

I said it had never been done before in the house and must be checked at once, and after a severe reprimand, I told her she must leave the Home, and sent her to prepare to go out. This is the *first* instance we have had of an inmate lifting her hand in anger to another. As the strictest discipline must be observed in the management of this class of women, this course had to be taken; but, on the earnest entreaty of *all* the girls, this one was allowed to remain, as she seemed truly sorry for what she had done. She has since been very watchful over her temper, is very industrious, and *promises* to be a competent servant.

No. 205.—The "mistress of a gay house" in St. Elizabeth street lived a bad life many years; a soldier's wife, but left her husband. She is a light-headed, reckless creature, one time listening, and tearfully, to all I say, next minute, laughing and skipping about.

No. 206.—From one of the fashionable bad houses in this city; she has a respectable Christian mother, who was almost broken-hearted by her conduct. I found her in the Lock ward of the General Hospital, discharged cured, and dressing to return to the brothel. I spoke to her a good deal, but she did not seem to care for what I said. At last I asked her to come and spend an evening at the Home. She came, and staid two days, then left for "Star Villa." She came back after a few weeks, saying she would like to live in the Home, remained here two months, and then went home with her mother.

No. 207.—The mistress of one of the "fashionable bad houses" of this city. The first day I visited this house, I had passed the street, not intending to go there that day, as I had had a good deal of disgusting talk from a "son of Belial" in a bagnio where some of the women were willing to listen to me, (this young man is since dead.) I had gone a good distance on my way home, my conscience accusing me at every step, when the dear General Russell's last words to me came to my mind (Bless those words! they have come to my help often when cast down.) "Take courage; this is the Lord's battle." I immediately turned, and was admitted at once. The girls were very civil to me, and listened very attentively to what I said, and invited me to come again. It seemed to be quite a novelty to them to have any one come with a mission like mine. Next time I went there, I found them all sitting round an old woman, who was "telling their fortunes." I offered to tell them gratis, to the evident annoyance of my rival. I have much pleasure in saying that this house has lately been closed, and the mistress is an inmate of the Home. I regret very much that my time is so much occupied in the Home, that I can spare but a very little portion of it, in visiting "the houses," where I am generally kindly received; the women often read their letters to me, in which they are advised to go to the Home by their parents and "*fancy*" friends.

No. 199.—Aged 18—A young motherless girl, deserted by her father;