

The city! its sins! its sorrows! yes, our newspapers, our police courts, our jails, tell fearfully what these are; and in looking at these, and approving of the just penalty and sentence awarded to offenders, we are ready to say, much is done for the punishment of crime; what is doing for its prevention? Where are the Bethesdas, for the reception of such as are willing to turn from the path of the destroyer, and retrace their steps to virtue and happiness! Surely these are not all hardened, hopeless criminals; the larger proportion may be, but has not this probably arisen from the fact, that until lately, there was no Refuge, no open door, to which they could escape, or no way-mark or friendly hand to point it out to them.

The path between crime and the prison, and from the prison to crime, has become so well beaten, that she thinks of no other, and the poor out-cast transgressor feels more at home within the prison walls, or in sinful haunts, and amid wicked companions. Besides, our police statistics do not measure all—no, not the one half of abounding iniquity. There are secret places and fearful dens, where many a victim is sacrificed; and, when one and another has been snatched, from such soul-destroying receptacles, we are thankful, if to such, our Institution has to any extent proved an Asylum. *It has done so*, and we can point to several, who, of their own accord, have availed themselves of the benefit. They found their way—asked admission—were received, aye, welcomed, protected, and cared for, until they could either be recommended to suitable places, or restored to their *forgiving*, but *broken-hearted* parents. During the course of this year, we have recorded two or three such instances. Our private reports at our Monthly Meetings, give the details; these cannot be brought before the eye of the public; but we cannot forget some of the affecting circumstances connected with such cases.

We remember a mother's mingled tears of gratitude, sorrow, and joy, when her eye met her long lost daughter, whom she had been seeking sorrowing. "Thank God," she said, "she is alive. I thought she was either dead or in the Lunatic Asylum. Often have I prayed for her; but I had nearly died of a broken heart—the Lord hath heard and answered."

If she did not express in words, her feelings gave utterance, to the grateful emotions of the father of the returning prodigal—"My child was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and now is found." A similar case occurred a few weeks after. A very respectable woman, the aunt of one of the girls, came from a considerable distance and took home the restored wanderer to her parents and friends. In both of these instances, the friends had been made acquainted, by letter, with the position of the girls. They had been under our care for some time; and it was not until we could, with some confidence, speak of their reformation, that the friends were informed of the circumstances. This correspondence with the relatives of the inmates, is, of itself, an important item, in the benefits of the Institution. It gives an opportunity for tendering a word of counsel, or encouragement, or caution to parents and guardians—enforcing upon them the duty of parental training and watchfulness; whilst the fact of our being brought into contact with the parties most deeply concerned, gives a peculiar interest to our efforts; and one or two such cases occurring in the

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