

The Sunday, after the request was granted; and the exquisite enjoyment written on that pale suffering face, the tearful eye, and the unspoken gratitude, formed a scene for a painter to witness and pourtray. "There is a happy land," was the favorite hymn, and many times since then has the only wish she has expressed been thus gratified. She is slowly fading away; she converses but little, but when we speak of the Saviour her color rises and her eyes fill with tears. She says she is trusting in Christ, and those who know her best have full confidence that our God is thus gently preparing her to enter the "happy land."

In her home of poverty, amid her many privations, sinking in langour and pain, she utters no complaint, nor breathes one earthly wish. Thank God for the wondrous power of his redeeming grace to strengthen and to satisfy!

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children
Body and soul and brain;
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without stain?
'I bid,' said Beggary, howling,
'I'll buy them one an' all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl.'

"And I'll bid higher and higher,
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
'For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to plifer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.'

"Oh shame!" said true Religion,
'Oh, shame that this should be
I'll take the little children—
I'll take them all to me
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod,
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God.' "

Wild Maggie.

Poor Wild Maggie Carson! Plain features, disfigured by the small-pox—a sullen disagreeable expression, a gruff voice, a convulsive habit of rubbing her eyes with her clenched hands—matted tangled hair, and a filthy ragged dress. Such was the forbidding aspect of the little outcast, who seemed to scorn the efforts made to win her. No clear untroubled glance ever met the eye of those who accosted her, and no response was ever made to words of counsel and kindness. Impatient of restraint, she could not be induced to remain in school more than ten minutes at a time. When addressed she would maintain a sullen silence, or start and scream, or laugh with scornful fearful merriment. Poor Maggie had known only the roughest ways; and her seamed face was but a symbol of the marred scarred nature—the down-trodden heart and soul. Air and sunshine, and careful culture was needed for life and growth.

No mother had cared for her childhood. Her mother was a confirmed drunkard who sent her child forth to beg the alms which were their only support, and when Maggie was comfortably clothed at the

Mission, the wretched woman pawned the clothes for rum.

Mrs. Howe, who taught in the Mission Sunday school, often looked with tearful solicitude upon the poor wild girl, and wondered if that sullen nature, so closed against kindly influences, could ever be subdued and rightly cultivated. Being asked by a lady to procure an orphan child from the Five Points, to live in her family, she went there in quest of such an one, and visited a number of families of whom she made inquiries. Her search was on this occasion unsuccessful. Returning home through Anthony street, she was startled by Wild Maggie who running eagerly toward her with outstretched arms, cried out with almost despairing earnestness. "Do Mrs. Howe take me, oh take me, I am very bad, but I will try to be good, do, do take me." Why Maggie, where is your mother?

"On Blackwell's Island, and the woman I live with makes me beg all the victuals, and does not give me enough to eat. I sleep on the bare boards in the corner of her dirty garret. Won't you take me, I will try to be good?"

Mrs. Howe was touched, not only with the tale of woe, but with the sudden transition in the child's nature—

the dogged silence, the defiant spirit had given place to life and earnestness. There were germ of good beneath that rough exterior. What was to be done? She could not be recommended to the lady who had asked for the orphan child, and placing her under the care of the Missionary for the night, Mrs. H. went home to work out the problem. "We will take her," was her husband's prompt reply, when told of Maggie's thrilling appeal. Mrs. H. spoke of her wickedness, her unsightly face, and uncouth ways. "Never mind," said Mr. Howe, "the more reason why some one should care for her—I would rather take one of the worst, the triumph will be greater if we succeed."

The effort was made—the child was taken by this kind family; she was well washed and dressed, and she soon gave evidence of a desire to please. Most unwillingly did she return to her former modes of life, about a fortnight after, when her mother, released from imprisonment, came at once and demanded her. Her clothing soon went to the pawn-broker's as before, but in a short time, the vagrant mother was again committed to prison for six months. Maggie's friends however had not lost sight of her, and before the proper authorities at the City Hall, Mr. Howe adopted her.

Poor wild Maggie had many things to learn and more to unlearn. Chary of her words, rude and rough in her ways, with nothing to attract in face or voice or manner—untaught and untrained—nurtured in sin—it was a great thought to see the possibility of evoking good out of this mass of evil, and a great resolve seriously to undertake the task. There was the charity that hopeth all things, and believeth all things, and that hope and faith were not in vain. The daily teachings of a Christian family—example, kindness, effort and counsel were not lost upon her, and the gradual development of mind and character was most gratifying to those who were training this wild vine. Though eleven years of age, it was nearly a year before she could learn the alphabet, but when that was mastered, her progress was rapid. She soon learned to read very well and became so fond of reading that she hastens through her daily duties to gain time for her books. As there are no public schools in the rural neighborhood where Mr. Howe now resides, he has paid forty dollars for her schooling during the past year, and he feels himself amply repaid by her manifest improvement. She sews well and is most useful in the household, the members of which would not be willing to part with Maggie Carson on any terms. She is

always the first to enter the room for morning and evening prayers, and one would find it difficult to recognize in the tidy, respectable looking girl who with her Bible and hymn-book takes part in those hallowed services—Wild Maggie of the Five Points.

