

in her mind when I visited her in the old Artillery Barracks. From time to time these stirring memories return, especially when she happens to see or hear others speaking of one and another of my quaint sayings when persuading them to fall out with the whiskey, and thus make friends with their neighbors. Whiskey she said, is about the first cause of so much temptation and the ruin of so many. For some time past she and her husband have been living out of the City, I see but little of either in the winter season; still often hear of their prosperity.

Mrs. D—, For years a truly hard case; I first knew when she beat a Priest in the Old Artillery Barracks. We met this time in Cross Street, after reminding me about one thing and another, she said I had often helped her and borne with the hundreds of lies she used to tell me—she then said, I cannot tell you how sorry I have been when thinking over the kind way you used to speak to us all, and how you used to coax us to behave to the priest. This woman is much changed in her manner. I promised to call and see her when I passed her lodgings. She lives in a back yard of Cross Street. When I called I had a hearty welcome; there is an old woman living with her. Both spoke of the kindness I had so often done for them in their times of need. This is the first time in seven or eight years I found my friend without the fumes of whiskey and at hard work. Speaking about our now grey hairs, my friend looked thoughtful. I asked if she had as yet questioned herself as to her hopes for eternity; her countenance changed a little, and then wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand. I was induced to hope, former readings and conversations were not wholly lost. Both these women knelt as I stood and prayed. During several after visits I always found this woman sober and hard at work.

Same afternoon in Julia Street, Mr. McD—, an old soldier, late of 17th Regiment, now grown feeble and sorely afflicted with rheumatism, he has a grateful remembrance of former years when he first knew me in the Jesuit Barracks, nor has he yet forgotten the lessons at our Bible classes in the school Room over the Garrison Library. He now laments his folly in not taking my advice, when he received a sum of money for his many years hard service in many lands. He contrasted his own poverty with that of several of his old comrades with whom he corresponds, and who were receiving pensions and living happily.

FRIDAY, 2ND MAY.—When nearing my home, I was accosted by an old man who said he has known me for many years; he has been employed in leather factories in this City. He had worked in Mr. Louis' store, for a long time. And now is eighty-six years of age. We spent over forty minutes speaking about our hopes for the now near future. He was interested. I had to explain over and over about the free love of God to poor