing one and another, at first lawless and indifferent, become obedient, earnest and successful in their efforts to be good.

“ The evening school for larger girls retained in the Home, the past season, is one of deep interest. No greater want is felt in our city than some moral influence to reach young girls between thirteen and sixteen years of age.

The above statement though reviewing but a single year, would fitly represent this department during the thirty years of its existence.

"HE SHALL TURN THE HEARTS OF THE
FATHERS TO THE CHILDREN."

The Seer was looking far away, adown the tide of time,
Viewing the moral ruin wrought, the folly and the crime,
The wrecks that Sin's dire progeny upon Time's sea had
cast,
And wishing for the day to come when wrong should
breathe its last.
For moral light athwart the heavens, with rainbow hues to
shine,
More brilliant than the diamonds rare, found in Golconda's
mine,
For agencies to reconstruct, and all of good restore,
Foreshadowed in the garden once, ere Adam sinned of
yore.

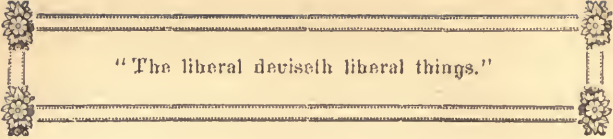
One promise met his eager gaze, 'twas given in words that
burn,
It said that in the latter days hearts shall to children turn,
"The hearts of fathers," good and wise, with purpose
strong and true,
Shall turn and yearn and think and plan, how these may
right pursue.
How children, rich and poor, as one, of every class and
name.
May have their pliant minds full stored, with truths from
heaven that came.
A wall of principle well-reared, around them night and day,
To shield them in the devious path, and guard them in the
way
That leads to righteousness and peace, and makes earth's
darkness bright—
Let this be done, an hour will come, dispelling moral night.
No 'curse,' will smite the earth again, the army of the
Lord
Will find the children in the van, to righteousness restored—

Oh, glorious change, delightful hope, that this is yet to be,
That earth from wrong shall be redeemed, from sin and
sorrow free!

Friends of the children, speed the time, be agents while ye
may,

And know the gracious Promiser, marks those who work
and pray.

S. R. I. B.



"The liberal deviseth liberal things."

CHAPTER XV.

"THE *useful* not the *great*,
The thing that never dies;
The silent toil that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes!
The seed whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last th' eternal fruit.
Sow thou both day and night."

"Words of Cheer."

THIRD DECADE.

DURING the early winter of 1856, the beginning of our Third Decade, the press of labor and care upon the Managers was unremitting. By advice of their Board of Counselors, the decision had been made to purchase an adjoining lot, and a contract signed for the erection of an added building on 29th Street, to comprise convenient

rooms for publishing office, Chapel, school-rooms, Dorcas rooms, work-rooms, and other necessary uses of the Institution; the whole to be so arranged that a larger number than formerly might be accommodated, and a larger amount of labor performed, with an outlay of less time and expense.

This enlargement had become a necessity. During the eight years previous, hundreds of homeless children were surrendered to the Society annually, for whom, by virtue of its charter, it was bound to provide, and the same must be true for years to come. And while it was our practice to transfer these children as early as practicable to good homes in the country, still it was found necessary to have an established rule, that they go first on trial; consequently, if returned, the Home must be their home, till permanently located.

Independent of these cases, for which the Society was held morally and legally responsible, the work in its varied departments was constantly increasing, and facilities needful to its accomplishment, in the best way and upon the largest scale, were indispensable.

It being now well known, that this work was diminishing the number of those who would otherwise become a public charge, it was deemed

expedient to apply to the Legislature for special aid toward the proposed enlargement. A memorial and petition were therefore prepared, a large list of signatures obtained, and a committee appointed to place the same in charge of those who would do what might be done to secure the desired result.

Subsequently, an appropriation of \$10,000 was placed upon the Supply Bill, considered favorably in both branches of the Legislature, and at length an Act was passed giving to the Society the sum requested toward the erection of their new building.

AN EXTRACT FROM MINUTES OF BOARD
OF COUNSELORS.

At a stated meeting of the Board of Counselors of the American Female Guardian Society, held at the Home, E. 30th Street, June 1st, 1857, the Report of the Building Committee appointed to superintend the erection of the new edifice on 29th Street, known as the "Home Chapel," was presented by Adon Smith, Esq., Chairman of said Committee, as follows:

*To the Board of Counselors of the American Female Guardian Society:—*Your Committee, appointed to superintend the erection of the Home Chapel, beg leave to report that they





HOME CHAPEL.

have discharged the duty assigned them, and feel a gratification in being able to present to the Board an edifice worthy of the Society of ladies who have devised it, worthy of the use to which it is about to be dedicated, worthy of you gentlemen who have counseled it and cheered it forward, and worthy of the accomplished architect who has planned and beautified it. * *

Here follows the expense of the building, paid and unpaid, names of architect, builders, etc., which the reader will find in detail in the June No. of the *Advocate* of 1857.

The Home Chapel is a substantially-built brick edifice, with brown stone trimmings. It is seventy-five feet front, by forty-six feet rear, with three extensions, two of twenty feet, and one of twenty-six feet, for stair-ways. It is four stories high above the basement, containing thirty rooms and dormitories, including the Chapel and Gymnasium; three bath and wash-rooms, besides numerous closets. The Committee regard the building as well adapted, in all respects, to the uses for which it was designed.

ADON SMITH, *Chairman.*

DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL.

The dedicatory services connected with the opening of our new edifice, took place on Wed-

nesday P. M., June 3d, 1857, Rev. Dr. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University, in the chair.

At an early hour the Chapel and halls were filled by a crowded audience, whose speaking countenances indicated their deep interest in the occasion. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Bangs; and, after singing by the children, the "statement of facts in the history of the Society," and "Report of Building Committee," resolutions, etc., were read. * * * *

Rev. Mr. Montgomery, from Philadelphia, of the Episcopal Church, occupied some ten minutes in an eloquent and forcible appeal, carrying with him the sympathies of the entire audience.

He alluded to his own personal interest and labors in a similar work in the city from which he came, and closed with a fervent benediction on the Society and its benevolent labors.

Rev. A. D. Gillette, D. D., and Rev. Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church, followed in turn, congratulating the Christian women present upon the achievement of a noble end.

Dr. Dowling alluded very happily to the varied reminiscences of other years, and the obstacles that the Society had encountered in its early efforts. He had known and approved them from the first. He said there were some present who would recollect that twelve years since, at a

public meeting of the Society, when the Home and its results were yet to be, one of the speakers, a sainted brother now in glory, cited for their encouragement the following beautiful lines by the poet Andross.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granery, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient heart; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew;
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again: and last night hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn,
Hath cloud o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan,
Have Faith and struggle on.

The swallow, the nest, and the fledglings,
“within the earth-made walls,” presented a

happy illustration of the Society, its Home, and the many little nurselings who, like the swallows, have slept within its "brick-made walls," and gone from thence to more permanent care. If at that period the veil had been withdrawn from the Future of this enterprise, solicitude and doubts would have vanished, but then the work of the past twelve years would have been less a work of faith.

Passing from this theme, he said: "We have met to *dedicate*." He liked the idea of a dedication, of offering up to the service of God. His concluding remarks were upon this theme, and most happily expressed.

Rev. Marcus Smith, of Syracuse, said he represented several counties of the State; had heard of this dedication, and his interest in the Society had prompted him to come to the city expressly to attend it. He had been surprised and delighted in passing over this Institution, and looking at the several aspects the work presented. His sympathies had been enlisted from the first, and he was most happy to be present on this occasion.

Rev. R. M. Hatfield, of the Forsyth-street M. E. Church, made a most eloquent and spirit-stirring address, describing "in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," the condition of

the neglected youth and children of this city, the class for whose benefit this Chapel was erected. He believed that the city was increasing in wickedness, as rapidly as in population. Nothing, comparatively, can be done for adults, but the children may be gathered from the moral rubbish, and fitted to become polished stones in the temple of the Lord. He was sure that God, and the angels, and all holy beings were smiling upon this work. In walking these streets, he had often asked of his own heart the question, "Who hath sinned, these children, or their parents?" that they should be thus doomed, the man's grief pressing down their cheeks. No, it is not their fault. The sin for which they suffer belongs to others. What more commendable, more Christ-like, than to seek and save them. Those who have engaged in this labor, and seen its blessed fruits, cannot afford to abandon it. They are twice blessed in the service. Blessed by the recipients, blessed in their own souls. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Christians need a work that shall fill their heart and hands, and here they have it. They need its encouragement—can better perform their duty to their own households.

Christianity is not an effete system. Its practical developments, in labors like these, are an

irresistible argument against all the aspersions of infidelity.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler had been referred to by the Chairman as the man of all present who would unloose the purse-strings. Referring to this, as he was called forward, he said he was certainly the modestest man in all New York. He need to beg in a place like this! Here, spreading his hands to the walls of the Chapel—Here's the beggar! speaking to you more eloquently than words. It costs less to save a child than to destroy it. How much is the cost of the one and of the other?" A description, full of pathos, was given, of the saved one, contrasting the then and now of her history. "Here," he said, "is your dividend—No bank in Wall-street, as good as this." Several fine illustrations and incidents were introduced with effect. Mr. C. said that Dorothy Dix had conquered a half dozen legislatures. What woman had done, and might still do for suffering humanity, was beautifully portrayed, and motives brought directly to the heart to "have faith, and struggle on."

After Mr. Cuyler's address, the children sang a hymn, and the services were closed with the benediction.

The Home, being the first Institution of its

kind, was for some time regarded in the light of an experiment: but this period was so far past that there were now some six or eight similar Homes in our country, several of which, located in this State, were visited last season by a select Committee from the Senate, appointed to visit the charitable Institutions aided by the State. The following testimony may be found in the printed Report of that Committee, transmitted to the Legislature by Hon. Mark Spencer, Jan. 9th, 1857.

“Homes for the Friendless.—These Institutions, of which there are three in the State, are designed principally to furnish homes and protection for destitute females, and are under the care and management of benevolent women.

“The destitute are received until suitable places or employment are found. The institution in Syracuse, and the one in New York, have also established industrial Schools, finding employment for and instructing children, who have no other instruction, in needle-work, and furnishing them clothing. It is believed that they are among the most useful of charitable Institutions, and that they are entitled, equally with orphan Asylums to the fostering care of the State.”

During the first half of the forty-two years of

the existence of this Society, it was often a marvel to its friends in what way its current expenses could be met. *Stated* supplies by way of legislative aid were then unthought of. The little rills from the hidden springs of charity kept the oil and the meal from waste; and when new work was proposed, the assurance that, if it ought to be assumed, the means would be forthcoming, seemed to settle the grave question.

It was in no spirit of recklessness that these responsibilities were undertaken. The cost was carefully and prayerfully counted, and then the motto was found safe, "No such word as fail." Thus the years and their work went on.

The closest place, financially, in all our history, was in removing the debt after the erection of the Home Chapel. The building had been more expensive than had been anticipated, real estate had risen in value, and the single lot, purchased just before building the Chapel, had cost more than three of the others. •

A HOME BAZAAR

was proposed by way of raising funds, and approved, on condition that it be shorn of all that could be deemed objectionable in such an enterprise. It was held with success, and no drawbacks, in the autumn of 1859, and helped to

meet current expenses, but did not begin to liquidate the debt.

Near the close a gentleman present proposed to the Editress of the *Advocate and Guardian* that this Bazaar be repeated at the end of the next year, saying he had also a special suggestion to make. As the incumbrance was now about \$20,000, he would contribute personally \$1,000 of the amount, provided the Society would raise the balance within the year. It might be raised, he said, through personal friends—by appeals through the *Advocate*—or by application to the Legislature, any right way, so that the debt should be canceled.

The offer was named to the Managers, gratefully accepted, and plans at once devised to achieve success. This was a year of unusual toil. It was suggested that, perhaps, half the sum might be obtained from the Legislature, and if so, the remainder might be reached by appeals through the paper, by small contributions, and the avails of another "Home Bazaar."

These agencies were put in motion, and at the opening of the Legislature a petition, numerously signed, accompanied by a memorial was presented, and duly referred.

After the memorial and petition were sent in, the report soon reached the Home Managers

that several members, both of the House and Senate, were found ready to favor the object by their influence and their votes, but there were others, holding prominent official positions, who seemed to have ends to serve of still higher moment to themselves or their party, and the two being in conflict, the question of our success was quite doubtful.

A Committee of two ladies of the Board, furnished with reliable credentials, and many strong letters from parties well-known, were then duly commissioned to go to Albany, represent their work and wants, and secure the end sought, if practicable. Accompanied and introduced by their husbands, quietly and favorably located, after learning the great obstacles to be surmounted, and what they might do appropriately, with scrupulous regard to woman's sphere, they were enabled to form plans and pursue them discreetly, for a period of several weeks, and in the sequel, were able, at the right time, to present their roll of petitions to the Committee of Ways and Means; the "formidable document" being also accompanied with signatures they had quietly obtained, to an added clause, of over two-thirds of the members of the Senate, and three-fourths of the House! The clause read thus, "We the undersigned, members of the Senate

and House of Assembly, request that the A. F. G. Society and Home for the Friendless, may be placed upon the Supply Bill in the sum of \$10,000."

This document was returned to us after due action had been taken, and is still preserved among the archives of the Society.

SUCCESS.

This assured the result. When the matter of the appropriation came up in the House, some of the strongest members upon the floor were ready to give most telling speeches in its favor, and it was found, when the final vote was taken, there was not one dissenting voice. Thus secure in the vote of the House, they had only to await the action of the Senate, and as reliable friends agreed to protect it there, the Committee returned to their friends and fellow-helpers to report, gratefully, the good hand of our God toward us.

Their feelings, "when homeward bound," were well expressed in the stanza,

"Never man was truly blest,
But it composed and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy,
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud,
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart."

The vote of the Senate, and signature of the Executive, were watched with solicitude, for much labor had been expended, and large interests were involved. But in the interim, they were encouraged by missives like the following, a brief extract from which we copy as indicative of the spirit cherished by members, who had become earnest friends.

Senate Chamber, Albany, April 14th, 1860.

* * * "Yours of the 12th is just received.
* * * The Bill has passed through several severe ordeals, but in all its mutations, the \$10,000 appropriation to your Home remained unharmed. *No power in Albany could take it out of the Bill.* The sojourn of your Committee at the Capital, has not only secured a portion of the means of relieving your Institution of the encumbrance which would cripple its usefulness, but it has gained for your noble enterprise a host of warm friends whom the adjournment of the Legislature will locate in every county in the State.

"Thus it frequently occurs that the faithful performance of those duties which at first seemed painful and even repulsive, results in the greatest good to ourselves, and the cause for which we are called to labor." * * J. B.

A member of the Assembly writes thus—
(same date as above):

“Your appropriation has passed the ordeal of the ‘Conference Committee’ unharmed, although many others were stricken out.

“* * * There is not the least fear that the \$10,000 for the Home will be disturbed. Your friends in the House are firm and unyielding, and I verily believe they would defeat the whole Bill rather than have it pass without the sum designated for the Home. * *

“I shall remember the few beneficent acts that are scattered here and there through the mass of selfish and useless legislation of this Session, and thus strive to mitigate the grief I feel that the claims of the poor fugitive, and the wretched victims of rum, have been coldly repudiated.

“The prohibitory law did not pass, and I am happy that we defeated the license bill, drawn up and lobbied into the House by the N. Y. Liquor-dealers’ Association.

“I will inform you if anything unlooked for occurs in relation to your appropriation—and I need not assure you I shall watch its progress with intense interest; and, for the sake of the poor, the homeless and friendless, and their faithful guardians at the Home, I shall thank God, the God of the fatherless, and take courage to

labor on in the good work to which I have trustingly devoted the energies of my life.

“You refer to my efforts in your behalf. I only regret that I could not do more. What I did was but in accordance with my ordinary habit of feeling and acting. When I cease to live and act for the poor and friendless, may I cease to live and act at all.” * * * * M.

Several months were yet to intervene in which to collect the \$9,000, and busy hands were now ready to push the Bazaar work, for the autumn, from which much was expected. Returns came in slowly day by day, but so far exceeding the current expenses, as to encourage hope, and at length, the Bazaar was again opened in the chapel, the supplies furnished were large, and the sales promising.

The count of receipts on the third evening exceeded expectation, and on the fourth, the needed sum was reached, and the generous friend, who had set the ball in motion a twelve-month since, was to be taken at his word.

The following lines welled up unbidden, and by request find a place here among the reminiscences of the occasion.

NO CLOUD ON THE HOME.

No cloud resteth now on our beautiful Home!
The shadows are passing away from its dome,
Although they loomed darkly when '60 begun,
They pass from our sight as its last moments run.

That pledge of "one thousand" stands nobly redeemed,
For the ones, fives and fifties have after it gleamed,
Like rills from the mountain uniting in one,
They've mingled and swelled till the work has been
done.

A jubilant tone have our greetings to-day,
As the year with its mission is passing away,
We have toiled like the fishers, nor labored in vain,
For the Master has smiled, and our purpose we gain.

From the North and the South, the East and the West,
Investments united—of friendship the test—
Prove a union of hearts in the cause of the poor,
A tie to be sacred when Time is no more.

All praise to the Giver, be offered by all
Whose prayers and responses have answered the call,
Going silently forth near a twelvemonth ago,
For faith is made sight, as the record will show.

Our beautiful Home, with no cloud on its roof,
A shelter from want, ever standing aloof
From discord and strife; may it drive away fears,
And banish from childhood affliction and tears.

May its mission extend till earth's sorrows are o'er,
The orphaned and needy are friendless no more,
Its precincts be guarded by Infinite Love,
As a link between earth and the mansions above.

S. R. I. B.

December 1st, 1860, was an era in the history of the Society marked by pleasant memories.

The union of benevolent purpose manifested in achieving the special financial labor of the year, the unanimity with which the State Legislature contributed one-half the sum required to cancel the debt, and the wide-spread interest thus elicited, gave increased encouragement and strength to every department.

USES IN WAR TIME..

Very clearly did we see the Hand of a loving Father in the relief thus afforded, just on the eve of the loud call by our beloved country for the immediate concentration of all its resources, to protect its homes and hearths, and all most dear to us in life.

This Home debt being removed, the shadow of the great grief, so felt and feared, found the Institution much better prepared than otherwise to continue its work. * * *

From allusions to its uses penned in May, 1861, we quote here a few paragraphs.

“ Within the past month it has been proffered for unlooked-for uses. Within its walls have been gathered hundreds of beating hearts, lifted in unison, to the Hearer of prayer, for sons, husbands and brothers—the light of home, now

far away, where anarchy and giant wrong have joined hands. Not a few, who have a life-interest in this Society, were of the number whose tear-dimmed eyes bespoke a sorrow too deep for words.

“Such a mother’s prayer-meeting as the world never saw, filled our Home Chapel on the Monday following the departure of the first regiment that went from this city.

“A brief announcement had been given that mothers having sons in the 7th Regiment would meet here for prayer at 3.30 P. M.

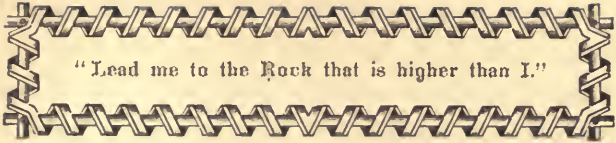
“This Regiment, consisting of near a thousand men, mostly youth, and justly regarded as the flower of our city, had left for the Capital on the Friday evening previous, and this circumstance, together with the state of our country, suggested the propriety of special and united prayer in their behalf. At the hour appointed the Chapel was filled to overflowing, some five hundred ladies being present. It was a scene of deep and tearful interest to many mothers who had sons or husbands, from whom they had been suddenly called to part, for a season, perhaps forever. The sister who presided had four sons, that she had thus laid upon the altar of God and their country. Earnest, heart-felt, united prayer, was breathed at the mercy-seat for these precious

children and kindred, exposed to imminent danger, not forgetting all others in like circumstances, nor our beloved, imperilled country. A stated union prayer-meeting was appointed at the same hour and place on Wednesday of each week, to which all ladies were cordially invited."

This Home was never more useful than during war-time, and every successive year, even to the present, it has numbered among its beneficiaries, the orphan children and bereaved youthful companions of the soldier from both sections of our common country.

In the fearful riots of 1863, it was a place of shelter and refuge to the hunted fugitive, its demolition threatened in return, but not accomplished.

During those sad, weary years, when the cry of the widow and the fatherless was never hushed, its mission toward all classes of the suffering was far better accomplished than it could have been, had the incubus of debt still depressed the spirits of Managers and helpers. Not in vain were they led by a way that they knew not, and divinely aided to roll off this burden, ere the moral clouds began to loom so darkly over our broad land.



"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

CHAPTER XVI.

"NO one is there among us but some warm heart may win ;
No home, how small soever, but love can enter in.
But if this be denied thee, some home, some heart to share,
Go forth among the needy, and seek it everywhere.
There's more heroic action, more deeds of honor done,
In quiet humble walks of life, than ever battles won.

Words of Cheer.

THIRD DECADE, CONTINUED.

The shadows hanging over our beloved country, were everywhere seen and felt. Great interests, even the life of the nation were imperilled. The moral upheavings all abroad made desolate the hearts and homes of many very dear to us and our work, who had hitherto given without stint, anticipating personally no sad reverses.

Who would be able to stand? who continue the service that the heart prompted? was a

question for Time to solve. Double duties and large heart-burdens came to many, but our Home friends remained steadfast, and while nobly doing their part, through the eventful crisis, in aid of the soldiers and their families, true in the best sense, to their afflicted country, still the work of the Institution was not left to retrograde.

Indeed, the most watchful care of their kind Heavenly Father was so marked, that they felt impelled to enlarge their borders—do and trust. In 1858 they had opened Home Industrial School No. 3, and its success, like Nos. 1 and 2, had become so assured, that when a pressing call came to organise No. 4, this also was accepted, so that at the close of 1861, the Society had four Industrial Schools in successful operation in addition to their other Home departments.

H. I. S. No. 3.

No. 3 was commenced and continued for some three years, as a school exclusively for boys, and brought in many little waifs from the streets and byways, who were savingly benefitted. The added labor involved was met without embarrassment, except on special occasions.

Our annual Thanksgiving, from the opening of the Home and onward, had been marked by a

children's Festival, embracing both the Home and schools. Each new school increased the labors of the Committees in charge, and this of course was not an exception.

How shall we provide for so many? was the grave, anxious question at a special, preliminary meeting. A beloved sister present, now in Heaven, whose heart was as large as her purse, at once proposed to make the needed provision personally, for the new school, No. 3.

The day came. Eager groups of rough boys were promptly and quietly in their places, anticipating they scarce knew what, for of the luxury of a really-good dinner, their dark life had had no experience. But the good things were there, poultry, pies, cake and fruit, and kind friends were ready to speak to them of the Giver of every good, and make the occasion one of profit. They enjoyed the repast exceedingly, and listened attentively to good counsel, as do all our once-neglected, hungry proteges, when they are the objects of Christian care.

Most of the street waifs assembled then and there are now grown to manhood, many we believe are better citizens for the teachings there commenced. No. 3 has now reached its 17th year, and, there is ample proof, is still an agency for good.

We find the following satisfactory testimony on record respecting its early labors, and believe its teachers, committees, and helpers have ever proved faithful to their trust.

THE TICKET SYSTEM.

“ The committee state, with the blessing of the great Father and Friend, this school has thus far been successful to so good a degree that we feel impelled to entreat churches and Christian communities everywhere, to stretch forth the hand of mercy towards this neglected class of children and see that they have instruction upon the secular days of the week as well as upon the Sabbath.

“ The marked improvement in manners and truthfulness, is cause for great encouragement. At first we were often pained with rude and vile words, with which many seemed familiar; this, is almost laid aside; we rarely hear an improper expression. The system of paying tickets each day for good behavior, which at the end of the month are returned to pay for shoes and other apparel, works admirably. The tickets are in the boys' own keeping, and are carefully returned, usually the number of pennies due is named to us by the creditor, as he hands in his package of tickets on the day designated. Every confidence

is manifested in our honesty, and thus far, thanks to our many donors, we have been able to pay promptly all that has been thus earned. Shoes are the cash article; we have supplied 126 pairs, only to those who have earned them as specified; also 1261 garments, nearly all second-hand, some much worn, but clean and mended, no ragged article has been given. Although this large company of children, as might be expected, have required great care, and collectively, have many times manifested such a spirit of turbulence as to give much anxiety, yet we are grateful that we may record, that with few exceptions, the boys have, when labored with individually, expressed their conviction that they ought to do right; tears have been shed by them, and these words spoken earnestly, 'I do want to be a good boy,' 'I do mean to try to be good,' and afterward some have whispered to their teacher, 'Don't you think I am growing better?' Often, on receiving the tickets, one and another will say, 'I have tried to be real good to-day.' "

MUNIFICENT GIFT.

While the cloud of war still hung darkly over our beloved land, paralyzing, to some extent, the energies of the benevolent, the Society received

most unexpectedly the munificent gift of \$20,000, from Messrs. Chauncey and Henry Rose, with the request that it be used in sustaining and extending the work at the present time. This seemed truly heaven-sent.

There had been placed in the hands of Mr. Chauncey Rose, the noble executor of the large estate of Mr. John Rose, soon after the decease of his brother, several printed Home documents, also a written request that he would visit the Institution, and examine its working, claims, etc., and judge of its merits; but a long time had passed, and we had almost ceased to hope to be remembered in the distribution of the large bequest placed in his charge.

Nothing could have seemed more opportune, and truly we were prompted anew with full hearts to thank God and take courage.

Not only the gift, but the very cordial manner of its bestowal; with the proffer of further aid as needed in the future, rebuked every misgiving, and not only was the Home-work enlarged in sundry departments, but some of the new schools needed, were now undertaken with a cheerful faith. Teachers were found with both tact, talent and heart for the service, and a voice seemed continually to whisper, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

SCHOOL NO. 4.

H. I. School No. 4, was first organized in a neglected section, in the vicinity of Grand St., and the East River. The first written statement presented by its Committee reads thus :

“ We have much to encourage us. We find on the school-register, that since our commencement, Oct. 21st, the names of one hundred and seventy scholars have been recorded. The average attendance is from eighty-five to one hundred daily. Great improvement is manifest in the conduct and personal appearance of the scholars generally. * * * * *

Several of our older pupils, both boys and girls, have become interested in their soul's salvation, and several, we think, give good evidence of a change of heart.

M. S., the “ ragged street-girl,” mentioned in a former verbal report, appears to have become a very lovely Christian child, winning the confidence and affections of all who knew her.

Not long since, we visited Mrs. T., in a rickety old attic, where she, with two daughters, eight and twelve years old, slept upon the floor, without even straw for a bed, and but part of an old counterpane for a covering; one broken chair, a three-legged table, a broken stove and a few bits of old crockery, constituted all the fur-

niture of this miserable home. A home! what an abuse of words to apply it to such a place. Mrs. T. belongs to a Christian family, who have long since become discouraged in their attempts to reform her. Disappointed ambition and pride are too hard for any but God to overcome, but with Him all things are possible. We led the two daughters to the school, and our female visitors, nothing daunted by the hopelessness of the case, persevered until the appearance of the mother at our tea-meeting crowned the effort with success. She soon came to the prayer-meeting for mothers and children, was convicted of her sinfulness and in a few weeks was, as we trust, hopefully converted. Her home has been made comfortable and now she lives as a Christian mother should live.

Many of the children of the school are in the habit of attending the prayer-meetings regularly, and we have reason to believe from their improved behavior and general good conduct, that lasting impressions have been made. Many of them have urged their parents to come with them, and through the invitation of the children, they, too, have become interested in their soul's salvation.

One young woman of twenty, who could not read, was induced, by a neighbor's child, to come

to the meetings and was subsequently converted. She so much desired to read the Word of God, that she has become a regular day-scholar until she can attain that end, and learn her duty directly from God's Word.

From a report of a Strawberry Festival given to this School, we quote :

On entering the school-room, we saw the children to the number of 170. Their clean hands and faces, and well-combed hair—the girls' white aprons, and the boys' clean blouses and shirt sleeves—for some had no jackets or aprons—all bore evidence that to them it was a holiday indeed. The teacher told us of one boy who came with dirty hands, and was sent home to make them look more tidy. He lives in Monroe St., in a house which holds seventy-five families, and in these are one hundred and fifty children. We did not wonder the poor child had soiled hands.

At two o'clock, a number of friends and visitors having assembled, the children entertained them with some pleasant songs and hymns. Short addresses were then made to the school by Rev. Drs. Anderson and Hodges, Messrs. Hillman, Mason and others; after which, the children marched very quietly and orderly down-stairs, where two long tables were prepared, on which

were saucers of berries and ice-cream, and a bun and a cake for each child. They ranged themselves on each side of the tables, and stood still till all were in their places, when in concert, they asked in simple words a blessing on their feast ; and how intensely they enjoyed it !

Five months since we became interested in Mary S. ; she was bare-headed, bare-footed, had on but a single garment. Her father had abandoned the family and no one knows where he is. The mother had just served six months on Blackwell's island, and is now there for the same period. Mary was living with one of her mother's dissipated associates, learning the lessons of the street during the day, and living with the vicious at night, a terrible school for a girl of twelve years. We took her into our school, clothed and in other ways cared for her, She has now a good place, as an inmate of a Christian family, and has recently become interested in her soul's salvation, and requested an interest in the prayers of the teachers.

KINDRED ENTERPRISES,

Auxiliary associations, new and old, far and wide, were ready helpers during this period of unusual care and solicitude, and it was gratifying to learn that several who had founded Homes

similar to our own, since this had proved a success, were also encouraged in their common work by public approval and generous support.

From one, The Northern Home for Friendless Children in Philadelphia, we received the cheering intelligence, that a gentleman of wealth had appropriated for its support, a farm of 200 acres and the sum of \$200,000 as an endowment fund!

From several others, not blessed with encouragement so ample, came words of cheer.

Our Semi-Annual Meeting in 1863, held at Binghamton, was one of excellent influence.

Friends and helpers were present from Newburgh, Southport, Utica, Syracuse, Stockbridge, Madison, Harpersville, Maine, Union, Havana, Almond, Wellsburg, Randolph Centre, Newark Valley, Auburn, Groton, Cortlandville, Apalachin, Berkshire, Norwich, Chenango Forks, Coventry, Windsor, Castle Creek, Marathon, Wilton, Vestal, Candor, Brooklyn, New York, Milton, Ct., Camden, N. J., Great Bend, Athens, Pa., and Washington, D. C.

The following hymn, written for this occasion, was among the last offerings to our work of "A. C. L." And this was the last social gathering in which her voice was heard in earnest, womanly testimony, in behalf of our mission, ere she was called to a higher service.

HYMN.

God of our fathers, who hast led
Our trembling steps along,
And when we halted, faint with dread,
Hast bid our hearts be strong.

We praise Thee for the love untold,
That in the cloudy day,
Has aided us such strife to hold,
And kept our foes at bay.

Thou, who among the lowliest toiled,
'Mid want, disease, and sin,
Who hast for us the tempter foiled;
Thine be the gems we win.

And by-and-by, from lane and cell,
From battle-field and sea,
From pauper-graves, and shaded dell,
They at thy feet shall be.

Spirit of Love and Pity—Thou
Who madest our bosoms feel
For griefs that clouded childhood's brow,
And seek their wounds to heal;

Who gavest the sympathy we've known
With woman's nameless woe;
An ear for the sad monotone
With which life's currents flow;

The praise be Thine! Melt other hearts,
As ours in death grow chill,
Let not our life-work die with us,
May many do Thy will.

A. C. L.

Statements by ladies present, representing the Homes for the Friendless in Newburgh and Syracuse, were especially interesting. The interchange of views, words of testimony, letters from friends, and seasons of prayer tended to give a new impulse to the work, and all felt it good to be there. We add a few paragraphs from the correspondence addressed to the meeting.

A foster mother writes: "Coomer, N. Y.

"It is not the time now to dry up the streams of benevolence, when the late riots and this cruel war, have added so much to your demands and cares. May God in mercy give the people enlarged hearts! The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. I have the pleasure to tell you I know of some barrels that are being prepared, and that will soon be at the Home. But I would say to the friends now assembled, probably from many points, there is another way to help the cause, which I trust we all love, and that is to listen to the Saviour's command, 'Feed My lambs.'

"Are there none present who could take to their hearts and homes one of those friendless ones, who need a mother's care? Depend upon it, my friends, it will pay. It is a good investment, and our Father pays good interest for all that is done for Him—oh, that I had eloquence

to plead their cause! the pen of a ready writer to lay before you, in their true light, the needs of these little ones, the claims they have upon Christians in general, and Home friends in particular.

“It will give you pleasure to know that the many Home children in this vicinity are doing well. Those girls who came out here ten years ago, are now verging on womanhood, promise fair to be quite equal to many own children, the boys are all in the army, with one exception, thus doing their country service instead of being inmates of jails, and a burden to society.

“If to ‘raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind,’ is Christ-like, then does your work resemble His, who went about doing good, and who has said, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto Me.’ In concluding, I would say, ‘Oh! do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your Friend,’ and He who hath hitherto sustained you in numberless trials, has promised never to forsake or leave those who trust in Him. May you and I, and all we love, double our diligence, and work while the lamp of life continues to burn. This is the sincere prayer of your very affectionate friend,

MARY WILLIAMS.”

