

better to speak *five* words with the understanding, than *ten thousand* in an unknown tongue." M.

Sight-Seeing in New York.

NO II.

The *House of Refuge* is located on the easterly bank of the Harlem River, on Randall's Island. This is about 8 miles from the part of the city I was living in, or about 120 streets. The horse cars, however, run all the way, and for the small sum of 6 cents each we were carried comfortably the whole distance. On arriving at the ferry and giving the proper signal, a boat put off immediately from the opposite shore, rowed by boys belonging to the Institution. We were only a few minutes in crossing, and at once proceeded to the Chaplain's house to deliver the letter of introduction so kindly furnished me by a gentleman belonging to the Committee of Management. It was Sunday morning, and Dr. Pierce was on his way to the chapel service when we met him. He had been informed of my coming, and, after the manner of many of his clerical brethren, insisted on my preaching the sermon and he would read the service. I found there was no excuse, so I set myself to discover a subject on which I could preach to such an audience as I expected to see at the "House of Refuge." The bell rang for service, and we followed Dr. Pierce through the spacious Hall and up a long stairs that brought us to the chapel. I shall never forget the feelings with which I first beheld that congregation. About 750 boys seated in rows, some of them black and some white, with short hair, grey clothes and bare feet, occupied the body of the chapel, and about 200 girls were ranged in the front of a large gallery opposite the pulpit. This was the congregation I was to preach to—a congregation of little Arabs raked in from all the slums of a city remarkable for vice and crime of every kind. There was perfect quietness as we entered and ascended the pulpit or platform. On each side were ranged the officers and servants of the Institution, and a number of men and women who had formerly been inmates of the Refuge, and returned on Sabbath to testify their

gratitude to God and man for the good influence that had been sown in their hearts years ago within its walls. The liturgy used was compiled by Dr. Pierce himself for the use of the Institution, and is admirably fitted to secure the attention of the children. Each one feels that it is something in which he has to take part, and that the Parson has not the whole thing to himself to say and do as he likes. Hence the smallest boy and girl remained wide awake all the time, and seemed on the look out for their turn to come to repeat their verse or give the responses, in the correct time and tone. The singing of the hymns was excellent. Sometimes the girls sang one part and the boys the other,—the whole audience joining with much interest. Then comes the Sermon, concerning which, however, we may be pardoned for not giving our opinion. Even the text we shall keep secret, lest some of St. Stephen's parishioners might discover by the margin of their Bibles that the sermon was an old one. At the close, when all stood to sing the parting hymn, I had a good chance to study the faces before me. Satan's autograph could be traced on most of them. The sins of fathers and mothers were cut deeply into the very flesh and blood of many of the children. As the eye ran along the rows of closely trimmed heads, old scars and wounds, on which the hair refused to grow, frequently appeared. Some faces looked old, and care and want had begun to chisel them already. Their history was a living epistle to be seen and read of all who saw them. Those lately received could be discerned from the others who had been longer in the Institution. The influence of regular hours, good food, soap and water, decent clothing, and above all, the kind Christian training they received, soon begin to tell on the young, and the awakening of an inner nobility makes itself seen and felt on every feature of the body. At the close of the service each row of boys filed out in regular order without the slightest noise. We were then introduced to the Superintendent, Mr. Jones, and invited to his beautiful apartments, where we met several persons connected with the Refuge, and enjoyed a most interesting and instructive conversation, and ob-