

pleading for their neglected childhood, their miserable homes, and their abandoned parents. Will not the citizens of New-York, by their liberal gifts, enable this society to carry out their plans to satisfactory issues? The Mission has a public good in view, and it looks for public sympathy and support. It endeavors to elevate the temporal condition of these poor, forlorn ones, so long uncared for, but it also aims to throw the Christian element among these degraded masses, with the strong faith that it will even here attest its divine origin and its wonder-working power—that the little leaven will leaven the whole lump.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MARY D ———.

Life to life, and dust to dust!  
 Christ hath bled upon a tree,  
 Thine the promise, ours the trust,  
 We are weak, but God is just;  
*Miserere Domine.*

READ.

ONE Sabbath afternoon in the winter of 1852, I was looking for the residence of some of our school children, who lived at No. 2 Cow Bay. Not knowing which room in the building they occupied, I knocked at each door successively till I reached the second story front room. The door being opened I observed a very sickly looking woman shivering with an ague, sitting upon a hard bench. On enquiring the cause I found she was just recovering from a hemorrhage of the lungs, and she said the sitting posture gave her more relief. I did not doubt it, for the bed (if it might be called one) was a poor pallet on a few planks nailed against the wall to serve for a bedstead, while the scanty covering scarcely sufficed to keep her from freezing.— We were enabled from the Mission wardrobe to supply



her with comfortable bedding, some pillows, and a warm double gown; our Missionary and his wife took a lively interest in her case, and this care for a stranger exciting her wonder prompted the question, if we were not of the "Sisters of mercy?" We told her that our Mission was one of mercy, but we were not entitled to that name as she understood it. A gentleman attached to the Mission sent her a large easy chair, another provided her with fuel, and she was thus made comparatively comfortable.

Her husband, who, when he was sober, was very kind, at other times treated her brutally. At last he was prevailed upon by our Missionary to sign the pledge, which he faithfully kept for about three months. In an hour of temptation he broke it; and as he became very harsh in his treatment of his sick wife, at times her distress of mind and body bordered upon distraction. In the visits of the ladies she would narrate all her sorrows to us, saying, "I know you pity a poor creature like myself." We urged her constantly to carry her sorrows to the throne of grace, and tried to instruct her in the truths of the Gospel. She expressed great willingness to be taught, and in the simplicity of her heart would say, "I will do all you bid me. I will pray just as you tell me." But

the poor creature was so totally ignorant of the teachings of the Gospel, that she seemed to think it a religious act to invoke God's judgments on her intemperate husband. Soon her appetite failed, and consumption was manifestly doing its work. We felt that she was utterly unprepared to meet her God, and asked her what church she attended. She replied, "the Catholic Church in Chambers street." She had not however gone much of late, for when she had had a former hemorrhage and thought she would die, she had sent to the priest, who finding the crisis was past, had told her not to send for him again till she was sure she was dying. This troubled her, and she did not dare again to send for him, although she felt that she "ought to be confessed." We told her to confess her sins to God, and beseech him for the sake of Christ to pardon her, that the blessed Jesus was the all-atoning sacrifice and *one Great High Priest*. She asked if it were indeed so, and while we were praying with her, weak and emaciated as she was, she arose and knelt by our side, occasionally sobbing out as we implored forgiveness in her behalf.

Weeks rolled on, and at every opportunity the Missionary and friends visited her, endeavoring to teach her to lay hold on Christ by simple faith. Her mind



seemed gradually to become enlightened, she was exceedingly patient and submissive, but would often say, "What an awful place to die in!"

Thus eight months passed by on that bed of disease in that comfortless room, for while we had been enabled to supply her with food and clothing through the kindness of friends and from the wardrobe of the Mission, yet sleep was almost driven from her eyes by the noises in the adjoining rooms and houses, which resounded by night, as well as by day, with the most awful blasphemies and brawls. Many times while praying with this poor woman have Christian hearts been almost appalled at the sounds which broke upon their ear. *But even in Cow Bay, close by the pit of darkness, God heard and answered prayer;* comfort was poured into that dying woman's heart, and she was made to rejoice in the forgiveness of her sins. From this time the fear of death was taken from her,—she said her peace was made with God—and she could look for and welcome death.