A member of the Executive Committee writes :

* * * “ How glorious Christ has rendered woman's sphere in this our sorrowing world ! Daily is the conviction deepening on our minds that it is one peculiar to her sex, and distinct from that of man's. In saying this we do not mean to censure any woman for doing faithfully ‘ whatever God has given her power to do well ; ’ whether it be as reader or lecturer, to attract the listening audience ; with the painter's skill to bid the canvas glow with forms of beauty ; to wake the poet's lyre ; or to hold thousands entranced by the spell of her witching harmony. All this, if so endowed, woman may do, and in doing all, be the true-hearted woman still. But these powers are individual gifts, peculiar and rare, not the work of the sex, the sphere in which all are to move, exerting that influence which woman, (moving in her God-appointed orbit) can alone exert, and without which, humanity would become cold, and hard and drear, as would the physical world, were some fell power to blight at once each blooming flower, and darken all its sunshine. Precisely because her sphere is not that of man's, can she exert the influence peculiar to herself.

* * * * *

“ The fearful riots of the past summer tell too

sadly, what interest, and party spirit, and political ambition may do to deaden the noblest impulses of man's nature, and call, in tones not to be misunderstood, for the influence of earnest, true-hearted womanhood! Not triflers, who feel a deeper interest in the passing frivolities of the moment, than in the strife, upon which, perchance, their country's fate is pending; not the ignorant or thoughtless, unconscious of the great questions of the day, unacquainted with their moral tendencies, and incapable of deep convictions, because uninformed as to the reasons which should guide their views; but woman as she should be, enlightened, pure, loving; in a word, Christian woman, free from all controversial zeal, seeking only to guide the young to the saving knowledge of a loving Redeemer; freed from all greed of gain, or love of power; praying only with unwearied prayer, that God will bless and prosper the right, striving to do good to all, and finding ever in such blessed duties, her highest joys, her richest privileges. Deeply does our country need such women, in this its hour of trial! We owe much to man, for in America, woman is truly loved, and honored and trusted, with a sincerity of feeling, unrivalled in its earnestness and extent. Let us repay this debt, not by striving to show them how well we

can perform their duties, but how sacred we esteem our own. Let us not be the slaves of fashion, nor the votaries of pleasure, nor the worshipers of wealth; but let each word and deed bear witness that we reverence only that which is worthy of our homage, and love only that which is truly good. May our own spirit drink in its life from a Divine source, ever drawing near to the Redeemer, that 'He may abide in us, and we in Him,' so shall our woman's work become more and more glorious, and our woman's influence be welcome and blessed, as it will be powerful and lasting. I would that I could commune personally, with the true-hearted Christian women assembled at our semi-annual gathering, to encourage and aid us, but I am sure that, though unknown, they will not reject my cordial greeting, nor withhold their united prayers for a blessing upon our sex, that hereafter, we may all rightly estimate our woman's mission, and 'walk worthy of our high calling.'

"Yours, affectionately, J. W."

A public meeting in the evening, addressed by Rev. Mr. Boardman, of the Pres. church, Rev. Mr. Westlake, of the M. E. church, and Judge Balcom, of Binghamton, was largely attended, and left a lasting impression for good.

Near a score of similar gatherings, held in

towns and cities more or less remote, in the autumn of successive years, had been placed upon the Society's records up to this date.

This brief statement, however, will sufficiently illustrate, and our Memorial requires no more.

At this gathering, as at others, several little children from the Institution found excellent homes by adoption, and there were other pleasant results promising future good.

From meetings like this, and from "outside work," here and there enlisting Christian sympathy, the favored participants met again in the Home Committee room, as the Wednesdays returned, with feelings less strong, but quite akin to those that well up in the maternal heart, when at the call of duty, a mother has been absent for a little from her own precious flock, where affection clings strongest, and love never wearies.

The faces of the many motherless ones, that always seem to look up for a word and a smile, the sorrow-stricken, friendless girls, the faithful corps of long-loved associates in the work, and then the quiet gatherings in the place of prayer, the upper room, consecrated by so many precious memories of the living and the dead, these move the better feelings of the heart, and hide unseen within its silent cells. To-day a faithful laborer

in School No. 2, referring to their recent loss, says:

“The most pleasant event of the month has been a jaunt to Greenwood. The teachers and eighteen scholars went, on the fifteenth, to visit the grave of their beloved teacher, Miss Stubbs. Nearly every child carried a plant or flower to place there. Their anxiety to reach her grave immediately on entering the Cemetery, was very great. We heard one girl say, ‘she would read every stone to find her name.’ Standing by the grave of one so loved recalled her vividly to mind, and many a moistened eye testified of their affection for her memory. We suggested singing, ‘Softly she faded,’ but their saddened feelings completely overcame their voices. May the memory of the dead be impressed on the living, and as they think

‘She taught us how to live and how to die
To gain a happy home beyond the sky.’

may they strive for that home.”

GRATEFUL MEMORIES.

In the early spring-time these dear children led a group of youthful mourners, who felt as never before that they had lost a friend. The *Advocate* gave a record of the occasion and its incidents, which, being so marked and impres-

sive, we insert here by way of encouragement to faithful workers.

“On Thursday, March 28th, there was a gathering at the Home Chapel of unusual interest. Miss Abigail Rose Stubes, one of our devoted teachers, for nine years past the principal of Home Industrial School No. 2, had finished her course, and entered into rest. The arrangements for her funeral had been made in accordance with her own request, and here, upon the platform, where she had so often guided the exercises of the children on anniversaries, lay her mortal remains. Within and upon the coffin choicest flowers shed sweet fragrance, beautiful reminders of the home where flowers are fadeless.

A large company of youth and children, with simple badge of crape, indicating that they were chief mourners, sat nearest the dead. Her pastor, Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., read appropriate selections of Scripture, after which the children sang the following hymn.

“The voice is hushed—the gentle voice
That told us of a Saviour's love,
And made our youthful hearts rejoice,
In hope of heaven, our home above.

The eye is dim—the loving eye,
That beamed so fondly on us here;
Scaled up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear.

* * * * *

That brow shall wear its glittering crown.
 When sun and stars no more shall shine;
 When death shall lay his sceptre down—
 The grave her empire shall resign.

Then let us weep as Jesus wept—
 Hallowed by love each gentle sigh;
 Since in the grave our Saviour slept,
 The Christian need not fear to die.”

Dr. Thompson said, “It would be hard to find a life with so few elements of happiness in it, and equally hard to find a life more happy than that just closed. The departed loved one, whose remains lie before us, was early left an orphan, tossed about without a home, not a relative living with whom she could sympathize, or on whom she could lean in hours of trial or sickness—truly she was alone, and yet not alone, for the Father was with her. Early in life she had consecrated herself to her Saviour, and set her heart on doing good. This was the secret of her happiness. This, together with the prompting of her own early experience, led her to work for the children. She was habitually cheerful. Love to Jesus, and the work He gave her to do, made her so. He spoke of her intense devotion to her chosen field of labor, alluded to repeated interviews he had had with her during her illness, and

the assurance thus obtained that while she was willing to live and labor, she was ready at any moment to depart and be with Christ.

“ His kind remarks to the children and youth, who appeared as mourners, were listened to with tearful emotion. ‘ You know,’ he said, ‘ how much she loved you ; some of you, who, through her influence, have been led to come to Jesus, will have occasion, I trust, to remember her gratefully, to endless ages. Could those mute lips speak, they would tell you how earnestly she hoped to meet you all in heaven. You will not, must not disappoint her.’ ”

In his closing remarks, Dr. T. alluded to the results of her labors as among the best testimonies of the blessing of God upon the Home and its mission. The best seals of Divine approval—the best encouragements to weary not in the work yet to be accomplished.

The group representing the large school she had so long called her children, sang the chant—in which the others joined—commencing, “ Then shall the King say to them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father,” after which they were called to take their last look at the pale face still lovely in death. First in order came her Bible class—dropping each a rose-bud or orange blossom upon the coffin as they passed—

followed by the pupils of her school, many of whom grieved as for the loss of a mother. Next came the other schools present, followed by teachers, Home managers and other friends ; and then, slowly with measured tread, the cortege moved toward Greenwood—the city of the dead.

The occasion was regarded by all present as specially impressive. A stranger was heard to say, “ I shall remember this while I live ; I never witnessed a funeral so affecting.” Said another, “ Just to look at the faces of those dear children, so expressive of love and grief, was more than a sermon,” Another remarked, “ It seemed to me a sublime spectacle—I shall never forget it.”

The testimony given by Dr. Thompson respecting the marked excellence of character of our departed friend, will meet a full response from those who knew her best. Her unremitting efforts for the good of her school and the many poor embraced in the mission-field in its locality, gave her such a place both in the affections of the children and of those who prize “ a friend in need,”—as cannot fail to perpetuate her Christian influence. Her fixed purpose to remain at her post as long as possible, when so manifestly the prey to a fatal disease, occasioned the apprehension that death might overtake her in the

school-room; but her Heavenly Father ordered otherwise.

Through weary weeks of suffering, as for twenty years previous, she said to us, her faith in her Saviour never wavered. During all these years His promises had been yea and amen to her soul. A few hours before her departure we entered her room and saw at a glance that amid mortal anguish she was passing over Jordan. A grasp of the hand and a look upward, indicated consciousness, and as the words were repeated, "Jesus can make a dying bed," &c., she responded, "Yes, yes—Jesus, Jesus—O, what would I do without *Him* now! Almost home, home. My mansion is all ready." These and similar expressions were among her last audible words, till she sweetly slept in Jesus.

May the orphaned and utterly bereaved, learn to know and truly feel as she did, that

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend."


That for them, as for her, He can raise up friends and helpers, assign to them such work as angels love, and cause their path to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Within this decade many highly valued friends and earnest Christian workers in this Association, have exchanged earthly work for

the employments of the glorified, leaving a void that must long be felt.

Among this number were several Home managers, and three specially influential Vice-Presidents, viz. : Mrs. Almira Barnes, of Troy, N. Y., Mrs. Pres. Mahan, of Oberlin, and Mrs. Josiah Bissell, of Rochester, N. Y. While greatly missing their presence and wise counsels, we rejoice in their joy, assured that their weary feet have safely reached that peaceful shore,

“Where rests no shadow, falls no stain.”



"To do good and communicate forget not."

CHAPTER XVII.

"THERE be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wandered there.
Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives, it lives; the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify."

THE ADVOCATE AND ITS INFLUENCE.

To the continued circulation of the *Advocate*, reaching every State in the Union, the Society were largely indebted for the Christian sympathy and aid that constantly encouraged effort and furnished needed supplies. That wisdom was given so to conduct it, that its influence should increase with the years, was surely owing to answered prayer, and was often regarded with sur-

prise by its publishers and friends, who could but see that it was made the means of doing good, beyond the returns it brought in substantial aid. Silently it made known from year to year their work and its results, and impressed upon mind, in its forming stage and otherwise, the great principles of virtue, benevolence and truth—and when it was remembered that “no word of truth is lost,” that every reader is embarked upon a tide of memory and consciousness that is to flow on for ever, the influence upon human character, for good or for evil, exerted by these large annual issues, could not be deemed of small moment.

As an expression of the appreciation of the paper and its influence, by its numerous readers, we insert the following items of testimony, a duplicate in spirit of hundreds on file.

A Mother writes:—“I have a positive affection for the *Advocate*, which I feel for no other paper, and always want to introduce this dear friend to all my acquaintance, that they too may learn to love it most truly.

T.”

Another says:—“I am written a widow, and my children fatherless; but I am constrained to say, that among the sweetest blessings that remain to my desolate home is your dear paper.

Yours, A. C. I.”

M. P. C. says:—"I have been a constant reader of your highly-valuable periodical for more than twenty years past. Nothing could induce me to be deprived of its perusal. I regard it as among the best of my family journals; and would suffer no other paper to occupy its place upon my table. I shall deem the time well improved which I spend in securing subscribers for it."

Another writes:—"One of the subscribers to the *Guardian*, a lady of intelligence and deep piety, who is an invalid, said to me, a few days since, 'that she valued the *Guardian* more than any periodical that came to her house. I am keeping them,' said she, 'for my daughter to read after I am dead. I consider their influence on the mind for good, second to none, except the Bible.' If I were called to add my feeble testimony, it would be the same.

M. A. B."

M. W. T.—"Accept the assurance of the interest of our ladies in your enterprise, and their high appreciation of the *Advocate*. We deem it among the most precious, moulding influences of the family, and bless God for giving it to us as a help to our maternal responsibilities. God speed you, dear friends, in your arduous work.

Yours, truly."

“ Dear Friends,—As we sit by our warm fire-side this inclement weather, paper in hand, we are led to exclaim, ‘What a blessing is a free Christian press! Oh! that it might be extended to all.’ Contributors to the *Advocate*, we are your debtors; we thank you each and all for the feast spread before us. There is something in every paper applicable to each of its many readers; the invalid, the mourner, the erring, the heart-worn and weary; youth and age there find sympathy and counsel, and lay it down with more cheerful hearts and higher resolves. We almost covet the power to gladden other hearts as our own are made glad.

Yours, truly, L. C.”

A western mother, who has a family of daughters, all active Christians, and doing what they can in a western city, writes:—“I owe much of my success in the training of my children, to the *Advocate and Guardian*. It has helped to make them sympathizing and benevolent, and has taught them to care and labor for others.”

AN INCIDENT.

I have recently met with a little incident, which may encourage you and those engaged with you in the circulation of this little messenger of gospel truth, and cause you to see that

some wayside seed is springing up and bearing fruit to the glory of God. I would also have it stimulate some of your subscribers, who can do so, to present the *Advocate* to some who would gladly read it, but are unable to pay for it.

Some years since a plain, pious young man, who was in the habit of consulting me occasionally regarding the interests of his family, came to me with a troubled face, and told me he was going to the far West—to the very outskirts of civilization. He was the father of an interesting group of little girls, and seemed to feel deeply in view of the necessity of taking them and his young wife so far from all the privileges of life and society. But the hand of poverty was hard upon them, and he must go where land was cheap and plenty. I tried to direct his mind to the brightest aspect of his lot that I could perceive, but he seemed to be weighed down with some unexpressed trouble. Upon pressing him for its cause, he replied, "You know my wife is not a Christian, though she is a good wife, and moral and upright in all her deportment. She has been religiously trained, and feels the importance of being a Christian, but I am afraid she never will be one, for she diverts and dissipates her mind so much with novel reading. She borrows every story-book she can hear of, and

spends all the leisure time she can get in reading them. She is a woman of plain education, but has a great love of reading. Her plea is that she works hard, has no amusements, is too tired when she sits down for a few moments to read anything dry, and novel-reading is all the diversion she ever has. Now we are going where she will not be able probably to borrow any kind of reading; I am too poor to buy books or take papers—if I was able I should supply myself, for she is such a reader she would read substantial reading if no other could be found. She will miss her only amusement, will be homesick and discontented, and my little girls will have no education and nothing to read." A manly tear came unbidden to his eye, which brushing away, he added, "Bread and butter is the first necessity of life—I suppose the poor should not murmur if they can get that. If my wife was only a Christian, and could be happy with her children and her Bible there would be a great load off my mind." I counseled and comforted him to the best of my ability, and when he left with his family for the far West, I sent the *Advocate* after him as a little token of remembrance and regard. Year after year, when I paid my own subscription, did I pay for a copy for him also, not knowing aught of its mission in those distant

wilds, and often tempted to appropriate my dollar otherwise.

A few months since I unexpectedly met that man. Upon recognizing me he almost immediately burst into expressions of gratitude for the *Advocate*, and with a beaming face told me the history of its influence upon his family.

SAVING INFLUENCE.

His wife had become a Christian, he trusted, through its teachings, and so had his oldest daughter, an interesting girl of sixteen.

Shut up to this paper and her Bible for reading, his wife had read and re-read them. In the solitude of her isolated home, they had spoken with emphatic voice, and she had heeded their teachings. An editorial upon the closing year had arrested her attention, and her mind had only found peace when the great question for eternity was settled, and she sat at Jesus' feet.

She had enjoyed no other ministry for years, and her Bible and the *Advocate* had been her only guide in the development of her Christian character. Her daughters, fast verging towards womanhood, studied it as an oracle, and shaped their deportment and views much after its teachings. It was a household word, and valued there next to the Bible. As the country about them

increased in population the paper was loaned to their neighbors, till it was generally well nigh worn out before it "got around." Many an emigrant who had never heard of the *Advocate* in the land of his birth, made its acquaintance and heeded its teachings on those distant Prairies of the West. He said, "Our single copy of the paper one year made a regular circuit of twenty-five miles, visiting over fifty families twice each month, and would at length come back to us (for we kept all the numbers) pasted and sewed together, and almost worn out."

"My children will never form their mother's habit of novel-reading," said the happy father.

"Their mother says she is sure they will never waste their time and derange their minds as she did, thanks to God's teachings through the *Advocate*."

He finished his narration by thanking me for the paper again, assuring me no other "present" could have been so valuable, and telling me I need send it no longer, for he was "able and more than willing to pay for it now."

I am sure I felt that I had never invested seven dollars with better returns than in this seven years' subscription for your paper, and I trust, my dear Mrs. B., that you and the dear sisters who work with you, may find some weary

and discouraged moment lightened and brightened by this little sheaf, which has been gleaned and sent home to you from the broad field of your labors.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.

December 1st, 1859.

ANOTHER INCIDENT.

“ A. B. — was born in western New York, and at the early age of five years was left motherless. She was placed in a respectable family, where she labored to obtain a livelihood. When quite young she expressed a strong desire to obtain an education, but owing to adverse circumstances, this privilege was for a time denied her.

Still she improved every opportunity within her reach to gain knowledge, and thus obtained a small fund, that was afterwards of great use. So great was her desire to take the *Advocate*, that she saved what pocket-money she received, till she had enough to pay for a copy, and then urged a friend to subscribe for it, and permit her to receive it in her name. It was supposed by the family, that she read a borrowed paper; had it been otherwise it would have been destroyed. She perused it constantly, and was led by so doing, to reflect upon her condition as a sinner.

As we were conversing some time since with her concerning the *Advocate*, she said, "That was the first thing that awakened my attention to the subject of religion." She is now an active Christian, and expects to spend her life in the service of her Redeemer on heathen shores. She feels it a precious privilege to leave her aged father and friends, to labor for injured, degraded Africa. Had she listened to the advice, or yielded to the wishes of those who were her guardians, she would never have been so highly favored as to carry the message of salvation to the perishing. Soon after her conversion she remarked that she meant to be a missionary; for this she was ridiculed, but was enabled to remain true to her purpose. She has since obtained an education, chiefly by her own unaided efforts, and will in a few days, if spared, embark for a heathen land, to tell the story of the cross, and consecrate her improved talents to the good of others.

V. C.

MR. J. B. GRAHAM.

Among the many early friends whose minds seemed turned to the Home enterprise by some unseen agency, was Mr. J. B. Graham, of Brooklyn. Shortly after we had entered our unfurnished hired house, he first called as a

stranger to look at our little ones, make inquiries, &c. On leaving he seemed heartily enlisted, and immediately ordered for the House a present supply of iron bedsteads, and proffered personal aid that seemed most opportune.

From that time till his death, which occurred a few years later, he was a most efficient volunteer helper. He was made chairman of the building committee of the Home, and his assistance, both in funds and individual exertions, was most timely. Without it the erection of the Institution would have been much longer delayed, and when completed would have been much less substantial and valuable than now.

His death was sudden. During the day on the Friday previous, he had been planning an endowment for the Institution, had his papers partly prepared, and had designated the following Tuesday to meet his lawyer for their execution. He retired as usual, and in the morning was found sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Previous to his death he had been largely instrumental in the establishment of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum, Mariner's Family Asylum, on Staten Island, and was also the Founder of the Graham Institute, an asylum for the aged and destitute in Brooklyn.

LINES.

And art thou gone so suddenly from earth,
 Thy mission finished and thy labors o'er?
 Friend of the poor, the desolate and lone,
 Of homeless childhood and forsaken age!

* * * * *

Who shall befriend them in the time to come,
 Amid their sorrows, penury and want,
 With kindness and compassion such as thine?
 There needs no storied urn to bear thy name,
 To tell the passing stranger thou hast been;
 For monuments that shared thy living aid,
 Even from the corner to the topmost stone,
 Stand in three counties, known and read of all,
 Four sacred temples, Homes of charity
 Reared for the needy in their utmost need,
 A shelter from earth's storms that wildly beat
 On the unsheltered head of youth and age,
 From elements more fierce than wintry winds.
 Homes for the friendless are they each and all,
 Though known by various names, as classes rise
 To claim the charity now theirs to give.

* * * * *

'Twas fitting that thy mission should begin
 With childhood's claims, and be so well fulfilled;
 'Twas beautiful that it should end with age,
 And then, 'twas beautiful to sink in sleep,
 And wake, without a pang, 'mid seraph's songs!

Who can behold the good thy hands have wrought,
 Then hide the talents given him to improve,
 Nor feel the bitter stings of remorse?
 Who can consent to garner up his gold—
 Not his, but lent him for specific ends—
 And use it to aggrandize but himself,
 When to bestow it wisely might afford
 Relief to thousands, and best please his Lord.

Another of the warm friends of the Institution, was the writer of the following, a lover of children of world-wide fame.

Dear Friend,—A beautiful hymn in the Dec. 1st *Advocate and Guardian*, has struck me very pleasantly, and I have had it set to music. A copy of one of the melodies I enclose. Would come up and teach it to your children some day, if agreeable.

Yours very truly, W. B. BRADBURY."

OH! SAVE THE LITTLE CHILDREN!

Oh, save the little children
 Of poverty and crime,
 Whose bitter wail is sounding
 Through the dim aisles of time,
 Ye may not cleanse the torrent,
 Whose course is strong and sure,
 But, ah! it needs but little skill
 To make the fountain pure.

Oh, childhood, dark and sunless,
 Beset with many snares,
 O'ershadowed by life's sorrows,
 O'erburdened with life's cares;
 If ye can add one pleasure,
 Or take away one pain,
 Or sow one seed of virtue,
 Ye have not lived in vain!

The homeless little children,
 Who have in joy no part;
 Pity their desolation,
 And take them to your heart.

Deal gently with their errors,
 And lead them kindly on,
 Until at length the guerdon
 Of truth and peace is won.

And think with what thanksgiving,
 By God's grace we may stand
 Beside those little children
 In heaven's sinless land,
 Rescued from many trials,
 From want, and woe, and sin ;
 "Of such is heaven's kingdom,"
 Oh ! bid them enter in !

"Some five years since a notice appeared in the *Advocate* of the sudden death of a good man, who when visiting the Home just previously had said, "Put me down on your books for \$25 per annum, so long as I live." The question was also asked, if some one, still spared, would not perform this intended service. Soon after, a note was received from Mr. Bradbury, inclosing the sum named, proposing while he should live, to redeem the pledge made by the departed.

"The last note received from Mr. B. was dated Nov. 26, 1866, and closes with the following paragraph :

"I am now a permanent invalid. The fatal disease has got me in his grasp, and will not let me go. I send you a copy of my last work, *Fresh Laurels*. I think it will be the last. Inclosed

please find my check for \$25 for your little ones' Thanksgiving. God bless you and them.

"Yours, fraternally, W. B. B.'"

From other parties came similar voluntary pledges, and these incidents are cited as examples of the many tokens of encouragement received from unlooked-for sources time after time, when threatened with pecuniary embarrassment.

Friends were raised up as most needed, and voluntary helpers often came forward to fill the void made by death and removals, and continued to labor for an indefinite period, prompted by love to the work, the satisfactory results apparent, and, more than all, by love to Him who came to earth to save the perishing.

With such waymarks filling the background, should not this Association "remember all the way that the Lord hath led them?"

Among the many thousand children legally surrendered to the Institution, there have been a few beautiful instances of early piety, pleasant in their developments, and bright treasures in the store-house of memory. We quote by way of example.

LITTLE GRACIE.

Life and death, in varied guises, often arrest the attention of the visitor at the Home. To-

day we are here at a funeral. Upon the platform in the Chapel a narrow coffin holds the frail form of a dear girl of eleven years, lovely in her life, and beautiful in death. Winter flowers and broken buds, full of fragrance, are strewn around her, and clasped in white hands folded upon her bosom. Her companions and school-mates, and the care-takers, who loved her to the last, are the gathered mourners. Those with whom her voice had been often joined in the same words, sing very sweetly

“There is rest for the weary.”

The reading of the Scriptures and prayer, the brief address from the words of David, “I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,” are well adapted to the youthful auditory. They sing again, and the general expression seems to say, they sing “with the spirit and the understanding,”

“There is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing;
A world where peace and pleasure reign,
And heavenly praises ring.”—etc.

And now they come with measured tread, class by class, to take a last look at dear Gracie. Weeping eyes gaze tenderly upon the little sleeper, while half-suppressed sobs, in some cases, mark the retreating footsteps. Now the lid is closed, and we shall see her face no more, till,

with others of the dear Home flock, we stand with that great company that no man can number. All seem to feel that Gracie has gone to be with Jesus. She was a child of praying ancestors, and though early left an orphan, inheriting physical infirmities that made her brief life one of much suffering, yet she evinced a degree of patience and fortitude beyond her years, and an early and intelligent trust in Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them. Gracie loved to pray alone and with others. Some of her school-mates remember seasons when, of her own accord, she proposed "a little prayer-meeting by themselves," and where her infant voice was heard in asking blessings for them all.

BENIGN INFLUENCE.

At the funeral services of the little ones that are taken to the "better land,"—their home in heaven—there is always much seriousness, and we trust, lasting impressions are made that tend to prepare the hearers, both adult and juvenile, for living duties and the dying hour. Morning and evening worship, also held in the Chapel, and conducted by the matron and her assistants in the different departments, is evidently not without its usual benign influences, being participated in with such fervor as frequently to

make it a delightful duty. Several who have manifested most interest in these exercises have recently expressed hope in Christ. The Sabbath afternoon is occupied, as it has been for so many years, very acceptably to the children, in general instruction by their beloved friend, Mr. Alfred Edwards, a most worthy descendant of his world-renowned ancestor, President Edwards. His kind acts and earnest labors will never be forgotten by the Home beneficiaries. In such an Institution, of course, the work is mainly confined to sowing the seed for others to water, but this is done in the confident hope that God will give the increase.

Of one who long loved to welcome his kindly face, we have the following record.

MARY RICHIE.

“Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep.”

Nineteen years ago a little babe of ten months—the only child of a worthy, departed father—while borne in the arms of a poor, inebriate mother, veering to and fro upon the sidewalk, was precipitated suddenly into a deep area. Death did not follow, as might have been expected, but there was a broken spine and other injuries causing great anguish. Proper appliances in time might have mitigated the trouble,

but all mother-love was blighted by strong drink—and there was none at hand to act the mother's part.

Pain and neglect soon traced on the meek, young face the lineaments of age, and until searched out by a Christian sister of the father, who had long supposed her dead, poor Mary realized the pang of utter friendlessness. This kind aunt, though herself in the vale of poverty, acted a truly-noble part toward the afflicted child. For a long period she supported her by her own hard earnings, and ten years since, finding the Home a better refuge than she could else secure, at her earnest request little Mary, the cripple, was made an exception to our rules, and became one of its inmates.

From that time onward, the meek, marred, patient face of the poor child, enlisted the sympathy of all who came to know her. She was often able to attend church and Sabbath-school. Her kind teacher, Miss S., won a large place in her affections, and well deserved the grateful love ever returned by her appreciative pupil. The faithful instructions of her pastor, Rev. Mr. Sabine—who held a Sabbath service in our Chapel while his church was building—led her to give her heart early to Jesus. Her consistent example ever honored her Christian profession,

and bore a beautiful testimony to the sustaining grace of the Saviour whom unseen she truly loved.

Owing to her injuries and consequent maladies beyond healing, she attained but the altitude of a little girl, but evinced the early mental maturity of womanhood, and her influence was ever felt for good throughout the Home household.

Among the little sick ones, in her thoughtful, tender attentions, she seemed to move around like an angel of mercy. However much she might suffer herself, no murmur escaped her lips, but frequent expressions of thankfulness that God had provided such a kind home for her, when she had no other. She had no fear of death, but felt happy in thinking of her heavenly home, where she should see Jesus and love and praise Him without sin or sorrow. * * *

Her funeral services were beautifully conducted by her pastor, in his own church, paying a sweet tribute to her lovely character and sincere piety. Members of the Sabbath-school and Home school were present, with a few friends by whom her memory will long be cherished.

“We laid her in the grave to rest,
And felt when all was o’er,
Our Home contained one angel less,
And heaven one angel more.”

HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL NO. 5.

Our Home School No. 5 also had its birth in war time. It is now in its fifteenth year, and from the first has a record of usefulness. A band of excellent, devoted, Christian workers, have given a helping hand to this School from year to year, provided and supervised its daily work and annual festivals, and their unwearied labors of love in this relation have borne rich fruit.

A true missionary teacher, now a beloved missionary in distant India, labored in this School till she left for her present field, with the same devotion as since evinced in her great work in heathen lands. The following items are from the School journal.

“There is marked improvement in many of the children. Over one thousand visits have been made during the year to bring in and keep together those who go no where else ; but now they seem to come gladly. They manifest a deep interest when Bible stories are read to them. Little notes addressed by one and another to their teacher, indicate the feelings of those most impressed by the truth, and are often quite touching. Here is a sample. Charlie writes, ‘I do love Jesus, and mean to be a missionary.’ J. writes, ‘I feel that I need a new

heart, I love to go to prayer-meeting, and love to hear about Jesus.' Joseph says, 'I would not be afraid to die, for Jesus loves me, and I love Him, and He'll take care of me.' Little Willie speaks thus of his mother. 'The other night she was picked up in the street, and carried to the station-house. I wish they would keep her always, for she beats me and makes me drink gin; once I was drunk.' Poor little one, he is only about six years of age, a sweet-looking child, with a very sad face; it makes my heart ache to look at him. I have often seen and spoken to the mother about her evil ways. She listens, but does not reform. This is one case of many. Several children have left the school for good places, one is provided for by the Home.

"A 'mothers' meeting' is held every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. At one meeting sixteen poor mothers were present, two came just as we were closing, and expressed much sorrow at being too late. At one of the meetings a mother said, 'I felt so tired for hard working, I thought I would not come, but I'm glad I did, for now I feel stronger to work to-morrow.'

"Another said, 'I did not mean to come, but mine boy say, "Go, moder, do go, I take you." He bring me to de door, I like the meetin', and will come agin' ' "

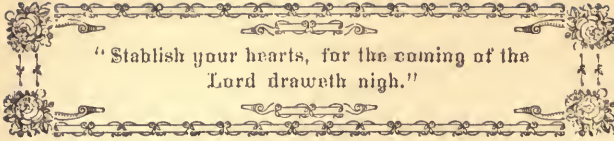
To become familiar and get in sympathy with industrial school work, one must lay aside all thoughts of comfort, and regardless of the impure atmosphere of the school-room, must spend hours with these neglected ones, specimens of whom may be found in every street of our great city. Simply seeing them seated in school is not enough; their stories touch the heart, and when the stories fail, only look at the face, and scarred back of some little sufferer, "whose father and mother drink," and then we are sure you will say with us, that industrial schools are great blessings.

A few instances cited will show what has been done, and what yet can be done, toward saving these children. Three years ago a girl was picked up in the street, and invited to No. 5. For the "sake of fun," Mary L. consented to come. Satan found in her a willing servant. Having no disposition to study, she had been turned out of the ward school, and as she had no comfort at home, she cared very little what became of her. Any teacher who taught in our sewing school will remember what a trial Mary was; very often has it been said, "She really is too bad to remain;" but by patiently enduring her waywardness, a hold upon her affections was at last gained, and to-day she is one of the best

behaved girls in the work-room where she is learning a trade. She has a grateful, loving spirit, and only needed kind words, and a sincere interest taken in her to develop the good. We rejoice in her temporal improvement, and hope soon to say that she is on the Lord's side.

“Thirty-one of our pupils have left the school for places, two to learn trades, one of whom, previous to leaving, always attended the mothers' prayer-meeting. Several of the poor mothers who attend this meeting have requested special prayer for themselves and their children. Ten of these mothers are enrolled in a class who are learning to read, and come as regularly as their circumstances permit. Seventy-six of our pupils have gone to the public school.

“Several hundred visits have been made among the pupils during the year. One of our dear boys went to be with Jesus the past week. Almost the last expression he made was, ‘Jesus loves me.’”



“Stablish your hearts, for the coming of the
Lord draweth nigh.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE are coming, we are coming,
Out of homes where shadows fall,
Out of sorrow, want and danger,
Hasting at love's gentle call;
Gathering where God's chosen workers
Fain would turn the feet that stray,
Back from sin and dark temptation,
Into wisdom's pleasant way.

H. E. B

THIRD DECADE CONTINUED.

WHILE the daily work of the Schools, visiting Committees, etc., commanded due attention still the care of the large, ever-changing family at the Home held the first place.

Here are children of all ages for whose welfare, in sickness and health, the Managers are largely responsible. Thus it has been from the first. Deprived of their natural protectors,

placed fully in our care at the most important period in life's history, every week calling for decisions in behalf of some that must measurably shape their destiny, the work has most certainly claimed from those in charge faithful, untiring Christian vigilance.

For example, A., B. and C. have been with us till their moral and physical developments are well understood. Such knowledge as could be gained of their antecedents has been sought and recorded. They are eligible for foster homes, correspondence with applicants has opened a door for their transfer, and now they are to pass from the protection of the Home to more permanent care, in case the proposed arrangement shall prove satisfactory.

The time is set for their departure. Comfortably clothed, kindly counselled, and confided to a safe escort, they leave us, as thousands have left before, perhaps to return in after months or years, and perhaps not to be met again by Home friends, unless by the stated visitor, till all meet where every one "must give account."

QUERIES.

