

taken to the United States by a Christian family, who have bound themselves to care for her until she becomes of age.

In reviewing my journal, I feel very grateful to God who has blessed our Home beyond my expectations. There are some names, I notice in my Register, of women admitted, of whom I had no hope of reclaiming; but I felt bound to give the message of mercy to all who *asked* to be tried. Very few, indeed, have returned to their old life of sin, and some of those few have found places for themselves, and gladdened my heart by returning to let me know where they were, saying they were determined "*not to disgrace me.*" One young woman who left the Home, much against my will, "to better herself" returned to remain, saying, she had gone without my blessing, and she would stay till she got it. I have great hope of those who are afraid to venture out on the rough ocean of life, after being in our haven of rest for a time! It is doubtful whether any treatment but that of gentleness, pursued by all connected with the Home, would restore these frail waifs. Gentleness is might in holy things. Is there any lover of the gentle Jesus who would not help to raise and bind up the bruised reed, and pray God to pour the oil of grace on the smoking flax. - Oh, it is a glorious work to raise the fallen, to seek the lost, and lead the weary outcast to the feet of Jesus! If some of our citizens only knew how our Home has saved their sons, *and their safes*, they would help us, for their own sakes, if not for the Lord's! I have met in the streets, and other places of the city, merchants, whose sons and clerks, *to my knowledge*, have been robbing their employers, to deck out the sirens who infest our streets; and some of these young men I have cautioned in my own apartments of the Home, and their mothers have expressed their gratitude at having the objects of their son's infatuation kept out of their path and from bringing life-long misery on their respectable families. I could give those sceptics who laugh to scorn the idea of ever reclaiming "that sort of women," many instances of outcasts whom we have made by God's blessing and assistance, a blessing to themselves and others, instead of a curse. It has often been remarked to me that this Institution has been a real benefit to the community, as the women who have gone to places, have been more steady and persevering than the general run of servants from the Intelligence offices. One of our former inmates (No. 12) is now happily married, after being over 18 months in her situation. She was one who had made several attempts to come to the Home, but, poor girl, could never get out of Mary Street; always fell in with bad company, got drunk and was "sent down." At last she made a "covenant with her eyes" covering them with her hand, and looking only at the foot-path, got to the door of the Home, and was admitted—lost virtue being her only introduction. She was very industrious and well-behaved. Exactly one year from that day I took her to the Railway Station, and saw her safely away to her situation, where she