On Sunday Nov. 6, 1853, in our usual visit, we found her greatly changed; she was fast falling away, and when I entered her room, she did not at first recognize me, but when I approached the bed and said, "Mary, how are you to-day?" she smiled her recognition,

stretched out her hand, and answered, "Almost gone." "Are you still happy in God, Mary?" "Oh yes, I would not get well again, for any thing." "What are your feelings now towards Charles?"—the husband to whose cruel treatment she attributed her sufferings, and whom she had declared herself unable to forgive. "Oh, ma'am" (placing her hand upon her heart,) "I forgive him from here, and I have been praying that my death might bring him to God; I am willing, yes, ma'am, I long to die, and be with Christ; I shall soon be in a better habitation than this." She then, in strong language, expressed her gratitude for the kindness and care she had received. On the Friday following, she sent for me about ten o'clock. The rain was pouring in torrents, and as I left the rail-car, with the little girl who had been sent for me, a gentleman standing on the corner, seemed to wonder what could be our errand in that neighborhood, and followed us to the house. He was told the facts, and as he turned away, remarked, "I am utterly surprised that any lady would venture in such a place as this, to see any body." He little knew the changes which three years had wrought in that locality. We found Mary in a kind of slumber, but the woman who had been engaged to watch by her, said, "Mary, here is your friend, Mrs. ——, who has come



at your bidding." At the sound of my voice, she turned her head, opened her eyes, and smiled. "Mary is Jesus precious to you now?" Clasping her hands, an affirmative nod was the answer. "Do you feel that you will soon stand before your God, and are you happy at the thought?" "Yes," was the answer. "Are you resting and trusting in Christ alone?" "Yes." "Shall I pray with you, Mary?" An affirmative look was her only reply. We kneeled at her bed-side for the last time, her hands were tightly clasped in prayer, and in this manner she lay about an hour, when her Master called her, we humbly trust, from her dark abode on earth, to one of the "many mansions" prepared for those who love him.—

"Tenant of a hovel for a day,  
Thou art heir of the universe forever."

### The Dying Mother.

"The shadow of the grave was nigh,  
But to her face was given  
A holy light from that far home,  
Where she was hastening—Heaven!"

In the winter of 1851 a fine, hearty, frank-looking lad attracted our attention by his excellent bass voice, and we invariably looked for him at the opening of the school. In



THE DYING MOTHER.



a little while he got the sobriquet of Chorister among the children, and we would ask him to raise a tune, in the absence of the superintendent. We learned his residence, and visited his parents; found them industrious, but poor Roman Catholics. The mother appeared very feeble. There were six children—four of their own, and two orphans of a deceased sister. We learned also, that the eldest boy (our chorister) was the greatest help to the parents by selling newspapers in the morning, and extras when issued. We invited them to our mission school. The children came, improved greatly, and we soon felt a most lively interest in their welfare.

“The eldest boy came as often as he could the second year, as he had so far advanced in his business of news-selling as to be able to obtain the situation of newsboy for the first fifty miles on the New York and Erie Railroad. This situation he kept until the awful accident which occurred one evening when he was in the car. Our readers may recollect a boy being thrown from the car, and almost buried in the ground. This was our chorister boy. The circumstance so intimidated him that he could never be persuaded to go again in the cars, and we obtained a situation for him to learn a trade.

“We found the other children equally interesting, and they soon learned to read with facility. We gave one of the younger boys a Bible, and told him it was a rule of the school to present a Bible, with gilt edges, with the name inscribed, to every child who should commit to memory the Saviour's sermon on the Mount—the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew. The boy promised to try, and next Sabbath came to school with the chapters committed to memory. The children were regular attendants upon the day-school also, and the ladies of the mission took the entire charge of



clothing them. This opened an intercourse with the parents, and they looked to us for aid in sickness, and advice in health.

"One day, last fall, the daughter came to me to say her mother was very ill, and wished to see me. I went immediately, and found her quite ill with cancer of the stomach, and in great agony. We sent from the mission wardrobe both clothing and bedding to make her more comfortable; visited her very often, and were careful to prove to her that her temporal comforts were subjects of our thought and care; for it is a fact, that if this course is not pursued, the people of this locality will not listen carefully to what you say about their spiritual interests. Their confidence in your sincerity once gained, you have access to their hearts, and they will give attention, believing you are truly their friend.

"I hinted, from time to time, that she might not recover, hoping to draw her out. I found her one day much changed, her disease making rapid progress on her poor body. She then told me her physician gave her but little hope of recovery. I asked her if she herself entertained any hopes of recovery. She replied she did not. 'Well, my dear friend,' said I, 'how does the future look to you? Are you prepared for the great change of worlds?' She answered, 'I trust in God; he will prepare me.' 'What makes you think you will be saved, and on what do you ground your hopes that God will prepare you?' I inquired. 'O, madam,' said she, 'God is good—he is merciful to a poor creature like myself.' 'So he is,' said I, 'good as well as merciful, and just as well as good. He is a God of justice, and has distinctly said, in his holy word, that without pardon and change of heart we cannot enjoy his presence.' 'But how is a poor creature like me to know if God does pardon?' I tried to point her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world:

showed her the necessity of the new birth; and tried to explain the goodness of God in the witness of the Spirit. She listened with profound attention, and bid me talk on. I then told her of the Saviour's conversation with Nicodemus, (which was all new to her;) of the impossibility of an impure human creature's living with God and his angels without change. She asked, 'But how am I to get this change? I am willing; yes, I long to live with God when I die.' I replied, 'it is only by confessing our sins to God, and begging him, for Christ's sake, to change our heart.' I then said, 'raise your heart continually, and say, Lord Jesus forgive my sins, pardon my offences, and give me the witness that I am thy child—that my sins are pardoned.'

"I prayed with her. She wept, while she repeated after me nearly every word of our supplicatory prayer. I told her to continue looking. God did not require her to exhaust her strength (for she thought it was not prayer unless she could rise and kneel), God would hear the unbreathed desire, only she must keep looking, and expecting the change.

"The next Sabbath, I called in company with one of the gentlemen of our advisory committee, who spoke in a very instructive manner to her, prayed, and committed her to God. The following week I visited her again. She brightened up as I entered, saying, 'O how glad I am you have come! I want to tell you what has happened me. On Sunday night I was trying to lift up my heart as you and the gentleman told me, and all at once I felt the patience of an angel come over me. I felt that I wanted to die right away; and it has lasted me ever since. I have not felt a pain worth thinking about, my mind is so happy.'

"Does this change prove what I told you, that God could speak to the heart in a way that man could not explain?' 'O yes,' she replied; 'all that was told me was truth.'



I am very happy. I can leave my husband, children, and all in the hands of my God.' In this happy frame of mind she continued for several weeks before her death.

"One Tuesday morning, about eight o'clock, two of the children came to my house, to say that their mother was dying, and wished to see me. I left my breakfast, and hastened to her bedside. When I entered, she had her eyes closed, and hands clasped in prayer. The Spirit had taught her to make intercession in language that need not be uttered. I beckoned the children not to disturb her, but they were anxious she should see me. I told her I was ready to do anything she might wish. 'Well,' she replied, 'I am about to leave you, my dear, dear friend,' clasping my hands, and kissing them over and over again. 'And I have sent for you to ask you to take the care of my children.' I then, for the first time, said to her, 'You are aware that I am a Protestant, are you not? And in giving me your children I must do what I should conceive to be my duty toward them. Their education must be such as is directed by the word of God.' 'I know all that,' she replied; 'will you have a look over them?' 'I will,' I answered. She then gave me the children, one by one, exhorting them to be good and obedient; and said, when putting the two orphans under my care, 'These are double orphans; God have mercy upon them.' The husband now came in, and she repeated to him, in substance, all we had said. He seemed affected, and said he felt we would have a motherly oversight of the children.

"I asked the family to kneel with me, and ask God's blessing upon them, their mother, and myself; and while we commended each to God by name, with their father and mother, our own hearts partook of the audible sympathy of the family, and it was a most heartfelt, solemn time. When

we rose from our knees I sent for a friend of the mission, who had often called on the family, with our former missionary, Mr. Luckey. He sang the 'Dying Christian;' and when repeating the words, 'Tell me, my soul, can this be death?' she exclaimed, 'O, no; it is closing my eyes to open them on God.' She was both tranquil and triumphant in death, and while repeating David's passage, 'through the valley and shadow of death,' she said, 'I understand it all; *I fear no evil, for God is with me.*'

"In the afternoon I called again with two Christian friends; she was too far spent to converse much, but regretted she had forgotten to give me a poor woman's blessing in the morning, which she then did. I asked her if she would not like me to call for a minister or priest. She said, 'No; better than all, the Lord Jesus was with her;' and thus she continued communing with her God till the summons came. The last thing she said was to her husband: '*No liquor at my burial; no wake over my body;*' and soon after she expired."

### The Dying Mother's Legacy.

"Her prayer is heard—it is traced above  
In the glowing light of a mother's love;  
And now when at rest in her silent grave,  
That prayer shall have power to guard and save."