We ask mentally in such cases, have we done all for these dear children that was practicable? Are we sufficiently assured that those to whom

they are to be entrusted are families of the right type? True, they are well recommended, as this is always a pre-requisite, but, as the years pass on, will they prove faithful in the sight of Him, who they believe has said to them by the voice of His providence, "Take this child and train it for Me!" Have they been so prompted by truly-benevolent motives, that, should trials and disappointments, instead of the full fruition of pleasant hopes, come to them in connection with this generous act, they will have no regrets for the step taken, but count it among the "all things," feeling satisfied that having done what they could, the service is accepted by Him, who is no respecter of persons.

We may be thankful for the proof existing that very many do thus discharge a Christian duty, in taking these friendless children, and in the result, confer and receive lasting blessings.

We have before us a letter just received from a foster-mother, in which she says: "I regard it as a great responsibility, to train an immortal soul, and I also feel it a great privilege. Pray for us that we may be guided aright.

HOME INFLUENCE.

"I well know what home influence means. To Christian parents and a Home wherein dwelt no

discord, I owe my salvation, under God, and I have witnessed the sad effects of a discordant home upon others.

“I would not have obliterated from my memory, the voice of my dear father in family prayer, for all that earth could give, of its most valued treasures. It is ever like melody to my soul amid the echoes of the far, dark past.”

Another who has reared Home children, and has them still in her care, writes: “The eldest is a great comfort, now and always. * * A. will be twenty-one next autumn. Dear boy, we hope he will carry away into his life the principles he has been taught rather than the lack which his natural tendencies make easier. He has been a pretty good boy. Never drinks, smokes nor chews. Is regular at Church and Sabbath-school, exemplary in social life, not in any way wild, or fast.”

“R. J. is a slow scholar,—as in everything—but still improves in almost all ways. The dear child had so little to begin with! Had I known at first how little, I fear my heart would have shrank from the task; but it came, providentially, I believe, and in that consideration, I accept it cheerily, and hopefully, as my work, and leave the results to Him who loves all human crea-

tures. The comfort comes in the belief that He can find access to these souls that He has made, and will hear prayer, and overlook any mistakes made with endeavor to guide them to His feet. There is no way sure, but to commit them to Him, and love them all through. We are glad to have helped these dear ones along so far, and would like to take another. If a 'paragon' of goodness comes along, will you please make note of it, and let us know. * * *

"What a work the Home is doing for poor humanity! We thank God for the steadfast hearts that 'Hold the fort,' 'through thick and thin.' May He hold them in the 'hollow of His hand.'" * * *

These extracts indicate the spirit that is manifestly becoming more and more prevalent in relation to the orphaned and homeless, and the matter of Christian duty in their behalf. The proof is abundant that among the great company who have become foster-parents, there are some of the noblest specimens of parental Christian love, and heaven-born philanthropy. Many, too, are abundantly rewarded by the well-doing of the children. The following brief extract from a few letters expresses the sentiments of many others.

From a Home boy,—“ I was adopted from the

Home for the Friendless, at the age of four. * *

“There is not one of a hundred children, bereft of parents at an early age, that falls into as good hands as I have done. Always brought up to attend church and Sabbath-school, with nothing to prevent constant attention to my studies. My parents are now over seventy years of age, while I am in my 21st year.

“My object in writing this, is to thank those whose noble and self-sacrificing labors have been instrumental of so much good, not only in my case, but in thousands of others. It is over sixteen years since I left the Home. Doubtless it has changed care-takers many times since then, but I suppose all the records have been preserved since its organization. If convenient, will you please inform me if I had either parent or any relatives living, at the time of my entering the Institution, also my precise age, &c.

“It is not strange that my thoughts often centre upon that place where disinterested friends snatched me from the cold charities of the world. The first opportunity that offers, I will visit the Home. I would like to subscribe for the paper published at the Institution. Please send a copy.

“Hoping that blessings may ever rest upon the Institution that saved me from an early death, I remain, your true friend,
J. W.”

Another writes: "I have been attending school this winter and enjoyed it very much. My chief studies were Latin, practical and mental arithmetic. I think I have learned a good deal since I came here. I have some expectation of graduating some day, if I live. I am looking forward with the hope of being prepared to do some good in the world. I wish I could visit the Home now, before I grow any older. I hope I shall grow better as I grow older; I think I truly love the Saviour. When I think how much my friends have done for me and how much my Saviour has suffered for me, I think I should be very ungrateful not to be a good girl and try to serve God.

"Please give my love to all the ladies of the Home and all the little children who remember me.

"Yours, in much love."

Another writes: "It is now nearly ten years since I left the Home. And to look back it seems scarcely more than two. I am now nearly a man grown. I am also enjoying full health, for which I am very thankful. I attend the high school at present. I know it was always your wish and hope that all the boys and girls that left your Institution for foster-homes might become good Christian men and women. I do not know

how many have come up to those wishes, but this I know, I pray, that my life hereafter, may be that of a good Christian man, and with God's help I mean it shall. Pray for me, that I may not fail. Tell my brother that W. prays for him, that he also may become one of Christ's disciples.

“May God bless and prosper you in your good work.

“I am ever your grateful boy,

* * * *”

A dear child early bereaved, transferred to foster-parents, and we trust, early saved, writes thus: “It is with pleasure that I answer your kind letter. I am well, and cannot be any other than happy, for I have such a good home, such kind, good, Christian parents and friends to watch over me! I attend church every Sabbath, sing in the chior, and attend the Bible-class, and prayer-meetings. There has been a revival near here, and God has been in our midst; and that to bless. Very many have been converted to Christ.

“I am going out this afternoon to visit the poor, and try to induce them to permit their children to come to the Sabbath-school. I am going to spend an hour every day with a poor blind lady and read the Bible to her.

“I do not take music-lessons now, but am try-

to fit myself for a teacher ; and in that way trying to become self-reliant, and pay back to my more than father, some of the money he has laid out for me.

“ How thankful I ought to be to my Heavenly Father for his goodness in giving me such a kind home, and in casting my lot in a land of Christians ! I thank you, too, dear friends, for your kindness in my helpless infancy. No one can tell where I might have been now, had it not been for your care. I can never repay the debt of gratitude which I owe. May Heaven's richest blessings be yours. May your good work ever prosper, and when the Saviour comes to make up His jewels, may you shine brightly, is the prayer of your grateful friend.”

* * *

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Harriet H. Starr, a Vice President of the Society, and long an active member of the Board—a library of useful books was provided for each of the Home schools, and loaned to the children as a reward for well-doing. They were also found useful and gratifying in families where the poor mothers were unable to read.

This work for the Schools was among the last

active labors of their devoted friend. She was called hence in the winter of 1874, at an advanced age. The following extract from one of her letters when absent from an anniversary, gives a few results of her many self-prompted, voluntary efforts, continued through the years.

“Dear sisters: It gives me pleasure to-day that 107 books are in readiness for Home School No. 2, and 158 for circulation in the Schools at the Home. I am grateful to our Heavenly Father for the opportunity and ability to work for his little ones in a field so full of pleasant associations and cheering hopes.

“My work for the children of the Home began in the nursery; fifty yards of carpet came in answer to my appeal from our Danbury friends, cribs, cradles, rocking-chairs, pictures, soap and toys, combs and brushes, tin cups and pans, were cheerfully given and thankfully received. The wants of the School were as cheerfully supplied; books, slates and pencils, caps, shoes, and confectionery, and toys for the holidays, were asked for and obtained.

“Truly I am indebted to the dealers in toys and books, for the ability which they have given me to minister to the happiness of our Home children. The mass of books received for our schools, and as tokens of reward and remem-

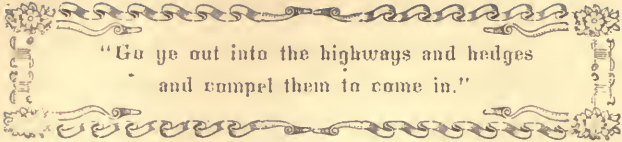
brance for children leaving the Home, and for two libraries in prison, and the one now forming, is quite astonishing.

“When our petition for the truant law was in circulation, aided by my son, I obtained five thousand signatures. It was hard work, that walking and talking and mounting stairs, that effort to pour my thoughts and feelings into minds and hearts that seemed full of opposition; my body was enfeebled by the effort, but thanks to our Heavenly Father, my work for the “little ones,” has kept my heart young through years of pain and sorrow.

“I have taken the liberty to call myself the founder of the Children's Circulating Library, thinking that when I have done my work, some humble reader may think, ‘Mrs. Starr loved me.’

“Dear sisters, let us ‘rejoice in the Lord always,’ and humbly follow the Captain of our Salvation in all the battle of life.

“With sentiments of deep respect and love,
H. H. STARR.”



“Go ye out into the highways and hedges
and compel them to come in.”

CHAPTER XIX.

DOWN in deep waters of turbulent ocean,
Labors an insect amid the commotion ;
 What it is doing it never knows,
 But from day to day, its good work grows,
 And by and by an island appears,
 Revealing the hidden work of years.
So while in our weakness the good seed we sow
For what we have builded the future will show.

BUILDING BETTER THAN WE KNOW.

PASSING over unnumbered items of interest, too numerous to mention, we come now to our Fourth Decade, its work and results.

During this period an enlarged field has been occupied, both in the several departments connected more directly with the institution, and its outside labors.

Six new schools have been organized, and continued in successful operation. [For present location, names of respective Committees and Teachers, see Appendix.]

Meantime facilities for their permanent accommodation, have been provided when exist-

ing exigencies seemed to demand the outlay.

The earliest efforts of our H. I. School No. 1, organized twenty-three years since, are mentioned on page 199, with extracts from its first report. This school has never lost its firm hold upon the heart-interest of the Managers and especially the faithful committees, to whose untiring labors for all these years, it owes its continued success. Two only remain at their post who began the work as members of the School Committee of No. 1.

It has had upon its register the names of over nine thousand eight hundred and twenty-five different pupils, very many of whom it has savingly benefited.

Beside the stated weekly service of its committees on the days designated, always a *free-will offering*—there has been an aggregate of missionary work performed during these many years, in behalf of these thousands of children, that words may not compute.

The same is true of very many of the laborers and labors in the respective schools, the spirit and aims of the work being ever one and the same, the amount differing only in point of *time and ability*.

Our limits allow but brief reference to each, and the few pages of gathered items and inci-

dents, must be regarded as simply illustrative of the work and its results as a whole, applying equally to every portion of the broad field.

HOME SCHOOL NO. 2.

Home Industrial School No. 2, organized in 1857, became greatly enlarged, both in numbers and usefulness. Meantime the hired rooms so long occupied in the rear of a German Church, in West 40th Street, had become extremely dilapidated and unhealthy, and every effort to secure a better location seemed to prove abortive.

Our generous friends, Messrs. Chauncey and Henry Rose, hearing of our dilemma, gave to the Society a special donation of \$10,000 toward the erection of a new building. They also subsequently added \$5,000 more for this object.

Thus encouraged, two lots of ground, 25 by 100 feet each, were purchased, and a goodly edifice erected, with special reference to the wants of the school, present and prospective. The expense incurred for the lots was \$5,000, the cost of the building some \$22,000.

Besides the large audience room, which seats some four hundred—and serves also for a Chapel on the Sabbath—there are two large class-rooms, infant school-room with gallery, two large play and clothes-rooms, janitor's rooms, closets and bath-rooms, etc.

The school had at this time, June, 1869, upon its register 736, with an average attendance of 312 pupils.

The blocks of shanties in the immediate vicinity, with their miserable inmates, fitly represented the worst type of heathenism in this Christian City, and here visitors, teachers and school are still putting forth effective agencies to save the poor children. Here they may "Gather them in from the paths of sin," and win them to the love of truth and right.

The edifice is named, Rose Memorial Chapel, in honor of the esteemed patrons to whom we are so largely indebted.

ROSE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



Thus one of our most promising schools was provided with the accommodation long and greatly needed, and the dying prayer of its lamented teacher, Miss Rose Stubbs, was also fulfilled. With her latest breath she desired that a chapel might be erected in the neighborhood where her labor for many years had been faithfully given, that the gospel might be brought to the multitudes who would never seek it for themselves. The striking coincidence between the names of our generous friends and of the devoted teacher alluded to, makes the chosen designation of the chapel a fitting memorial of both.

The number of different children attending Rose Chapel, from 1866 to Dec., 1876, has been 10,283 in all, each year showing a steady increase.

HOME SCHOOL NO. 6.

Home Industrial School No. 6, was organized in 1866, in the vicinity of West 54th Street, where its noble and beneficent mission was continued for several years, literally among the rocks, and where its early visitors might have counted some five hundred shanties in their walks of usefulness. The changes incident to the growth of a large city, have made innovations in this locality, calling for the removal of the school to some of the many sections, now

more entirely adapted to its work. The ten years of labor expended in this school, have brought most satisfactory returns. It has had on register 1,437 different pupils.

Home Industrial School No. 7, organized in 1867, now located in East 76th Street, has had repeated changes, but seems at present to be permanently established, provided with premises every way desirable, faithful and deeply interested committees and teachers, and a wide field where Christian labor will bring a sure reward.

The register of No. 7, has numbered 3441 different pupils in all, during the nine years of its work, its locality having been thrice changed. Its official report for 1876 states: "Its registered number is 547; the last daily average being 216.

Several large boys, turned out of the public schools for bad conduct, have been retained in this school during the year, and under the influence of kindness have been tamed, interested, and with one exception, have become well-behaved, and we trust permanently changed.

More than 600 visits have been made by the teachers among the suffering families represented in the school. The sick have been comforted, the dying pointed to Jesus, and many a famishing household has been saved from starvation.

No. 7 has dismissed 155 pupils this year, 75

girls and 80 boys to the ward schools, a fact which in itself speaks loudly of the improvement in mental and physical condition of these children; as those are not retained, who are fitted to make a suitable appearance and attend regularly at the public schools. The children have made 319 garments, and 4 quilts, which, with 6 barrels of second-hand clothing, 9 more quilts, and 50 pairs of shoes, have been distributed among them. Two barrels of oat-meal and 3,750 loaves of bread have also been given.

School No. 8, organized in 1869, has had on register 1,500 pupils since its opening, and though one of our smaller schools, has ever a pleasant record of usefulness.

A recent Annual statement says :

“Our School opened in September, with about sixty scholars, which number gradually increased until our daily average was 105. This increase was mainly due to the diligent labors of our visitor, who has made 883 visits the past season, combined with the untiring efforts of our teachers, who, ever at the post of duty, have spared no labor in promoting the best interests of the school. We never had so large a school as the past winter, nor so many large boys and girls of the most troublesome class; some of them very rough and difficult to manage,

taxing to the utmost, the patience and skill of our excellent principal. Miss B., was very anxious, if possible, to retain them in school and do them good. In one instance only, after repeated trials, was it necessary to resort to expulsion.

“ In the winter an unusual degree of religious interest was shown by some of the older scholars, who also attended the Mothers' Prayer-Meeting, held in our school-room. Two of our largest girls were hopefully converted and united with the Church of Christ.

“ In case of sickness, or trouble of any kind in a family, the teacher is immediately notified and expected in some way to afford relief. This hope is never disappointed, if the subject is worthy, and sometimes when unworthy, for the children's sake. Thanks to the Home for the barrels of half-worn garments, the quilts and other aid furnished us, by which we were enabled, through our teachers and visitors, to give timely relief to the most destitute.

“ Employment has been found for a large number of those who have left us, and good homes secured for several of our girls, from some of whom we hear encouraging reports from time to time.

“ A case of special interest has given us much

anxiety. Mary B., eleven years old, has an intemperate mother, a home of poverty and degradation, with a sick and dying father; exposed to all the ills of such surroundings, her future was dark indeed. Several months since, through the untiring efforts of Miss B., an excellent home in the country was found for her, where she would have every comfort, and be educated and trained for future usefulness. With the hearty approval of the dying father, and the consent of the mother, M. was transferred to the home provided. Letters received, as well as visits made to the family, prove that she is in a good home, is contented and doing well. A few days ago, our attention was called to a letter written by M. herself. 'Is not this encouraging?' said her teacher; 'for when she left us, she could not write a word.'

School No. 9, 335 East 60th Street, was opened in 1869, and has been steadily increasing in numbers and influence. It has enrolled upon its register since its beginning 2,066 different pupils, 1,211 boys, and 855 girls, many of whom have been instructed, elevated morally, and savingly benefited.

An extract from its last monthly report reads thus:

"Sad and dark as the past winter has been,

with its utter stagnation of business, its great financial depression in all directions, with all the train of sorrow which follows in the wake of lack of employment among the laboring classes, and those who have not prepared for a time of need, it has yet been God's way of showing us more of the families represented in our schools, especially of their home-life, than we have ever known before; and now we are acquainted not only with the children, but with all belonging to them, covering in some instances, three generations. And if you should look over that sea of up-turned faces which greets us as we enter the newly-enlarged, well-ventilated and cheerful school-rooms, and see a pair of bright black eyes just over a short, up-turned, saucy nose; there a round, laughing, sunny face with blue eyes and flaxen hair; here again a ruddy countenance with a stolid never-awake expression, and there a go-ahead, always-awake individual, you would conclude at once that our acquaintance embraced the Knights of St. Patrick, the subjects of Kaiser William and 'our most gracious queen,' with a small sprinkling of natives. And among these people there has been the wedding and the funeral, the sick-room and the death-bed, hunger, cold and nakedness. Weary, tired women who could truly say, 'All thy waves and billows have

gone over me,' men discouraged and saddened at sight of their loved ones suffering, yet powerless to help them, children growing old before their time and learning the bitter lessons of poverty in the hard school of experience, the dissipated and unprofitable, the worthy and honest, all, all have come to us asking for the means to sustain that life which is such a burden, such a tax, yet which they must bear. And our hearts beat faster as we remember that through the kindness of friends, (in one instance at least, entire strangers to us), yet nevertheless friends, we have been able to do very much to make comfortable many of these left to us by the Master."

* * * * *

"Our work during February was much interrupted by needed changes and repairs in our school-rooms. But all things are once more in order, and with our very pleasant quarters, nicely fitted up, well-warmed, ventilated and lighted, and with four of the best teachers on the roll, and some of the worst scholars, we have taken up our line of march again, and hope, God's grace helping us, to carry the war into the enemies' own country, and reduce to law and order the children, at least, of the drunkard, the idle and vicious.

School No. 10, organized in 1871, 438 East

Houston Street, has had on register 1,800 different scholars, and during its five years' work has accomplished much good.

A statement by the School Committee is as follows:

“School No. 10 commenced at 21 Avenue D., in rooms occupied by a Mission established by Rev. S. H. Tyng's church. When the school had been in operation for some time the church thought it advisable to discontinue their mission in that locality, and, as the school was considered a part of the mission, when it was given up, the existence of the school for a time was seriously threatened. Soon after that shock, the Building Department pronounced the building in which we met unsafe, which caused some alarm, and several children were withdrawn. The place was given up, and school closed for vacation prematurely, with the expectation of better rooms in September. After some unavoidable delay, we secured a building, 438 East Houston Street, in a healthy locality, and are now occupying light, airy and well-furnished rooms.

The “house-warming,” was given on Easter Monday, and was a very pleasant occasion, and one which the children will never forget. They say, “I liked that party.” There were present 130 school children, quite a number who were

visitors, and several of the parents. All were delighted. The children spoke and sung a few simple pieces, after which all enjoyed a simple entertainment. One mother, who has four children at school, came with her babe in her arms. Another, evidently proud of her son, pointed him out, saying, "That is my boy; he learns fast in this school."

The improvement in useful appliances has produced an improvement in the deportment of the children. They are not only pleased and happy with their new desks, but are careful to keep them nice. And often at school-closing, the quietly expressed "Oh, let us stay," "We don't want to go home," shows how much they like to be there.

Rewards given to the children for bringing in new scholars prove successful in adding to our numbers. The visitor employed by the Home has also good success.

One family of three children recently entered. presents a case of unusual interest. The eldest, a boy of about twelve years, was at first fearfully insubordinate, would kick or strike, and throw book or slate at scholar or teacher. Now he gives no trouble and is persistent in his endeavors to learn. One morning all three were absent; and we were told they were all in the Station-

house. On enquiring there after school, we ascertained that the children had gone home; but the mother had been retained to answer to the charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Our heart went out for those children. How could that boy be blamed for his bad conduct. He has now learned that his teacher is not like his drunken mother, and he is a good boy in school.

Two boys, brothers, have found employment under the supervision of a Christian man, where they are doing well for themselves and employer. The eldest trusts he has found the Saviour. The younger, not yet a Christian, is looking upward, and is rapidly improving in self-respect and manliness.

The girl mentioned in last year's report of No. 10, whose intemperate mother turned her out of doors at 10 o'clock one Sunday night, and told her never to return, because she refused to purchase liquor for her, and for whom a home was secured with respectable relatives in Philadelphia is doing well. She is progressing rapidly in her studies, is a favorite with her teachers, and gives her guardian no trouble. A visit to her last summer, at the urgent invitation of her guardian, confirmed all favorable reports.

Three of our boys, belonging to one family,

were absent. After repeatedly sending for them we called, and found them very, very destitute; the father out of work, and a large family of children to feed, and no money for clothing. Only two of the boys had shoes. The next morning was bitter cold, with snow on the ground. The two boys with shoes came; one sat down and took off his shoes, and the brother took them home for the barefooted one, and he came, and thus they have regularly attended since.

School No. 11, was organized in 1874, in the rooms of the Good Will Mission, cor. of 52d Street and 2d Avenue. Its whole number on register has been 532, fewer changes having as yet occurred than may be expected as its years increase. It is in a good locality, for such a school, and thus far has been an entire success. Its last monthly report says: "Every thing in regard to School No. 11 seems to be growing better and better; and the influence of the teachers is strengthening every day.

"As sewing is a prominent part of the system of instruction, we would refer to the great improvement in that department, the result of great faithfulness and commendable patience on the part of the committee from the Presbyterian Memorial church. Each day brings the

faithful instructors, and hour by hour, they receive their reward. Often have we heard them say, 'It's a pleasure to teach these children.'

"The larger girls have commenced making button holes. This may seem a trifle to mention but the youthful struggle to accomplish the art, is fresh in the memory of many.

"The other classes are also progressing, and those who could scarcely thread a needle a few months since, can now over-hand quite well.

"Mrs. H. brought a handkerchief to each of her scholars, as a reward, if neatly hemmed. She has provided five dozen in all.

"After school hours, Feb. 2d, we held the regular monthly temperance meeting. It was gratifying to have so many remain, as it is optional with the children. Only two had broken the pledge. We would mention in extenuation, that a man gave lemonade to these children, as they supposed, and afterwards told them it contained liquor.

"In her diary the teacher says, 'Called at a home where the father has been helpless for two years, and there are two children. As is often the case, mother is the main-stay, a patient, industrious, hard-working woman.' Calling to look after absentees in another family, the mother said to me, 'The children must pick


cinders. I have no coal.' A new experience for two frail little girls.

"We missed Lizzie from school, and found on going to her home, that her father, mentioned in last report as having one leg, had the rheumatism, and Lizzie, only eight years old, had to be nurse and housekeeper, while her mother was out working.

"It was noticed that Nellie B. put her slice of bread in her pocket, not eating one crumb. When asked if she was not hungry, she replied, 'Oh, yes, but I take it to the baby one day, and Dan takes it the next.' She was told to eat it, and we would send a piece for baby.

"The truant officer called to enlist our sympathy for a poor street Arab, he thought might be induced to enter school. Only once during the past six months have we reported a case of truancy to him.

"A barrel of oat-meal was rolled into the school to-day. It was greeted with a universal smile. Received also a barrel of half-worn clothing, a number of illustrated papers and books. All these good and useful things are from the Home, the never-failing fountain of all our comfort, and shall ever be, for the Lord hath said, 'the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail.'" * * * *



“According to thy faith be it unto thee.”

CHAPTER XX.

“THE kindly plans devised for others’ good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love, that strives to win
Some wanderer from the woful paths of sin,
These are not lost.”

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS FROM SCHOOL DIARIES.

IN reviewing the school incidents of twenty years, we recall many that are exceedingly pleasant. The following occurring in the various schools from time to time, are cited by way of example :

“An hour since we were greeted by the smiling face of a young married lady, whose attainments and Christian character would be an honor to any family. The Industrial School and Home awakened her first aspirations after the

good and the true. The history of her child-life in the school, is full of beauty. In youth, as a daughter and teacher, and in her church relations, she has won golden opinions, and the good done by the school in her single case alone, would compensate for all the outlay of the years.

“The Home Managers not unfrequently meet in their daily walks with some of the first pupils of their schools, grown to womanhood, living honestly by the work of their hands, so changed from what they were, that the sight of the eyes affects the heart, and silent aspirations of praise to their kind Preserver well up unbidden.”

THE HEART REACHED.

A bright boy, who seemed utterly lost to all good influence save that of his teachers in the Sabbath and Industrial Schools, knew that their care for his soul led them to entreat him, often with prayers and tears, to break off his wrong habits, and at times indicated an awakened conscience.

When first brought to the notice of the teachers, he had been long a street-boy, exposed to the worst influences, and on the broad road to ruin. Still, he was naturally affectionate and confiding, and the fact that he had become an

object of interest with those whom he could respect, and who had no object but his good, in leading him to the place of instruction, seemed to touch a chord in his heart not before reached. At times, he listened to persuasions to a better life, with attention and some tenderness; then again, former street-associations, and the power of habit, led him far astray, and, young as he was, he stood before his teachers the reeling inebriate, the unyielding offender.

He entered the Industrial School, one day, apparently bent only on mischief and disobedience. Kindness or severity were alike futile, and there seemed no alternative but to dismiss him from the school. He was detained till all had gone, for one more season of faithful admonition and earnest prayer. At first, he resisted, refusing utterly to kneel, and seemed desperate; but at length, yielded, became subdued, wept freely, asked to be forgiven and allowed to continue in school, making fair promises, etc. He was told he could be at the mission-school on Sabbath, and would be remembered prayerfully, but his conduct had been such there, as to require, now, a season of probation.

After the riots, the teacher was pained to learn that this boy had been seen once with the rabble, and feared the worst. Soon, he came to

her, and confessed that bad boys took him on with them ; but, said he, " I did not kill or strike any one." " What kept you from doing so ?" " The thought of that prayer in the school-room ; I couldn't forget that," he answered.

At length he ran away and enlisted in the army. Several encouraging letters were received from him, in one of which, speaking of being present at a prayer-meeting, he says, " I came forward for prayer, and prayed myself that my sins might be forgiven, I tried to give myself up to God. I have thought much about my sins, for I have been a great sinner ; but now I think of God, and how wrong it is to offend Him."

" A little street-girl, so reckless and untamed, that if required to desist from wrong-doing, could only be forcibly restrained from violence toward her teacher, seems now so docile and obedient, so changed in temper and manners, that she would scarce be recognized as the same child. When she entered the school she seemed utterly depraved, now she appears really to be choosing the good part, which shall not be taken away."

THE GOOD POLICEMAN.

" One known and loved by all connected with our schools, has gone home, and we gladly render an humble tribute to his memory. No one who

knew him, will ever forget Officer Lyon, of the Metropolitan Police, much less those who in our School saw his simple trust, and earnest Christian character, and heard his glowing appeals to our children to live for Jesus.

We owe much to his forethought and sagacity, and his assistance was cheerfully rendered at all times. How often, during seasons of local disturbance, has he gladdened our hearts by appearing among us, and, by his determined bearing and quiet bravery, proving a terror to all evil-doers."

A teacher writes:

A former pupil in our school, now merging into womanhood, has just returned from the home provided for her when she left us, with a certificate from the high school of the place where she resided, which entitles her to teach in any district school. A little girl named Louisa, taken from a home of extreme poverty, is living with a Christian lady who speaks highly of her. An older sister is living with a family in Brooklyn on trial.

A boy under ten, who has been turned out of three ward schools as incorrigible, and has a number of times been carried home intoxicated, is now with us, and of late has been doing better. A few days ago he said to his teacher, "My sister

is coming around here to find out about me." "What shall I say to her?" replied the teacher; "your attendance has been good of late, but how about the deportment?" "You can't say much, teacher, but say as good as you can. Oh, speak a good word for a feller."

The above shows a yearning in that boy's heart common to us all, to be kindly spoken of. We are apt to look with disgust at the depravity of such little ones, and think them past redemption, but have we ever followed them to their homes, and learned from personal observation how they are treated there?

Two of our children from one family, are often turned out of their beds at night by a drunken father, and left to wander the streets until daylight. Oh, ye, who under the pretence of asking more rights for your fellowmen, give to them the right of making themselves brutes, see to it that you are not planting thorns in your own pillows; for is it not written, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

RUM, THE CAUSE.

"Teacher, Jimmy is badder than he was; can't eat," said one of the scholars recently. Jimmy was one of the unmanageable boys, and although only five or six years old, was very

profane. All that was forgotten when it was known he was suffering. Miss T. went to see him, at the top floor of a crowded tenement-house. The room was perfectly bare of furniture save a small table. There was not a chair or bench to sit upon. A few shavings were burning in an open fireplace to warm the room on a chilly March day. Poor Jimmy was lying on a box in one corner, too sick to speak, but not to give a smile of recognition. Miss T. had long been familiar with misery and poverty, but that desolate room, sick child, and mother crushed with sorrow and neglect, made a scene painful to witness. The cause of all—rum. Jimmy was made comfortable the few days he lived, and decently buried. Was it not in mercy he was taken from such a wretched home?

More recently the teacher met one of our oldest scholars, who was always a very troublesome boy, and often discouraged his teachers in their efforts to do him good. He told the good news of his conversion. He had joined the church and was trying to live a Christian life. This chance meeting occurred on a day when the wearied teacher felt almost discouraged, and wondered if she was doing any permanent good. A chance meeting, we said. Was it not rather providential, and designed to comfort, not only

the teacher, but all of us, to cast our bread upon the waters, hoping to see it after many days?

SPECIAL OBJECT.

As the girls become useful and of sufficient age, it has ever been a special object to place them in good families, for in this way permanent good is effected. Thus, these children, instead of sinking to yet lower depths, are elevated, and prepared for a comparatively useful and happy life. Some, within the past year, have given evidence of a change of heart.

The preparation of work for these schools, from week to week, is not a small item. With the constant changes in city-life, we can hardly expect the same ladies, from year to year, to give a day, or part of a day, every week, to the ever-to-be-done work. New volunteers are constantly needed to supply these oft-occurring vacancies.

“CRYING FOR A NEW HEART.”

“A mother came to request the teacher to converse with her boy, who came home weeping. After much inquiry as to the cause, G. said, “I am crying because I want God to give me a new heart.” His teacher talked with him, and he

said he prayed every night and morning that God would give him a new heart. We hope it is the work of the Spirit.

A very interesting child is "foolish Maggie." Two or three years ago she was sent to the Asylum at Syracuse, where she learned to read. We never saw a child more anxious to do right. She often asks, "Be I a good child? Do you love me? Do you think God loves me? I want God to love me." If ever any one was sincere in that wish, she is. When she does wrong, as pulling and sometimes tearing the children's clothes, she will cry, cover her face with her hands, and pray that God will give her a new heart. It is quite touching to hear her say audibly, "Lord, I are so bad; help me not to pull or slap any one. Lord, bless my teacher; bless me, and make me a good girl with a new heart, for Jesus' sake. Amen." Immediately after her prayer, she will go to the child she has hurt, and ask to be forgiven. The other day, she told us that when a baby she was the loveliest, sweetest child that ever was; "But," said she, "my father once hit me with a dumb-bell, just here," pointing to her forehead, "and I aint been good ever since."

A touching case is that of the R. family, found by one of our teachers on a bitter cold

day, without any food, and having had no fire for forty-eight hours. The father, an industrious mechanic, has been out of work for three months; one little girl, the eldest of five children, sick with measles, laid by the side of her mother and baby-sister, three days old, in the same bed, and which was occupied by the entire family of seven at night. This, too, with the thermometer ranging all the time below zero! We were very glad to give them food and coal, and to procure some dainties for the sick ones from our "fair" money. Two of the children were temporarily sheltered at the Home, until their father could again find employment.

SCHOOL-HYMNS CHERISHED.

"A little girl of five years, a member of the school, died a few months since. She was often so restless while with us that it seemed as if she did not learn anything, but her mother told the teacher that during her sickness she was constantly singing the hymns and repeating the prayers she had learned in school. The parents often speak of their children repeating at home the verses they have learned here. May not some of these parents be saved through the teaching of their children?"

THE BETTER WAY.

“One of our girls, whose mother is a widow, has been in the habit of stealing. Her mother came to the teacher in great distress and said she did not know what to do, her friends told her to “lick the child to death;” the mother thought this would do no good. So she came to school to see what could be done for her. The girl was kept after school, conversed with very faithfully and shown the sin she had committed. The child wept bitterly, acknowledged her fault, and promised never to do so again. It is now six months since this occurrence. A few days ago her mother thanked the teacher with tears for what had been done for her child, and said she had not known her to take the smallest thing since.”

“Among our bright little girls, is one seven years of age, who has, since Thanksgiving day, been in the habit, before taking a single meal, of folding her hands, closing her eyes reverently and repeating slowly the following little prayer:

“Heavenly Father, please to hear,
Help us thank Thee for Thy care,
For our food and clothes and friends,
All the blessings Jesus sends.
May our love for Thee be given
Free, as mercies flow from Heaven,
From us sin and sorrow take,
This we ask for Jesus' sake.”

These words were written for the children to be repeated in concert by the three hundred who were gathered around the long tables spread at the Home on Thanksgiving, and this dear little girl has, of her own accord, since used them as a chosen form of prayer for herself and little brothers and sisters, five fatherless ones, whose poor, but worthy mother often toils while others sleep, to meet their daily wants. In expressing her thanks to the teacher for what the children learned in the school, she mentioned this little incident."

