

first found her, and asked her to take charge of the few effects she had, and to provide for her children. Two of the children were then taken, and placed in the Home for the Friendless; but the quiet of her room, where the hum of children's voices and the pattering of little feet were no longer heard, and the assiduous care of those who visited her from the Mission, were the means of gradually restoring her to health.

One day, while conversing with the kind friend whose perfect knowledge of German enabled her readily to communicate all her thoughts, she mentioned the fact that her husband's father had died in Germany, leaving a handsome property, and that her children were among the heirs to the estate. The gentleman who took so lively an interest in her welfare, had affidavits made of the facts,—the necessary papers prepared, a statement made to the consul,—and thus was obtained, from Germany, for this family a little independence, which placed them above want. The children were restored to her from the Home of the Friendless, and with them, no longer needing the care of the Mission, she removed to a comfortable home. Late tidings of her tell of her improved health, and that the tidy beggar is now a studious and happy little school girl.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCHES FROM THE MISSIONARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

The Dead Child.

ON Monday, July the 29th, a woman of fine appearance, with one of those deep expressive faces that throw out a flood of feelings with every word the lips utter, came into the office and said that she was not in the habit of begging, but that she had been driven to it by her necessities. I asked her what she wanted. Her eyes, already swollen with weeping, overflowed again with tears, while she told me that her child had died on Sunday, and up to that time she had not obtained money enough to bury it.

She handed me a paper, which on examination, I found to be a permit from the sexton of St Patrick's Cathedral, to bury the child in Calvary Cemetery. I asked her if she were a Catholic. She said she was. I then told her to go to the priest, and tell him her story, and ask his assistance. She went, but came back ere long in deeper distress than ever, having only received

twenty-five cents. On her way she had called at a neighboring Institution, where she had received three shillings, sixpence of which she paid at the counter of the establishment for bread, leaving her two and sixpence. As she counted out her money, her face was the picture of despair. Oh, how my heart yearned over her. I sent a man to the poor woman's house to see that all was right. He saw the dead child—a lovely boy of about a year and a half old, with auburn curls clustering around his pretty face. I thought of my own little boy, and how I would feel if he should die, and I had no money to bury him.

I lent her money enough to bury the child, and she went away with a lighter heart.

I thought that this was the last of the woman, but yesterday morning I was called into the office, where I found her with her husband. They both clasped my hands in theirs, and wept their gratitude. I invited them to our chapel, and exhorted them to seek God. And though they did not promise to do either, I felt that perhaps seed was sown that would produce fruit in time to come. They seemed at a loss to find words to express their thanks, and I needed no words to make known unto my Heavenly Father the desires of my

heart, that he would follow them by his Spirit, and save them with their angel boy above.

The Dead Child in Leonard Street.

I was called on by two colored women, to come and pray with a family that had lost a child, three years of age. It was quite difficult for me to leave the Mission, which was thronged with visitors, but I went, and found a house full of negroes and Irish citizens. I inquired for the family, but could not ascertain its whereabouts. On going up stairs, I was asked into a room where lay a dead child that had been born the evening before, and died during the night. Its mother, a poor black woman, lay on a wretched pallet in a corner of the room. A woman, who seemed to be a nurse, said, "Are you a doctor?" "No!" "Well, you are a soul-doctor, ain't you?" "Yes; I am the Missionary at the Five Points." "Well, then, you had better pray with that woman, and see what you can do for her." I talked with the poor woman, and prayed with her, leaving them some aid, and hoping that God would bless them.

It was a long time before I found the child I sought. At last I came to the place. It was truly touching to see and hear their affecting lamentations. I gave them a word of exhortation, and prayed with them. They melted into tears of penitence, and when I referred to the happiness of the departed child taken from these scenes of vice and misery, and "safely housed" in one of the many mansions prepared by our Father, they wept aloud. May God in his mercy help and bless them.

WOMAN IN COW-BAY.