She had long been confined to her bed, suffering the intensest anguish, but during that time through the instrumentality of friends of the Mission, she had



been instructed in the cardinal truths of Christianity ; and through the influence of the Holy Spirit had been enabled to exercise faith in Christ. For many days perfect peace and triumphant joy had reigned successively within her heart, and the light of Heaven seemed reflected on her wan and weary face—but now the last hour had come, and a cloud of anxiety was resting there. Had the promises failed in their fulfillment? Had the Rock of Ages proved an uncertain resting-place? Did the soul trembling on the verge of eternity, doubt its personal acceptance, and fear to enter the unknown world? Nay, nay, 'twas none of these. Love reigned, faith was triumphant, the soul seemed anxious to escape, but there were those around that dying bed upon whom that mother's eye was resting with deep, unutterable solicitude—her children, living there in an atmosphere of sin, surrounded on every side by vice in its grossest forms ; six children, to be left without any of the restraining influence which home sanctified by maternal love, (though lacking everything else) always exerts. Self, with its happiness and its prospects, was forgotten, and gazing upon the anxious weeping children, she exclaimed, "Go, O go for Mrs. D. Let me see her once again before I die—she has helped me in my troubles, let me see her once

again." Two of the children were despatched, and in a little time her kind friend was by the bed of the dying woman. That closing scene is depicted in the preceding narrative.

The mother was laid in the cold grave, and deep was the solicitude of that lady's heart for the children thus solemnly committed to her care. They belonged to the Mission-school, and were regular in their attendance, but there was evidence, sad and certain, that they were suffering from the evil influences which surrounded them. The only hope of permanently benefiting them was to remove them to a better atmosphere, and many difficulties stood in the way of this arrangement. First the father's and children's consent was to be gained, and when that was secured, a home was to be found, such as the friends would be willing to entrust them to.

The first difficulty was overcome by kind and gentle entreaty, the second by the kind offer of a home from Mr. C. L. Brace, connected with the "Children's Aid Society," who stood security for the Home which he had selected. On Wednesday, the 26th of October, several ladies met at the Mission, to consult and act as passing circumstances dictated. We found Mrs. D. preparing Barney and Alice for their journey to their



new home. These two had been selected as being most exposed; they were fine looking children about 14 and 16 years of age. The wardrobes were searched, and after a comfortable bath, they were clad in good and suitable clothing. A second suit for each was then secured, a new Bible with their names as members of the Mission-school and some Sunday school books were added—sundry little tokens calculated to please were placed in the box—loving words were spoken, good advice given, a bright future depicted, correspondence promised, and hours passed unheeded by. Three o'clock arrived, the hour for the dismissal of the school, and Alice expressed a wish to say good-bye to her schoolmates. Mrs. D. led her into the school, and in simple language referred to her past history and her present destination. The tear trembled in the eye of the child, and the lady's voice grew husky as she portrayed the dying scene and told of the solemn trust reposed in her. The children of the school seemed quiet and subdued, and when the lady asked them if they would remember Alice when they said their prayers, an affirmative response broke from every lip.

Then all shook hands with Barney and Alice, and departed to their homes. The boat did not leave until six, and it was now but half-past three. A

prayer-meeting had been appointed by the Missionary, and a few friends were assembled to pray for the prosperity of the Mission. The children accompanied us to the Chapel, and earnest, fervent prayers were offered to their mother's God, that those children might be guarded on their journey, and be brought in safety to its end—that the home selected might prove such as we hoped, and that in future years these children might prove themselves a blessing to others.

The parting hour came, the farewell words were spoken, and they departed with the Rev. Mr. Adams to the steamboat.

While they were waiting, Mr. Adams related to Barney an incident that he had known, of a poor boy departing under far less favorable circumstances to the West, who became one of the chief judges in the State in which he resided. The boy's eye kindled, his form straightened and he exclaimed, "you shall see what I will become, Mr. Adams." Several gentlemen overheard the conversation and expressed much interest in the children—Mr. Adams narrated their history, and they promised to take charge of them, so far as they travelled the same path.

Their tickets had been secured and all was ready.



Alice threw her arms around her kind minister, as though she could not sever that last kind bond. But the bell rang, and placing them hurriedly in the steamboat which was to carry them to Piermont, the Missionary returned strong in faith and hope, that the Christian efforts thus put forth would in due time receive their full and adequate reward.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE TWENTY-SHILLING PIECE

“‘A trifle’—granted—but on trivial things  
The moral destiny of man oft turns.”

In the winter of 1850, my servant entered the parlor one evening quite late, to inform me that a man who seemed in great distress was at the front door, saying he had been sent to my address, hearing I was one of the ladies of the Home Mission. It was inconvenient for me to see the man at the time, (having a party of friends spending the evening with me,) but I felt inclined to help him, and giving the servant some money to procure his supper and lodging, I told her to bid him come to me in the morning.

Next morning he came, looking pale, sick, and emaciated. On inquiry I learned he was an Englishman, and had been induced to come to this country to dissipate the melancholy which settled upon his mind after the death of a beloved wife. He had sufficient means when he arrived (in July before) to have kept him several months, until he could have procured a