

house. True, they are poor ; true, many of them were deplorably ignorant ; true, they are old, and might without this refuge, have gone down to the grave ; ere this, shivering and hungry, cursing the day of their birth, true, they are infirm, and might have been left to their misery, which would have soon laid them in the silent tomb ; true, the busy selfish world would not miss them ; in its eyes they are poor and of no reputation, and cannot command its sympathy : but all this commends them to our hearts. We think of our mothers, and our souls yearn for these aged women. We think of what we owe to woman ; her softening, elevating, purifying, gladdening influence ; her fond companionship in the seasons of joy ; her devoted tenderness in the hours of sickness ; her deep, rich, healing sympathy and love, eclipsing all other value and every failing when sorrow bends the spirit of man, and troubles cloud and crush his heart ; we think of this, and the *sex* of these inmates of the asylum plead irresistibly within our breasts.

We think of them too, as immortal souls for whom Jesus died ; many of whom, we expect to meet and recognize on the threshold of eternity, as having been carried there before us by angels ; we think of all this, and their very poverty and infirmity, and grey hairs, speak to our affections ; even when our hearts are respond-

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Town, in this miserable state of destitution and helplessness, seeking shelter and a resting place ; until at length, she was admitted into this Asylum, although at the time so full, that some of the inmates were obliged to have temporary beds made up for them on the floor.