My assistant and myself went out to visit the sick, and among others, we called to find a woman in Cow-bay, who had sent for us. We entered one house and searched in every room, without success. We then tried the adjoining one, and after climbing rickety stairs, and stooping along low narrow passages, we reached the attic, at one end of which we saw a door, where we knocked for some time, and at last opened it ourselves. Our hearts grew sad within us, as away in one corner, between a huge chest on one side, and the brick wall on the other, we found the object of our

search, lying on the dirty floor. Without a rag of clothing, she was lying under a wretched cotton quilt, (which formed no contrast in color with the floor.) She presented a fearful picture of humanity wrecked. On inquiry, we found she was suffering the results of crime, the most awful. She had been for many months pursuing a course of most fearful intemperance, and was then living with a black man. The present sickness was occasioned in the first place by excess, and had afflicted her about a year, but had been greatly increased by shocking scenes in the room. A white woman, who had been horribly beaten by the black man with whom she was living, died on the Sunday previous to our visit, and had not been buried until the succeeding Wednesday, the putrid body spreading contagion in every direction through the house, and especially in this low narrow room. Too weak to go out, this poor creature lay in the room with this corpse three days and three nights—a situation horrible beyond description. Her decline was hastened by this; and the wretched creature lay before us, writhing in excruciating agony. My assistant went for the doctor, and I talked with the poor woman about her soul. She had been piously brought up, and her parents still lived in one of the most aristocratic portions of the city, not knowing any

thing about her. She had often felt in her wildest revelry that she was a sinner, but intemperance and its kindred crimes had hurried her onward until she had been brought to her present position, at the early age of twenty-three. I prayed with her, and found her, to all appearance, deeply penitent. Such fearful self-condemnations I never heard; such wailings of despair, as my mind had fancied, belonged only to the pit itself. I directed her to Christ, who could save even from these abysses of sin, and felt great satisfaction in telling the poor lost one the blessed story of the cross.

Several men and a woman now came into the room, and stood silently looking on. Alone, as I was, among so many who, from their looks, were adepts in crime, my position was not at all pleasant, especially when, as I arose to take my seat on the great chest, some pennies in my pocket jingled, and I noticed a quick look from one to the other. A thousand thoughts flew like lightning through my mind as I saw at a glance that I was so completely in their power, that they might accomplish any purpose they saw fit, and I could only by a miracle escape. My suspense was soon ended by the appearance of my assistant and the Doctor, who prescribed for the sick

woman. Among other things, ice was ordered. He sent the woman who had come in for it, and I never shall forget the look of mingled satisfaction and pain that spread over her face as she saw me with my knife break the ice into small lumps and put them into the poor woman's mouth. She said, as I arose from the pleasant task, "Well, sah, you is kind." This opened the way for some conversation between us; and following it up, we exhorted the whole company to forsake the ways of sin. The exhortations were honest ones, and the audience a wretched one. We knelt to pray; the whole company knelt, and as my assistant poured out his prayer to God, groans and cries filled the room. The wretched creature in the corner cried, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner;" and the same prayer rolled forth from other lips, whose only prayers had been imprecations, and whose penitence, despair. If angels ever weep they must have wept then. After a few days we had the sick woman brought to our building, and she began to improve, but the burning thirst for liquor seemed to haunt her like an avenging spirit. One day we missed her, and we have not been able to find her since. From some information we have gleaned, we think she went out to satisfy her craving thirst for the fiery stimulant, now become so

fatally necessary to her, and met her companion in crime, who has her locked up in Cow Bay.

MAY GOD SAVE HER.

The Irish Wake.

During the hot weather in August, many died from the intense heat, and one death from this cause occurred in our building. Dr. McNaire called upon me to visit the dying woman, whom I found lying on the floor with her head slightly elevated on a chair, turned down on the face—her mouth filled with foam, and her pulse quick and thready. A number of Irish, newly arrived, were sitting around, or lying on the boxes in the room. It was a solemn scene. I knelt and poured out my soul in prayer to God; but, oh! how fearful to pray at such an hour—when life is ebbing away, and every moment may decide the destiny of the soul “quivering on the ridge of life.”

Just as I had ended the prayer, Mrs. F., who rented the room where the sick woman lay, came running in, and seeing that she was dying, went immediately for a

priest, to perform extreme unction, and as I came out, I met him going in. The woman soon died.

Then commenced the preparations for a wake. I gave orders that it should not be; but my orders were disregarded. At midnight, I heard that wild wail rolling upon the air, and I was reminded of that ancient cry at midnight in the land of Egypt, when Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians, and there was not a house where there was not one dead. I thought, too, of the startling summons sounding out at midnight: “Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.” I waited awhile, and while it was still dark, I went up to the room of death. There stood two rows of women, with their left hands around each other’s waists, and their right beating upon their lips, making, as they shouted, a most horrible noise. Most of the women had never known the deceased until they saw her in her dying agonies, and yet the tears rolled down their cheeks in torrents. I succeeded at last, much to my joy, in breaking up this strange wild scene of frantic wo.