

fell, she has a daughter x x x x As the subject of my discourse is one I have peculiar pleasure in ever bringing to your notice, I wish to shew further the blessing to be derived from it and how far your contributions this day may rescue an afflicted family from present and future poverty, and yet more and of greater and happier consequences, possibly miserable lives and untimely ends, I do not apprehend this would be the case with these poor people in particular, I trust in God it would not, nor ever will be. But too frequently do we hear of men driven by the desperation of their circumstances to desperate means with the destructive view of bettering them, and even wretched unhappy misguided females lost to virtue and respectability by the bribe of money to overcome momentary want, and in either case what is their inexpressibly miserable end—remorse and ignominy. And what does a cold and regardless world say of such victims? Vagabonds, they deserved their fate! True, their lives deserved to become a sacrifice for their crimes. The laws of Justice demanded it. But here let us pause and dispassionately reflect, might not the kind assistance of some generous soul to have stretched out their hand with relief at the critical moment of need severed destruction from them and saved them to the community as good and honest members of society? Now my friends may not Providence in His all wise dispensations make us this day by our exertions in behalf of this family, instruments for their welfare here, and glorious immortality hereafter. Can we have a stronger inducement to excite us? Let us be *this day at least*, to those poor helpless infants a kind indulgent father, and to the disconsolate widow'd mother as it were, a tender and affectionate husband, providing for her and her family's necessities. Let her grief if possible be soothed thro' your protection of herself and infants. Let their cry for bread (by your bounty) be no more heard, and if anything in the world can repay your heart with satisfaction and sacred joy, it would be to behold these little helpless innocents kneeling round and with their yet almost desponding mother with hearts and hands gratefully lifted to Heaven imploring the God of Mercies to shower blessings on you and yours, and whatever