

"Yes."

"Monkeys?"

"Yes."

And finally, Bill Jones, all eagerness, "Did they have a clown?"

And I found to my utter dismay, that my youthful auditors, certainly not incapable of association of ideas, had conceived of Noah merely as the proprietor of a menagerie, travelling in that wild waste of waters. Truly this was fallow ground. But our superintendent only smiled encouragement, and bade me go forward.

Sabbath after Sabbath rolled on, and rain or shine, my six boys were always in their places. They had learned to love the school, especially the sweet hymns; and their quick sympathies had gone out to one who at least tried to treat them gently and kindly. Of their affection I had many unmistakable proofs. Once I remember, walking in one of the quiet streets, I was suddenly startled by three sonorous cheers, and looking up I saw the "Marquis," Andrew Jackson, and Byron Clarke. Though not precisely the most agreeable greeting for a young lady, I could not in my heart do less than waive a return. Again they frequently brought to our door presents of flowers and fruit. In one instance the latter bore such a striking resemblance to some rosy-cheeked apples in a neighbor's orchard, that I was forced to reprove the boy, and the next Sabbath took for our "lesson talk" the eighth commandment. Not many days after the same child made his appearance at the kitchen, his hands filled with the first pond lilies of the season; and as he gave them to me, he said, "There, Miss Esther, you will like them, for *they's honest*; *God grewed them in the outlet*." Never, from that day to this, have flowers brought more true gladness to my heart than did those pure white blossom, plucked by swarthy hands in the "outlet," where "God grewed them."

We established a missionary society among them, and many a penny, previously devoted to fire-crackers and the like, now found its way down the red chimney of our savings' bank. Poor Bill Jones had less to give than any of the boys, and this I plainly saw troubled him a great power. He had stopped "Jim Crow," first on Sabbath, and of late on week days; and this being his chief source of revenue, his spare pennies were few and far between.

One day, with a bright face, he asked me if it were not right to do good on Sunday. Of course I replied "Yes," and then, if it was wrong to take money for doing good on Sundays. This was a nice distinction, one of which I felt him not capable of understanding, should I attempt it. So I simply said "No I think not." Though feeling rather curious I had no opportunity just then of asking as to these pious earnings. Next Sabbath the teachers were requested to wait a moment. A gentleman arose, not a member of our school, saying that a few hours since he had witnessed a scene which had so touched his heart that he could not forbear cheering us with the glad tidings. Passing the Harrison House, he noticed that the invariable group of Sunday-noon loungers had deserted their post. Just then his ear was caught by a clear, melodious voice singing. It seemed to come from the bar-room. Yes, as he drew near, from the open windows of that den of pollution, floated out on the summer air the words:

"Watchman tell us of the night—

What its sign of promise are."

He stepped upon the platform and looked in. On a table sat a negro boy. About the room were hard-faced young men, and those older, on whose bloated features intemperance had set its livid brand. But they were all listening. The singer finished the last verse and then began again.