

time, I saw a husband weeping over an inebriate wife. He had for fifteen years sought to save her, but was hopeless and heart-broken.

During my stay here I had an interview with the mother of Charlie Ross, the little boy who had been kidnapped a few years before. I found her to be an intelligent Christian lady, sad and sorrowful, yet seeking to be resigned to her sore bereavement. She believed her child was still alive, and the other children prayed for Charlie every night.