

write poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortune, but help her you never will. There is not one person out of 5,000 that has come so near to the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ as to dare to help one of these fallen souls. Are there no ways of escape? Oh, yes; three or four. One is the sewing-girls' garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted. Another is the street that leads to the East River, at midnight, the end of the city wharf. The moon shining down on the water makes it look so smooth that she wonders if it is deep enough. It is; no boatman near to hear the plunge, no watchman to pick her out before she sinks the third time. Another way of escape is by the curve of the Hudson River Railroad at the point where the engineer of the lightning express train can't see more than a hundred rods ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle down brakes, but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death. Will not God forgive? Yes, but man will not; woman will not; society will not; the Church says it will, but will not. Our work must be prevention rather than cure. It is not so much that I may persuade one that has fallen to crawl up as to warn those who are going too near the edges.

THE EFFECTS OF HIS SERMONS.

But what is the use of these sermons? I say—much, everywhere. I am greatly obliged to you, gentlemen of the press, who have fairly reported what I say on these occasions, to the press of this city and New York and other prominent cities. I thank you for the almost universal fairness with which you have presented what I have had to say. But, of course, among the educated journalists who sit at these tables, and who have been sitting here for four or five years, there will be a fool or two that don't understand his business. But that ought not to discourage the great newspaper press, or the profession which carries on the great enterprises of the literature of the day.

I thank, also, those who have by letters cheered me in this work. Letters have been coming to me from all parts of the country, about one out of a hundred condemnatory. One I got yesterday from a man who said he thought my sermons would do great damage as they would arouse suspicion in many families as to where the head of the family spent his evenings. I was sorry the letter was anonymous. If I had known whom it was from I would have written to that man's wife telling her to put a detective on her husband's track, for I know right well he was going to bad places.