"Prizes were offered in four classes, to the scholars who should receive the highest number of marks for perfect lessons during the month. Many worked hard to obtain them; one little girl telling us that she learned her lessons while she was helping her mother, who is an invalid, do the work. Four scholars were not absent a day, and did not miss a lesson."

EARLY NEGLECT.

"In one of the classes examined, a girl of sixteen, conscious of the deficiencies arising from early neglect, cried aloud because she could not read better. Poor child, she was soothed and encouraged by the story of aunt Dinah, who learned to read after she was forty years of age,

and before she died, learned most of the Bible by heart."

"Some of the most doubtful and unmanageable cases at their first attendance, are now always seen in church and several have even gone out voluntarily with tracts, from house to house in the suburbs of the city, among the rocks and shanties, trying to induce children to attend the Sabbath-school.

"One of the older girls who was, for a time, so wild and vicious that the teacher was about to expel her, lest her example should corrupt others, is now so correct in her deportment, that she is regarded as one of the best girls in the school.

"Many items on record are full of encouragement to those who have long toiled to overcome the obstacles that oppose the moral rescue of this class of children—items that prove very clearly the softening and tender influence of religious truth upon the heart of the child, also the good that may be done directly and indirectly to the miserable parents, who, but for this agency might never hear of the gospel."

GOOD FRUIT.

"Perhaps the most gratifying fact of the last year, has been the establishing of a Sunday-school in connection with our day school. It was

inaugurated under the leadership of a consecrated life desiring some definite labor for the Master, aided and strengthened by a small but resolute band of teachers, who "with hearts all melted in one at the cross," have watched and prayed that here some soul might be born again, some disciple raised up to fill the places made vacant, as one after another crosses the Jordan. And so tenderly and lovingly has He who took little children in His arms and blessed them, cared for this school, that it has to-day an average of more than one hundred scholars, many of them anxious inquirers after the truth, and all interested and earnest. A weekly meeting for prayer and praise has also been held in our school-rooms during the past three months, and we wish that it might prove the nucleus of another church for the worship of the Living God."

"We are more than ever impressed with the fact that Industrial School work is missionary work, and that the faithful teacher is truly a missionary, and entitled to our warmest sympathy and earnest prayers. Her work is by no means confined to the school-room or school-hours. She must be the sympathizing friend and helper in every trial and need; in sickness must visit the wretched homes of her scholars, find a physician

if needed, procure a clean garment for the child, perhaps a pillow or sheet for the bed, also suitable nourishment. Many hours are thus spent, many weary miles walked, known only to the Master and those thus befriended. No wonder our teachers wear out."

COOPER GOLDEN WEDDING FUND.

"The warm shoes purchased with money from the Cooper Golden Wedding Fund, gave great comfort. This noble charity comes to the little ones year after year like a holy benediction, and the names of the generous donors will ever be borne upon the hearts of the recipients with thanksgiving.

Through the agency of the school a number of families have been sent out of this over-crowded city to places where work is more plentiful, and the expense of living less. In some cases a portion of the expenses of their journey was given, in others, the entire amount.

Want of work has been the great trouble with the poor represented in School No. 1. In one instance a large family was found out of employment and nearly starved. Their immediate wants were supplied, and then their case was made known to a kind-hearted lady, who gave money enough to defray the expenses of their

journey to the far West, where they were anxious to go, but had not the means. Clothing was provided for them, their tickets purchased, they were attended to the cars, and arrived safely at their destination. A letter received afterward from the mother gave the gratifying news that they found plenty of work, and a cosy little cottage, for which they pay less rent than they paid here for two or three rooms in a miserable tenement house, and are living comfortably and happily by themselves, "which is such a relief from the impure air of a crowded tenement house, and narrow, filthy street in this city." Satisfactory accounts have been received from other families, all thankful for the aid received from us, and glad to be away from the city.

In another case, a widow with her little ones was found destitute of everything which gives home comfort, and nearly famished. After their wants had been supplied, the poor mother said, "I am sure God sent you, if you had not come just at this time, we must have all perished."

The meeting for mothers, held weekly in the Chapel, and which is composed entirely of the mothers of our pupils—has been very interesting and well-attended all winter, the

number often reaching to seventy-five; cold and storm, and snow did not keep them away. God grant that the good received there, may radiate in every household, until each family shall say and feel, that home is the happiest place on earth.

A late report of a kindred enterprise, remarks truly, "Many a tear has been wiped away, many a heart-ache spared, many a dark life brightened, many a noble young girl saved from crime, ruin and despair, by these faithful Christian labors, whose results the laborers never knew or saw."



CHAPTER XXI.

"COME, labor on :

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

"Come, labor on :

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servant, well done.'

A PLEASANT CHANGE.

A TEACHER says, "I call to mind an item of interest, respecting a German boy, long a member of the school. His father was in consumption, his mother could not control him, and hearing he was troublesome, she begged me not to expel him, as I was the only person he would mind, and he had a regard for me. She wished

me to punish him severely if disobedient. But thinking he might have plenty of that discipline at home, I tried kindness and firmness. After a while his deportment was much improved in school, but after his father's death, he became so hard to manage at home, that his mother sent him to her father in Germany. He writes, 'Jacob is now a good boy and always sends his regards to his teacher.'

We have had several very hard cases, some of them in a little while becoming hopeful. Many times the expression has been made to us, "were it not for your school my children would suffer for food and clothing" and many a "God bless you," from the poor has been uttered in our hearing. This cold winter many a child has been fed who had nothing or next to nothing at home. Of course our visiting reveals much misery, with special opportunities to give relief to the most worthy.

ANOTHER RESCUE.

Another writes: "Some months since, as the principal of No. 7 was visiting among her pupils, she noticed a boy of twelve or fourteen years, standing on the corner of the street, and saw that in spite of his ragged, forlorn appearance, he had a bright face. She stopped and spoke kindly to

him, asking where he attended school, receiving no reply she asked again, he then said that he did not go to school at all. After further conversation, she invited him persuasively, to come to her school, gave him the direction and hour for opening, and the next morning awaited anxiously the appearance of her street Arab." At nine o'clock he came. The teacher kept him after school-hours, and learned more of his history. He had been turned out of every school in the vicinity, for bad conduct, and had just been liberated from the Island, where he had been sent for some crime, and was again ready for anything wicked. For a time he continued to come, but behaved very badly. The teacher often became discouraged and almost ready to give him up, but conscience whispered, "Try him a little longer." She kept him after school-hours, prayed and talked with him alone, telling him the consequences of such a life of sin, if persisted in, and what the end would be.

At last his feelings were touched, and he began trying to break off from evil habits, helped and encouraged constantly by his teacher. She took him to the Church and Sabbath-school, which he now attends regularly, he also attends the weekly prayer-meeting, and is now as good a boy as any one could desire. He has improved

rapidly in his studies, and recently received the highest prize in school for good conduct and perfect lessons. This is but one of many cases, where the *Industrial School* has rescued a precious soul, young in years, but old in wickedness, from the snares of Satan.

INFLUENCE OF SCHOOL HYMNS.

Mrs. S. says: "We have recently been called to part with two pupils, a brother and sister, to whom we had become greatly attached, having been regular attendants of School No. 2, the past three years. It was our privilege to visit the mother in health, and often during her last illness. While sitting by her bed-side, one afternoon, the children coming in from school, looking up with a smile she said, "Oh, they are young to be left with no mother to lead them, but I am not afraid to trust them to the Father of the fatherless, when I hear them singing and repeating those sweet words that they have learned in school; I can trust them, for they will never forget them. I am glad I sent them to that school, and my precious child Mary, (referring to an older child who was formerly a pupil in No. 2, who died just two years previously), she sang the same beautiful hymns, and through her four

days' illness she would keep singing them. At one time she said, 'Oh, mother, I would love to get well, just to go to school again, to learn more of those sweet hymns, we sing them every day in school.' The last words on the lips of both mother and child, although two years difference in their deaths, were, 'Come to Jesus.' Mary sang those precious words—the mother said, 'Don't you hear my child sing, she is singing the same sweet song, 'Come to Jesus,' that she learned in her school.'"

GOOD ACHIEVED.

Soon after the B—— children, (three little girls) entered school, their father was taken ill. That which was thought to be "only a cold," settled in consumption. He was a great sufferer and almost helpless, for nearly a year.

The mother had him and her four children to support by her daily toil. Through the teacher's account of this case, ladies of the Memorial Church became interested, and thus a struggling mother was upheld, and a home sustained. After the father's death, the Home sheltered two of the little ones, three months, while the mother was resting from her over-work.

T. S—, a boy nine years of age, whose mother is very intemperate, would be an outcast but for

the school. When his mother is under the influence of liquor, he is left to go his own way, and but for our watch-care, would spend his time among those who would teach him nothing but evil.

“THE BLESSING OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.”

The C.s, an American family, greatly reduced in circumstances, have been returned to their country home through the agency of Miss B—, and others. If the children had not entered our school, their parents might yet have been in the “slough of despond.”

The teacher says: “Three boys, about fourteen years of age, presented themselves to us last October for admittance. Upon inquiry I learned that they had been expelled from the public school of the ward, of which they appeared to be ashamed, and each made such fair promises, that I offered to try them. They did very well for a while, but soon seemed to feel that they would rather be in the streets, and one afternoon during recitations, two of them deliberately walked out, saying, ‘Guess we’ve had enough of the soup-school.’ Shortly after the third one left. Before Christmas, one came back and begged us to try him again, but I refused, saying, I did not think it would be well for the school to have a boy walk

in and out as he pleased. He hung around the door nearly every day, annoying both scholars and teachers, until reported to a police-officer, who lectured him sharply, after which he did better, but still took his old stand about the door. After our school-room was enlarged, he again begged so hard to come, that I decided to give him another trial. He has done quite well ever since, but occasionally seems to forget himself and cause some annoyance. If we 'let patience have its perfect work,' perhaps we may yet do him good. When we had no janitor, he was equal to a man to help, and several mornings met one of the teachers at the school and made the fires. Last week he said, 'Miss V. I both smoke and chew, if I don't use any tobacco for one month, may I sign the Tobacco Pledge.' I said, you may do so; and hope you may have strength to resist that temptation.

When the other two found he remained so quietly, they came, and promised to do as well as he had done, and they too were given a trial, and thus far have done very well.

Thinking, perhaps, it would encourage them if I called upon their mothers, I did so last week, and was myself the one who received encouragement. Almost the first words of one mother were, 'Miss ——, what have you done with our

boys? they are so much better both in the house and street, anxious to attend school every day, and doing so well in their studies, when they speak of you it is almost with reverence. Surely you must be a happy woman, when you are able to do so much for the bad boys.' I certainly felt very happy then, and realized that I had not labored with, nor borne their many failings in vain. The mother said, 'There is not a greater blessing in the neighborhood than No. 9 School, may it ever prosper.' And this seems to be the verdict of scores of mothers who call it the 'blessing of the neighborhood.'"

A large class of rough boys, almost men in size, were received with many misgivings in the winter, but although often unruly, we found they had a great desire to learn. They have now left us to obtain work, with many a useful lesson stored in their minds.

ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.

An anti-tobacco society has been formed among the boys, which includes sixteen members. One who frankly told us, when visiting the school some weeks since, that he spent from five to ten cents weekly for tobacco, has lately pointed out to us with evident pride, his name on the roll of honor. He was long one of the most

troublesome boys, but has greatly changed. We asked him what bad habit he would next try to break off. "Speaking bad words;" was the answer; "I'm not going to be a street-boy any more."

The class of people whose children fill our schools, change their place of abode very often; consequently, many of the children remain with us but a short time. But while with us we try to do them good, and trust that, with the blessing of God, impressions are made upon their young minds which will lead them in the right way, both for time and for eternity.

The deportment of our pupils has been uniformly good, and the improvement in their studies very commendable. Of course there is a difference—some are careless and idle—others very attentive and earnest, showing a determination to learn their lessons thoroughly and remember them. We noticed one bright little boy, working very hard at his lessons in arithmetic, and on speaking a few words of encouragement to him, he looked up with a smile and said, "When I grow to be a man, I mean to be a merchant, and I know I can't do business unless I understand figures well, so I am learning just as fast as I can, while I can come to school." Other boys try to excel in writing, feeling that to be

business men, they must write a good hand. The girls too are ambitious to write well.

“BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.”

A little girl, four years of age, on being reproved for swearing, replied that she did not know it was wrong, for “mother says so every morning.” It is sad to know that in many families, one or both parents are drunkards, and that the child is often sent to the corner grocery for liquor, before coming to school. Have we not reason to feel that legislators and their constituents, who, under the plea of equal rights, thus multiply the means of destruction, and are “deceived thereby, are not wise?”

There are now sixty children in this school, who read the Word of God intelligibly, and twenty who write well, most of whom but for this agency would have passed through life in utter ignorance of the alphabet. Most of the older children have been taught to sew quite neatly, also to engage satisfactorily in domestic avocations.

About twenty have been induced to go to service for wages, mostly in the country.

“THE MAKING OF ME.”

Not long since, some of the managers of the

Home were invited to a tea-meeting, given to the mothers in one of the City Mission Sunday-schools. Among those assembled was one of especially pleasing appearance, young and seemingly above the condition of those around her. In a brief conversation, she related with great satisfaction that she was for many years an attendant of No. 1 school. After she left she learned a trade, by which she supported herself well, and now was the wife of a young mechanic in good business, and both were members of a mission church. "I have reason to remember my school," she remarked, "for it was the making of me."

Truly our scholars are children of want and sorrow. Said poor little Tommy one day, "I wish I could die." When kind words were spoken, his tears flowed freely, and again came the sorrowful cry, "I want to die. My father loved me, but he's dead; he ain't in heaven neither, for he used to drink, and mother won't go there either, 'cause she curses me." And again the poor little head was bowed, and the tears rained down on the bench. Mine flowed in sympathy. How could I help loving him? How could I help saying gentle words, and caressing that poor, forsaken one, who had no one to care for or love him?

Two other sad faces are before me to-night. What causes that famished look? Hunger, cold—a drunken mother's work. God pity the little ones, when mother drinks. Often when they come, they are restless and cross, and our patience is sorely tried, but the Good Spirit directs us to be gentle, and ask what the trouble is.

“I'm so hungry.”

“Didn't you have your breakfast?”

“No, ma'am, I had nothing since yesterday, when I ate the bread in school.”

As soon as something is eaten, they are quiet and attentive. This is no isolated case, but repeated again and again, and even grown up people come into school in the same condition.

“YOUR NAUGHTY DAN.”

“Not long since, a boy was met by us on Sixth Avenue. His hearty greeting arrested our attention, but for a moment memory was unfaithful. Smiling at our puzzled look, he said, ‘Don't you remember your naughty Dan?’ At the mention of the name, remembrances of the trials of other days came crowding into mind. In reply to the question, ‘What are you doing in these days?’ he said, ‘I'm learning the painter's trade, and am doing first-rate.’

“When we first met our Dan he was quarrel-

ing with some street boys. We found out where he lived, and went to see his mother. As we knocked she screamed out, 'What's wanting?' When told we had come to ask if the Dan we had met in the street was her boy, she answered, 'Yes, and what's he been doin' now, the villain?' She was so firey, we meekly answered, 'Oh, nothing; we only want you to let him come to our school.' 'Take him and welcome, and it's much joy ye'll have with him, for go to school he won't, the villain.' He had only been to school with us one day, when we learned to our sorrow, that Dan was a villain indeed. Others of like disposition tried us sorely from day to day, but even then we caught some glimpses of the light beyond. Now we seem to be nearer to it.

"Annie, one of our earlier scholars, was received into the Twenty-ninth Street Church, at the last communion."

A. C., who used to be such a thorn in the flesh, is now a happy inmate of a Christian family, and is thought by them, to have found Jesus.

Many facts might be given to show that the good seed sown is taking root in these young hearts. It is a solemn, yet pleasing thought, that of the hundreds that have entered the school since its commencement, each one, if only for a

day, has heard the words of eternal life, and listened to the voice of prayer and singing.

Often our words have fallen on careless ears, but in the great day of account, perhaps it will be found that the words of life have lodged in more hearts than we even dared hope for. "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

"The '*Margaret Prior*' weekly prayer-meeting," for poor mothers, has been well attended, from thirty to forty often being present. If we judge correctly, no mission field can be found where faithful Christian efforts promise more salutary and lasting results.

"An aged German has lately passed from earth. Bowed by the weight of years, half-paralyzed, helpless and penniless, he was wholly dependent upon an inebriate son and his almost blind wife, whose miserable shanty seemed a most repulsive place in which to live, or to die. But in such abodes as this the children live. * · * * Care for the children prompted the visitor to seek the abode of this benighted pilgrim, and lead him to the Saviour of the lost. Now we trust he

"Has gone from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel fair,
From wasting pain to perfect health,
And beauty such as saints shall wear."

THE LITTLE BIBLE-READER.

One day during recess, we entered the school-room. The children were playing and making a grand uproar. Curled up on a bench in one corner sat a little girl, a large book lay open upon her lap, and her gaze upon it was as eager and intense as though she were devouring some fairy tale. Asking what book it was which could thus charm her from her play, we learned it was the Word of God, guide alike to the little child and the hoary pilgrim. Her teacher says this is with her a common occurrence. Her desire to understand what she read was evinced by the thoughtful questions she would ask, and that she understood and received the spirit of its teachings, was proved and manifested in her daily walk and conversation. Having felt the preciousness of the Saviour's love for her own young soul, she could not rest until she had done all she could to win others to love Him too. She was one of the little Bible-readers who carry the Word of life to those who cannot or will not read it for themselves. Angels must love to look with eager gaze upon such Christ-like ones. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise." We miss her sadly in the school, for she is no longer with us, having removed with her family to P. Her

influence over the larger boys was really beautiful. She would take them aside during recess and after school, and in her sweet, loving way, urge them to love Jesus. Her departure made a sad day in the school, for she was beloved by teacher and scholars."

"A. C. is giving her teacher a great deal of comfort by her improved behavior. It is the more notable, because it is so very hard for her to be good. She is so accustomed to the broad road, that she is apt to lose her way in the new path and to wander off until some kindly hand brings her back again. But we trust she is seeking that Guide who can keep her, that she may go no more astray."

[Bands of ladies connected with the Fifth Avenue and 29th St. Collegiate Church, the 23d Street Presbyterian Church, 34th Street Reformed Church, 16th Street Baptist Church, Madison Avenue and 57th Street Reformed Church, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Memorial Church, Broadway Tabernacle, and Reformed Church, 48th Street and 5th Avenue, also several of their pastors, have from time to time aided largely in school-work, also in sundry festivals.

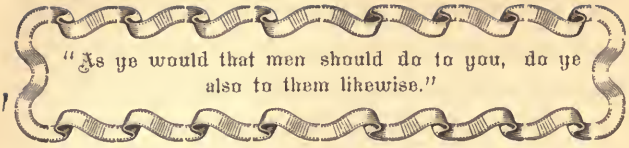
We name a single instance illustrating how truly "Many hands make light work." A thanksgiving-dinner was to be provided for two

hundred or more children of a single school. On the preceding Sabbath the pastor gave the notice of the festival, inviting the families of the congregation willing to contribute, to send cooked provisions at a given hour, to a committee in attendance; quoting meantime very happily the Bible precepts about "calling in the poor," and "sending portions to them for whom nothing is prepared."

The thanksgiving came, the long tables were bountifully supplied, the children enjoyed their feast to the full, and from the gathered fragments, liberal portions were sent to the sick and destitute, and in many a warm heart, thanks to the good pastor for his timely words, and to his kind people for their ready response, welled up unbidden.

The ease with which this was accomplished, certainly commends the measure adopted, as among the best conceivable for any similar charity. Blessings on the blessed Church of Christ, in all its branches, and all its world-wide means for doing good.

"If e'er my heart forget, her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake, and every grief o'erflow."



"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye
also to them likewise."

CHAPTER XXII.

"IF the warp be love and duty,
And we throw the shuttle right,
We may weave a web of beauty,
Filled with cheerful hues and bright."

SCHOOL ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

EMMA H.— was an only child of German parentage, bright and precocious beyond her years. Her mother, marrying in opposition to her parent's wishes, realized, when too late, that they understood better than she, the character of the man to whom she had given her heart's wealth. Under pretence of bettering their fortune, but really to hide her own sorrow and cover his short-comings, they left Bremen and came to America.

A swift course of dissipation, short as it was

swift, hurried the husband and father into an early grave, and the mother and little Emma were penniless and alone, "Strangers in a strange land." They struggled on, moving into smaller and still smaller apartments, until they had but one room in a rear tenement in — Street. Katie S— lived in the same wretched building, and was a regular attendant of the Industrial School. It was an easy matter to induce Mrs. H— to let Emma attend, for Katie was a very proper child, neat, truthful and industrious, could read and sing well, and then it was so nice and warm at school, and they had such nice bread for their lunch. Emma's teacher was interested in her from the first, and she, being absent one cold day, Miss J. felt that she could not go home until she had seen her. She found the mother sick and without food or fuel, but asking for nothing but work, and it was only by close questioning that the truth was obtained. She was trying to support herself and child by her needle, but could not of course compete with the sewing machine, and in consequence was on the verge of despair.

"If I only had one machine," was her cry in her imperfect speech. Miss J— went home worried and saddened. What could she do? Not able to furnish the sewing machine herself,

she could but pray, and she did so. "Lord, open the way to meet this want."

She entered her home, laid off her wrappings, and seating herself mechanically, picked up the newspaper, and tearing off its envelop, opened it, and the first thing which met her eye was, "A Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine, as a premium, to any one sending us the names of twenty-five new subscribers." In less than one week the names and money were in the newspaper office, and the sewing machine in the widow's room.

Having a natural talent for dress-making, through the kindness of a friend, she received needed instructions, and with her machine, soon placed herself and child beyond want. To-day the mother and child are successful "modistes," in a fashionable quarter of the city, and honored and consistent members of a protestant church; and all, says the good woman, through that Industrial School.

THE DYING CHILD.

In a shanty on First Avenue, Mary B— was dying. In a room separated from hers by only the thinnest and most open of partitions, lay the father sleeping off the last night's debauch. The mother, heart-broken, kept her watch alone by

the bed of her dying child. Everything was clean and neat in these most miserable rooms, but there was little there. Occasional mutterings from the adjoining room revealed to the mother that her husband was arousing from his stupor, and as an oath louder than other reached Mary's ears, she opened her eyes glistening and bright with fever, and looking earnestly at her poor, weary mother said, "Mother, I am dying, but I am not afraid. I would willingly die a hundred times if it would save father." The mother, who was not a Christian, said, "Not afraid to die? O Mary, it's awful to die."

"Not when you have Jesus with you, mother!

'Jesus loves me, He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.'

"Oh, mother! you must love my Saviour," pleaded the dying girl.

"Who is talking about dying here; who's dying!" shouted the half-drunken husband and father, as he came stumbling through the opening.

"I, father, your little Mary; I'm going to leave you, and if I could only know that you would not drink any more and abuse my mother, I could die, oh, so happy."

“Die, Mary, ar'n't you afraid,” said he; and as he neared the bed and saw the pallid face, the death-damp on the forehead, and heard the labored breathing, he sank to his knees by the bed, apparently sobered in the moment.

The dying girl laid her hand upon his head, and said, “Jesus, have mercy on father.”

“Don't do that,” he sobbed, “don't Mary, you ain't going to die; chirk up, little girl.”

“Jesus, have mercy on father,” again came from the child's lips.

“Don't, don't,” sobbed the poor man; “Oh, Mary, you dying, and care enough about your old, drunken father, to pray for him! But there's no chance for me.”

“Jesus, have mercy on father,” gasped the dying girl.

The father could withstand no longer. The Holy Spirit, in answer to the child's plea, was doing its work.

“Mercy, mercy,” gasped the wretched man.

“Oh, mother, send for my teacher. She can tell him better than I. Do send for Miss S—.”

“But, my child, it is midnight, and I have no one to send,”

“God have mercy,” came again from the father's lips, as Mary gasped and labored for the fast failing breath.

“Mother, call Bridget McLean,” (a neighbor,) “and ask her to let Jimmie go for Mr. H—, the minister that comes to our Sunday-school. He will come, if it is late.”

The messenger went, the child prayed, and the minister came. The father was in agony. The fact that his child did not dread the King of terrors as much as leaving him a drunkard, had made a terrible impression upon him. Mr. H— talked and prayed, and ere the day dawned, the poor inebriate, by the side of his dying child's bed promised his Saviour that, by His grace, he would live a different life. Mary lingered until noon of the next day, but being unconscious when her father's decision was made, did not know it until she entered heaven and saw there the joy over a sinner repentant. Mary was buried by her Sunday-school, and less than three months after, her father and mother stood up in the house of the Lord and confessed Christ.

Mary B— was a street-girl in this great city. She was induced to enter one of the Industrial Schools of the Home, was taught to read, write and sew, taught to be cleanly, truthful and honest. From this day-school she was led to the mission-school. She was teachable and mild, carried her daily lessons home, and made practical use of them. She was the instrument

in God's hands of leading her parents to the Saviour, and died a gloriously-triumphant death.

Would that Industrial schools might be multiplied by the dozens, and if such results as these are not always manifest, a higher moral standard will, at least, be attained among those whom they are intended to benefit.

A MESSENGER OF GOOD.

One family of nine children, who have been in the school since its opening, (over nine years ago) have been greatly benefitted by it; the eldest one, who first attended, is now engaged as monitress, at a fair salary; the second one, through what she learned in the school sewing days, is able to take her departed mother's place, and do the sewing for a large family; the third has a good place in the family of a lady who is interested in the school. Since their mother's death, the ladies connected with the school, and the teachers, have exercised a genuine motherly care over them, and they really look upon the school as their second mother.

CARRIE F.

One day, as we were closing school, a message was brought that a person at the door wished to speak with Miss B. On going, she was met by a young girl about sixteen, very nicely dressed,

who at once exclaimed, "How do you do, Miss B.?" Although the face seemed familiar, the name we could not recall, and told her so.

"Have you forgotten Carrie F.," was the reply. Then, O how quickly we remembered the girl we had not seen for six years. Could it be possible, that this was the same child grown to be a woman, and rescued from the lowest poverty through the efforts of Industrial School No. 8. How many anxious hours were spent in behalf of this family. The mother, who was sick, removed to the Hospital where she died, committing her two boys to the care of the Home, from where they were placed in good homes where they are doing well, and only a short time ago, a letter was received from the youngest boy thanking the ladies, for what had been done for him. The girl spoken of above, was placed with some relatives who were willing and able to take care of her.

MUTES.

Two little German children, mutes, a brother and sister of six and eight, were in the school for some months. There was nothing of special interest about them except their apparently destitute and forlorn condition, yet it was evident they loved to come to school, and appreciated

the lunch of bread, if nothing else. The teacher suggested several times, that it would be better if they could be placed in the Institution for deaf mutes, but we did not see how it could be done, as there was no probability of gaining the consent of the parents, neither of whom could speak English. Yet in the providence of God, a way was opened for the accomplishment of this desired end, and these poor children were taken from their wretched home, where they had not even a floor, but only bare ground, to live upon. They were placed in the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, in January, 1870, and are still there. The boy is considered the best scholar in a class of twenty, and the girl also stands at the head of her class. They will probably remain there until of age. But for the school, how dark and cheerless had been their hard lot.

Henry S— and George C—, who were pupils of No. 4, left and went to work; one day on my way to school a young man stepped up to me, calling me by name; at once I remembered George C—. He said, "Miss —, I am very glad to meet you, I will never forget the instruction you gave me; I often regret I was so troublesome; however, I always try to remember one lesson, that is fastened on my heart, and he repeated the Golden Rule.

Henry S— called at the school, had grown to manhood, is now a husband and father, and tells us, "I still remember how you used to talk to us about not using bad language nor tobacco, and told us never to be tempted to drink liquor of any kind. I try to keep God's holy day, and follow your good counsel.

Lydia H—, another pupil, is now a member of a baptist Mission, and teaches a class of little girls every Sabbath day.

The foregoing incidents are gathered from the journals of committees and teachers connected with the different schools, and given simply to illustrate the salutary influence of the good instruction and example of those who seek here a field of Christian labor. The many items on file, similar in kind, would fill a volume.

GATHERED FRUIT

The following is from a former teacher in one of our Industrial Schools, and gives a fair illustration of the benefits of our school-work, when looked at after the lapse of years. It seems but a little while since the writer was plodding day by day through the routine of self-denying and difficult duties which devolve upon all our teachers, yet ever with hope and faith. And now she returns from another field of labor for a visit to the scene of her former labors to find the seed, sown with prayers and tears, springing up with great promise, and even already bearing good fruit, fruit indeed to the praise and glory of God. For who can fail to rejoice and praise the Lord, who is pleased to give such pleasant returns for the work He permits and enables His children to do? It is a privilege and honor to work for and with the dear Saviour, to whom we personally owe so much, but when we can look out upon such a reward as this, how our hearts swell with love and praise. This letter brings to mind, and seems an apt comment on the words of the Evangelist, as with striking simplicity he records the labors and rewards of the first disciples; "They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."—*Adv.*

November 30th, 1876.

Dear Christian friends,—I feel that I must address you on this Thanksgiving day, as I have long desired to do, but a constant pressure of Christian work, from day to day and week to week, has left me no leisure to write.

There are, however, milestones on life's journey when we, as Christians, feel impelled to pause and review what is past. Strength is gathered thereby for future service; faith is strengthened, and afterwards we go forward better able to battle with discouragements; and to overcome them. Permit me a brief review of work in one branch of your extended field of labor, that of the School No. 6, to which you eight years since called me as teacher, and in which I spent so many of joyful service. Let it strengthen your hearts as it has mine, as I bring before you facts recently gathered.


I find that eighteen of the older boys and girls are members of churches, most of them in one. Twenty more express a hope in Christ and will soon unite with the Church. One, a young man of seventeen, died last year in the triumph of faith. Seven whole families and parts of many more are in comfort and happiness to-day, and in the church, who were entirely outside of Christian influences.

The most of these mentioned, it was my joy to meet or hear from last Tuesday evening; as also from many of your present pupils and their faithful teacher. I need not tell you my joy that evening, as I saw them before me in the house of God. Memory brought so vividly before me many a trial of faith and sinking of hope as we used to urge them to a different life; so often shut up to prayer in our many hindrances. You ladies will recall many of these; others are only known to Him who seeth all. For your encouragement let me say, the once desperate cases are the hopeful ones to-day. The boy who broke the most windows, is the young man ready to aid us in any emergency to-day, and whom we oftenest meet in church; the girls who once defied our earnest efforts to save them are young women of promise. The Catholic girl who was whipped by the priest and persecuted at home and elsewhere, is doing well and says, "I can never be a Catholic." We wish you might have seen the group of these young people as we saw them that evening. Who would think they were ever in want? Very lovingly did they speak of No. 6, inquiring for the ladies of the Committee, whose names they well remembered, and the teachers they loved so well.

It is to me, as to yourselves, I am sure, a matter of rejoicing that the cause of education is to be advanced from the spot in 54th Street, where by faith and prayer and effort you sowed for so many years the good seed of the kingdom. In the new and large building erected on the site of our former labors as a ward school, I suppose there is not a department where there are not to-day some of the former pupils of No. 6.

By your efforts these children have been elevated, and their families helped to help themselves, in dark hours of their history; and I learn with pleasure that those who have entered there, take good rank in scholarship.

I presume the picture I have brought before you is one repeated in the history of your other schools. Thus God rewards your efforts, hears your prayers. So He ever will do, for He has promised it. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." If it be so blessed to see and know on earth, such precious results of labor; what will it be when all the sheaves are gathered in at the great reaping day? Then, smallest deeds, forgotten here, or apparently fruitless, shall be found, many of them, no doubt, to yield blessed reward.



“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

“THE hapless, friendless children!
Uncounted as they rise,
To be redeemed from sorrow,
And nurtured for the skies,
Who will not help to rescue,
And lead them in the way
Where, from the path of safety,
They may not go astray.

ANON.

THE following chapters of “Home items and incidents” very fairly illustrate our present work and its results, and might be extended to volumes, instead of a few pages.

A DYING MOTHER.

Aug. 5th, 1876.

“Can I see you a moment?” asks a well-known Bible-Reader from M— Street.

“Yes, certainly.”

“My errand is about a distressed mother, who is very ill, too destitute to give her children food, and in case of her death, they will be friendless orphans, with no one to care for them. She is respectable and worthy, but since her husband’s death, has by sickness and otherwise, become utterly reduced, as to any earthly means, but seems to possess ‘the true riches.’

“She is anxious to commit her three children to the Home Managers. Can you not send a visitor this P. M., to No. — M— Street, with the proper papers for her to sign?”

The matter is arranged further, the applicant goes her way, and very soon a messenger brings a note from the same sick mother, reading thus,

“To the Christian ladies of the Home for friendless children.”

“Dear ladies: I find myself very sick, and, I think, nigh unto death. I write to you to ask a great favor. I ask it for the sake of our dear Saviour, Jesus, who says, ‘If you ask anything in my name, I will do it.’

“As I draw near to Him, with a true heart, I feel a full assurance of faith, that you will, for His sake, do as I ask. I ask you to look after my

poor children, who have no one in this world, after I am gone, to take care of them, but you, kind friends of the friendless and the poor.

“ In faith and love, I am your dying friend, through Jesus.

