

## POLLY MORAN

"Teacher," said one of the young girls in my sunday school class, "Polly Moran is very sick, and would like you to go and see her."

I of course said I would go, but I was at the moment somewhat surprised at receiving the message, coming as it did from a morose and uninteresting child, whose absence I had hardly noticed.

The place where Polly lived was the most wretched in the city and the people of the quarter the worst. In the centre of a labyrinth of small streets I found the court, and then the number I sought—the door was open and on approaching it I heard from within, a most dreadful oath. Lifting up my soul to the Lord I prayed that I might be kept and guided, and then I rapped timidly.

"Come in" was the response. I entered and found myself in the presence of three villainous looking men, who were seated at a table upon which was a pitcher of beer and a pack of dirty cards.

As they were looking at me with surprise, I said, "Is this where Polly Moran lives? I am her sunday school teacher."

"If you are our Polly's teacher go up stairs, and don't be afraid; no one shall touch a hair of your head as long as I am here," replied one of the men as he rose up, holding by the table to steady himself.