When taken by Mrs. Howe to the first Thanksgiving supper given to the children of the Five Points, Maggie declined partaking of the feast, and she never speaks of her former abode. She has turned over a new bright page in life, and she cares not to look upon the previous tracery of sin and sorrow. A similar feeling is generally manifested by the children for whom good places have been obtained. With no attachment to their former haunts and pursuits they do not like even to hear the Five Points alluded to.

A residence of six months on Blackwell's Island was of use to Maggie's mother. Having been for that length of time without liquor she was prepared to take the temperance pledge when presented to her by the friends of her child. Maggie too, in her own gruff way, urged her to take it, and *for nearly three years she has never broken it.* She came to claim her child, but on hearing that Maggie had been adopted by her kind benefactor, she expressed great satisfaction with the arrangement

She procured a good situation as cook and has retained it ever since. A short time since, she brought Maggie a dress, which she begged Mrs. Howe would allow her to accept, saying that she knew Maggie did not need dresses, but that she had six dollars a month, which was more than she wanted for herself, and she had no one else to provide for. What a contrast with the old time, when she stripped her wretched child of her comfortable raiment that she might obtain the maddening stupefying draught! "Clothed" and in her "right mind," she now utters her thanks to that kind Providence which through the instrumentality of that Mission, has rescued mother and child from the sin and misery in which they had well-nigh been lost.

The Children that Sweep the Crossings.

Children with short ragged garments—old shawls tied round their waists—bare feet bespattered with the mud with which they are waging warfare—tangled locks straying from beneath their dark hoods—faces prematurely old and care-worn! Can we look for good in such as these? Do they remember kindness—

ses, or have they any to remember? Do these forlorn ones take note of aught but the pennies that fall upon their path, as they ply their brooms amid the rush of omnibusses and rail-cars, of carts and carriages, while the stream of hurrying action rolls on its resistless tide? Can they discern among that restless multitude a face associated with memories of kindness—one face that will give the little street-sweepers a smile of recognition? Many of them have been gathered in at the Mission school; and though, at times, they resume their old occupation, and with it their street-sweeper's garb; yet on other days they may be seen tidily dressed, and with clean faces, learning to read and to write, to cypher and to sew in the pleasant school-room at the Mission House. That love's labor is not lost there, the following incidents will show:

One day a minister of one of the city churches, who had the Sunday before preached in the big tent in "Paradise Square" at the Five Points, was crossing the well-swept walk, which enabled one to walk dry-shod over Broadway. He handed some pennies to one of the children, who promptly declined the gift, saying—"Oh, no sir; we heard you preach in the Big Tent on Sunday, and we don't want to take any pennies from you." He had given them something better than pen

nies, and they were glad to make a clean path for the feet of him who had "published peace" to them and theirs.

As a lady who constantly visits the Mission school drew near the crossing, the little girl exclaimed, "Here comes Mrs. D——, sweep the walk clean for her." And when she handed one child a three cent piece, her companion put back the little outstretched palm, saying, "Ain't you ashamed to take money from our teacher? No, Ma'am, we don't want you to pay us." And the little silver bit was resolutely declined, till the lady dropt it on the pavement and walked on.

Here was a lively feeling of gratitude shining forth in these children that sweep the crossings—children already old in the bitter experience of life, trained up amid evil and wrong—proving that some of the seed freely scattered, had taken root in the poor neglected soil of their young hearts.

Little Ellie.

"Will you please come and see a poor woman who is almost frozen to death?" said little Ellie H— one cold Sunday morning to one of the ladies, as she entered the school-room door. The little thing had been awaiting her arrival, and with ready steps, she guided her companion to the fireless, desolate room. Cold—cold—no warmth—no ray of cheerfulness,—there she lay—the poor forlorn one—with scarce any covering for her benumbed limbs. But little Ellie had been there, stuffing rags in the windows to keep out the biting blast—and she had brought part of her scanty breakfast to give to one who was poorer than she. And now her active benevolence had brought a helper, who could provide the comforts which Ellie had not to give. "She is all alone. Who will take care of her?" said the lady. "Oh, I will," said the child with an important air—not doubting her own fitness for the task.

Ellie looked downcast some days after, when the same kind lady came to visit her. It was not because her home was poor and scantily furnished—but her father and mother had been quarrelling, and her father

had struck her mother. "Oh, Mr. H.!" said the lady, "a man should never strike a woman." "It is because she was drinking, Ma'am," he replied, "I never would strike her if she were sober." Poor Ellie! she hung down her head as she accompanied her kind friend down the stairs and into the street. "Indeed, Ma'am," said she earnestly, in her child-like fashion, "my father would never beat my mother if she were sober; but if one of them nails in the floor were to drink rum, my father would murder it."