M. E. W.”

This double request is promptly met, and the visitor is at once by the bedside of the invalid, and communicates the object of her call. Gladness beams from the face of the sufferer, and with her tremulous hand, she grasps the pen, and places her name upon the Surrender-book, consigning her beloved children to the care of the society.

The effort seems too great, but a smile overspreads her pallid features, and with uplifted hands she murmurs, scarce audibly, “ I am now all ready to go. My last work is done, and I am happy. Come, Lord Jesus.”

The dear ones are soon safe in the Home; no more crying for wants unmet. If they shall see their mother no more on this side heaven, may they, like her, be also ready, when their time shall come.

[A few weeks have gone, and the two sisters are both adopted in most worthy Christian families. Henceforth perhaps a mother's guardian Spirit may watch over them unseen.]

ANOTHER LAST PARTING.

A visitor, from the City Mission, had brought two children here last week, that their only remaining parent, a worthy Christian woman, might have nothing to detain her from the hospital and the medical treatment indispensable to relief, and now calls to fulfil a promise to their mother, that she would bring them this week to see her.

They go, full of hope and eager expectation. At the door of the ward for consumptives, the physician hesitates. He does not wish to disappoint the children, or their poor parent, but says to the visitor, she is very low, had a severe hemorrhage last evening, will permit them to go in for a few moments, but they must not talk, she is too weak.

They enter with hushed step, silently and tearfully she presses them once more to her heart. The excitement is too much. The fearful hemorrhage returns, and they must away. Lonely, friendless little children! They have probably seen the love-look of their dearest earthly friend for the last time. How well that a Home for the Friendless opens its doors for their protection!

[A few months have passed, and this orphan brother and sister have each a pleasant home by

adoption in worthy Christian families, where we trust a mother's prayers will be fully answered.]

Sundry cases disposed of, we turn to Ella, a waiting child in black, mature beyond her years. She, too, has been well-trained by a loving mother, "passed into the skies," who earnestly desired this child of her love, reared for a home in heaven. Her poor father is one of those who fear not God nor regard man, and has put her from him for reasons of his own, perhaps unwittingly, that the prayers laid up in her behalf may be more fully answered.

"Could you get me a place in that minister's family?" asks the timid child of early sorrow. "I think I would like that best."

"Perhaps so; we will know very soon, Ella," and promising a call on this outside case, as soon as the expected letter comes, she gives place to another protege.

A STREET WAIF.

A bright girl in her teens, long a street-waif, rescued from moral ruin, and yet tempted to go her own wild way, stands waiting to tell her story. She is returned from the care of those whom she has failed to please, admits her folly and promises amendment, and this same phase of her young life may be repeated, who can say

how often. But shall we give her up? Surely not. She is friendless and homeless. With long patience, Christian care and counsel, at some turn in her pathway, the grace of God that bringeth salvation may come to her soul, and her name be written among the saved. Such are the suggestions that prompt to further effort.

These are a few of the incidents and items of record within the past few hours—and such is the type of work to be done, or left undone, over and again day by day. Who is sufficient for these things?

FRATERNAL AND FILIAL LOVE.

Aug. 9th. A manly youth of sixteen asks, "Can I see my sisters and little brother? They were sent here when our mother was taken to the hospital."

"Oh, yes, you are the soldier-brother that they so love to talk of."

The children are called, and soon have each an arm around him, while the baby-girl of two clasps him with tears of joy. He has just been to see the mother referred to Aug. 5th, who has revived a little, and the brother narrates to the sister of ten, what he has agreed to do, to meet his mother's wishes. He says she desired to be laid by her kindred, having the last offices

properly performed. He has arranged to meet this expense from his own small earnings, pledging his services to his employer, who becomes his security, for a given time within the year.

Would that all children of better fortune might cherish the same spirit.

Life is made brighter and happier by the assurance that there are not only many such own sons and daughters, but many too, the children of adoption, to whom loving parents are yet spared, whose inmost hearts respond filially to the following.

“REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

“Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.

See upon her loving face,
Those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch,
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light.

Cherish well her faithful heart,
Which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour,
Cometh all too soon.

When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave."

· SOLVING THE MYSTERY.

Miss Ethel enters with a courteous salutation,
"I am Miss ——. Did you receive my letter
last week, post-marked ——?"

"O yes—and read it with interest—am glad
to see you."

"When I left my distant home, to go East, it
was my first wish to come here, and learn all
about myself. The name that I am told was
mine in infancy, I find is borne by families of
high repute, and I have long thought if I could
fully trace my origin, I might find those who
would love to claim kindred, and welcome me to
a home that I should highly prize."

While she is discoursing thus, we turn to the
page of history, where her name, as a tiny
infant, was first written, and are reminded of the
adage, "What we ardently wish, we readily
believe."

“WHY DID MY MOTHER CAST ME OFF?”

She continued, “Tell me, please, all you know about myself, good or bad; yes, I can bear it, be it as it may. Why did my mother cast me off in helpless infancy, and leave me to be cared for by strangers?” She was well educated and lady-like, but her intense persistency elicited the simple facts as recorded, facts not in our power to change.

Poor girl, her face was crimson, while the hot tears flowed freely and long. At length she said, “And who was my father? You will admit that the name he bore was one commanding respect. If I could but find him, would he discard me now?”

“Do you think, when he could leave you helpless in infancy, and discard your mother, that he would receive you, at this age, as a daughter?”

“Well, perhaps not, I will try to dismiss the thought; all hope in this direction seems now blasted forever, and yet I am glad that I know the worst. Bad as it is, I believe of the two, I had rather think of my father as a scoundrel, than a low-lived, heartless drunkard. If life is spared, I will seek to make a record of my own, that shall be free from shame.”

Words of sympathy and Christian counsel,

for which thanks were expressed, closed this painful interview, not the only case, where the irrepressible desire to solve a mystery, and the false assurance that imaginary claims upon relatives unknown, might be revealed, were being vainly cherished.

Would there not be a fearful array of silent witnesses of hidden human wrong, could all such be gathered and confront the guilty? Would not the true tale of sorrow and suffering inflicted upon the innocent, make strong forms quail, bright faces gather paleness, and inscribe the lesson as with pen of iron, only in a conscience void of offence, unswerving obedience to the Divine Law, can there be found lasting peace and safety.

THEN AND NOW.

A kind father, aged and bent with years, enters with smiling face and a warm greeting. He says, "I could not pass by without calling to tell you what comfort I have in my adopted son. He is the staff of my age, a worthy, Christian youth, filial and affectionate." This is pleasant testimony, and, thanks to our Heavenly Father, it is but one of many all abroad.

Silently the power of association at once places that son to our mind's eye, with loving sisters in the hour of their early sorrow. Father-

less—worse than motherless—for the mother has listened to the tempter—the wine-cup, the midnight revel—the fascinations of the vile have so far withdrawn natural affection, that she stands there vacillating, till at length the latter prevail; she gives her weeping children a last look, with open eyes rushes toward ruin, and they see her no more. Strangers lead them away, and they find shelter in the Home.

Twenty years are now gone—these dear children still live—have each had a good record down the years, each trust in the Saviour, and all are well settled in life. The children were saved.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.”

If the children of the untrained poor often seem almost hopeless in their ignorance and immoral surroundings, there is one phase of encouragement connected with the very fact that no influences for good have been met and resisted.

Their hearts have not been hardened by receiving the grace of God in vain.

Among a group of poor children assembled in the Committee-room, a girl of about fourteen attracts our attention. She is older than those

generally committed to us, and there is nothing in her appearance to render her interesting. Uncouth in dress, face and manner, she gives, at first glance, indication of no higher moral culture than the greenest Irish girl might do, just landed, homeless and friendless in our streets. But, to our surprise, fuller inquiry elicits tokens of a soul not wholly without some traits of moral life. She stated on further questioning that for a short time she had been in an Industrial school, and one day, when there, a lady called and conversed with some of the older girls, aside, about certain Bible precepts and their bearing upon the pure and modest habits, so difficult to form in the exposed life of those living in overcrowded tenements. She had never forgotten, she said, the counsel given, nor the verse from the Bible, with which it had been enforced. Being asked, "Do you remember the verse?" she replied, "Yes, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

Tears came to the eyes of some who knew that these blessed words had been taught her by one of our Home-workers. They seemed to have been seed sown in good soil, and this incident bade each present be of good cheer, inasmuch as their labor was not in vain.

THE WARNING VOICE.

A sad-looking woman, about 27, sat in the shelter of the Home, answering in few words and depressed tones, the questions asked by those interested in her case. The child of a Christian mother, but early deprived by death of that mother's training, and not kindly treated by an irreligious father, she sought at last a city home, nominally she sought for work, with the hope of self-support. But the baneful habit of sensational novel-reading had weakened the mind and excited the imagination, till the promises of indulgence in dress and vain pleasures led her to fall.

The barrier once broken down, a life of vice ensued, though memories of childhood and a mother's teachings came from time to time, awakening passing remorse and regret.

The spirit of prayer, which prevailed at that time in our city, and especially at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, awakened much interest among the working classes, and the washer-woman who brought her clothing, told one tale after another of souls converted to God. The poor fallen one was roused from her sleep of sin. Night after night, she said, it appeared to her that her mother's spirit stood by her bedside, bidding her flee for her life, from the dreadful

place she now occupied, and the course she was now pursuing.

Unable at last to resist the warning tone—the pleading look, she arose in the night, and with such scanty attire as she could procure, went out alone into the deserted streets. Here she was found by a city watchman, who after questioning her, brought her to the shelter of the Home. After the needful preliminaries, she was sent from this Institution to the Rosine House in Philadelphia, and we trust, numbered among the saved.

WRECKED AND RESCUED.

“Why not, my erring sister, from evil turn away?
You have no mother near you, then, sister, hear me pray!
Your way is dark and dreary, and dark its end must be—
For you my heart is breaking, oh, sister! turn and flee!”

“Saved from the moral chasm.” So we thought as our mind’s eye followed the good ship just leaving port a few days since, bearing hence a friendless youth, in whose behalf the Home managers had felt a special interest.

L. was the daughter of a very beautiful mother across the sea. An elder sister, equally attractive, and more cultivated, also in her teens, joined her here some two years since, a hopeful adventurer in the new world.

Both were entrusted to the care of an uncle,

an only brother of the mother, in whom the parents felt implicit confidence. The father had become insolvent, and this measure was adopted to lessen the expenses of a large family.

The sisters were devotedly attached, industrious and self-reliant, and for a time, both were pursuing a course equally creditable. But by and by the spoiler came. Maud, the eldest, fell a victim to his wiles, and was led on and on, till she became an inmate where "their feet go down to death;" giving bitter grief to her kindred, especially to the young sister, who wept in secret places for her fall, and sought without avail to win her back to the right. She would not cross the threshold of the vile dwelling-place, but once and again made appointments by note to meet her misguided sister without, go with her to the Park, and thus find an opportunity unobserved, to admonish and persuade. She said, on these occasions they both wept more than they talked.

At a late interview, Maud had given the promise that she would listen to her counsel; but they were not to meet again. Early in December last, Maud was shot in her room by her guardian and uncle, Robert Bleakley, and sent, all unprepared, to the world beyond the grave!

The next morning the city papers announced the murder, the arrest, the inquest, etc., and referred to the anguish evinced by the young sister, left alone and friendless, the sole mourner at the coffin.

A lady of middle age, whose heart was touched by the narration, resolved to go to the rooms of the undertaker at the hour named for the interment, learn where she could meet the poor girl, and devise some means to aid her. Here, though unattended, she was readily designated by her apparent innocence and irrepressible grief. The vile denizens of the house where the murder was committed, were also there with carriages to accompany the remains to Greenwood, and were heard with persuasive blandness, to invite L. to ride, and return for the night, etc. Just then the lady gave the weeping girl her hand, with words of maternal sympathy, and learning that she had no place at which to stop, proposed to seek one for her at the Home for the Friendless, meet her on her return from the cemetery, and accompany her there. Though personally a stranger to the Institution, she came at once, stated the case, and asked if L. could be received.

The moral peril was apparent, and an assistant was promptly dispatched with the lady to the

place appointed, where L. was found waiting with trembling solicitude, for that protection so vital to all she yet held dear.

Arriving at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, and meeting a kind reception, she breathed more freely, expressed tearfully her thanks, and felt, as she has since said, that God had provided a refuge for her, when she might otherwise have been lost. Indeed, when she came to realize more fully the danger from which she had been rescued, she could not speak of it without a shudder.

A reputable and pleasant home had been hers till this sad ordeal, when its doors were closed against her, for fear of the public notoriety impending.

Her commendable deportment at the Home soon enlisted sympathy and maternal interest. It was known that she would be required to attend the courts as a witness, and detained till the close of the trial, however protracted. It became apparent too, that harpies were on her track—they were seen to watch her steps, and came in vain to seek an interview—also that any seeming indiscretion might yet expose her to their machinations. She was therefore sedulously guarded, in the house and by the way. Her antecedents were traced by careful inquiry, and

the testimony was found unquestioned as to her integrity and virtue.

After the first shock was over, caused by the trying events here narrated, she indicated her strong desire to return to her father's house, and wished to earn the funds required for her passage over the sea. Letters received had apprised her of the recent death of her mother, insanity and suicide being in her case the bitter fruit of the fall of poor Maud, and that the protracted illness of a younger sister, now made her aid seem indispensable to the welfare of the family. But opportunities for remunerative employment were lost, owing to the interruption by subpœnas, etc. She was therefore sheltered quietly at the Home, and guarded by salutary influences, till the final decision of the courts was made, assigning the murderer to imprisonment for life, the just award of his crimes.

And now her heart still yearned toward her kindred, but the outlay for the passage was wholly beyond her means.

For some five months she had been kept at the Home, gratis, and other wants met, quite as needful as daily bread. A written statement of the facts was addressed to the district attorney, personal calls made in her behalf, and kindly responded to in due time. It is but just to say


that the officers of the court, whenever L. was present, treated both herself and her attendant with every consideration desired, and now, when her wants were understood, promptly advanced the funds requisite for her passage. A member of the Home Board, by unwearied pains secured for her the care of a Christian mother, going with her own children in the same ship, saw her well prepared for the voyage, and placed on board the vessel. The lady who kindly permitted her to share her state-room, also proposed after landing, to accompany her directly to her early home.

Thus closes a brief chapter from two young lives, the one wrecked, the other rescued. Details might be cited showing more fully the despair, hope, restiveness, etc., in the case of the saved one, who has yet seen less than eighteen years; the care and effort necessary to her permanent protection, her grateful memories in the review, when about to leave the Home, her expressions of thankfulness to her Heavenly Father, that He had heard her prayer, placed her with His people, and led her to look to Him daily in her great sorrow.

But enough. The stranger who acted the part of the good Samaritan when the need was greatest, will surely have her reward. So also,

may all who will "go and do likewise" in the great work of prevention.

What might have been the present record of L. had there been no "Home for the Friendless," we may not know; but there is cause for gratitude and gladness that its doors are ever open, not only to guard the children, but also to shelter "those within the age and the circumstances of temptation."



“He is able to make all grace abound toward you.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

LET it be graven on my tomb,
“He came and left more smiles behind ;
One ray he shot athwart the gloom,
He helped one fetter to unbind.”

LOWELL.

HOME ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

From our Journal.

“WE have just closed a pleasant interview with a very lovely, cultivated young lady ; a favored child of fortune, the world might say, though she was counted in infancy one of our Home nursery group, bereft of all earthly ties. The dark lines in her young life were early reversed, and no want left unmet.

“A home of affluence, appliances of wealth, circles of gayety and fashion, for a time so filled her youthful vision that earth seemed to present

a satisfying portion; but gradually she found its roseate hues had faded, denying utterly the soul-rest for which her spirit yearned.

“She came to-day to tell us she had found the true riches. Modestly, tearfully, lovingly she testified to the goodness of God, in leading her to make the full surrender of herself to Him. She said, ‘I felt that you ought to know this, for I have never forgotten that I am a child of the Home. A child of your prayers.’ In dwelling upon her present feelings, the language of her heart seemed fully expressed in the lines,

“‘I’m happy in the lowly path where once my Saviour trod,
 Where He in humble human guise went onward doing good;
 I’m happy in the gladsome smile of poverty relieved,
 Happy to utter words of cheer to soothe the spirit grieved;
 Happy to leave the heartless throng, whose hopes all centre here,
 And rest the heart on fadeless joys in yonder glorious sphere;
 Happy to spend life’s fleeting years where duty points the way,
 Within the moral fields of toil where pride seeks no display,
 To do what duty bids be done, whate’er the sacrifice,
 With cheerful faith and holy hope, till called from earth to rise;
 Happy, when heart and strength shall fail, to lay life’s work aside,
 And yield the trusting soul to Him who for its ransom died.’”

THEN AND NOW.

Three worse than orphan children were brought to the Home, between the ages of three and ten years; unwashed, uncombed, half-clad, utterly forlorn and wretched. Soap, water, and other appliances, with clean clothing, soon made a wondrous transformation. The little sisters exchanged looks of gladness, and the prattling brother, who was seen a day or two since, reeling near broken mahogany, and lispng in the ear of his unconscious mother, "I'se drunk, too,"—looked now as though he might soon be taught to sing,

"Oh, save the little children of poverty and crime."

Poor children! once and again when the mother had become stupefied from the intoxicating cup, it was left within their reach, and hungry, thirsty and ignorant of consequences, what was there to keep it from their lips? We learned that the eldest had often been seen upon the streets late in the evening, sent to pawn the clothing indispensable to their comfort, for the "fire-water."

The foregoing reminiscence from the present post of observation, must look to these dear children like a frightful dream of the night.

The sisters have now grown to womanhood, respected and beloved, and have before them, with continued well-doing, a bright future. They, like many others, may see in the agency of the Home, their early rescue from a doom far worse than death.

“AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.”

We were gladdened this morning by a pleasant call from a visitor who looks like one of “nature’s noblemen.” A few words passed, and we recognized in the manly form, the orphan prattler of the long ago, whose tearful, broken utterance, “Teacher, I want a muzzer,” suggested the little song that seemed to open heart-doors for more waifs than one.

Mr. N. is the youngest of four, whose attractive faces, the first weeks of Home-work in the old hired house, won “love at first sight.” Now he has passed even the early years of manhood, is doing well, and while he scarce remembers his kindred, is glad to ask again after their welfare.

The interview recalls memories both painful and pleasant, the details of which present phases of special interest. But we may only say—These children of a starved, American mother of respectable antecedents, each attained their

majority with a good record,—nurtured and trained by excellent Christian families. The two sisters have gone from loved circles here to “a home in Heaven,” leaving traces of usefulness, and a beautiful example of early piety; and it is hoped that those who remain, may also so live and die that the impress of the Home upon their infant years, may be remembered joyfully, in other worlds than this.

Within the past month we have had correspondence, or personal interviews with several, who are now men and women, whom we well remember as the little singers and declaimers of ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago, receiving in the Home their first lessons of love and duty.

Of the girls, some are teachers, some respected heads of families, one the wife of a Senator, two the wives of Christian merchants.

Of the boys, one has chosen the law, another mercantile life, another the medical profession, another the ministry, and is said to be “a very acceptable preacher of the gospel.”

The present record of some of these would have been reversed—who can tell how much?—had there been no Home for the Friendless to bridge the moral chasm, and withdraw their young feet from the wrong to the right path.

ANNIVERSARIES.

At forty annual gatherings of this association, the managers have been under large obligation to clergymen and laymen, for the cheerful aid they have given by way of addresses and otherwise. They have spared no pains to say the right things at the right time, and their words have been potent for good. They have helped us verily and their debtors we are.

A few paragraphs on this wise will serve to illustrate this phase of the work on the return of these stated seasons—

It is May, 1869—the usual business meetings have been attended in the Home Chapel, and now a pleasant company of friends and patrons are quietly seated in the large commodious Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on 23d Street and Fourth Avenue.

Before us is a representation from the Home, and all our schools, with their tasteful, bright banners of red, white, and blue, filling the large gallery and a portion of the platform, while the auditorium is occupied with interested spectators.

Abstracts of Reports are read by C. C. North, Esq., long one of our Counsellors, and our more than friend, back through the years, and then the children give one grand chorus, guided by

their talented musical leader, Prof. T. E. Perkins.

Rev. E. P. Rogers, D.D., Mr. C. C. North, Mr. L. E. Jackson and others plead eloquently for the work, and the sweet songs of the children inspire deep emotion, especially in the hearts of those who have children in Heaven.

A FLOWER GARDEN.

We quote a few sentences from a single address: "Rev. H. D. Northrup remarked that he had come into a flower garden to-day, but to behold something more beautiful than flowers. Talk of these children being waifs! and ask whose they are! They are your children, they are ours, they belong to the Christian public. How many of these before long will be taking their places as Christian men and women, carrying forward the enterprises which we now have in hand. He pursued the inquiry started by the former speaker, What are boys and girls worth? and alluding to the care and anxiety which they always occasioned to the parent, spoke of their worth as the educators of those parents in the sweet graces of patience, gentleness and love. The parent in every well-ordered household is as much under the influence of the children, as the children are under the influence of the parents. It is a mutual work of teaching

and training, wonderfully blest, when well done, to both. The church and community are also educated by their care of these friendless ones. They need these children, not more to do good by and by, than now to be the recipients of their love and care. The heart of humanity would freeze without these children to soften and warm it. We must train them to be what we want them to become. There is so little hope comparatively for one grown up in sin; we must take the children, and prevent the formation of evil habits."

"MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN FLOWERS."

Again at successive anniversaries, as in other decades, no special effort is made to bring together the same large company of the older children, but in 1875 and 1876 we find them again massed on Wednesday of Anniversary week, the first occasion in the Church of the Disciples, and the second in the Memorial Church, Madison Avenue.

At the former gathering the central portion of the large beautiful edifice was filled with our little people, some sixteen hundred being present from the schools, and all so orderly and quiet as to win the approval of the audience by their exemplary conduct.

The exercises were introduced by the organ,

which never gave out more delightful music than under the artistic touch of Prof. O. M. Newell, who kindly offered his services for the occasion.

Dr. Hepworth, the pastor of the church, presided. Prayer followed, after which the children poured forth their jubilant anthem, "Praise ye the Lord." They sang with spirit and perfect accord, greatly to the surprise of those who feared there might be difficulty in harmonizing tone and time in so great a company. The singing was indeed remarkable, when we consider that there was not a single rehearsal in mass, the large number of children, and their distance from one another, rendering it impracticable.

Great credit is due to the respective teachers, and their admirable leader, Prof. T. E. Perkins, for the excellent training of each school by itself, and the skillful management of this large juvenile choir.

The singing was interspersed with addresses, every one of which had its peculiarity, Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, Dr. T. D. Anderson, Rev. F. T. Schaufler and Mr. E. P. Herrick spoke words of warm interest and good counsel to the little ones, and of encouragement to those who are laboring for their good.

The exercises were closed with a ringing doxology sung by the children, which was pronounced, by those who understand church music, a fine piece finely executed.

In May, 1876, the gathering of the children filled the entire body of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Madison Avenue and 53d Street. The pastor of the Church, Rev. Dr. Robinson, presiding in his usual happy manner. After a voluntary on the organ, the exercises were opened by a "Welcome," sung in chorus by the children, their voices blending very harmoniously, and keeping time admirably with the piano and organ.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. King, D. D., after which Dr. Robinson presented the Abstract of Annual Report, with brief comments. Every beneficiary of the Institution, every one of the children present, he remarked, had a history, a want and a destiny. All claimed our sympathy and practical aid, to efface the sorrows of the past, supply present need, and helpfully anticipate the future well-being.

The addresses of the afternoon were excellent. Dr. John Hall gave his lofty powers of eloquence to instruct and interest the little ones, giving them counsel for their physical advantage, and pointing them to Jesus, the Saviour of

their souls. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he had never seen in the list of donations to a benevolent object,

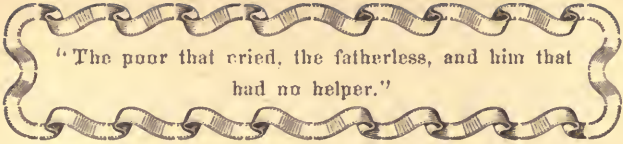
“A NIGHT'S SLEEP,”

but he could offer that as his contribution to this Society; as, having been called to lecture the day previous at some distance from the city, he could only return to fill this engagement by the sacrifice of his night's rest, which he cheerfully gave for the furtherance of so good a cause.

Rev. Dr. Armitage and Rev. C. S. Harrower, also gave spirited addresses, and the singing drew all hearts in sympathy toward the youthful performers.

These gala days, and sundry festivals that notch the years, make an impress upon the juvenile participants, to be remembered for good in coming time.

We would gladly insert interesting extracts from addresses, given at different periods by many of our kind friends of the ministry, always representing every denomination of Christians, also from our Board of Counselors and others to whom we are largely indebted for voluntary free-will offerings, at the Annual Holiday gatherings at the Home Chapel, and otherwise. But a few items, yet unnoticed, claim the remaining pages.



“The poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that
had no helper.”

CHAPTER XXV.

IF we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling,
If we knew what lips were parching,
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

Words of Cheer.

SHELTER AND READING ROOM.

WITHIN the last four years there have been opened in the Home Chapel, and added to the Home work, a “Shelter and Reading Room for young women,” and an “Employment Aid Department,” both of which reach a large class specially requiring care and guardianship, and to whom “friends in *need*, are truly friends indeed.”

That the specific work of these departments

may be rightly understood, we give here a brief sketch from the annual report of the respective committees in charge.

The first is from a veteran worker, from whom, after a day of earnest toil some thirty years ago, we remember while walking homeward to have heard the expression, "If I could only see the ground broken, and the first spade of earth removed, where our Home is yet to stand, how great would be the joy!"

Over thirty years of consecutive Home-work the veil was then drawn, through all of which her energies have not only never flagged, but are still enlisted as vigorous as ever. She writes:

"There have been received into our Shelter during the year, one hundred and eighty-eight women and children. About two-thirds of this number were Americans, the remainder English, German, Scotch, Irish and Swiss.

"A large proportion were widows, others wives whose husbands had deserted them, or were obliged to leave them in order to seek work elsewhere. Many of those received have gone to situations in the country at low wages. Some of the women, however, are not sufficiently strong to perform the heavy work in families, and for such, employment is found in our Nursery.

“During the year, a regular Sabbath afternoon service has been held in the Shelter parlor, and thanks are due to several of the younger members of our Board, who have been devoted in their efforts to make the lesson for the day interesting and profitable to the inmates.

“A blessing from on high has crowned their efforts, and eight members of the Shelter family have openly professed themselves the followers of Him who died that they might receive eternal life. One of this number is engaged in a large Sunday School, where we have faith to believe the seed sown will bring forth fruit a hundred fold to the Master’s glory.

“Many interesting facts could be given concerning some of our inmates, were it expedient so to do.

BABY-NURSERY.

“For our Baby Nursery—that very interesting part of the Home family—a large, sunny, upper room has been fitted up. Hitherto, as a rule, we have boarded these little ones with poor, respectable women, to whom we are very grateful for the patient, untiring care they have bestowed upon them; but, during the warm weather, the atmosphere and surroundings of our Institution are better fitted for this purpose,

and will tend towards improving and preserving the health of the infants, who remain with us for a few weeks or months, until permanent homes are provided for them. It is also a matter of great convenience to have them accessible, so that parties wishing to select infants for adoption may have an opportunity of choosing from among a large number. About fifty babies, from one month to two years of age, have been here cared for; some for a few days, others for a longer time.

“The constant changes in this family of little ones, very much increases the labor and responsibility of those having charge of it. The results, so far, have been very satisfactory, and we hope the coming year to receive and care for hundreds of such, till they shall be transplanted to permanent homes, where, with faithful parental training, accompanied with God's blessing, they may become useful members of society, and faithful followers of Him who took the little ones of olden time in his arm and blessed them.

“More than 200 letters have been received and answered in this department, and a constant and diligent supervision of every case involves the ladies of the Shelter Committee in a variety of work, which taxes time, strength, and ingenuity to the utmost.”

WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS.

“ Another statement says, “ It is an easy matter for us to say that one hundred young, unprotected mothers with infants have been received, fed, clothed and provided with homes; but how shall we begin to sum up the sobs, the tears, the groans and heart-aches of those who have claimed our care and protection? ‘ A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation,’ and earnestly do we desire that these widowed and deserted ones may find that peace and rest in the Lord Jesus which he has promised to the weary and heavy-laden.

“ Most of our women have gone into farmers’ families at low wages, where they can support themselves and children much more comfortably than in any other way. The accounts from them have been, almost without exception, favorable. Women of this class are more likely to appreciate good homes, and strive to give satisfaction to their employers.

Mrs. H., an extremely sad-faced woman, with an infant of a few weeks, applied for admission. Hers was a sad tale; she had struggled to keep her family together, but could do it no longer; their home must be broken up. Her sick husband had been removed to the Hospital, two of

her children had been received at the Five Points' Mission, and she sought a home with her babe. We welcomed her to our Shelter. After a few days, her anxiety to see her husband was so great, that she started with her little one to visit him. It would be in vain for us to tell of the deep sorrow that filled the poor mother's heart, when she learned that the husband of her youth, the father of her children, was dead and buried. Friends would have sent her word, but knew not where to find her, and so this desolate one returned to us, a widow. Her babe was very feeble, but after a time it began to thrive. She is now in a comfortable country home, where, with her infant and little boy, she is doing well; her eldest child having been provided for elsewhere.

A note was handed us on entering the Home, a few weeks since, asking us to receive a young woman with her child. She was accompanied by her sister, who with tears told us that the husband of this youthful mother was killed suddenly on the rail-road, some weeks previous to the birth of her child. The sister was living out at service, and had paid all the expense incurred so far, but could do it no longer. They were very respectable, and exceedingly affectionate. We gladly received the widow

with her babe, but soon the little one drooped and died. Both sisters are now in good situations.

SENT BEYOND THE SEA.

Three women and five children have been, during the past year, sent to their friends beyond the sea. One of them came to us several months since, with an infant, a few weeks old, and a little girl of four years. Her husband had lost his situation, and gone to England, feeling sure he could obtain means to return and take his wife and children home to her mother, where she could be well provided for. She kept her rooms until her money was gone, then she was directed to the Home. Her husband was disappointed in receiving the necessary funds, and although his letters were affectionate and hopeful, yet as "hope deferred makes the heart sick," so this poor mother began to be discouraged. An effort was made, and the funds collected to pay her expenses home. She and her children were supplied with the needful clothing and food, and as we accompanied her to the ship, she sent many expressions of gratitude to the Managers of the Home, for all the kindness shown to her.

Another case :

As we enter the room where applicants for aid are in waiting, there is near us a child-face full of bitter grief. The tale told and corroborated, is one to make the heart ache. The sorrows of age instead of childhood have been hers. Just in her teens, homeless and destitute, she is taken in the Shelter, brought from week to week under saving moral influence, is hopefully led to the Saviour of the lost, and finally restored to her afflicted parent. Weeks intervene, and at length she writes from a safe abiding place. "I am trying to lead a Christian life, and feel that, with help from above, I may do so. My mother sends her thanks for the kindness shown me at the Home."

EARLY SORROW.

About eight months since we were requested to receive a young mother and baby. She was refined and modest in her appearance, about seventeen years of age. It was a long time before we could win her confidence; at last, however, she began to look upon us as her friends, and then she told us how she had been persuaded by a false friend to leave her parents' home. He paid her passage, put her on board ship, and gave her five pounds. She landed on our shore,

and in a short time found herself with an infant in her arms, without means, friends or home. She was brought to our doors, received and cared for. We felt she had been duped by a heartless villain, and that she needed our sympathy and protection. She was persuaded to write to her parents, and the reply that came from them was exceedingly affecting. The kind-hearted father earnestly invited her to come back and again take her place in the family. We also wrote to them, stating that their daughter had conducted herself always with perfect propriety while under our care, and we should be glad to do all we could to restore her to them. A letter came in reply containing the means to pay her passage. We placed her on board the steamer, made our way to the captain's office, having a note of introduction to him, that we might request his protection for this unprotected one across the mighty deep, her father having been informed when she would leave New York, that he might meet her on her arrival. A great deal of extra care seemed to be necessary in her case, for we knew her betrayer had persons in the city seeking to prevent her returning home, as he knew full well the danger if she, with her child, should appear against him. A letter was received saying she had reached home safely,

and we are anxiously waiting to hear the result of the proceedings instituted by her father against the guilty author of all the sorrow and trouble through which this erring but deeply-wronged child, and her Christian father and mother have been called to pass.

The cases stated are sufficient to show the nature of the work in our Shelter department, and although we felt in its commencement considerable misgiving, yet we are more than satisfied with its results. It will be remembered that the Shelter was opened with the expectation of receiving young women to board, such as were learning trades or working at low wages. We found, however, that a much smaller number than we anticipated, applied. It was, therefore, decided to receive women with infants; though we still continue to receive the class above named.

We are entirely averse to the separation of mothers from their young children. Exceptions of course must occur. But then the inquiry is made, "How is it, so many babies are sent out by your Institution for adoption?" Such a question is readily answered. Apart from these, a large number of motherless, deserted and orphan infants are brought to us, for whom the foster-homes are provided.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF COMMITTEE
OF EMPLOYMENT AID DEPARTMENT.

FOR 1875 & '76.

When the House Committee for November, 1875, commenced their labors, they found the shelves in the Dorcas-room nearly bare, while the calls for aid were most pressing.

Many, well-known to us as industrious women, saying, "What will become of us and our children, if we can find no work?" This was brought to the notice of the Executive Committee, who authorized the purchase of materials to a limited amount, and the employment of a few worthy women in making garments suited to the wants of the Institution. From that time till the present, the work-room has been thronged by those who in many cases, were glad to walk two or three miles to obtain the small amount which we are able to pay weekly for sewing.

As one and another returned with her completed work, it was often said by them that they only needed a sewing machine to obtain constant employment. But the utmost limit of our faith did not extend to the supply of those. How could we have so distrusted Infinite Love and Power?

Almost at the same date, a letter was received from a gentleman but little known to us previously; asking if a few sewing-machines could be made useful, by loaning them to worthy, industrious women, to whom they might become a means of support. The offer was gratefully accepted, and now, after one year, forty-four machines have been received from this generous benefactor, and distributed in that way, or sold to similar parties, who wished to own them, but can only pay in very small installments.

We give herewith some account of the amount expended, and what has been accomplished with it. An increasing sale has been found for plain garments for women and children, and frequent orders are given us for coarse and fine sewing, both of which help to make the department partly self-sustaining. We do not the less gratefully recognize the loving hand of the Master, because human agency seemed to supply what was needed, but on the contrary, we still look to Him to open the way, so that a work which helps so much at comparatively a small outlay may be still carried on and increased.

We should state that a large part of the sewing required in our Home family is now done by this Department.

Statistics from Nov., 1875, to Nov., 1876.

Expended for material, \$262.90

Received for articles sold, 70.00

Paid for making garments, 400.99

Garments made 1,780. Sewing given to 100 poor women.

A FEW OF MANY.

The following cases from a later statement are but a few of many, equally needing the charity of work and wages.

Mrs. G., a woman well advanced in life, and one of our neatest sewers, says she should have had no fire the last two winters but for the work procured here.

Miss S., a woman sixty-nine years old, goes out for all the hard work she can find to do, and comes here for sewing for a crippled sister, with whom she makes her home.

One day, when visited and given three dollars toward their rent, she said, "I have just stopped a lady in the street to ask aid for another poor woman, and now the Lord has sent you with this to me." Their breakfast that morning had been a hard crust of bread, and at first they thought they could not eat it, when one of them recalled having heard a sermon the previous morning on "Be thankful for small things," and they were

enabled to eat their crust with thankfulness. They say they would not be able to live but for the bread and oat-meal given them at the Home.

The women have the privilege of buying the garments at the cost of the material.

Orders for sewing have been received, and satisfactorily filled, and it is desired to increase the work in this direction, as it enables us to give out a class of garments superior to those ordinarily furnished, for the making of which we can give a larger price.

Goods to the amount of \$151.54 have been sold, and this sum might have been greatly increased, by having on hand at all times desirable garments for sale.

A larger expenditure will be required in this department, to increase and carry on the true benevolence of helping the poor to help themselves.

A LIFE-WORK WELL DONE.

In January, 1876, Mrs. Meginley, our eldest missionary visitor, rested from her long period of labor, and her works of love and mercy among the poor and the suffering of the great city, were devolved upon others.

She had found in this work a field of usefulness to which she was specially adapted, both by

age, intelligence, strong sympathy with the class for whom she labored, and love to Him who went about doing good.

Among the last written statements from her own pen, respecting her work, we find the following.

“Again and again have we been solicited to visit the sick husbands, wives and children, miles from the Home, where we have witnessed scenes of sorrow and suffering which beggar all description. Clothes, food and fuel have been in constant demand, and, as far as possible, have been provided. The dread of death has been sometimes so painfully displayed that it has, in a measure unfitted us for duty. What should we do if we could not point to the blessed Saviour in these fearful extremities?

“To see our tenement-houses so stocked and crowded with fresh daily arrivals from abroad overcomes our courage for the moment. But our trust is alone in One who is able to help to the uttermost. They are all his creatures, thrown upon our sympathy and strength, and we will do all we know how for their good.

“Our hard-working American widows, whose husbands fell in defence of our liberties, struggling to rear their little ones, have been a sacred trust to us. We have been able to make ninety-

four of this class comfortable. When clad in clean, warm garments, the joy of the little ones has in some cases been very touching.

“ We have met with many sad cases of suffering in families reduced from affluence, and who feel more keenly by contrast, the want of daily comforts. Some of these have been reduced by failures in business, some by intemperance, others by injustice. We have visited one and another, where nourishing food has not been taken for two days. With what thanks the assistance rendered has been received. The warm quilts have been particularly acceptable in many instances.

“ Many heart-broken mothers have confided to us their grievous sorrows concerning daughters, who scorn to be advised, and associate at improper times with improper persons. What sighs and tears have we witnessed, caused by these erring children, and what terrible evils to themselves will surely result from their waywardness. If this should meet the eye of any wilful daughters we would entreat them to pause and consider the terrible pit of woe which is yawning to receive them. To cause a mother's heart shame and sorrow is a sin little thought of at the time, but which will bring certain and fearful retribution.

“It has been a pleasure to us to witness the great love for reading among the children of the poor. We have tried to supply that which shall profit. We have distributed more than five thousand leaflets among them, and it has been our privilege to leave in these households from time to time, since last report, fifty-one Bibles, ninety-eight Testaments, seventy-one other good books, with papers and tracts uncounted. Some of the little ones we have good reason to believe, have been taught of God.

“Nine of our beneficiaries have died, concerning whose meetness for heaven not a shadow of doubt crosses our mind. Five of these were young persons. Washed in the blood of the Lamb, their earthly conflicts have ended in victory, and they are now at rest.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM FOSTER-PARENTS.

UNSEAL our eyes to see how rife
 With bloom life's thorny path may be;
 And how it leads to heights of life,
 Which only Thou canst see.

SPENCER.

TWO facts seem to show very clearly the overruling Hand in the records of our Fourth Decade. One is the large and increasing number of applicants for children. The other the

parental love so fully exhibited by those who become foster-parents.

A few brief extracts from recent letters, may have place here by way of example.

"Prayed to be guided."—A foster-mother writes: "Before going to the Home to seek a child, I prayed most earnestly to be guided aright, and my faith is firm that I was thus guided. And now, our daily prayer is that we may be spared to train this child for the service of the Master. We already love her very dearly. My heart has been so hungry for this little one, and now is so full and satisfied. * * May God in His mercy direct you to good homes for all His friendless little ones placed in your keeping. * * *"

"A thousand times, No!"—Another writes of one adopted years since: * * * "You ask, do we regret taking her? I answer, 'a thousand times, No.' She has ever been a great comfort to us. She is very fond of her home and friends, always affectionate and obedient; not more faultless than other children, but loved just as tenderly as our own, and has as much to make her happy. She loves her music. We, too, prize the talent, and shall spare no pains for her improvement." * * *"

"Ample compensation."—A foster-father writes:

“ I wish you could see the transformation made in that little one, who not long ago faintly whispered, ‘ Mamma’s baby, papa’s baby,’ timid and frightened by aught that reminded her of former cruel treatment. But, oh, how quickly kindness conquered and dissipated fear. I need not say she is very dear to us. To have so changed the outlook for one little sufferer, upon whose prospects six months ago dark shadows rested, and to confer so much pleasure as now shines in that radiant face, that happy look, is ample compensation for all the care and outlay expended hitherto ; and that merry laugh which reaches my ear as I write this line, has in it, I trust, a prophecy of joyous days to come. So may it be for her, and for those she now loves and trusts as a child trusts her parents.” * *

“ *Leave the result.*”—A foster-mother writes : “ We wish you to send us adoption papers. Our own darlings could not love us more, and we become more and more attached to the dear child every day. She has brought a great deal of brightness into our shadowed home. We hope to do our duty in her training, in the name of the Master, and leave the result with Him.” *

“ *The light of our home.*”—“ Our Home child is the light of our house, and the comfort of our old age, having attained our three-score years and

ten, and she the only one of our three adopted children left with us. I only wish that when I had health and strength we had made a home for others. That God may prosper you in your work of mercy, is the prayer of your friend." * *

"Better than all."—"Dear ladies of the Home, it is time you should receive our annual letter. How rapidly the years pass; I can hardly realize that our daughter is nearly fifteen years old, but a little time ago I received her a babe of eighteen months, from the arms of one of your laborers, (now at rest). It is needless to say we have had trials and care, these we expected. It has been our constant aim and anxiety from the first, that we might train her in the path of virtue, goodness and true womanhood. I have the fullest co-operation of my husband at this trying age, to shield her from the many temptations in life; meet them she must. She is intelligent and active, we have sent her to school nearly every term since she was of sufficient age, and she is well advanced in her education. Her standing in deportment is good, and she has improved her musical advantages. She has a piano, and sings quite well. She is also capable of doing nearly all kinds of housework, makes and repairs much of her own clothing. But better than all, this is blended and balanced by the grace of God in her

heart. She is an active, working Christian, a faithful Sabbath-school scholar, and zealous for the Master. My heart goes out in gratitude for the many blessings thus bestowed." * *

"Brings cheer to our home."—A foster-parent, who took to her arms one of three orphan children, whose only inheritance was a mother's prayers, writes thus: "We purpose to train and educate her as our own; she is such a lovable child that she finds many friends. She fills a vacant chair, and brings cheer to our home and hearts moment by moment; she learns rapidly, and has a good memory."

Another writes: "L. is one of the dearest children that ever lived, and as nearly faultless as any child ever known; best of all, has been a Christian for three years."

"The nurture and admonition of the Lord."—A foster-father writes: "Dear Madam, yours of the 8th is at hand, also the adoption papers, which we were very glad to receive. Our little darling is very healthy and happy. She grows nicely and is very precious to us. We are very thankful to God for the blessing of such a dear child, and to your Christian Institution for its instrumentality in sending her to us. I trust that we may bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." * *

"The light and joy of our home."—A mother writes: "Our two foster-children are dear to us as ever. The eldest has reached her majority, but remains with us, and we would not know how to part with her. She is indeed the light and joy of our home. She came to us frail and sickly, and many wondered how we could assume such a burden, but we feel thankful to our Heavenly Father that he led us to do so. She is now a well-developed, pure-minded, Christian young lady, and highly esteemed by all who know her." * * *

FROM ADOPTED CHILDREN.

The following paragraphs from letters from adopted children, are but specimens of many on file of the same type. Names and dates in all cases are omitted for local reasons.

An adopted daughter writes:—"I often think of the Home and of once being there myself. I wish that each and all who are in the Home might get as good a place as I have. I attend school regularly, also Church and Sabbath-school. I think I found the Saviour two years ago this winter; last March I joined the Congregational Church. The Saviour gives me happi-

ness in following Him, and I desire to follow Him still more closely." * * *

"Have not been forgotten."—Another writes: "I am greatly pleased to think I have not been forgotten during the long time that has passed since I was taken from the Home. My memory has served me well, as there is no part of my life but of which I have a distinct recollection. I am truly thankful to God for all the blessings I have received. It has of late been my constant effort to do His will, but I often fail. I have had many hard, hard lessons. I have had every worldly comfort, and many luxuries. I have never felt able to forget for a day the obligation I am under. I have many true friends, which is my greatest happiness. Hoping God will bless you and all others interested in such noble work, I am thankfully yours." * * *

"Hope to be a great comfort."—Perhaps you will be surprised to hear from me again, and wonder why I intrude upon you so much. But I cannot resist the temptation to write again, and tell you how thankful I was to receive your letter. I can never forget it, I assure you. I am getting along finely. I am all that father and mother have, I hope to stay with them a long time yet, and be a great comfort to them.
* * * One of your 'little ones.' "

"Have a very pleasant home."—"Dear Friend, I will answer your kind letter. I have a very pleasant home, and am very happy. I have attended Church and Sabbath-school every Sabbath day since I was three years old. I sing in the choir. I have taken music lessons ever since I was eight years old until last spring. I attend select school and study the common branches. I thank God for his goodness, in giving me such a good home, and such good parents. They are just as good to me as can be. I have every thing I need. I have tried to be a Christian, but do not always do right. I thank you for your kind letter." * * *

"Thanks for care in early childhood."—"I received yours of the — inst., Please let me express my thanks to you and the managers of the Home for the care they have taken of me in my early childhood, and I thank God also for giving me earthly parents, when I was bereaved of my own.

"I have been to school ever since I left the Home, and I am in the Grammar Department at present. I attend the Sunday-school regularly and Church as often as circumstances will permit. I am taught daily not to forget God, and ask Him to protect me night and morning, to guide and instruct me for the future. Let me

thank you once more for your kindness. Give my love to all the children, and to all the Home Managers. Your loving friend." * * *

"*Kindness many years ago.*"—Another writes: "I have not forgotten you nor your kindness so many years ago. I have a good home and kind parents and a great many good friends, and, oh, how thankful I am to my Heavenly Father and to you. My father and mother are very kind to me, as good and kind as own parents could be. I wish you much success at the Home. With love to you all. Yours, very truly." * * *

"*A kind Providence directed.*"—A letter from one of our children, who left us when very young, says: "I owe you a debt of love and gratitude which can never by me be repaid. It was a kind Providence that directed my footsteps to my present home. I feel that a home *better* suited to my wants and needs could not possibly have been selected. All that the most tender love of a father's and mother's heart could suggest has been done for me. To a Heavenly Father's love and care are thanks due for all." * * *

"*From one early bereaved.*"—"My health has been very good since I have been here. I have attended school, and always every Sabbath have attended Church and Sabbath-school, and I

rejoice and thank God that my lot has fallen to me in such pleasant places. My friends are very kind to me and treat me as a daughter. There is nothing that I want, in reason, but what is provided for me, and while my temporal wants have been so amply provided for, my spiritual wants have not been neglected.

“I feel in my soul to-day that I have found the Pearl of great price, the Saviour of sinners, precious to my soul and precious to all who believe. Let me assure you that I shall never forget the care and attention bestowed upon me by my kind friends, in whose care you placed me when I left the Home, so long ago. May you, they and the writer all meet in heaven.”

“*A good girl.*”—Dear Mrs. B.: “I will send you a few words for your kindness to me. I will be a good girl. I go every Sunday to English and German Sunday-school. I go every Saturday to sewing-school and learn different kinds of hand-work. Please send me back a few words.” * * *

“*Makes me study.*”—“I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am well, and go to school every day. I have the same teacher that I had last year. I like her very much, but sometimes she makes me study pretty hard. We have had good sleighing this winter and I

have had many nice rides. I go to Sunday-school and church too, unless it storms. I don't know as I have any more to say, so good by. L."

"*Duty and pleasure to repay.*"—"My dear Friend, Your kind letter was received Saturday last. It affords me great pleasure to hear from you again, and know that I am not forgotten by those who have been so kind to me. I thank you for the interest you take in my welfare, and am glad I have such true friends.

"You will be glad to know I still trust in the Saviour and my daily prayer is that I may love Him more and serve Him better. Pray for me that I may shun evil and ever cling to the right way.

"I love dearly to go to our Sunday-school, for the lessons are very interesting. I am attending school yet, and am studying Latin, geometry, geology and chemistry. Every week we have debates and compositions. During this summer-vacation I should like to try a teacher's examination, and if successful, I hope by-and-by to try teaching. I think I shall like it, for it has been my desire for a long time. I wish now to try to help my dear parents a little. They have given me every advantage in their power, and have made me very happy, and it is now

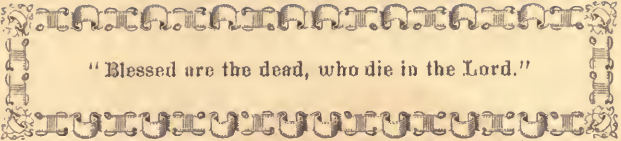
both my duty and pleasure. to repay them what little I can. Write to me again, please, I like very much to hear from you. Affectionately yours." * * *

"*All I have in my Gothic Bank.*"—"I thank you for taking care of me when I was in the Home. I have a nice home here, and I have a good time. I go to school, and I think I learn very fast and I try to be a good boy. I am nine years old. I go to Sunday-school, and am in mamma's class. I am in the Fourth Reader. I send all the money that I have in my Gothic bank, for the Home. I send my love to you." * * *

One pleasantly settled says, "I am one of four children, brought to the Home after the death of our loved mother, and the moral wreck made of our father, by intemperance. Three of us were adopted, all of whom have done well, and are now happily settled in life. Two, through the influence of foster-parents, early became converted, and are useful in the Church and the world."



Mrs. Margaret Prior



"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT will it be when these again shall meet,
With those yet waiting for the Master's call,
And all earth's parted, saved ones shall sit down
Together, in a day that yet shall come,
And welcoming each other shall recount
The annals of their age? * * * *
What will that feast-board be, and what that hall
Where they who have obtained the good report
Shall meet together in one holy band?

* * * * *

BONAR.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN the preceding Chapters, the record of Christian work and its results, represents both those who are gone, and those still spared in the same service. Of the latter it may be but just to say of very many, that, inspired by love to humanity, and love to its Redeemer, and guided and upheld by His grace "they seem to be living lives of energy and usefulness, quietly, untiring-

ly, without ostentation, or an idea that they are doing more than their simple duty." If they, too, may finish their earthly course, leaving similar testimony at its close, as that of many of their fellow-laborers now at rest, they will have cause for praise down the ages, that they have not lived in vain.

While the Association has ever been nobly sustained by needful material aid, received in free-will offerings from the garnerers of the wealthy, the widows' mites, the dimes of the children, bequests of the dying, etc., we may well count its largest and best endowments, the faith and love, the devoted services, Christian example and united prayers of its many departed friends, whose life-work has been well done.

The reminiscences of several of the most efficient officers and managers of the Institution, were written for our periodical immediately after their decease. A few extracts only are inserted here as being due to their memory, also to illustrate the spirit of the work, and the type of feeling cherished, in life and in death, by those longest familiar with its interests.

MRS. MARGARET PRIOR.

Mrs. Prior, an early Manager of the A. F. G. Society, was peculiarly fitted to exert a salutary

influence wherever she moved, and from her youth up was actively engaged in the cause of benevolence. In the first New York Orphan Asylum and the House of Refuge, her early and efficient labors as an officer and visitor, gave her valuable phases of experience for her later work, in the Association to which her last years were devoted. * * *

In referring to her attendance of the earliest stated meetings of this Society, Mrs. Hawkins wrote, among other reminiscences, "During the time devoted to business on these occasions, she seldom spoke much, but her countenance indicated that her heart was lifted in prayer. This attracted notice, and one sister remarked aside, that she felt reproved by her appearance, and believed her prayers would accomplish more than all our plans. * * As a missionary she was remarkably successful. * * Daily denying self, taking up her cross, following whithersoever her Saviour led, nightly spreading her work before the Mercy-seat, and inquiring wherein she might have offended in thought, word or deed, and receiving comfort from the blessed assurance 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Naturally of an ardent temperament, she was liable sometimes to speak from the impulse

of the moment; but if she retired to rest before asking forgiveness, where she might have erred, she was sure on the morrow to seek the earliest opportunity to do so. Thus self was abased, and God honored; the power of grace triumphed, and the Christian conquered."

Mrs. Prior was the foster-mother of seven adopted children; in character, a model of excellence in every relation she sustained in life, ever an example of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report. For a more extended account of her life and labors, see "Walks of Usefulness," published by A. F. G. Society.

MRS. ADON SMITH.

Mrs. Adon Smith, another of our beloved band, on the morning of Thursday, January 19th, passed peacefully to her rest. For the last eight years, her place in the committee-room was seldom vacant except from illness or absence from the city, and testimonials are abundant, that she gave her heart to this work more fully than to any other disconnected with her own beloved household. Her associates can never forget how often she entered the Home, unable for some time to speak audibly, and yet preferring to come there, even though suffering. They cannot forget how cheerfully she gave substantial

aid to every department of the work, as occasion required, how often, in the service of the Society her commodious carriage became, at her bidding, as "feet to the lame," a shelter from the storm, or the bearer of comforts to the sick and destitute, the conveyancer of little ones from the garret or the cellar to the Home, where she could see them protected and relieved. But her mission is accomplished, and while we sorrow that we shall see her face no more, we recognize the goodness of our Heavenly Father in making her so long thus instrumental of good to the perishing.

When told that her physician thought her dying, she received the intelligence with perfect composure and remarked soon after, "I am happy, very happy." * * *

Being dead she yet speaketh. "Be ye also ready," "work while the day lasts, for the night cometh."

Her funeral was attended on the 21st by a large concourse of relatives, friends, and Christian associates, who listened with tearful interest to the very excellent and timely remarks of her pastor, Rev. J. P. Thompson. The services throughout were impressive, and as we looked our last upon the peaceful countenance, we seemed to feel that, could those mute lips speak,

they would say to us in the beautiful language of
 "the voice from Heaven."

• "I shine in the light of God,
 His image stamps my brow,
 Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
 I reign in glory now ;
 No breaking heart is here,
 No keen and thrilling pain,
 No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
 Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven.
 I am one of the angel band,
 To my head a crown of gold is given,
 And a harp is in my hand ;
 I have learned the song they sing,
 Whom Jesus hath set free,
 And the glorious walls of heaven still ring,
 With my new-born melody."

* * * * *

MRS. MARY SANFORD CUTTER.

—"Death drew the curtain, and she slept in peace,
 But tears are flowing 'mid those pleasant halls
 Where her affections rested—shedding forth
 Their brilliancè like some never-setting sun :
 Yes, there are lingering sighs of mournful thought
 Where poverty its naked hearth would trim,
 And frequent lisplings of her name from babes
 Who by the robes that shield them from the storm,
 And by the holy lessons she had taught
 In all her walks of love—remember her."

"Death loves a shining mark"—and "That
 life is long, that answers life's great end"—are
 sentiments especially applicable in the case of

the beloved sister whose death we mourn. * * *

Mrs. C—— was conscientious, unselfish, pure-minded, generous, efficient; and her heart seemed ever overflowing with love and sympathy for others—"On her tongue was the law of kindness"—and of few that have lived, could it be said with more truth, "None *knew her* but to love her."

Her interest in behalf of the poor and friendless was early developed. As memory turns Time's dial back, we find her even in her thirteenth year, cheerfully devoting the afternoon of every Sabbath during the summer and autumn, as an assistant in the Sabbath-school that she had helped to gather from the outskirts of her native town, and which was composed mostly of children whose parents attended no place of worship, many of whom could not read, and were extremely ignorant of the claims of the gospel. Her tender interest in these neglected little ones, won for her an influence over them for good, that in some cases she will doubtless review with joy and praise from the courts above.

An only daughter, in a home of affluence, surrounded by fruits and flowers and groves and gentle streams, inviting to the eye and charming to the sense, it was pleasant to behold her

renouncing the vain pleasures of earth, seeing God in all his works, acknowledging Him in all her ways, and feeling that earthly blessings were only *lent* as tokens of His love, and as passing earnestness of those joys where *sin* casts no blight.

In early womanhood the scene is changed; we find her in the midst of the great city, the exemplary wife and mother, the active Christian laborer, neglecting no home duties, but often wending her way silently amid the abodes of want, by the couch of the sick and the dying, and ministering with her own hands to their necessities, "not forgetful to entertain strangers," "showing hospitality without grudging," sustaining the female prayer-meeting, the maternal meeting, and the stated meetings of the Church, as far as possible, by her presence. * * * In May, 1843, her name was enrolled with our band, and she was gladly welcomed to a share in the joys and sorrows of the work.

When the foundations of the Home were being reared, the top-stone laid, and the edifice was dedicated, her grateful tears bespoke a joy too deep for utterance—a sympathy of soul in the objects of the work that like her many instinctive offerings, were to the Hearer of Prayer, an accepted sacrifice. We have reason to believe there are some already in glory, whom

she was instrumental of saving, through this channel, and some yet among the living, who may have equal occasion to remember her acts of beneficence in their behalf. Believing the circulation of the *Advocate* a benefit to the cause, she suffered no opportunity to pass, without introducing it to the favorable notice of visitors and others—and from year to year, subscribed and paid for it personally in behalf of various individuals.

On one occasion during a pleasant interview, Mrs. C—— mentioned incidentally some results connected with a gold piece, that having been first used for charity, and returned unexpectedly, had been since kept in circulation and regarded as *the Lord's money*—His special blessing being sought when it was sent away, and watched for subsequently. This account seemed so full of interest that the little record was published in the *Advocate* of August 1st, 1849, under the caption, “The Lord's half-eagle—or a history of a gold piece.”—Those who may re-peruse this instructive reminiscence will find in it a simple illustration of her habitual labors to confer needed benefits, and lessen human suffering.

In the noonday of life and usefulness, in the midst of a rising family—needing the guidance and watch-care of a mother's loving eye—her

Heavenly Father called her to a higher service ; and after distinctly hearing the summons, she had only time to utter faintly a few words of love and comfort to those dearest to her heart, and then calmly commending her spirit to her Redeemer, she slept in Jesus.

Not in vain, Sainted one ! hast thou toiled here below,
Where floods of dark waters unceasingly flow ;
Not in vain, borne the trials of labor and love,
Thy reward is unceasing in mansions above !

We will think of thee, Sister ! for yet we are one,
But a thin veil divides us that soon will be gone ;
We will clasp the new cord that our Saviour has given,
By calling thee first to the kingdom of Heaven.

MRS. SARAH C. HAWXHURST.

Mrs. Sarah C. Hawxhurst, long a beloved member of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society, departed this life on the 23d of April, in the 81st year of her age. She had long anticipated and waited patiently her change, feeling that "to *live* was Christ, and to *die* gain." She was a member of the Society of Friends, and often with great meekness, modesty, simplicity, and sweetness of spirit, bore testimony to the praise of her Redeemer.

She possessed a cultivated mind, well-stored

memory, symmetry of character, and a spirit of active Christian benevolence, that induced a constant watchfulness for opportunities to do good. To this end she always kept by her a supply of good books and tracts for gratuitous distribution in her walks of usefulness. Few that have met with her for years past have not received from her hand some of these, accompanied by some word of counsel, prompted by Christian faithfulness.

She was for many years a member of the Ladies' Board connected with the House of Refuge, and a faithful visitor and laborer in the Female Department, and both this Institution and the Ladies' Bible Society, and various other charities will long feel the void occasioned by her removal.

She was present at our last donation visit at the Home, with an offering consisting of fifty-four needful articles, for our nursery children, chiefly the work of her own hands, and seemed much gratified in witnessing the liberality manifested by the friends of the Institution.

A large concourse were gathered at her funeral, whose hearts responded to the precious words, "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the Life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.
 In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead."

MRS. BENJAMIN LORD.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He hath given;
 They live on earth, in thought and deed as truly
 As in His heaven."

* * * * *

"Mrs. Lord had been a member of the church for thirty-five years. It may be said that her profession and piety were without pretension, but her life was one of great purity of motive, and her heart and hand were ever open to administer to the needy. Self-denial was a pleasure to her if in the way of what she considered duty.

"Her connection with the Home for the Friendless was one of great interest and pleasure to her. She often regretted that she was not doing more, or could not do more of the great amount of work that is required to be done there, and among its various Schools and outside poor.

Her illness was long and painful, but her faith never faltered, and this enabled her to be patient and resigned, and even to rejoice and give thanks in the midst of great bodily suffering. Always timid and distrustful of herself, she triumphed over all by her unwavering trust in the compassion and love of God in Christ, and through the manifested grace and presence of the Saviour she could say that all fear and all dread were gone.

“That she was going to her Heavenly home and rest was clear to her.

“Her last words and injunctions to her family and attendants cannot be forgotten as long as memory holds her place.”

The Committee of Home School No. 4, in whose faithful labors Mrs. L. had shared for so many years, very keenly felt her loss. The dear children, too, both there and at the Home, would gladly strew flowers upon her grave in token of their grateful love. When her death was announced in School No. 4, the teacher inquired if they were not sorry to lose so kind a friend? All responded affirmatively. She continued, “For what are you most sorry, that she will never more prepare clothing for you?” No answer. “That she will never more give money for your pleasure and comfort?” Still no

response. "Why then are you sorry?" Those who remembered her best at once replied, "Because she will not pray for us any more." Because she will not pray for us any more, was uttered audibly from seat to seat, with subdued emotions, indicating that the expression was truly heartfelt.

May each and all praise the Infinite Giver that we have left us the legacy of her prayers, and beautiful example; be enabled so to follow her as she followed Christ, and find as she found in the last conflict that death is swallowed up in victory.

"WHOSO BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE."

It is not death to die—
 To leave this weary road,
 And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose,
 To spend eternal years.

BETHUNE.

A LIFE-WORK WELL DONE.

The last day of the closing year [1863] terminated the earthly labors of our beloved associate, Mrs. R. D. Lathrop. To human view our work could ill afford to lose her efficient services, so

long and freely given, and when we think of her removal, in the light of our conscious loss, we sorrow, unspeakably, that we shall see her face no more. * * *

She had been afflicted for some time with heart-disease, but it was hoped that a fatal termination might be postponed, at least for months to come. Such was not to be the result. He who said, "If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself," has fulfilled His gracious promise. After causing His grace to be manifested abundantly in sustaining the soul under great physical suffering, He permitted it almost literally, to

"Sing itself away,
To everlasting bliss."

For more than a week it was supposed that each passing hour might end the dying strife, but still the spirit lingered. Farewells had been spoken. Last messages communicated, parting counsels uttered, special tokens of remembrance sent to absent loved ones, with the assurance that "to her there was no darkness in the tomb, and beyond it a present Saviour made the vision bright and glorious." At length the last day came, and for some hours she seemed wrapped in the stupor of exhausted nature, from which a revival was scarcely to be expected.

But again the love-light beamed from her dying eyes, a mother's kiss was once and again imprinted on a daughter's lips, and the request whispered, "Sing for me" Once and again filial voices joined in singing to the dying listener, just ready to join the carol of seraph bands, till all present felt that they could almost see heaven opened. At intervals she uttered the most rapturous expressions of her views of the New Jerusalem and the love of Christ, and again joined mentally in singing such words as, "Rock of Ages," "Jesus! Lover of my soul," etc. Such was the last precious scene of earthly intercourse, such the close of a life-work whose record is on high.

An accurate statement of the amount of benevolent effort accomplished by this beloved sister, especially within the past three years, would seem almost incredible to those not personally familiar with her walks of usefulness and her indomitable energy of purpose. In her numerous letters to our patrons, in the bound volumes of the *Advocate*, she yet speaks. In our Committee and Dorcas room, she speaks in expressive silence. To the broken circle of her associates, as they pursue their chosen work, she will often speak, not of labors self-wrought, or free from weakness and human imperfection, but

of having "done what she could," as she had opportunity, heartily and earnestly, till permitted to be no longer steward. * * *

MRS. MARGARET DYE.

"Don't weep for me." These were the last words of our beloved sister, Mrs. Margaret Dye, who left us for the land of the blest, Feb. 26th, 1867.

It would be difficult to express the sense of deep bereavement which the early laborers in this Society experience in view of this event. As she was among the earliest, so she was among the many dearly-loved laborers. But she has entered into rest, and we doubt not an abundant entrance was ministered unto her.

She gave herself to the Saviour in the freshness of her youth, and entered at once upon active Christian duty. In view of discouragements and obstacles which to many would have been insurmountable, she steadily pursued her upward course, her eye of faith ever resting upon the crown and the mansion prepared. The death angel found her with armor bright, ready for duty, ready to go, or ready to stay. Up to the last week of her life, notwithstanding her failing strength, she was met by other Christian sisters in her walks of love and mercy,

ministering to the comfort of the Lord's hidden ones. She was eminently a happy Christian. Life was not without its discipline to her. Oftentimes her path was rugged and severe, but she felt that a Father's hand was over it all, and did not allow it to mar her peace. Hers were among the afflictions that "bear the weary more quickly home to rest." * * *

At eighteen years of age she became a member of the Board, and from that time till her death labored for its advancement either in a public or private capacity, the cares of a large family—she being the mother of thirteen children, whose interests were never made secondary—often impeding, but never entirely preventing her personal efforts, for the needy and out-cast of every age and condition. But it was not the poor alone who were the subjects of these ministrations. When thrown among the rich, she was still the same diligent seed-sower.

She lived to see the earnest desire of her heart fulfilled in the salvation of her nearest kindred, and to enjoy the unspeakable privilege of sitting at the Lord's table with most of her family, a few weeks before her death, in the same church where she professed her Christian faith some forty years previous. Truly her life of half a century has been well spent, and in her

death was evinced the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.

The numerous company assembled in the church showed the deep hold she had of the heart, but the most touching tribute of affectionate remembrance was shown by the presence of twelve children from the Home for the Friendless, wearing the badge of mourning and of the Institution, who reverently came forward at the proper time and deposited each a boquet of fragrant flowers upon the coffin.

A friend, who was much with her, and who had seen death in many forms, speaks of hers as the most triumphant she ever witnessed. Her prayerful intercessions in our frequent meetings were indeed felt to be a tower of strength. May her mantle fall upon many who will follow Christ as she did, and at last join her in the everlasting song of praise to our glorious Redeemer.

M. I. H.

OUR DEPARTED SISTER.

MRS. M. DYE.

Gone—from a world of toil and care,
A troubled life below;
From heart-aches, struggles, secret tears,
Which He alone could know,
Who understands our thoughts afar,
And feels each hidden woe.

Gone from our side, where long she stood
 Battling with sin and wrong;
Ah, we shall miss her cheerful word,
 Her smile, her tuneful song;
We follow her across the flood,
 With wistful gaze and long.

We see her on that other shore,
 Clad in her robes of white;
Walking with loved ones gone before,
 In the unfading light;
A victor, crowned forevermore,
 From out this earthly fight.

No more perplexity or strife,
 No more disease or pain,
No rude inharmonies of life,
 Shall mar her peace again;
No more shall sighs her bosom heave,
 Nor tears her eye-lids stain.

And happy spirits thronging haste
 Along the heavenly street,
With joyful welcome and reward,
 Her risen soul to greet;
Ah, not a starless crown has she,
 To cast at Jesus' feet.

Our sister loved! with many a tear,
 We yield thee up to Heaven!
The tie that bound our spirits here,
 Cannot by death be riven;
And in thy victory, a share
 To us will soon be given!

AN EARLY LABORER REMOVED.

The recent sudden death of Mrs. A. C. Loveland, leaves another void in our Home circle of early helpers. Her name was first recorded upon our Board of Managers, June, 1839, and through all the early struggles of the Society, she was ever firm at the post of duty, ready to toil, in season and out of season, for the promotion of the work. At that period few stated contributors furnished more frequent or more acceptable articles for our columns. In the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, she was also for many years equally active and ardent.

Having made frequent voyages over the ocean in company with her esteemed companion, she early became familiar with the perils of seamen, and the wants and exposures of their bereaved and often destitute families.

The Sabbath previous to her departure, Aug. 16, 1865, she was in her accustomed place in the sanctuary, and enjoyed with peculiar interest, a sermon by her pastor upon death and heaven. A few hours only, of severe illness loosed the silver cord, and she "was not, for God took her."

In accordance with the wish expressed in her lines "To the Living," (See *Advocate*, April 1st, 1851,) she was attired for the tomb in her "ordinary dress," and looked so placid and life-like,

that she seemed truly like one resting "in sleep's sweet embrace."

Her beloved adopted son and only child, was taken from her in the dew of his youth. A devoted companion and large circle of friends, will miss her genial smile and loving words. May they be comforted by Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ALMIRA
C. LOVELAND.

An angel voice has summoned yet another
From our loved band:
Sisters, behold how rapidly they gather
In "Spirit-land."

Hers was a life-work worthy a recital;
For not in vain
She wrought in youth, expecting no requital,—
With hand and brain.

The cause of Temperance shared her earnest pleading,
With gifted pen,
Her burning words e'en yet are interceding
With careless men.*

The poor and friendless, homeless child of sorrow
Found her a friend.
Ne'er waiting, listless, some uncertain morrow,
Her aid to lend.

* The appeal in which she personates the drunkard's child, commencing

"Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne,"
has had a world-wide mission.

Our Home, and one o'erlooking yonder ocean,
Were e'er her care;
For them full oft she touched with fresh emotion,
The poet's lyre.

Humanity she loved, however lowly,
Its good she sought;
On land and sea, its cause to her was holy,
For it she wrought.

We weep, but not because we would recall her
From that bright shore;
We would not have earth's clogs again enthrall her;
She weeps no more.

Her sudden summons—shall it not admonish,
“Go watch and pray;
Be ready also, lamps trimmed, free from tarnish;
Work while 'tis day!”



CHAPTER XXVII.

* * * "LOOK full into the future; it is thine.
Live in it now, and it will mould thy being;
Seek to be now what thou shalt be hereafter.
There is a holy city for the holy;
Live as its citizens, and learn its ways,
Its laws, its customs, its companionships.
Put on its raiment of unearthly white,
And learn the *love* that has its fountain there."

BONAR.

• MRS. DR. L. RANNEY.

* * * By the removal of this dear sister a breach is made in our Home circle, of which all who knew her intimately are tearfully conscious. During the past ten years she has been an efficient co-laborer, doing cheerfully what her hands found to do, "as unto the Lord."

A devoted wife and mother, she first met the claims of her endeared family, and then the same

loving heart poured its wealth of affection upon the homeless and friendless. All that was attractive, elevated, refined, and all that was lovely seemed enshrined in that frail casket. A true and noble woman, with a heart in sympathy with suffering humanity in all its phases, and a quiet energy of purpose for the accomplishment of its noble aspirations, she seemed the embodiment of as perfect a character as is permitted to mortals. When that slow, but insidious disease, that tore her from the loving embrace of family and friends in the prime of her matured loveliness and usefulness, first marked her for its victim, with a sweet and gentle spirit she yielded to its stern behest, and prepared to welcome the messenger whose conquering sway none may avert. Often have we looked upon her sweet, sad face with tearful eyes, conscious that a vacancy in our midst must ere long be painfully realized. But her own calm spirit seemed ever sustained by an unflinching trust, and though to all observers it was apparent that her days were numbered, yet with cheerful resignation she pursued the even tenor of her way, discharging the duties of her position, cheering by her presence, and aiding by her counsel those with whom for years she had been associated.

Some four weeks previous to her decease, she

was with us at a stated meeting, for the last time. At a subsequent interview in her sick-room, she said, "If I am able to be again at our Committee meeting, I want to be in time for the season of prayer. Those seasons have been so blessed to me that I can never forget them. My nights of late are very wearisome, and these lines often pass through my mind while watching for the morning—

'One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er.
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

'Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.'"

* * * * *

The above stanzas were repeated with much emotion, and the remark added, "I feel a precious peace and confiding trust, but still the way often looks very dark over 'the unknown stream.'" "Yes, it may now," was responded, "but are you not assured that when you come to it, the Saviour can make it all light?" "My faith rests there," she replied, and then we talked of the blessedness beyond the river, till smiles chased away tears.

Our last sweetly-solemn converse was when she stood, with mind clear and unclouded, "on the rock of the shore of death," and, though heart and flesh were failing, she said, with animated cheerfulness, "It is all light now. The dread of suffering is gone. My blessed Saviour has given me the victory; I am ready, and waiting to go. I love you all. I love our work. This labor of love has been blessed to me *personally*, more than I can express. It brings pleasant memories in these last days of life. Since knowing my work was so near done, I have tried to enlist others to fill my place. I want you to give for me a parting kiss to the loved ones of our band. Tell them we part only for a little time, soon we shall meet where all is love."

When next we saw this dear sister she was sleeping sweetly in Jesus, with flowers of snowy whiteness encircling her calm brow, and wreathed upon her casket, and the thought was impressed forcibly, "It is not death; what seems so is transition."

Her pastor, Rev. J. P. Thompson, who officiated at the funeral, after reading several beautifully-appropriate selections of Scripture, portrayed impressively her Christian life and character, as exhibited in her family, in the church, in her relations to the Home, etc., show-

ing that from childhood up, "by the grace of God, she was what she was."

* * * *

The following note was presented at our meeting, January 11th, written at Mrs. R.'s request, by an amanuensis.

"*Dear Mrs. Hawkins,*—The Master whom I have so feebly served, has laid me aside from earthly cares, and will soon call me to 'Come up higher.'

"My co-laborers at the Home are very dear to me, and our scheme of doing good seems very precious. I only regret that I have done so little for the unfortunate class committed to our charge.

"Bid the ladies for me an affectionate adieu, and tell them to be very faithful unto the end.

"Enclosed you will find a check for two hundred dollars, to aid you in the good work, and to show my dying interest in the noble cause in which we have been engaged.

"Very affectionately yours,

"ADELINE E. RANNEY.

"New York, Jan. 1st, 1865."

ENTERED INTO REST.

Communings angels never knew,
When soul met soul, and quick as light,
Earth's tenderest scenes passed in review,
While Heaven's own glories filled her sight:

But, ah, we may not pierce the veil!
'Mid shadows still 'tis ours to roam,
Of want and woe to hear the wail;
And yet we are not far from home.

Her finished course, her glorious rest,
May they a sweet reminder prove,
That, while the day lasts, 'tis most blest
To work in fields of Christian love.

Departed this life, at Plainfield, N. J., Mrs. Rebecca McComb, March 31st, 1870, in the 95th year of her age. A sudden attack of pneumonia closed her eyes upon earthly scenes. Three days before her death—her last Sabbath—she was able to take her meals as usual with her children and grand-children, exhibiting her accustomed cheerfulness. The next Sabbath was her first in heaven. Her last hours were peaceful, evincing perfect resignation and calm trust in Jesus. Her dying message to several of her absent loved ones, was, "Meet me in heaven."

She was the first-named in the list of our Vice-Presidents, the most advanced in age of our number, and the last survivor but one of the little company who organized the A. F. G. Society in 1834, the "dear eldest sister of our band." It was ever a delight to see her sweet, placid face at our meetings, and to hear her voice in prayer and well-timed counsels; and though

her removal from the city, and increasing age, have for years deprived us of her personal presence, the memory of her earnest, loving spirit will never cease to linger about the Committee-room and the Chapel at the Home. She was one of the few who command involuntarily the veneration and love of all. She lived to an advanced age with unimpaired faculties, blessing her home with her gentle and affectionate disposition to the very hour of her departure. We listen with a sacred joy beside her newly-opened grave to the voice from heaven, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

Her remains are laid in Greenwood, with those of several members of our Executive Committee, whom she has doubtless joined in the employments and praises of "that city, whose builder and Maker is God."

IN MEMORIAM.

Not "the valley and the shadow," but "the victory,"—
Last words of MRS. E. S. EATON.

* * * * *

We rejoice in thy joy that earth's conflicts are o'er,
Thy bark safely moored on the ever-green shore;
That "the valley and shadow" from fear were made free,
While Jesus our Lord, gave "the victory" to thee.

Those meetings and greetings beyond the dark stream!
What praises! what rapture! how blest must they seem,
And then, to see Jesus, and with Him abide,
And never, no never, depart from His side!

Ever lovely in life, and still lovely in death,
Not long are we severed—for life is a breath—
May a spirit like thine be with us who stay,
Till the voice of the Saviour shall call us away.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

Died, at Washington, D. C., May 8th, 1868,
Mrs. Elizabeth Selden Eaton, wife of Brevet
Major-General Amos B. Eaton, Commissary
General of Subsistence, U. S. Army. The
funeral services took place at the house of her
son, Prof. Daniel C. Eaton, of Yale College, at
New Haven, Conn., on Sunday, the 10th, con-
ducted by Rev. Dr. L. Bacon.

Mrs. Eaton was born at Lyme, in the State of
Conn., April 18th, 1796, and was the third of the
six children of Calvin and Phebe Selden. In her
youth she was very sober-minded, thoughtful
and studious, and early in life became convinced
of the truth of the Christian religion. In 1818
she was married to Joseph Spencer, a young
man of rare talent, a graduate of Yale College,
of the Class of 1811. He resided at Rochester,
and died in Albany, in 1823,—a State Senator,—

leaving one daughter, bearing her mother's name, who is still living. Mrs. Spencer, soon after this bereavement, made a public profession of her faith, and since then, for more than forty years, has been a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus.

She was married to General (then Lieut.) Eaton, at Rochester, in 1831. Mrs. Eaton's position in life gave her unusual opportunities to do good, and testimony is abundant that wherever located for a season, there she sought and found a field of Christian usefulness. When mingling in society the most fashionable, exalted or worldly, she was always known as the truly Christian woman; meekly yet firmly standing up for Jesus, and by all the force of a consistent example, recommending Him to others.

In the great revivals of more than thirty years ago, and subsequently, she learned how to bear up the burden of souls by believing prayer, and gained the assurance of hope by so abiding in Christ as the branch abides in the vine. She shrank from no duty however self-denying, if by its performance she might benefit the needy or the perishing. Since having passed her three-score years and ten, many have been made glad by her active labors in the prison and hospitals of Washington and elsewhere, and her pen, too,

has indicated that her moral and spiritual strength were unabated.

While residing in New York, more than twenty years since, she became a member of the Board of Managers of the A. F. G. Society, also of its Ex. Committee. Her whole heart became enlisted in the work, and she gave to it her counsels, prayers and efficient services, both in its seasons of prosperity, and also its severest trials and darkest days. We shall never forget an incident that occurred in 1845, when a severe ordeal was to be met by the Society. A large number of Auxiliaries and friends had been called to meet in the old Brick Church chapel. Delegations from kindred societies were also expected. It was known that a strong effort would be made to sustain the right on the one side, and the wrong on the other.

Some time before the audience had convened, Mrs. E. was present, comprehending very fully that on the decisions of the day might rest the whole future of the Society, its continued success or utter defeat. On learning of certain developments, she remarked to a friend, "I feel that nothing but prayer will save us to-day. Is there no place where I can go and be alone? my heart is so burdened." A closet was improvised in a corner of the chapel, and kneeling there,

unseen, for a long hour, she wrestled as did Jacob, and prevailed as did Israel. When the exercises were about to commence, she left this place of hallowed communion for her seat upon the platform, her tearful face radiant with hope and trust. The day decided for the right, and proved a way-mark where more than one had occasion to raise anew their Ebenezer.

This instance is but one of many, and is named simply to illustrate the strong faith exercised by this dear sister in cases of emergency.

In founding the Home for the Friendless, Mrs. E. was one of the most efficient helpers. Her name stands in its charter on the list of incorporators, and in all the important gatherings of the Society for many years, she bore an important part.

After going from New York to San Francisco she was enabled there to aid in organizing a similar enterprise, and one of the best institutions now in that growing city, ascribes its origin mainly to her agency. A Christian friend from that section, recently remarked to us, that so long as the city should exist, Mrs. E.'s name would be gratefully associated with the "House of Protection."

The later years of her life have left traces of

usefulness down to the period that severe illness precluded further effort, and, when she could only serve by patient waiting, her quiet, filial trust, was very beautiful.

On Sunday, May 3d, being convinced that her time was short, she wrote farewell letters to her two absent children. She contemplated the closing scene with perfect cheerfulness, and when it was manifestly very near, expressed a wish to hear some passages of scripture. The 23d Psalm was read as far as, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," when she exclaimed "Not that, read about the victory." The reading was changed to "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory," etc., when she said with a smile full of heaven—"Yes, that is it, Thanks be to God who giveth the victory!" A little later her husband inquired, "Are you in any pain?" "No." "Is it all peace with you?" "Yes." She spoke no more, but was evidently perfectly conscious, and full of joy in the Lord, till she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

* * * *

MRS. ANN CURTIS RANNEY.

The subject of this brief notice, passed away serenely to her Heavenly home, in the most

intelligent and confident assurance of spirit, on Thursday, the 23d of February, 1871. Few such scenes of Christian dying are vouchsafed to mortals. All her life long she had been a slave to the fear of death, but when the time of her departure came, she chided herself for submitting to this bondage at all, and felt that death was as the coming of a friend to convey her home to her Lord.

Mrs. Ranney was born in the state of Vermont, and in her youth, received that nervous, earnest and thorough training, peculiar to the schools and social life of New England. Indeed, thoroughness in whatever she undertook, was one of the most marked characteristics of her nature and habits. The writer of these lines, has seen and mingled with thousands of Christ's servants in the various fields of benevolent, humanitarian and Christian toil, but has never seen or known one in whom such quickness of thought and movement, such transparency of motive and act, such self-sacrificing and constant zeal in the work of God, blended, and all these qualities were governed by a practical intelligence that was as natural and prompt as instinct.

The secret of her great success in her benevolent work, may be found in a very tender heart and a marked nearness to God in private

devotion. So that in domestic life, in her church relations, in the responsible positions which she assumed in our public charities, she was perpetually planning and executing some beneficial enterprise, some movement to secure the glory of God, and the making of those about her happy.

The Home for the Friendless has suffered a great loss in her removal from its active membership. As a manager she was ever found at her post of duty, filling all the responsible positions to which her compeers assigned her, with wonderful alacrity and success. The poor and the lowly found in her, at all times, a friend full of sympathy, with a willing hand of help. The wealthy were among her tenderest friends and coadjutors in all her schemes of love, and because kindness was the law of her being, all who came within the circle of her influence, rich or poor, young or old, all loved her.

Her last illness was contracted in her efforts to relieve a sick widow and her fatherless ones. It was most severe and distressing, but she endured it with perfect resignation to her Saviour's will, and when it became apparent to herself that her work was done on earth, her last moments were spent in sending the most lucid and loving greetings and assurances of oneness

to and with those, in whose company she had toiled so long and so successfully, both in her own church-fellowship and in the bonds of holy labor elsewhere.

In the prime of her life, in the tide of her influence and blessing, she has been taken from her glorious harvest-field, to her more glorious reward. Her work was well done. Throngs of mourners followed her to the tomb, and among them, not a few of the children of the poor. The scene was very touching. Her funeral reminded the writer of the words of the Scriptures, concerning Dorcas, "This woman was full of good works, and of alms which she did. And it came to pass in those days that she was sick and died. * * And all the widows stood by weeping, and showing coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Mrs. Ranney was a member of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and at her funeral, her pastor, Rev. Dr. Armitage, to whose ministry she was deeply devoted, paid a loving and truthful tribute of pastoral affection to her memory, and of affliction in her loss. She leaves a most stricken home, but her idolized husband and children are firmly sustained by the same reigning grace which carried this "elect lady" through the death-shade in triumph. May our gentle

Lord shield the broken home, and heal their
broken hearts in the day of their bitter chastise-
ment.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. A. C. RANNEY.

She heard the Master's call
To that chill couch of pain,
The widow and the fatherless
Made not their plea in vain.

She braved the blinding storm,
And from that room, so cold
Removed the inmates each and all
To a safe sheltering fold.

Then in her own dear home,
With sunny face she stood,
And felt the sweet, unuttered bliss,
The joy of doing good.

No human skill could save,
Nor tenderest human love,
For Christ had come to take His own,
To brighter realms above.

We mourn, but murmur not ;
She lives to die no more ;
And ministries of love will bear,
From that far Shining Shore.

MRS. M. A. HAWKINS.

Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, for some thirty-five years President of the American Female Guardian Society, and five years honorary President, departed this life March 1st, 1874.

While to her it was infinite "gain to die," to her kindred, friends and this Society her removal hence was an irreparable loss. Very dear is her memory to survivors, very precious and salutary her excellent counsels, and very lovely Christian example, living and dying.

Her husband preceded her to the spirit-world just one week, having been ill with pneumonia but a brief period. * * * Some twenty-two years she was a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism and its complications, a disease that was nearing its last stage when her faithful companion was suddenly removed.

During this last week her mind was not only tranquil, but joyful in God her Saviour. All His dealings were just right, she would not have had anything changed. The filial utterance of her soul was, "Thy will be done!"

When a friend present referred to her late severe bereavement, she said, "Yes, but it was better that he should go first, for I could meet the trial best, so many kind, dear friends are still around me; and then, when my husband was

taken away, I seemed to fall right into the arms of Jesus, and he is bearing me on gently and safely through the dark waters."

Amid the severest sufferings there was apparent only the sweetest submission. Her faith did not waver for an instant, and her peace was indeed like a river. On Saturday it was supposed she would not survive through the night, but when the Sabbath dawned she revived again, and though death was doing its work, she was able to converse at intervals, with perceptions still clear and strong. * * *

Looking up, she said, "This is my husband's first Sabbath in Heaven. Will I spend a part of it with him? I hope so."

Several nephews and nieces, tenderly beloved, were standing near, she desired them to come around her bed—" *This blessed death-bed,*" she once and again called it. Then addressing them all as her children, she gave, in broken accents, the most touching farewell words.

After an interval, she expressed the wish to be left alone with the writer—and now came our last interview this side the river. Near forty years had passed of cordial Christian fellowship, in sorrow and in joy, in a common work. The silent review was made here, close on the verge of Heaven. "To grace alone, be the praise,"

she said, "for anything accomplished—you know how to say for me what I feel.—I want you in doing so, to thank every fellow-helper—I love them all." * * *

Other loving, broken utterances were made, as strength allowed, while it was manifest the soul was reposing in the arms of Infinite Love.

Such was the sweetly-closing scene of earthly intercourse. When night came she slept in Jesus—and who can doubt it—awoke in his likeness. A wide circle weep her loss, while they rejoice in her joy. Precious sister! When shall we see her like again.

A brief account of her life and labors, having been recently published by the A. F. G. Society in a small volume, entitled "Wrought Gold," the reader is referred to that record, for further statements respecting one eminently worthy to be held in lasting and most grateful remembrance. Her face, so life-like, will also be found there,—having been engraved for that volume. It seems fitting that it should appear too with this memorial, as this work has been prepared at her own special request, made near the close of life, and records no important achievement in which, by counsel or otherwise, she did not bear a part.

The likeness of Mrs. Prior (see page 453) was also in hand, having long had its place in





Eng. by F. H. H. from the original portrait.

As ever yours
M. A. Hawkins

“Walks of Usefulness.” With that of Mrs. H——, it is used here thus to represent to stranger readers, two of the first founders of the work. The desire to place other faces, with the respective reminiscences, was cherished for a time, but as a correct likeness of each and all could not now be obtained, this purpose was relinquished.

“What is death? To sleep in Jesus,
 When this weary strife is o'er;
 And to sorrows, sins, diseases,
 Never to awaken more!

Safe from every care and anguish,
 Leaning on the Saviour's breast,—
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Parish Musings.

IN MEMORIAM.

Again we have occasion to record the departure, from our ranks, of a tried, faithful and beloved sister. Mrs. Dr. A. S. Ball, of New York city, is the happy name just added to the company “beyond the flood.” On the 22d of April, she left us, and “was not, for God took her.” Ready for her departure she received the summons with a smile, and rose to meet her Lord.

Mrs. Ball came into the Society in its second year, young, not remarkably vigorous, but full of energy and Christian devotion. She early became one of the Executive Committee, where she served the cause faithfully for fifteen years, when her name was transferred to the list of Vice Presidents, leaving her free for extra and special service. For a long period she was one of the most efficient of the Nursery Committee, bringing to that department of the work all the wisdom and practical assistance, which, as a physician's wife, a mother, and one experienced with invalid children, she could command. Her invaluable aid in that branch of the work is often spoken of as a delightful memory among us.

Until within a few years, Mrs. Ball has been an active helper at the Home, and when at length laid aside by ill health, still maintained a lively interest in all the details of the work.

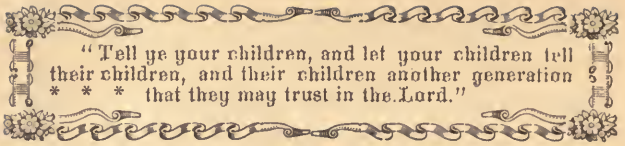
Her sick-room, to which she was confined for several months, is said by one of her associates, who was a frequent visitor, to have been a most cheerful spot. But for the manifest illness of the principal occupant, no one would have suspected it of being the place of suffering. She never talked of herself or her ailments, but when asked concerning her health, answered as briefly as

possible, and turned the conversation to the welfare of others.

Her funeral was like the entrance way to Heaven. It seemed as if the gate of pearl stood open, and the out-beaming glory irradiated the house. There lay the mortal remains of the affectionate wife, the devoted mother, the sweet friend, the faithful Christian, asleep in Jesus. The words that were spoken by her pastor, the prayers and hymns were but as praise to God for a lovely life, a triumphant death, and a crown of glory won, all through the merits of a loved and trusted Saviour.

Such a life to live, such a death to die, and such a portion to inherit as our sister's, each and all of us may well desire.

“Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
We soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.”



"Tell ye your children, and let your children tell
their children, and their children another generation
* * * that they may trust in the Lord."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love.
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

Lyra Germanica.

DURING the Fourth decade of the Society, a Board of some fifty Managers, an Executive Committee of eleven, a dozen School Committees of three to eight, Visiting, Dorcas, House, Shelter, and Employment Aid Committees, etc, many of whom have given large voluntary service, and free will offerings, have from week to week, and year to year engaged in this Christian labor, devoting to its interests an amount of time, and self-denying effort that may not be computed.

The reference made in the following paragraph, to a single year of similar work, by one familiar with its details, would apply equally to our review of the decade under consideration.

“As we look back, we seem to have brought before us day by day the most ghastly wounds and diseases of society. Intemperance, Poverty, and Crime in all its protean forms, women abandoning their children, children fleeing from cruelty and vice in their parents: parents without work, heartless and heart-broken, giving up to strangers their little ones; Christian parents about to die, committing their babes trustingly to Christian care; children houseless, children forsaken, cold and hungry, and ill clad; children the offspring of crime, of drunkenness, of beggary, and shame; children who live on the streets, who peddle, or beg, who sell themselves for a living, and who plunder the public; children desperate, unhappy, outcast, scarred with sufferings, without friends, without God in the world. These are the sad processions that come up to us as we think over the labors of any single year.”

But the record is not all dark. Changes full of hope and promise for just such cases, and just such children, are scattered through the weeks, days and years.

"As they are, and as they were," are strongly in contrast, and the review and the outlook bring a present reward for all the toil and care.

A phase of our work that has ever been of special interest, is that of the personal visitation of homes where our children are placed, either before or after they are permanently located. They go to foster-parents or guardians, always on trial, and remain on conditions pre-arranged and deemed mutually satisfactory. It is of vital importance that these conditions be met. If domestic changes occur, so conflicting with the welfare of the child as to require removal, the transfer must be made, through the stated visitor or otherwise.

A few extracts only may be given from recent reports from this department. Facts of special interest, as in other details cited, are withheld for local reasons.

FOSTER-PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

A large majority of our children are happily located; hundreds, indeed, of lonely, orphaned, and worse than orphaned little ones, have been transplanted to loving hearts and homes, forming new ties which are a continuous joy in the household.

"Nor is the advantage wholly on one side.

Higher and nobler feelings are developed in the hearts of foster-parents than they would ever have shown, if they had not taken upon themselves the care of a friendless little one.

“ ‘Why did you want to add to your cares by taking a little child?’ we asked a gentle woman, who is honoring her aged parents by caring for them in old age. ‘Why? Because I wanted to do some good, and thought God required it of me. When M. first came, she was sick, and needed constant care for many weeks, but we never for a moment regretted taking her, and would not part with her now for all we are worth.’

“ ‘We never knew what true happiness was, until we adopted A.,’ said a father, as he gathered his little three-year-old daughter in his arms.

“ ‘When I first saw C. at the Home,’ said another, ‘she was sick and unattractive; and when the lady in charge asked me if I did not want to take her to my country home, and save her life, I shrank from the task. I had gone for a pretty, healthy little one, but that night I could not sleep. Something seemed to say I must take that sick child. I rose from my bed, and on my knees asked God for direction, and promised, if it was His will, to take her. I slept

sweetly then till morning, when, gaining a reluctant consent from my husband, I took C. home. She was sick many months, and owing to some weakness of her limbs, did not walk until near four years old; but now look at her!' It was difficult to believe that the bright, healthy girl of thirteen years, and the sickly little child, were one and the same. 'But come, hear her sing, and play on the piano,' interrupted the father, to whom the singing of a Jenny Lind would not be half so sweet.

"'No; M. has never caused me a moment's needless anxiety. She is always as gentle as you see her now, has high principles, is a good student, always content with what she has.' * *

"It was a pleasant, sunshiny day when we called on Mrs. H., who had recently taken L., a poor, neglected child, but bright withal, now happy in this country home, with 'all of us to love her;' said her mother. 'I could not have had one to suit me better. L. has a strong religious feeling, remarkable in a child of her years.' In answer to a question, the child said, 'I prayed to God to send me a good home, and He did. My grandmother said I must take everything to God in prayer, and so I do.'

"Many of our boys are also making homes happy, and are the pride and comfort of their

parents. We recall one whose educational advantages have been limited, but who is spending every spare hour after farm-work is done, educating himself, reading history, ancient and modern, looking forward to his majority, when he is determined in some way to study law. We have no fears for his future."

An average of more than five thousand miles per annum, are traveled in summer's heat and winter's cold, in visiting, locating and transferring the Home children, for whose welfare the Managers ever feel measurably responsible. Thus, in some cases, the sympathy and good counsel, needed and appreciated, are given both to parents, guardians and children, in others errors are corrected, and known duty more faithfully performed.

FEARS DISPELLED.

It had been suggested, early in the Third Decade, as our Schools began to increase, that the claims of the outside schools might tend to withdraw the attention of managers from the daily pressing needs of the Institution and its many beneficiaries, and thus a serious loss be incurred.

So it seemed to some in the beginning, and every new enlargement was commenced with a

degree of solicitude better felt than expressed. But the result feared has not occurred. True, all who have had a mind to the work, have found much to do, but most valuable assistance has been often rendered, school-wise, and otherwise, by outside voluntary helpers. Many not connected with the Society have devoted time, and influence and heart to this service, that in several instances has been instrumental in making these labors a large success.

The Home-work, meantime, being carefully appointed and supervised, has moved on unembarrassed.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Very great encouragement has been afforded by the new and effective agencies, that have from time to time entered some portion of this wide field.

[A few bogus charities, borrowing the name of the true so much as to mislead and do injury, have sometimes found a place before the public, for a brief period; but they have been as one to many, and, like the counterfeit bill, soon detected and put aside.] Some, too, may have seemed ill advised, but in all *good enterprises*, and they have been many, we have recognized the hand of divine Providence, and the love of the Good

Shepherd for the lambs of the fold. Among these, none have been regarded by us as more opportune than the recent organization of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Children, now located on Fourth Avenue, corner of 17th Street. Its leading officers being gentlemen of commanding influence, have already secured laws for the protection of the helpless, that are saving many little ones from wrong and outrage, and proving a terror to evil-doers.

The change in public sentiment—a change for which we have so long labored through the press and otherwise, relative to the early care and training of neglected childhood, as being the best possible measure for the prevention of vice and crime—has prepared the way for the modification of existing laws, and the enactment of others necessary for the effectual prosecution of the good work. And, to the honor of our Legislators, be it said, their recent action in this regard, has made it much more practicable than formerly to seek and save the lost, to bridge the moral chasm between peril and safety, danger and protection, rescue and ruin.

By this timely aid, a door of hope has been opened to thousands who had else groped onward in darkness and despair.

IMPROVED LEGISLATION.

The new law in our State, removing children, between the ages of three and fifteen years, from Alms-house supervision, and its immoral influence, also removing the brand of the pauper from the innocent and helpless, will correct evils for which humanity had vainly sought redress. While we rejoice in this moral advance, we also recognize the fact that, prospectively, the work of those who are placing the homeless in worthy families for right, Christian nurture, will be largely increased. May the many in our wide land, who are called of God to receive and train these children for Him, be divinely prepared for this service, its arduous duties, and lasting rewards.

WORK AND AID OF AUXILIARIES, ETC.

"Life-Members," "Auxiliary Societies," "Juvenile Circles of Industry," "Busy Bees," "I'll try Bands," and benevolent associations variously designated, have been the constant, untiring helpers of this charity, through the long period since its beginning. Every child or adult, every faithful Christian worker, who has invested little or much in funds, toil or influence in this enterprise, with right motives, may read

in the divine record, "God is not unrighteous to forget your labor of love;" also, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

These kind helpers have been scattered from Maine to California, from Canada to the Pacific Isles, but moved by the same spirit, constrained by the love of Christ and His poor, their offerings have flowed together to one common centre, and from thence have accomplished their mission.

The aggregate of parcels, large and small, containing clothing, provision and sundry supplies, received from this source since the Home was established, has averaged some seven hundred and twenty-five packages per annum. The yearly increase has been very large, and yet has not exceeded the demand. Thus the daily wants of the Home family, and the pressing needs of the Schools, and worthy poor in the families they represent, in all sections of the city, have been largely met.

The stated Visitors, who investigate before giving, have also been enabled to relieve many thousands of the sick and destitute in their hour of extreme need.

The correspondence held with these fellow-helpers all abroad, has extended the circulation

of the *Advocate*, opened doors for the children, enlisted new friends, and strengthened the bond of Christian union between those belonging to the household of faith, irrespective of denominational differences.

FINANCES.

After the financial crisis of 1871, the Board were again compelled to resort to a loan upon the Home premises, in order to keep up the different agencies in progress, and avoid the alternative of disbanding some of its Schools, or otherwise curtailing the work. Urged by the serious aspects of retrogression, and the assurance that relief would come in the future as in the past, they were led to appeal to the Legislature, not for temporary aid, as at first, but for a small annual appropriation, which—with the usual donations, and occasional bequests to be expected—it was believed, would prevent the pressure so often felt during certain seasons of the year.

The fact that the City is in receipt of a large annual revenue, known as "The Excise Fund,"—received for permitting the sale of spirituous liquors—that 7,000 drinking saloons are licensed, and so encouraged in their vile traffic that some \$40,000,000 annually are spent in their support,

suggested the simple justice of soliciting an appropriation from this fund, or otherwise, to feed and clothe the neglected, hungry children of the drunkard, each of whom adds his quota to the \$40,000,000 above named, leaving his own innocent little ones to beg or starve.

A memorial and petition were sent to the Legislature of 1872, fully endorsed by the Board of Counselors of the Society and other well-known gentlemen of influence, asking the proposed annuity. (See Appendix.)

Before the close of the Session an Act securing the appropriation solicited, was passed by the Legislature, signed by the Executive, and became a law.

By the passage of this Act the Society was enabled to cancel its indebtedness, and has since that period—now over five years—been able to continue and extend its work without embarrassment.

LIFE-MEMBERS.

The whole number of Life-Members enrolled in the Society, has been five thousand, two hundred and two.

The business department of the Society is mainly self-sustaining.

Donations only are needed for its benevolent work.

The aggregate receipts paid into the treasury from the business department, at one period—extending to near a quarter of a century—were sufficient to pay the expenses of the same, also of one or two other departments, indispensable to the work.

The whole number of children and adults received at the Home, up to December 31st, 1876, has been twenty-two thousand, eight hundred and fifty-eight.

Of this number it is but just to say, that most of those legally surrendered to the Society, who have attained their majority, have proved a credit to the Institution, to themselves, and their foster-parents and guardians. For a large proportion of these, the Home has originated moral transformations of inestimable value.

The whole number of children who have shared the benefits of its Industrial Schools, during the last ten years alone, has been—as registered—thirty-nine thousand, four hundred and forty-one. The earlier statistics would doubtless increase the number to over fifty thousand—but being incomplete are omitted.

The number of children in our Schools the past year, has been six thousand and seventy-six.

The physical and moral instruction given them, would never have been received in their prayerless homes, and there is good reason to believe, that very many among these thousands have been thus kept from sin and suffering, and led to choose the path of safety.

The whole number of beneficiaries aided the past year, as shown by the daily records, has been twenty-seven thousand, nine hundred and five.

As we compare the aspects of the work, and its outlook during its first and last Decade, the difference is, indeed, marvelous.

THEN AND NOW.

Then the brand of the pauper marred the brow of innocent childhood, bereft and friendless, and the immoral training of the city-street, or pauper's home, was its early heritage.

Now uncounted numbers unite in grateful thanks for the Christian love, that through many combined agencies, has changed this sad moral picture.

Then a small band of Christian women were laboring unitedly to reach and save a few of the perishing. Means were limited, obstacles many, and deeply discouraging. Often they might have been seen wending their way to the

stated weekly meeting, feeling that the very houses frowned upon them, in the streets through which they passed.

Now, those whom death has not taken of this little band, with a large company of younger co-laborers, have been privileged once and again at their recent Anniversaries, to stand in the house of God, and listen to the glad songs of a thousand child-beneficiaries, while smiles of gladness on every hand, have made their work joyous.

Then they were without a charter, and so crippled in resources that the way indeed looked dark.

Now, the silver and the gold—which are the Lord's—have been so directed by the unseen Hand, that the Society have been set in a large place, enabled to plan and execute, and, as a rule, "owe no man anything."

Then they were without any safe place for the many orphaned and homeless coming to their notice, save their own dwellings.

Now they have a Home and Schools for such, where hundreds find food, shelter, care, counsel and protection.

Then the two classes—foster-parents, and adopted children, were comparatively unknown.

Now, were it possible to bring together the

entire number of these two classes entered upon our records, the largest audience hall to be found, would scarce contain them.

Then Homes for the Friendless were wholly unknown in this land, or any other.

Now they have a place among the prominent charities of all our principal cities, also in the hearts of those most ready to respond to the precept, "Feed my lambs."

The Society now own its Home for the Friendless on 30th Street, its Home Chapel on 29th Street, its Rose Memorial School building on 41st Street, also two dwellings on 33d Street, and Tompkins Street, appropriated to school purposes—all of which are free from debt.

NO ENDOWMENT.

Meantime the Institution has no endowment—from which to draw supplies for an average Home-family of one hundred to one hundred and fifty—for its Schools, numbering eleven, and its outside beneficiaries, numbering the last year twenty-seven thousand, nine hundred and five.

But, thanks to the Infinite Giver, that it has a resting place for *faith*, in the bright memories of the past, in the prayers of its rescued children, and the confidence and sympathy of its many friends; and more than all, for the assurance that

He, whose servants are "only stewards," and who hath the hearts of all in His hands, will still bless and prosper the work "For the love that is in it," so long as it shall be laid upon His altar, and its mission performed alone as unto Him.

With the eye of faith turned lovingly to this Infinite Friend of the friendless, in the review of "all the way that He hath led us," may not the heart of every worker utter with humble gratitude—"Not unto us, but to thy name be praise."

REMEMBER THE WAY.

Not ours but Thine, this Mission to the lowly;
 Not sought and chosen with an earth-born aim,
 But with a purpose sacred, true and holy;
 And Thine the inspiration whence it came.

Weak and unskilled, they saw not the dim "morrrows,"
 Those early laborers—which for them must come,
 Their hearts were touched with sight of human sorrows,
 And moral blight, where childhood had no home.

Through shadowed days, when scarce the "silver lining"
 Could be perceived, skirting the clouds afar,
 They wrought, as woman may, till the clear shining
 Beamed in the distance, like the morning star.

There was an unseen Hand, they felt its guiding,
 Felt they were nothing, and His grace was all,
 That they, all weakness, in this grace confiding,
 Might plan, achieve and reach the distant goal.

* 'Twas grace upheld, when "faint," but "yet pursuing,"
 Grace in life's morning, grace in its decline,
 'Tis only grace has crowned the work with blessing,
 May all give praise alone to grace divine.

APPENDIX.

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS.—1877-8

PRESIDENT.—MRS. CHARLES C. NORTH.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Mrs. H. E. Brown, N. Y.	Mrs. Dr. Duffield, Pa.
“ J. M. Hubbard, N. J.	“ Henry Mather, N. Y.
“ Rev. J. Dowling, N. Y.	“ Henry Rose, N. Y.
“ S. J. Goodenough, N. Y.	“ Amherst Wight, N. Y.
“ H. T. Sedgwick, N. Y.	“ T. C. Fanning, N. Y.
“ John D. Willard, N. Y.	“ Douglass Putnam, Ohio.
“ E. J. Newbery, Mass.	“ Rebecca Collins, N. Y.
“ W. C. Gildersleeve, Pa.	“ E. C. Benedict, N. Y.

SECRETARIES.

Mrs. S. R. I. Bennett, Cor. Sec. Mrs. Harris Wilson, Rec. Sec.
Mrs. S. M. Ambler, Visiting Sec.

TREASURER.—MRS. S. A. Stone.

AUDITORS.

A. Merwin, Alfred Edwards.

BOARD OF COUNSELORS.

Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D.,	Rev. J. Dowling, D. D.,
“ Dr. Ormiston,	Mr. C. C. North,
Stephen Smith, M. D.	“ Francis P. Schoals,
Hon. Edgar Ketcham,	“ Albon P. Man,
Stephen Cutter,	“ Joseph F. Joy.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. C. C. North,	Mrs. G. P. Brush,
“ R. M. Buchanan,	“ W. A. Harris,
“ Harris Wilson,	“ Wm. Dunning.
“ James Bayles,	“ B. Brown,
“ J. F. Joy,	“ D. P. Ingraham,
	Mrs. J. A. Bennett.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

Mrs. J. C. Angell,	Mrs. J. A. Bennett,
“ G. P. Brush,	“ Wm. Hubby,
“ James Bayles,	“ S. M. Hyde,
“ R. M. Buchanan,	“ Wm. A. Harris,
“ J. W. Baker,	“ J. C. Sproul,
“ G. H. Irwin,	“ D. P. Ingraham,
“ Dr. Stephen Smith,	“ John Romer,
“ J. Holmes Maghee,	“ Richard Stout,
“ J. Wisner,	“ S. P. White,
“ Wm. F. Runk,	Miss Louisa Weed,
“ Thomas Veitch,	“ C. Brett,
“ J. F. Joy,	Mrs. J. P. Cummings,
“ J. Journeay,	“ Eugene Chauvet,
“ W. H. Dunning,	“ Lewis E. Jackson,
“ Peter Donald,	Miss Julia Van Voorst,
Miss E. Burling,	“ C. Lynes,
Mrs. Rev. W. S. Mikels,	Mrs. Dr. Barlow,
“ Bart. Brown,	“ E. H. Bennett,
“ Stephen Cutter,	“ C. E. White,
“ Dr. H. C. Houghton,	“ H. I. Bookstaver,
“ G. B. Watts,	“ Allan Hay.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN,

Edited by Mrs. S. R. I. Bennett, from 1842 to 1867, inclusive—twenty-five years.—From 1867 to 1877, by Mrs. Helen E. Brown—present Editor.

See page VI of Appendix.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

HOME SCHOOL, 29 E. 29th St.—*Principal*, Mrs. L. B. Ely.

Com.—Mrs. H. Wilson, Mrs. R. Collins,
Mrs. Dr. S. Smith.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NO. 1, Home Chapel, 29 E. 29th St.
Principal, Mrs. L. B. Ely.

Com.—Mrs. J. Bayles, Mrs. G. R. Watts,
“ R. M. Buchanan, “ J. A. Bennett,
“ E. Chauvet, Miss C. Lynes,
“ T. W. Runk, Mrs. E. H. Bennett,

- H. I. S. No. 2, (Rose Memorial,) 418 W. 41st St., near 9th Av.
Principal, Mrs. E. A. Smith.
- Com.*—Mrs. J. P. Cummings, Mrs. Samuel Hyde,
 “ B. Brown, Miss C. Brett,
 “ T. Veitch, Mrs. Henry Rose,
 “ Marion C. Lawson, “ Knapp,
 “ G. H. Irwin, Miss H. Bement,
- H. I. S. No. 3, 165 W. 26th St., near 7th Av.
Principal, Miss M. B. Hardcastle.
- Com.*—Mrs. E. Chauvet, Mrs. W. H. Dunning,
 “ J. W. Baker, “ Wm. Hubby,
- H. I. S. No. 4, 15 Tompkins St., near Broome.
Principal, Miss M. Keyser,
- Com.*—Mrs. S. M. Ambler, Mrs. John Wiser,
 “ Dr. H. C. Houghton, “ Stephen Cutter,
 Miss Julia Van Voorst.
- H. I. S. No. 5, 244 W. 33d St.
Principal, Miss L. Gaylord.
- Com.*—Mrs. P. Donald, Mrs. H. S. Bookstaver,
 “ D. P. Ingraham “ Alex. McLean,
 Miss E. Burling, “ C. Van Wagenen,
 Mrs. Wm. Hubby, “ M. Montgomery,
 Mrs. C. Suydam.
- H. I. S., No. 6, corner of Broadway and 55th St.
Principal, Miss E. Wells,
- Com.*—Mrs. J. Romer, Mrs. J. Holmes Maghee,
 “ W. A. Harris, “ J. Journeay,
 Mrs. J. F. Joy.
- H. I. S. No. 7, 76th St., between 2d and 3d Avs.
Principal, Miss I. Sprunt.
- Com.*—Mrs. R. M. Buchanan, Mrs. Allan Hay,
 “ J. Bayles, “ W. T. Runk,
 “ Edwin H. Bennett, “ W. S. Lyon,
 Mrs. D. P. Ingraham.
- H. I. S. No. 8, 161 Tenth Avenue.
Principal, Miss M. S. Bowron,
- Com.*—Mrs. G. P. Brush, Mrs. W. H. Dunning,
 “ J. W. Baker, “ S. P. White,
 “ Rev. W. S. Mikels, “ F. Wiley.
- H. I. S. No. 9, 335 E. 60th St.
Principal, Miss J. A. Van Nostrand.
- Com.*—Mrs. J. C. Sproul, Mrs. C. E. White,
 “ R. Stout, “ Daniel Hoffman.

H. I. S. No. 10, 125 Lewis St.

Principal, Mrs. E. A. Powers.

Com.—Mrs. J. C. Angell, Mrs. J. Journeay,
Miss L. M. Weed, “ S. L. Cutter,
Mrs. S. N. Hyde.

H. I. S. No. 11, corner 52d Street and Second Avenue.

Principal, Miss E. Sparks.

Com.—Mrs. J. F. Joy, Mrs. W. H. Dunning,
“ S. R. I. Bennett, “ L. E. Jackson,
Mrs. E. H. Bennett.

FINANCE.

Mrs. C. C. North, Mrs. S. A. Stone, Mrs. J. A. Bennett,
Mrs. W. H. Dunning.

NURSERIES AND SHELTER.

Mrs. J. C. Angell, Mrs. W. A. Harris, Miss M. L. Weed,
Mrs. J. A. Bennett.

DORCAS.

Mrs. S. A. Stone, Mrs. J. Romer, Mrs. G. P. Brush.

REPAIRS.

Mrs. J. Bayles, Mrs. S. A. Stone, Mrs. H. Wilson.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Mrs. W. H. Dunning, Mrs. R. M. Buchanan.

EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE.

Mrs. W. A. Harris, Mrs. J. A. Bennett,
“ H. C. Houghton, “ J. Journeay.

PUBLISHING AND PRINTING.

Mrs. S. R. I. Bennett, Mrs. J. Bayles,
“ S. A. Stone, “ H. E. Brown,
Mrs. B. Brown.

LOCATING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. H. Wilson, Mrs. C. C. North, Mrs. W. A. Harris.

HOUSE COMMITTEES.

June—Mrs. Brush, Mrs. T. Veitch,

July—Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Sproul,

August—Mrs. Chauvet, Mrs. Baylis.

September—Mrs. R. M. Buchanan, Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Runk.

October—Mrs. Smith, Miss Burling, Mrs. Cutter.

November—Mrs. Maghee, Mrs. Journeay, Mrs. Hay.

December—Mrs. Mikels, Mrs. Baker, Miss Van Voorst.

January—Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. C. E. White.

February—Mrs. Romer, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. E. H. Bennett.

March—Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Bookstaver.

April—Mrs. Wiser, Mrs. S. P. White, Miss Lynes.

May—Mrs. Hubby, Miss Brett, Mrs. Irwin.

AIMS OF THE AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY.

1st—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their Institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who, though prevented, by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knoweldge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute, respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc., at discretion; securing remunerative employment, as far as it may be obtained; and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pitfalls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

TESTIMONIALS.

The American Female Guardian Society are too well known, as individual ladies and in their associate relation, to require particular commendation. They have pursued, for many years, a most effectual system of true and permanent benevolence to the poor and neglected, especially of their own sex. They have erected buildings of a very substantial, though economical character, as a "Home for the Friendless," hundreds of whom have found there a blessed Christian and saving home. The place has proved to many, "None other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." The work grows in prosperity and in influence. Unlimited opportunities of usefulness are open before it. No association has higher claims of merit or practical success. * * * *

STEPHEN H. TYNG, Rector of St. George's Church.

We fully concur in the above:

THEOD. L. CUYLER, Pastor of Park Church, Brooklyn.

JOHN DOWLING, Pastor of South Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

W. R. WILLIAMS, Pastor of Amity Church, New York.

ISAAC FERRIS, Chancellor of New York University.

As members of the Board of Counselors, appointed by the Legislature, for the American Female Guardian Society, we have had much opportunity to observe its operations, and fully approve the wisdom and usefulness of its schemes and its efforts.

REV. S. H. TYNG, D. D.,

J. O. BENNETT,*

“ BISHOP JANES,*

FRANCIS P. SCHOALS.

“ G. B. CHEEVER, D. D.,

ALBON P. MAN, ESQ.,

J. A. H. BELL,

REV. J. DOWLING, D. D.,

ADON SMITH,*

C. C. NORTH.

May, 1860.

* Deceased.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

THE *Advocate and Guardian* is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and Home for the Friendless, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of twenty-three thousand.

The object of the Society and of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations—to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word to advocate “whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report.” The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

TERMS—\$1 per annum, in advance; \$7.50 for ten copies, enclosed in one wrapper, and sent to one address.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

I have been accustomed to read *The Advocate and Guardian* for several years, and with constant pleasure and approbation. The Home for the Friendless, whose interests it is intended to promote, is an institution of pure benevolence, and worthy the utmost confidence and the most liberal aid. This I say, from a continued observation of its character and operations, from its foundation.

STEPHEN H. TYNG,

Rector of St. George's Church, N. Y.

We cordially concur in this recommendation.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

JOSHUA LEAVITT.

JOS. P. THOMPSON.

JOHN DOWLING, D. D.

WROUGHT GOLD, A MODEL LIFE FOR CHRISTIAN
WORKERS.

From the Parish Visitor.—This volume is a memorial of the late Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, who was one of the founders of the Female Guardian Society, in 1834. In connection with this Society, and other kindred work, the life of Mrs. Hawkins, up to its close, presents an illustrious example of self-consecration. She gave all she had to her Lord and Saviour, and he, in turn, gave her the blessings of his love and presence, and honored her by a degree of influence and usefulness seldom attained by a Christian worker. We commend this book to our readers, that they may the better understand the origin, struggles, progress, and success of that most excellent institution—the Female Guardian Society. The work is well prepared, and its pages are enlivened by many facts and incidents of peculiar and touching interest.

From the Christian Intelligencer.—In this volume we have an affectionate memorial of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, who was for more than forty years an active, patient, and successful worker among the poor, degraded, and friendless classes in this city. It is full of encouragement for the noble and honorable women who are everywhere carrying the life of practical Christianity into the homes and hearts of the needy. Letters from Drs. Cuyler, Budington, and others, are given in testimony of the fruitful work of Mrs. Hawkins, and the sermon on her career, preached by the venerable Dr. Tyng, enriches the volume.

From the Christian at Work.—The volume before us is a record of her unshrinking devotion to duty, and of her unsparing and most successful efforts for the physical, social, mental, and spiritual elevation of her sex; and the example which it sets forth is one that will strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of all who are engaged in a like labor of love. The story of the life and labors and death of this godly woman is a very salutary one, and besides that it is exceedingly interesting.

From the Baptist Weekly.—A worthy tribute to a most lovely character, and will be read with interest by all who have the good of their fellow-men at heart.

Price \$1.00 plain binding, \$1.25 gilt. For Sale at 29 East 29th street, and at Bookstores generally.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS, OR REMINISCENCES
OF MRS. PRIOR.

From the New York Evangelist.—This is a very neatly-printed volume, containing in several brief narratives, the life and labors of a Christian Woman in private life, whose whole heart was filled with the noble purpose of doing good. The Memoir is prepared in a very interesting and readable form, by the editor of the Advocate, and will favorably compare, both in respect of subject and style, with the well-known life of Harlan Page.

From the New York Tribune.—This work is eminently needed at present, when our city is filled with cheap translations of the vilest French novels—works directly calculated to sap the foundations of all moral purity, and plunge the young especially into the depths of sensuality and pollution. It is a simple record of the labors and trials of a pure-minded woman, who, loving her Maker and her fellow beings, devoted many of the later years of her life to reclaiming the wandering, reproving the godless, visiting the afflicted and despairing, and commending to the hovels of wretchedness and vice, the requirements and consolations of the Gospel of Christ. This little work should be placed in every steamboat and school library.

From the Philadelphia Christian Observer.—This volume contains a record of the Christian labors and character of a mother in Israel. During the last few years of her life, it is believed that she was instrumental in the conversion of more than one hundred souls. This sketch of her active life exhibits an example of usefulness which commends itself to the consideration of Christians in every branch of the Church of Christ.

Price 75 cents. For Sale at 29 East 29th street, and at Bookstores generally.

MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York.

The Managers of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, 32 East 30th Street, New York, respectfully represent to your Honorable body, that this Institution has been in active operation for thirty-seven years, It embraces, at the present time a Home for the Friendless, with accommodations for the retention and care of 150 to 200 children and adults, eleven outside Home Industrial Schools, employing 22 teachers, with a yearly attendance of over 5,000 children from a class below the level of the public schools.

A large portion of the beneficiaries of the Society, both in its Home and Schools, are permanently rescued, by this agency, from pauperism and crime, and taught to live honestly by the work of their hands. 619,000 meals were given the last year to those connected with its schools and otherwise. Over 17,000 inmates have been received and sheltered in the Institution, since its erection, and more than 3,500 children provided with permanent homes. During an entire generation this Institution, having no endowment, has received an amount of self-sacrificing labor and benevolent aid second to no other. Toward the erection of, and removal of debt from its well-appointed buildings, the New York Legislature appropriated, in 1857 and 1860, the sum of \$20,000.

The Home has also shared in the usual provision for corporate schools. Its managers also acknowledge gratefully, that for several years, by recommendation of the commissioners of the State Board of Charities, who have visited and reported it favorably, the Home has received a portion of the legislative Charity fund, also an occasional appropriation from the tax levy or otherwise, the entire amount of which, for the last five years, has averaged \$6,856 per annum.

Meanwhile the average current expenses of the Institution for the same period, have been \$68,128 per annum, leaving aside from school-money secured by charter, over \$50,000 per annum to be supplied mainly by charitable contributions. This has been accomplished and the Institution kept free from incumbrance, until the present season. Owing to the disturbed condition of the city finances, the large diversion of gifts of the charitable to sufferers by Western Conflagrations etc., the Society has of late become so much embarrassed as to find it necessary to place a mortgage on its real estate, and in order to continue its usefulness, present and prospective, the need of further immediate aid seems imperative.

By reference to the State Laws of 1865, 1867 and 1871, Chapter 70, page 95, Chapter 163, page 248, and Chapter 130,

it may be seen that permanent appropriations are made to the Children's Aid Society, amounting in all to \$70,000 per annum. An act of the legislature has also long provided that \$110 per capita be appropriated to the New York Juvenile Asylum etc.

The Home for the Friendless being unsectarian, and having been doing effectively, and for a longer time, a work similar in kind and equally important, never asking State aid, except as a last resort, the friends of the enterprise to whom it has been ever most indebted, now feel that it is eminently worthy a similar Legislative provision per annum, as that awarded to the excellent institutions above named. And therefore the Board of Managers, Board of Counselors and other friends of the Society, do respectfully and earnestly,

PETITION.

your Honorable Body to pass an act in form as herewith submitted, to take effect immediately, whereby the sum of \$25,000 per annum shall be appropriated to this Institution for the furtherance of its work, and the general purposes prescribed by its charter.

February, 1872.

LEGACIES.

Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. Also by postponing the duty of making a will. By a law of this State a will is not valid in regard to charitable bequests, unless made two months previous to the death of the testator. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would bear in mind the above restriction and also use the following

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the Year 1849, the sum of \$——, to be applied for the benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their places of residence, and state that they signed the instrument at the request of the testator and in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

AN ACT

To Incorporate the American Female Guardian Society,
Passed April 6, 1849.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. From and after the passage of this act, the Association heretofore known as the "American Female Moral Reform and Guardian Society," may take and shall be known by the name of the "American Female Guardian Society," and shall continue to enjoy all the rights, and shall be subject to all the obligations of said Association as fully as though the name thereof had not been changed.

§ 2. Mary Anne Hawkins, Sarah R. I. Bennett, Rebecca McComb, Mary Irene Hubbard, Margaret Dye, Phoebe L. Osborn, Elizabeth Eaton, Almira C. Loveland, Juliana C. Angell, Sarah C. Hawkhurst, Helen E. Brown, Catharine G. Thorne, and all such persons as are now members of the Association called the "American Female Moral Reform and Guardian Society," and all who shall become members of the corporation hereby created, shall be, and are hereby constituted a body corporate, by the name of the "American Female Guardian Society;" whose object and business shall be, by the publication and diffusion of books, papers, and tracts, and by other moral and religious means, to prevent vice and moral degradation, and to establish and maintain Houses of Industry and Homes for the relief of friendless, destitute, or unprotected females, and for friendless or unprotected children.

§ 3. There shall be a Board of Female Managers of the said Society, who shall select from their number an Executive Committee, consisting of eleven, to conduct the business of the Society, in a manner prescribed by the Constitution and By-Laws of the aforesaid Association, as the same now exists, or as the same shall be adopted or altered by the corporate body thereby constituted—but the same shall be in accordance with the laws of this State—and such Managers shall be elected annually or otherwise as is or may be prescribed by such Constitution and By-Laws.

§ 4. Said corporation shall have power to purchase and hold real estate sufficient for the actual occupation and necessary uses of the Society, and receive by gift or devise, in the same manner, and subject to the same restrictions as provided in the general law for the incorporation of Religious and Benevolent associations, and to hold and convey such real estate; and shall be deemed to be possessed of the rights and be subject to the liabilities of corporations, according to the provisions of title third, chapter eighteenth, part first, of the Revised Statutes, so far as the same may be applicable: provided, however, that the annual income of any real estate belonging to said corporation shall not exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars.

§ 5. The Board of Managers shall have power to appoint Matrons, and such other assistants as they may deem necessary in conducting the domestic and internal concerns of their "House or Houses of Industry and Home for the Friendless;" to make any By-Laws and regulations for the government of their own proceedings and those of the persons so appointed, and of other inmates of their houses; to govern the children under their care, and prescribe their course of instruction and management to the same extent and with the same rights as exist in the case of natural guardians.

§ 6. In all cases where a child shall have been surrendered by its natural or other legal guardians to the care and management of the Society, by any instrument or declaration in writing, it shall be lawful for the said Board of Managers at their discretion to place such child, by adoption, or at service, in some suitable employment, and with some proper person or persons, conformable to the laws of this State in regard to the binding out of indigent children, provided that in all such cases the terms of the indenture shall be approved by the Governor of the Alms-House, or by the Surrogate of the City and County, which approval shall be signified on such indenture by the signature of such Governor or Surrogate; but in every such case the requisite provisions shall be inserted in the indenture or contract of binding to secure the child so bound such treatment, education or instruction as shall be suitable and useful to its situation and circumstances in life.

§ 7. The children instructed in the schools connected with the "Houses" aforesaid, shall be entitled to draw an annual apportionment from the common-school fund of the city, under the direction of the Board of Education, according to the average number in attendance, in the same manner as do the children of other benevolent asylums and the common or public schools of this city and State.

§ 8. In case of the death or legal incapacity of a father, or of his imprisonment for crime, or of his abandoning and neglecting to provide for his family, the mother shall be deemed the legal guardian of her children, for the purpose of making such surrender as aforesaid. And if in any such case the mother be also dead, or legally incapable of acting, or imprisoned for crime, or shall have abandoned or neglected to provide for her child or children, the Mayor, or a Governor of the Alms-House, or Surrogate of New York, shall be, by virtue of his office, the legal guardian for the like purpose; and so, in all cases where it can not by diligent inquiry be ascertained that there is within the State any parent or other person legally authorized to act in the premises, the said Mayor, Alms-House Governor, or Surrogate, shall be ex-officio such guardians for the same purpose; and such guardianship shall extend as well to children already in the Home of the said Society, as to those who may hereafter be offered for admission or received therein; and in either case, whether such surrender be made by the mother, or by the Mayor, Alms-House Governor, or Surrogate of said city, and whether before or after admission into said Home, it shall be deemed a legal surrender for the purposes and within the true intent and meaning of the sixth section of this act; but no surrender by a mother, as provided by this section, shall be valid without consent of the Mayor of the city, or Surrogate of the City and County of New York, or a Governor of the Alms-House.

§ 9. There shall be a Board of Counselors, consisting of eleven male members, whose duty it shall be to advise the Board of Managers of said Society, from time to time, in regard to the business of the Association. Five Counselors shall be a quorum for the transaction of business. No purchase, or sale, or lease, or mortgage of real estate shall be taken by said corporation without the approval of a majority of the Board of Counselors, duly certified in writing by the Secretary of said Board.

§ 10. Stephen H. Tynge, William W. Everts, Edmund S. Jaynes, George B. Cheever, Joseph B. Collins, John B. Graham, Lewis Tappan, Amos B. Eaton, Albon P. Man, Francis Schoals, Charles W. Hawkins, shall compose the first Board of Counselors, and shall act until the next annual meeting of said association or corporate body, and until their successors shall be elected. Such Board of Counselors shall be elected annually, at the annual meeting of said Society or in such other manner as shall be prescribed by the association. Conveyances of real estate shall be executed by a majority of the Board of Counselors.

§ 11. The Legislature may at any time alter or repeal this act

§ 12. This act shall take effect immediately.

AN ACT

To Amend an Act entitled "An Act to Incorporate the American Female Guardian Society," passed April 6, 1849. Passed April 3, 1857.

The People of this State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. Whenever any girl under the age of fourteen, or boy under the age of ten years, shall be brought by any policeman of the City of New York before the Mayor or Recorder, or any alderman, or other magistrate of the said city, upon the allegation that such child was found in any street, highway or public place in said city, in the circumstances of destitution and suffering, or abandonment, exposure or neglect, or of beggary, specified and defined in the eighteenth section of the act entitled "An act relative to the powers of the Common Council of the City of New York, and the police and criminal courts of said city," passed January 23, 1833, and it shall be proved to the satisfaction of such magistrate, by competent testimony, that such child is embraced within the said section, and it shall further appear to the satisfaction of such magistrate, by competent testimony, or by the examination of the child, that by reason of the neglect, habitual drunkenness or other vicious habits of the parents or lawful guardian of such child, it is a proper object for the care and instruction of this society, such magistrate, instead of committing such child to the alms-house of said city, or to such other place, if any, as may have been provided by the Common Council thereof, in his discretion, by warrant in writing, under his hand, may commit such child to this society, to be and remain under the guardianship of its managers, until therefrom discharged in manner prescribed by law; such commitment shall be by warrant, in substance as follows:

To J——— D———, one of the policemen of the City of New York: You are hereby commanded to take charge of C——— E———, a child under the age of fourteen, who has been proved to me, by competent evidence, to be embraced within the eighteenth section of the Act entitled "An Act relative to the Powers of the Common Council of the City of New York and the Police and Criminal Courts of said City, approved January 23, 1833," and who also appears to my satisfaction to be a proper object for the care and instruction of the managers of the "American Female Guardian Society," and shall deliver the said child without delay to the same Society, in Thirtieth street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Dated this _____ day of _____ 18 _____

But no variance from the preceding form shall be deemed material, provided it sufficiently appear upon the face of the warrant that the child is committed by the magistrate in the exercise of the powers given him by this Act.

§ 2. Any order so made by any such magistrate, shall be executed by any policeman to whom it shall be delivered by the magistrate, by conveying the child therein named to the Home for the Friendless, and such child shall be detained in said home until discharged or removed therefrom in the manner hereinafter provided.

§ 3. Immediately upon the making of any such order, the magistrate making the same shall deliver to a policeman of the city a notice, in writing, addressed to the father of such child, if its father be living and resident within the city, and if not, then to its mother, if she be living and so resident; and if there be no father or mother of such child resident within the city, then addressed to the lawful guardian of such child, if any, or to the person with whom, according to the examination of the child, and the testimony, if any, received by such magistrate, such child shall reside; in which notice the party to whom the same is addressed shall be informed of the commitment of such child to the said Society, and shall be notified that unless taken therefrom in the manner prescribed by law, within ten days after the service of such notice, the child therein named shall be deemed legally surrendered to this Society, for the purposes and within the true intent and meaning of the sixth section of its Act of Incorporation, passed April 6, 1849.

§ 4. Such notice shall be served by the policeman to whom it shall be delivered, by delivering the same to the party to whom it shall have been addressed, personally, or by leaving it with some person of sufficient age, at the place of residence or business of such party; and it shall be the duty of such policeman immediately to report the fact, and the time and manner of such service, to the magistrate.

§ 5. If the party to whom such notice shall have been addressed, or any other person, shall, within the time specified therein, prove to the satisfaction of the magistrate issuing the same that the circumstances of want and suffering, or other circumstances described in the eighteenth section of the before-named Act, passed January 3, 1833, under which such child shall have been found, have not been occasioned by the habitual neglect or misconduct of the parents, or lawful guardian, of such child, then it shall be the duty of such magistrate, by order in writing, addressed to the managers of the said Society, to direct such managers to deliver such child to the custody of the party named in such order, who shall thereupon be entitled to take such child away from the said Society.

§ 6. If such proof shall not be produced within the time above prescribed, it shall be the duty of the magistrate by whom the child shall have been committed to the said Society to make and transmit to the managers thereof a notice, in writing, to that effect.

§ 7. If any child who has been previously arrested, and delivered to the parent or guardian, as hereinbefore provided, shall again be found in either of the conditions described in the eighteenth section of the Act aforesaid, the magistrate before whom such child is brought, upon proof thereof, may forthwith make a final order for committing such child to the care and instruction of this Society, without giving the notice provided for in section third of this Act.

§ 8. If, at any time after a child shall have been committed to the said Society, as above provided for in this Act, it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Board of Managers of the said Society that such child was, on insufficient cause, false or deficient testimony, or otherwise, wrongfully or improvidently so committed, the said Board of Managers shall, on the application of the parents, guardian, or protector, and also, if after a child shall have been properly committed to the said Society, by virtue and in pursuance of the provisions of this Act, any circumstances should occur that, in the judgment of the Board of Managers of said Home, would render expedient and proper the discharge of such child from the guardianship of

said Board, having a due regard for the welfare of such child, and the purposes of this Society, the said Board of Managers, on the application of the parents, guardian, or protector of such child, may, in their discretion, deliver up the child to its parents, guardian, or protector, on such reasonable conditions as the said Board of Managers may deem right and proper.

§ 9. The said managers shall have power, and it shall be their duty, whenever any child intrusted or committed to their charge shall, by the commission of any infamous crime, or by confirmed habits of vagrancy, have become so degraded and debased as to be an improper subject for their care and management, to return such child to the committing magistrate, or other proper authorities, to be disposed of in due course of law.

§ 10. If any party to whom the said Guardian Society shall have intrusted a child shall be guilty of any cruelty, misusage, refusal or neglect to furnish necessary provisions or clothing, or any other violation of the terms of indenture or contract, toward any such child so indentured, such child may make complaint thereof to the Board of Managers of this Society, or to any justice of the peace of the county in which such child is so indentured, or to the Mayor, Recorder, or Alderman of any city in which such child is bound to service, or to any such officer, who shall summon the parties before him and examine into, hear and determine the said complaint; and if, upon such examination, the said complaint shall appear well founded, such officer shall, by certificate under his hand, discharge such child from his obligation of service, and restore him or her to the charge and management of this Society, in the same manner and with like powers as before the indenture of such child.

§ 11. Where children are indentured, the guardian may be required, after said children shall have attained the age of twelve years, to place annually in the treasury of the American Female Guardian Society the sum of ten dollars, which shall be the legal property of such children. If a girl, the aggregate, making sixty dollars, shall be paid to her when she has attained the age of eighteen years, and if a boy, the annual payment, making ninety dollars, shall be paid to him when twenty-one years of age; these respective sums shall be duly credited to said children, upon the books of the Society, and receipts of the respective payments placed in the hands of the guardian for safe keeping.

§ 12. The Board of Managers of this Society shall be the guardians of every child indentured by virtue and in pursuance of the provisions of this Act. They shall take care that the terms of the contract be faithfully fulfilled, and that such ward be properly treated; and it is hereby made their special duty to inquire into the treatment of every such child, and redress any grievance in manner prescribed by law; and it shall be the duty of the guardian to whom any such child shall be indentured, and he shall, by the terms of the indenture, be required, as often as once in six months, to report to the said Board of Managers the conduct and behavior of the said apprentice, and any thing of special interest pertaining to his welfare.



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