Little Ellie—true sympathy for suffering gleamed out in thy care for the forsaken one, and a child's feeling of sorrow and mortification for the transgression of those who should have taught thee the right. Such gifts as thine are not unmarked in His sight, who remembers even the cup of cold water given in His name.

SHADOWS.

One morning Mrs.— was asked by a little girl of the Mission school, who had learned the lesson of mercy, to come and see a very sick woman. She followed her into a house in Anthony street, passed by

two rooms, in one of which was gathered a company of young lads of seventeen or eighteen, who were drinking and smoking, and entered a third room which seemed built out into the ground. It was so dark that for a few moments the lady could discern nothing. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she saw a poor woman on a wretched pallet in the corner—her wan face not as white, but as black as the bed clothes. Dying with consumption—no hand to smooth the tangled hair or wipe the death-damps from her brow! The lady told the little girl to bring some water and wash the poor soiled face, and part the matted hair.

It had not always been thus with her. She had known the peace and plenty of a comfortable home—the daughter of a Christian minister, she married against the will of her parents—became estranged from all the charities of the home of her childhood, and sank lower and lower till she lay here in her misery. "Pride and poverty have brought me to this," she said, "for I would never make known my wants—but indeed, I am a virtuous woman." Intemperance, thought the lady, as she went to the Mission wardrobe for clean clothes and bedding, has probably wrought this ruin. Poor creature; the life-gates were well-nigh closed behind thee—but little could be done for thee

now! The radiant vision of thy childhood could not dissipate the gloom of that darkened chamber; and those heavenly hopes which could give light even here, where were they?

Gleams of Light.

"Gather them in—gather them in," from the "stiffing street," and the dusky lane—gather them in—these little ones to whom the sunny gladness of childhood is denied—who are familiar with cold and hunger—with want and wo and vice—who know nothing of cleanliness and comfort, of the sanctity of home, and prayer, and the Sabbath day—who see nothing but the night-side of life. Gather them in, that they may be washed and clothed and have glimpses of better things. Here is material that may be fashioned into forms of beauty—it is still plastic—it has not become hardened by exposure, and it now invites the moulding hand. Despise not these little ones, for they are destined to live for ever. Be hopeful and believing and cast thy bread freely on the waters, and thou wilt find it again after many days. There are pledges and promises of

good to cheer thee even now. There are innocent faces, manifestations of delicate feelings, fine traits of character, and high aspirations even here—witness the following.

A little girl in the infant class heard a lady who constantly visited the school speak of her love for flowers. The remark was not forgotten, and every day she begged her father to bring her some flowers to give to her kind friend. At length he complied with her wish, and the little thing neatly dressed, with a beaming face, and the pretty bunch of flowers in her hand, waited at the door of the Mission room. When the lady came, the timid child, afraid to present her offering, gave it to a larger girl to put into the hand of the lady, who could not repress her tears at this touching tribute of affection. Flowers always beautiful—always welcome—any where—every where—had indeed a language as they trembled in the hand of the grateful, expectant child!

One little fellow with a good honest face and amiable expression—little Jemmy Hyde—for although fourteen years old, he is small for his age—by his orderly conduct and his diligence in study merited the approbation of his teachers. On Thanksgiving day a silver pencil was given to him as the best boy in the

school. And Jemmy had an opportunity of proving the strength of his principles. One day as he was walking in Broadway, he picked up a handsome gold watch. Jemmy had never had anything so beautiful in his hands before—there was a rich gold chain fashioned like a serpent, and a gold locket containing two pictures, and two rings, and a little gold purse, and other charms the like of which he had never seen. He took these beautiful things home to his mother, and she put them in her trunk. Jemmy wanted to advertise them, but she said she had no money to pay for the advertisement, and she kept them, looking daily for an advertisement and reward. None met her eye, and as several weeks passed, she was afraid to let it be known that she had the watch in her possession. But Jemmy's conscience was troubled—he could not rest—he knew that he ought not to keep what did not belong to him—and he came and told the Missionary all about it, and his face looked brighter, and his heart felt lighter for the telling.

The watch was advertised, and the same day a gentleman brought a letter in which every article was described. The watch belonged to a lady residing in Boston, a niece of the Hon. Rufus Choate, and it was the last gift of her father, so that she had mourned over

the loss of this precious memorial of his affection. She kindly sent fifty dollars for the boy, with the assurance that she should ever feel a lively interest in the welfare of her little unknown friend, and in the Mission school where such good principles were instilled. The money has been placed in the Savings Bank till Jemmy's eighteenth year, when it will be a nice capital for him to begin the world with. But this is not all. James said that he wanted to get away from the evil influences of the Five Points, and the Missionary was about to procure him a place in the country where he could learn a trade. But a lawyer, in whose office Jemmy has been employed a short time, pleased with the intelligence and integrity of the boy, has offered to give him a home, to clothe and educate him. Thankful and happy for the fair prospects opening before her son, the mother exclaimed, that always from the time he was a very little boy, Jemmy had said, "I will be a jintleman yet." *Nous verrons.*

"For character groweth, day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the beat unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy."